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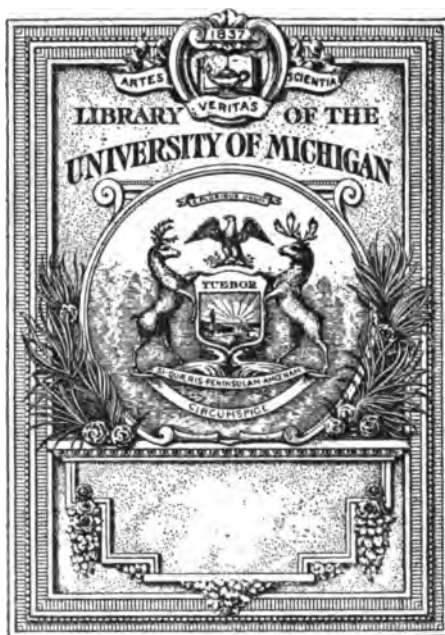
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THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1858.

W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK:
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

WE place at the front of this, our third volume for 1858, two fine plate embellishments. The leading one is that of the celebrated Garrick and his wife. He appears sitting at the table, in his library, with pen in hand, in deep thought, while eloquence seems struggling for utterance at his finger-ends. His loving and smiling wife has come in silently, reaching over her beautiful hand slyly to take his pen. As both are historic personages, this artistic view of them, in the privacy of home, can hardly fail to please our readers and patrons. In the expressive portrait of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, which we reproduce, our readers will look upon the face of a living celebrity, the author of "Alton Locke," and many other volumes, and a man of literary renown. As (not like Garrick) he appears alone without a wife, we hope he will meet with a no less cordial greeting from our lady readers. Biographical sketches will be found in the letter-press, as letters of introduction to the reader.

Presuming that all our readers are already philosophers, or intend to be, we have the pleasure of sending to them a rich and instructive article on the subject. The second article will conduct their minds along the living and crimson currents and rivers of life, replete with wonders, whose banks are the most interesting of all river-banks in the world. If the weather is not too warm, the reader may next look out upon volcanic fires, or survey the ancient chimneys of the globe. Those who are fond of traveling, may travel back to the times of Henry VIII. On their return, they will find a rich dish of "Charlatan Poetry," ready served. Those who are disposed for an upward flight, may take an instructive excursion along the starry heavens, which they will please bear in mind will be extended into October. Having pointed out the way to our readers thus far along our pages for the present month, we beg to assure them that they will find quite a number of pleasant objects of literary attraction before they reach the September terminus, wishing them an agreeable journey, and saying a cordial adieu.

POSTAGE NOTICE.—This journal having been repeatedly weighed at the New-York Post-Office, the postage on each number is but *three cents*, prepaid at the office of delivery.

I N D E X .

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ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER, 1858.

From the National Review.

HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.*

WE are reminded of the growth of this world of ours by the rise of new sciences, and by the new relations which older sciences are forming with each other. A wide and all-embracing survey of the past, such as only recent research, and the new life which it has infused into the old learning, have enabled our modern scholars to take, is an indispensable preliminary to the discovery of any law (if such there be) affecting the order of human progress. "The science of history,"† says an acute

and thoughtful writer, "has only become possible in our own time." Not that works, and some of very remarkable ability, have not long been before the public in which the succession of events in history has been attempted to be reduced to a principle. But such works have either been written to establish a foregone conclusion, and retrieve the character of some depreciated theory, like Bossuet's *Histoire Universelle* and Frederic Schlegel's *Philosophy of History*—an assumption which necessarily deprived them of all scientific value; or, when they have been really philosophical in their aim, they have endeavored to trace the relations of cause and effect within a limited period, and in reference to a particular issue—perhaps have confined themselves to the examination of a single element in the complex working and result of civilization. Works of this latter kind,

* *Vorlesungen über die Philosophie der Geschichte.* Herausgegeben von Dr. Eduard Gans; besorgt von Dr. KARL HEGEL.—*G. W. F. Hegel's Werke: Vollständige Ausgabe; Neunter Band, Dritte Auflage.* Berlin, 1848.

Lectures on the Philosophy of History. By G. W. F. HEGEL. Translated from the third German edition by J. SIBREE, M.A. London: Bohn, 1857.

† J. S. Mill's *Ratiocinative and Inductive Logic*, vol. ii. p. 615.

therefore, are rather contributions to the philosophy of history than the exponents of its philosophy, in a strictly scientific sense; developing the proximate and empirical laws which characterize particular groups of events, and which, when they have been examined and compared with each other in the several spheres of their operation, may possibly furnish the data for ascending step by step to ultimate principles, and to generalizations warranted by the universal *kosmos*. Polybius's investigation of the causes of the world-wide dominion of Rome, may be mentioned as an early and an admirable specimen of the philosophical treatment of a certain portion of human history. Mr. Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*, and M. Guizot's masterly development of the principles of our modern civilization from its mediæval rudiments, are other examples of the same description of writing. Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws*, though its object is limited, more fully realizes the idea of a comprehensive philosophical review of former ages; and Burke's *Speeches and Tracts* abound with aphorisms, combining the experience of the practical statesman with large general views, in which he has condensed the essence of principles universally applicable. But none of these writers ventured to embrace the vast subject of the history of our species as an organic whole. Perhaps we are not yet prepared for such an undertaking. Perhaps all the attempts hitherto made in this direction can only be regarded as tentative and preparatory, and are hardly to be vindicated from the charge of something presumptuous. This much we may at least affirm, that only within the last half-century have the studies been prosecuted, and the views opened, and the victory over old prejudices won, that rendered it possible so to combine the results of wide-spread inquiry, and so to interpret from a common point of view the records of the past, as even to approximate to a theory of human progress and destination. It is scarcely necessary to allude in passing to the immense advance in every branch of philological and historical learning effected by the labors of the great scholars of France and Germany since the commencement of the present century, and to the abandonment, under the weight of resistless evidence, of the false and misleading notion, that the biblical annals and chronology,

even of the earliest periods, must be referred to as an absolute rule for the construction of universal history.

Released from former restraints, and furnished with new instruments of inquiry, learning has wrought out its results in such abundance, and with such rapidity, that the mind is almost oppressed by the multitude of its materials. Mere accumulation of unrelated facts, however new and curious, fatigues the attention and deadens the intellect. History, without a law, is like a vast almanac of the ages, mere juxtaposition without connection. We want a principle to organize this huge chaos into significance, and tell us what it means. We want to see what all the strife and change which has been incessantly agitating mankind is tending to, and where it is destined to issue. We desire, if possible, for the very relief of our minds, to cast on the darkness and confusion of history the interpreting light of philosophy. England, slow to generalize, and tenacious of obvious practical conclusions, has done little towards this work. Mr. Mill, at the close of his work on *Logic*, adopting the better elements of the *Philosophie Positive* of M. Comte, has offered some valuable suggestions on the method in which it should be conducted. The point of main interest turns on the question, whether society revolves in ever-recurring cycles of advance and decline, or is destined to a slow and irregular but still continuous progress. Vico, a century ago, maintained the former of these views. Somewhat later, Herder, whom the Baron Bunsen justly designates "the founder of the Philosophy of History,"* put forth a well-known work, which treated the history of the human race as a grand organic development, and in which, notwithstanding some indistinctness in his general conclusions, we may consider him as the advocate of the latter. Herder's work, though rich in thought and very suggestive, was loose and desultory in its composition, and can only be regarded as a prologue to the proper science of history. It was in the more recent philosophical schools of Germany, combining immense erudition with rare powers of abstract reasoning, that this high theme was first encountered with any degree of scientific exactness. The English, French, and Scotch metaphysi-

* *Christianity and Mankind*, vol. III., p. 16.

cians of the last century confined themselves mainly to an analysis of the psychological phenomena of the individual consciousness; but to inquiries in this narrower field the Germans have added profound philological attainments, and a thorough acquaintance with history in all its branches, which give remarkable breadth and many-sidedness to their philosophical speculations. Of all British philosophers, the late Sir William Hamilton was in this respect the most of a German. This tendency to unite history with metaphysical analysis is perceptible more or less in all the German schools, from Kant to Hegel. It is conspicuous in Schelling; even the severe abstractions and high generalizations of Fichte's *Bestimmung der Menschen* betray its influence; and so deeply does it impregnate their kindred theories, that sooner or later a comprehensive work on the Philosophy of History might have been confidently predicted as an inevitable result of them. It is only, therefore, what might have been expected, to find Hegel, whose system represents the last term of the speculative philosophy of Germany, applying its principles to the elucidation of history, and venturing to assign the law which governs the progress of the human species. The introduction of this remarkable work for the first time, we believe, to the English public through the medium of Mr. Sibree's translation, affords us the opportunity of exhibiting a brief statement of its views, which may be new to many of our readers, and of offering a few remarks on their soundness and applicability.

Mr. Sibree has executed his task very creditably. To those who are unacquainted with German, we can recommend his version as perspicuous and readable. From constant comparison of it with the original, we can affirm that he has given the sense of his author with great fidelity, though sometimes rather paraphrastically, and with the occasional use of expressions that will strike the English reader as affected. But it is no easy matter, with our ordinary and accepted phraseology, to put the English mind on a level with so novel a range of thought. On the whole, we think the translator has been successful.

Mr. Mill observes, that hitherto the science of history has been conducted almost exclusively on two opposite methods.

One of these, which he calls the geometric, proceeds *a priori*, and is deductive; the other, which he designates the chemical, begins by an analysis of facts and their aggregations, and thus ascending by degrees to the recognition of proximate laws, is inductive. These two methods, Mr. Mill has shown, should be combined, and made to verify each other. Hegel declares that he has followed the inductive method, (*Einleit.* p. 14; Engl. Tr. p. 10;) that his theory is not an *assumption*, but a *result* deduced logically from the collective facts of universal history, which he has passed successively in review before him. It is hardly possible, however, to keep assumption and result altogether distinct. Every man sits down to study under some mental influence or prepossession, which unconsciously directs his attention to those facts, and those relations of facts, that are most in harmony with the idea latent in his mind; and he is thus committed to a theory before he is aware of it. It can not be asserted of Hegel, that he has been wholly proof against the snare which besets a speculative genius with such alluring force. Hegel's theory of history is a particular application of his general philosophical system—that the world is the evolution of an idea, the progressive realization of a potential logic wrapped up in its primitive germ. There is something startling in the adventurous effort of a human mind to grasp the fundamental conditions of absolute being, and to draw out of them the grand architectonic plan of the universe. As clearly and briefly as we can, we will endeavor to convey an idea of Hegel's world-theory, if we may so call it; and to show how it is applied by him, or is itself applicable, to the successive phases of social development.

According to Hegel, the simplest and most elementary possibilities which thought can entertain are *existence* and *non-existence*, and these are absolutely contradictory to each other. A contradiction or *antithesis*, therefore, is involved in the fundamental idea of the universe; which antithesis is harmonized or solved by the origination of individual finite existences, passing from non-existence into existence, (*Werden*), and so bridging over the chasm between them. Such, he supposes, was the commencement of the great process of the world's development, expressing in that primary act the law of

its future growth. On this point we confess to a very imperfect apprehension of the meaning of our philosopher; and, to speak the truth, can not deny that we look on the mysteries into which he so fearlessly plunges, as far too deep to be fathomed by the line of any human intellect. So far, however, as we can gather his idea from his subsequent exposition and application of it, we infer that it must amount to this—that in the earliest germ of existence the implicit principle of its future development was contained; a potential law of Right and Truth, the condensed essence of a universal logic, which has an inherent tendency to unfold and realize itself, and, bursting with ever-increasing force the bonds within which it was at first confined, seeks continually for more and more liberty, till the idea which it involves has attained to its complete expression. The world's law is a sovereign logic; and the phases of its history may be translated into a series of syllogisms—extremes mediated by a common term, antithesis and solution, distracting tendencies and final reconciliation, then new distractions and a new reconciliation, and so on *ad infinitum*, with some accession to freedom and to the power of right and truth at each successive crisis. In the lower grades of creation, inorganic, organic, animal, this divine idea, this sovereign logic, expresses itself unconsciously; it is fulfilled, but without any sense or response in the subject of it. In man first a dim consciousness of the idea is kindled; but for a long time it is faint and dull, just sufficient to distinguish him from the brute, though as yet almost choked and stifled by the weight of its physical incumbrances. In the successive stages of this social advancement, men attain to a distincter apprehension of this eternal Reason, discern more clearly what Right and Justice, Wisdom and Goodness mean, and make renewed efforts to liberate themselves from the thralldom which hinders them from realizing it, and to give it such an objective existence in their social condition as shall bring their actual and their ideal life into harmony. When men shall have attained to a full recognition of the Divine Idea, as it is involved in the sovereign logic of the universe, and have reduced it completely to practice in all the external relations of their existence—when the world shall be governed by Right and Truth, and men, recognizing them as

such, shall freely accept and obey them as the glory and blessedness of their being—the great antithesis of the world's history, the strife between right and wrong, between justice and oppression, between truth and falsehood, will be harmonized, and the problem of man's destiny on earth be solved. The goal, therefore, of man's aims and endeavors, of which history is the record, is the attainment of this spiritual freedom, the appropriation and fulfillment of the eternal reason, oneness with the absolute Power, which is no other than the law of Truth and Right. The recognition of this great aim and striving of human nature after freedom, more and more developed into clear consciousness through the successive stages of social development, unlocks the secret of history, and furnishes the principle of its philosophy. The idea of this freedom, and the right and truth of which it is the condition, may exist either *subjectively*, that is, simply in the mind itself as a conception, or *objectively*, as realized in an outward constitution of things—in the State. For long periods there is an inconsistency and antagonism between man's sense of what *ought* to be and what *actually* is; and herein lie the great antitheses of history, out of which all progress is evolved. Then, after repeated efforts, comes a partial synthesis, when the subjective and the objective for the time are harmonized; and this forms the culminating point of a nation's history, the age of its highest greatness and prosperity. As the indwelling or subjective idea does not become clear to man till it passes into some objective form, Hegel regards the State, which is its concrete embodiment in law, government, religion, science, and art, as the great means of social development; for it not only affords men a present fruition of their highest aspirations in act and reality, but it reacts on the idea itself, rendering it more distinct and vivid, and stimulating it, if not checked by a counter-influence, to a further growth. Former civilizations invariably exhibit to us one of two results—either a torpid acquiescence in the form of society that had been once stereotyped by some great authoritative force—in the proximate synthesis by which an earlier antithesis had been only too effectually sealed up—in which case the mind ultimately decays and rots in its own stagnation; or else the synthesis, in which a foregoing antagonism had found tempora-

ry reconciliation, is itself broken up by the unabated activity of the idea giving birth to a new antithesis, which has again to work out its issue in a remoter harmony. Such is the law of human progress; and whether we look at the negative or the positive result—at the result of stationary or the efforts of progressive civilization—we draw the same inference from each, that activity, change, development, aspiration, are the end of man's being on earth, and that apart from them his destiny is frustrated.

As the State, in Hegel's view, is the great instrument of social progress, he begins his historical survey with the earliest existence of States. For researches into pre-historic times, when we have only tradition and mythology for our guide, and there are no concrete monuments to appeal to, he does not attempt to conceal his aversion, and even his contempt. It is evident that the researches of Niebuhr and his school found no favor in his eyes. He is one-sided and unjust in this respect. He has all the impatience of a theorist, who can not wait for the slow results and precarious combinations of a tentative and conjectural criticism, but must have facts forthwith to lay the foundations of the splendid superstructure which he has planned. Our present object, however, is not to criticise, but to expound, as best we may, the historical theory of Hegel. Before the origin of the State, he looks upon man as partaking more of a physical than of a moral nature, emerging out of simple naturalism, almost confounding himself and his operations with surrounding objects, with little or no apprehension of any thing beyond the native instincts and affections under whose immediate impulse and guidance he lives. His being is immersed in nature. As yet he is scarcely a disengaged consciousness; and this assimilation with the physical endures in humanity even after the commencement of a State. Nothing is more characteristic of the earliest forms of civilization, when the mental effort which originally reared them has passed, when the first great human synthesis has been achieved, than the rapidity with which they crystallize, as it were, into a permanence and immobility of aspect hardly distinguishable from the deep-rooted hills and the eternal streams and the changeless deserts out of which, like a new organic development, they have recently emerged. The pyramids are a

fitting type of this state of society. China, India, and ancient Egypt, exhibit remarkable phenomena of this description. The two former have transmitted the characteristic features of their primitive life almost unaltered to the present day, and after the lapse of thousands of years are only just beginning to experience the reflected action of our Western civilization. When the light of history first dawns on it, we find China already a completely organized state—all classes equally submitted to the authority of law, the obligations and services attached to every social relation distinctly defined and prescribed, with no room left for the exercise of individual choice and judgment. Uniform and universal education moulds all the citizens into one type of character, and trains them to unquestioning obedience. The officers of government, eligible from every rank, receive their appointments as the result of competitive examination. As for religion, its only recognized form is a reverence for ancestors, and the worship of the emperor as the representative of Deity on earth. But in this primitive solution of the social problem, the state has overdone its work. The objective embodiment has not only expressed, but drained and exhausted, the subjective element, and left no power of free reflection in the mind itself. The life of the Chinese is altogether external. The synthesis is complete at the expense of the possibility of a higher antithesis; and the consequence is, a hard, dry, prosaic form of civilization, working mechanically within itself, and incapable of change except by impulse from without.

In striking contrast to China stands out the old life of India. The Indian mind sees God in all things; but its religion evaporates in a dreamy pantheism, which centers in no clear conceptions of right and truth, and prompts no effort to realize them objectively. Instead of a stereotyped equality under the law, as in China, the nascent development of society has been arrested in India in the form of caste, and future growth rendered impossible by the benumbing despotism of the Brahmins. It is a sacerdotal synthesis in India, under which no political life, no social progress, can take place. Yet there are mental elements of great richness and exquisite beauty in the Indian character, were they not confined by this outward pressure to a purely subjective expression—did they

not waste themselves in a wild and unfruitful idealism.

"There is a beauty," says Hegel, in an eloquent passage, which Mr. Sibree has spiritedly rendered, (p. 146,) "of a peculiar kind in women, in which their countenance presents a transparency of skin, a light and lovely roseate hue, which is unlike the complexion of mere health and vital vigor—a more refined bloom, breathed, as it were, by the soul within, and in which the features, the light of the eye, the position of the mouth, appear soft, yielding, and relaxed. This almost unearthly beauty is perceived in women in those days which immediately succeed childbirth; when freedom from the burden of pregnancy and the pains of travail is added to the joy of soul that welcome the gift of a beloved infant. A similar tone of beauty is seen also in women during the magical somnambulist sleep, connecting them with a world of super-terrestrial beauty. A great artist (Schoreel) has moreover given this tone to the dying Mary, whose spirit is already rising to the regions of the blessed, but once more, as it were, lights up her dying countenance for a farewell kiss. Such a beauty we find also in its loveliest form in the Indian world; a beauty of enervation, in which all that is rough, rigid, and contradictory is dissolved, and we have only the soul in a state of emotion—a soul, however, in which the death of free self-reliant spirit is perceptible. For should we approach the charm of this flower-life—a charm rich in imagination and genius, in which its whole environment, and all its relations, are permeated by the rose-breath of the soul, and the world is transformed into a garden of love—should we look at it more closely, and examine it in the light of human dignity and freedom, the more attractive the first sight of it had been, so much the more unworthy shall we ultimately find it in every respect."

In these two earliest types of civilization, the synthesis was affected not by the equilibrium and harmony of the subjective and objective elements of human life, but by the predominance of the subjective in India, and of the objective in China. In China there was a State, but no free mental action; in India much intellectual and imaginative development, but though there were ancient codes of law, as that of Menu, scarcely the rudiments of a State. Hegel has acutely remarked, that history and a State almost imply each other, and are the reciprocal conditions of each other's existence. We observe, accordingly, that China has had a full and exact history from a remote antiquity, but little literature and no speculative philosophy; whereas India, though abounding in poetry and speculation, is almost entirely without a history.

China and India were shut out by mountains and deserts from the rest of the world, and in early ages had not much contact even with each other. We perceive a change in the character of the civilization, when we approach nations that lay more contiguous to each other and to the awakening life of the West. For instance, in the wide regions that were under the influence of the religion of Zoroaster, stretching to the south of the Caspian, from the Oxus and Jaxartes to the Tigris, we discern already an awakening of the human spirit to a half-consciousness of its freedom and its ultimate destiny. Its ideal world, its subjective element, found expression in the kingdom of Ormuzd; and to embody that idea, and give it an objective reality in the spiritual of Ahriman, the Dark Spirit, was the object of man's existence on earth. The antagonism of the two principles typified the struggles of human life; while the final triumph of Ormuzd symbolized the recompense, the grand consummating synthesis, with which they were destined to be closed. The precepts of the Zendevesta inculcated something higher than unquestioning compliance with an ancient law, and blind submission to a despotic priesthood; they enjoined useful labors, and a resolute encounter of evil in all its forms, as the condition of happiness in this and in a future world. They awakened, therefore, an incipient sense of personal independence, and deposited in the nation's heart the principle of progress.

In Egypt, notwithstanding the massiveness and fixity of its ancient civilization, the principle of growth was not entirely inactive. The canon of its hermetic Scripture was never entirely closed. It was not, like China and India, wholly shut up within itself. It made conquests northward and eastward, and must have imbibed new elements of life from the Semitic and Hellenic races, with which it was increasingly brought in contact. But we observe only an incipient movement towards mental emancipation; it was never completed. The Egyptian civilization, after all, resembled more a crystallized product than a living growth. The spirit was still immersed in naturalism, though with a visible effort to liberate itself. In the sphinxes and other strange mixtures of the human and brutal form, Hegel finds an expressive type of the mental state of Egypt—confined and deadened

on one side by a reverence for the old symbolism and animal worship, yet struggling forth into mental freedom and independence on the other.* How to accomplish this mental emancipation was the problem, according to Hegel, which Egypt propounded to posterity, and which it transmitted to another civilization—that of Greece—to solve. In the chasm between Egypt and Greece two other national developments intervened—one of immediate, the other of remoter influence—the Phœnician and the Hebraic, which must not be overlooked. The inestimable service rendered by Phœnicia to the world, was its breaking asunder, and virtually flinging off, the yoke of sacerdotalism. Its rough, bold, seafaring habits of mind effected this great deliverance, though the old rites and the old symbols were still outwardly retained. The priests of Phœnicia were only the most eminent of its citizens, and the functions of religion were retained among the privileges of its great mercantile aristocracy. It was through the tempering medium of Phœnician freedom that the seeds of a sacerdotal civilization were conveyed from Egypt to Greece. Though not renowned for science and literature themselves, the Phœnicians, by their diffusion of the knowledge of alphabetical characters among the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean, did for nascent Greece what the invention of the printing-press has done for modern Europe—it furnished the human mind with its most powerful instrument of progress, and gave it a weapon by which it could ever henceforth effectually repel and subdue the encroachments of a priesthood. With the earliest dawn of Greek history, we find the power of the priesthood gone. In a pastoral land of hills and brooks, shut in between the Jordan valley and the Mediterranean, lived a peculiar and secluded people, allied in speech and blood to the Phœnicians, who in quite another direction made an advance so marked and so decisive towards spiritual freedom, that the world for centuries to come was not in a condi-

tion to accept the truth of which they were the depositaries, and to appropriate its consequences. The Hebrews shook off all adhesions of the primitive naturalism, and rose to the idea of a pure and simple monotheism. But the object of this worship was removed to a great distance from them, dwelling in heaven, where even his chosen people could not attain unto him. The Hebrew idea was, God *above* the world, not *in* the world. The antithesis, therefore, between God and the world, was as yet only partially solved. Yet even in that early age the dim foreshadowing of a better day passed over the prophetic mind, in the anticipation of a kingdom of God, when the Universal Father should come down from heaven and dwell in the midst of his children, and realize the beautiful idea of Truth and Right in a converted and renovated world. It was a prevision of the final synthesis of the world's history.

The moment we touch the coasts of Greece, we perceive that a change has come over the spirit of civilization. The hideous symbolism of Asia and Egypt disappears from the temples, and gives place to human forms of matchless grace and majesty. The old priesthoods are succeeded by high-spirited and independent chieftains, who take the offices of religion into their own hands, and keep its ministers in check. For the monotonous and crushing despotisms of the East are substituted the strife, the impulse, the restlessness of free monarchies or rising republics. Caste and privilege and degradation are replaced by the equality of all freemen under the law. The very heaven of the Greeks breathes the spirit of liberty. Their gods are all independent deities, yielding a free and unconstrained homage to the confessed superiority of Zeus. The Greeks looked on nature with a fresh wonder and delight, without being subdued and oppressed by it. They felt themselves its masters, and rolled its weight off their souls as the ruling gods had overpowered the Titans. Their spirit was no longer steeped in mere physical impressions and influences. Conscious of freedom and strength, they turned their thoughts inward on themselves; yet not, like the Indians, to be absorbed in a dreamy subjectiveness. Their outward life was too bright and too joyous for that. They threw the light of their own minds on every object around them, and burnish-

* Revolting as animal worship is to the feelings of Christians, Hegel argues, and with some reason, that it has not been more degrading in its influence than sun and planet worship; for in the wonderful instincts and mysterious movements of the brute creation, the Egyptians beheld with awe the working of a hidden and incomprehensible principle.—P. 258; Engl. Tr. p. 220.

ed the face of universal nature with their own intellectual brilliancy. They clothed their gods with their own human feelings and attributes; and instead of leaving deity, like the Hebrews, invisible and inaccessible in a distant world of glory, they infused it daily into their own redundant and tumultuous tide of life. Wherever they turned their eye in their own beautiful land, in wood and glen and mountain stream, in the sacred plain or the temple-crowned promontory, or in the fair isles that studded the blue *Ægean*, a genial presence welcomed them, which to them was living and real, and inspired their poets and artists with the most exquisite conceptions of outward and sensuous beauty. Such was the transformation which the elements of Oriental civilization underwent in the mind of Greece. While the old faith endured, and there was harmony between the indwelling idea and its outward realization in their polity, their religion and their art—their national life was in its bloom, and wore a beauty to which no succeeding age has furnished a parallel. But the principle which animated and held together the elements of this beautiful combination gave way to the dissolving influence of the speculative intellect. The idea proved too strong for the synthesis in which it had temporarily found an objective realization; and a new antithesis ensued, which worked the ruin of the old civilization of Greece. The conquests of Alexander prepared the way for the dominion of the next historical people—the Romans. Alexander is one of those world-historical personages whose career and conduct obtain a complete justification at the hands of Hegel. Alexander understood the purpose of his age, and endeavored to fulfill it. A great idea possessed his mind, and was the inspiration of his life. In reference to this leading object, his character must be judged. From first to last, a marvelous spirit of beauty invests the history of Greece. Two beautiful youths introduce and conclude it; its earliest articulate voices sang the grief and rage of one, and its last great reprisal on Asia was avenged by the death of the other. These are mere accidents, according to the ordinary view; but Hegel has noticed their significance, and they lend a sort of poetic charm to the most wonderful and fascinating narrative in the great epic of human progress.

As the Greek genius was preëminently

objective, delighting in beauty of form and hue and movement, making the divine and the æsthetic all one; so that of the Romans was as decidedly subjective, grave, serious, and practical, identifying the moral with the divine. We speak, of course, of the Romans as they were originally, before they fell under the influence of Greece. At an early period they directed their attention to questions of government and law, and occupied themselves with defining men's social and political relations with each other. Some of the deities peculiar to them partook of the same abstract and ethical character: they were an embodiment of the personal conditions and subjective affections of the human mind—Peace, Health, Fortune, Victory—even such as were odious and negative—Fever, Ill-luck, Childlessness, (*Orbona*)*. When their history comes into connection with that of the Greeks, we find their most eminent men devoted to the studies of politics and jurisprudence; and this circumstance was not without effect on the next phase in the world's history, which was represented by Christianity. It helped to awaken the mind to a distincter consciousness of personal independence and personal responsibility. The distinction between *res* and *persona* was first clearly defined by the Roman jurists, as a basis for decisions in their courts of law. It is true, all this tended, in its immediate working under the Empire, to produce a selfish and isolated individualism, with no higher consciousness than that of holding property under certain conditions, and of being bound to the performance of certain duties under an all-embracing despotism. Hegel compares it to a body in a state of decay, resolving itself into innumerable worms. Still, the distincter perception of individual personality, with the rights, duties, and responsibilities attached to it, was an indispensable preparation for

* These deities are a striking exemplification of the deep subjectiveness of the genius of the Romans. Particular feelings and ideas took such a hold of their mind, and became so intensely real, that it could not contain them there, but relieved itself, as it were, by giving them an objective form, and deifying them. These deities were the objects of a free and personal worship, quite distinct from the ancient and national religion, and were honored, for the most part, not with *templa*, but with simple *æcellæ*. Their character is well described by C. G. Zumpt, *Die Religion der Römer*, read before the *Verein für Wissenschaftliche Vorträge*; Berlin.

appreciating and profiting by the spiritual freedom proclaimed by the Gospel; it was a lower discipline, through which the mind must pass on its way to the higher.

Hegel's conception of Christianity is peculiar. From his high speculative point of view, he regards the Trinity as essential to it; and in the following way. The ideas of God and Man are reciprocally necessary. God is implied in Man, and Man is implied in God. Still, as God is infinite and absolute, while Man is finite and originates in a certain *negativity*, there is a chasm and dissonance between them, which it is the aim and effort of human history to bridge over and reconcile. This is the fundamental antithesis of the universe; its final synthesis will be the consummation of all things. Man is reconciled to God in Christ, and Christ's Spirit represents their union. In its primitive conception, therefore, Christianity is essentially *triune*—embodies a Trinity. Philosophic thought might have discerned for itself this antithetic relation of God and Man, and have gathered from the actual position of the world's affairs that the possibility of a final reconciliation between them had become a mental necessity for mankind. But for the multitude it was indispensable that this abstract truth should pass into a concrete form, and assume an historical realization. Hence the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth; a combination of events, with its associated beliefs, on which, according to Hegel, as on a pivot, the entire history of humanity turns—the solution of its past, and the condition of its future. Nevertheless Hegel attaches very little importance to the theological questions about the person and birth of Christ, and to the miraculous generally in his history. If we view him solely as a Teacher, we can only place him higher in the same order of character with Socrates. It is the manifestation to the world of the principle of the divine government already indicated, the reconciliation of Man with God, and the admission of Man through that to the absolute freedom of the Spirit, which gives, in Hegel's view, the whole of their religious value to the actions, sufferings, and teachings of Christ. And the world was prepared by a long previous discipline for such a spiritual revolution. *The fullness of time was come.* Pain was a large element in the process of

redemption. Universal subjection prepared the way—through the slow regeneration of centuries (and the work is not yet accomplished) for universal emancipation. The pervading sense of guilt, misery, and hopelessness under the Lower Empire, predisposed men to embrace Christianity. God had come down from heaven, and revealed himself through a human life as a Father, and opened wide his arms of mercy to the erring and sinful, and showed the way direct from earth to heaven. The temporal and the spiritual were separated no longer. Those who accepted Christ, and let his Spirit work the intended change within them, entered thereby into immediate communion with God; and in that communion obtained emancipation from their moral burdens, and complete freedom of spirit. Such, according to Hegel, was the purpose of Christianity; a purpose which it is still carrying out. It aims at building up a kingdom of God among men—a state in which God and man will be completely at one.

This great idea was very rudely and grossly expressed by the mediæval Church. It was perverted by the sacerdotal spirit. The communion with God was limited to the priesthood, and fettered by sacramental conditions. Still, this form of Christianity, coarse and carnal as it was, was perhaps the only form in which it could have taken strong hold of the wild natures to which it had to be addressed. Under all its corruptions, there was some compensation in the belief that the world was not severed from God, because Christ was always in the Church. Religion became a great objective mass of rites and dogmas, which men revered as a manifestation of the truth, not from conviction, but on authority. To the sacerdotal and idolatrous tendencies of the mediæval Church, under which Heathenism recovered a part of its ancient domain, a strong protest and resistance manifested itself in the enthusiastic recurrence among the followers of Mohammed to the pure monotheism of the old Hebrews. The false synthesis that was consolidating itself in Europe, was thus providentially dissolved by the outbreak of a new antithesis in Asia. Mohammedanism, however, was more an idea than a life—producing a sudden, and for the time a resistless, outburst of enthusiasm, but not issuing in a permanent civilization. This

attempted purification of religion, which cost Christianity large provinces and the seats of its earliest possession, led ultimately to reprisals on the part of Western Christendom, which reacted, in their final consequences, on Christendom itself, and were among the remoter causes of the Reformation.

Meanwhile a new popular influence in various tribes of Teutonic origin had swept over the provinces of the Western Empire. Attached by a loose and feeble bond to their old hereditary faith, the Germans, with that open susceptibility to first impressions which has in all ages distinguished their race, became the ready converts of a religion which brought with it in the first instance the recommendations of a higher civilization. Their ancient worship was dissolved by the superior attraction of Christianity, which took up into it the disengaged elements, and in the strong fermentation that ensued engendered a new antithesis—that conflict between the secular and spiritual powers which endured, in one form or another, through the whole of the Middle Ages. Its synthesis was first attempted by Charlemagne in the secular sense, when he would fain have erected a new empire of the West, and used the clergy as his artificers in its erection. It was a scheme the success of which depended altogether on the personal character of the sovereign; and it fell to pieces on the death of Charlemagne. A dark and troubled period of entire social decomposition followed, which righted itself at length in a sort of crystallized aggregation round various centers of military authority, held together by the graduated dependencies of the feudal system. Tendencies towards a new social synthesis now became apparent. The overpowering religious awe which seized men's minds at the close of the first millennium from the birth of Christ, in the all-pervading belief that the world's last hour was at hand, afforded the Church an unparalleled opportunity of asserting its influence and establishing its dominion; which was used with consummate energy and skill by Hildebrand and his successors for more than a century. Of this theocratic ascendancy in Europe the Crusades were the marked historical expression. The carnal piety of the age, incapable of the consolations of a spiritual faith, could not rest till it had dispossessed the infidels

of the Holy City, and held in its own firm material grasp the tomb where the Saviour had lain, and the mount whence he ascended visibly to heaven; and was at hand to welcome him with its own mortal voice at his expected reappearance on the scene of his earthly ministry. These events were the consummation of the progressive synthesis of the time, carrying with them the occasions of a new and wider antithesis. For the result of the Crusades was deep and bitter disappointment, issuing in incurable skepticism and distrust. Where men had hoped to seize the earnest of heavenly blessedness, they encountered disaster, disease, and death. And these negative, disorganizing influences, separating men's wishes and convictions daily further and further from the actualities around them, were confirmed by other events which now occurred in rapid and startling succession—the overthrow of the Eastern Empire by a Mohammedan power, the mental excitement resulting from the cultivation of Arab and the revival of Greek learning, and the stimulating prospects opened by maritime discovery; all forced into hostile action by the shameless venality and dissoluteness of the Church, affecting separation from the world, as alone possessed of God, and yet in all its tastes, its interests, and its aims, the very type of the grossest worldliness. The great monarchies of Europe, emerging out of feudalism, were unavoidably brought into collision, at various points, with the priesthood, and were anxious to fence in their national churches against the encroachments of the Papal usurpation. All things announced inevitable change; but the immediate cause of open revolt was the outrage offered by Rome and its emissaries to the public sense of moral decency. The circumstances of its origin had a powerful effect on the character of early Protestantism. It was an indignant recoil from stupendous wickedness and hypocrisy; and its sense of human sinfulness was deep and penetrating. Its spirit became earnestly introspective; it took up with renovated conviction the unflinching sternness of the old Augustinism, searched the inward man with severe and jealous eye, and saw no hope for him but in the renovation of divine grace. Hegel has well traced the influence of these reactionary views. The devout Protestant saw an immense antithesis between the

true Church filled with the Spirit of God, and the world filled with the power and working of the devil. Hence he suspected every where the presence and operation of the devil; and the burning of witches, and even of heretics, was only too natural an expression of early Protestant feeling. Various were the attempts of Protestants in different parts of the world to reconcile this antithesis, and realize a kingdom of God in the civil constitutions of men—as among the Anabaptists in Munster, the Calvinists in Geneva, the Presbyterians in Scotland, the Puritans under Cromwell in England, and the Pilgrim Fathers in the wilds of North-America. All these aims, often originating in high and earnest purpose, failed from their impracticable narrowness; and after a few years of intolerable constraint, men escaped from their tyranny, and relapsed into the ordinary course of human citizenship.

In the midst of these religious ferment, thought sprang up in another direction, intellectual and scientific, and developed a new antithesis. It was the period of Descartes, Bacon, Newton, Locke, Leibnitz. To the age of religious enthusiasm succeeded that of enlightenment and free-thinking; what the Germans call *Aufklärung*, and what Mr. Buckle means, in his recent work on civilization by Skepticism. In France, this spirit was represented by the *Encyclopédistes*; in Germany it was patronized by Frederic II. It involved that collision between the ideal and the actual, which leads to the effort to harmonize them, and is the condition of all progress. It was fortunate for England and Northern Germany that, in consequence of their adoption of the Reformation, religion participated in the general movement of ideas, and assumed a form which disarmed hostility, by its greater accordance with the knowledge and intellect of the times; whereas in France, religion, shut up in a sphere of its own, and not allowed to benefit by the influences of the general culture, became, when the hour of reaction arrived, an object of intense hatred and destructive attack. All the revolutions that have taken place in the world are nothing more, from the Hegelian point of view, than so many endeavors, often spasmodic and unavailing, to harmonize the disparities, reconcile the antagonisms, and close up the antitheses between men's ideas and the actual state of the world, so as to get a step

nearer to that absolute freedom of spirit which is the result of perfect coalescence with the Divine Idea. The first French Revolution failed from its reckless destruction of all that had previously existed, and its fanatical attempt to realize at a stroke the abstract ideal of philosophers and theorists. For it is an error to suppose that there is one absolute type of social condition, which should be universally adopted. What was often mistaken for the only possible form of freedom in the last century, was a social tyranny exercised by majorities; as if wisdom could be obtained by a simple show of hands. Freedom does not consist in allowing each individual mind to take its own arbitrary way unchecked, but in the free acceptance and loyal recognition by all minds of the law which they perceive is essential to their living together in organic harmony, and which must vary in its provisions according to a thousand undefinable requirements of historical tradition or geographical position. Hence the form of freedom must be modified by national peculiarities; and nations are then in their happiest state—at the very acme of their prosperity—when the ideas by which they are most strongly possessed, and which constitute their peculiar genius, are expressed and embodied the most completely in their external existence; when their subjective and objective life are in the most entire harmony; when they have a sense of perfect freedom in yielding perfect obedience to the law, and obedience is not constrained but spontaneous. The great desideratum in working out the problem of society is, to furnish constant stimulus and ample space for the ceaseless growth and expansion of mind; and to let it have such gentle, but steady and effective, influence on things without, that they may continually widen and adapt themselves to its needs—antitheses and syntheses quietly succeeding and supplementing each other without any violent change or sudden disruption—society peacefully developing itself towards the ultimatum of absolute freedom, when the Finite shall lose itself in the Infinite, and the Human and Divine be one.

We fear we may have exhausted the patience of our readers in this lengthened, but still very imperfect, exposition of the Hegelian theory of history; but it would have been quite impossible to convey any idea of it, without following it in its ap-

plications to the successive phases of social development, and indicating the practical conclusion drawn from this survey by the author himself. In reviewing the different periods of history, we have not limited ourselves in every instance to the particular applications which Hegel has made of his theory; but we have ventured on none that did not seem to us a legitimate and obvious inference from it, as we understand it. We now crave a small space for a few observations on the principle of this theory.

As a literary production, Hegel's work has great merit. It handles the great mass of learning which it pre-supposes with the ease and lightness of a commanding intellect. His style, notwithstanding some strange peculiarities of diction, is forcible and expressive, and considering the abstract nature of his theme, is for the most part clear and flowing. He marshals the grand historic groupings of events with a sort of pictorial effect before the mental eye, and draws out their connections in unbroken sequence from age to age with the continuity of deductions from a fundamental principle. Yet it must be admitted that his generalizations are sometimes arbitrary and sometimes superficial, and the reader is beguiled with a show of scientific precision which is not warranted by facts themselves. A certain tone of fatalism pervades his interpretation of history, as if men by seizing its seminal idea at the root of all things could predict its future course. In the primitive germ of existence, when it first arose out of nothingness, he assumes a latent wealth of implicit power, which must ever, by the working of an inherent law, press outward into expression and embodiment, as the acorn expands organically into the oak; the incipient activity of an indwelling idea, which it is the destined function of history to evolve and realize to its utmost fullness. The progressive liberation of this idea from the fetters that hinder its expansion—in other words, the emancipation of Spirit from the animalism, the ignorance, the prejudice, as well as the outward oppressions, which clog its earlier career, so that humanity may attain its complete development and fulfill the task for which it has been preordained—is the process, according to Hegel, which is accomplishing itself in that continuous change and movement of society of which

history is the record; and to recognize the law of progress which pervades it is the Philosophy of History.

Moral deserts, argues Hegel, are a distinct question, and rest on a perfectly independent basis. Virtue always carries its compensation with itself, as all vice draws its inevitable and appropriate penalty after it; but the deepest sense of this eternal distinction need not and ought not to distort the grand and salient features in which the physiognomy of universal history is expressed. Hegel has here touched on one of those insoluble problems, which history more than any other human study continually suggests. He has attempted to trace the dim, mysterious limits, where the divine order and the freedom of man come into contact. Neither can be denied: but how are they to be reconciled? Take away the unerring certainty of the divine order, which foresees, provides for, and fulfills all things in their appointed time and place, and the world lapses into chaos. Take away human free agency, and moral imputation in any intelligible sense becomes impossible. We have long, therefore, felt that there is an element of the infinite in this question, which must ever prevent its complete solution by a finite mind. All that can be said about it, is condensed with wonderful force and depth in that sublime antithesis of Scripture, Luke 22 : 22.

Nevertheless, in spite of great spiritual deficiencies, the theory of Hegel seems to us to possess a decided superiority over the more recent ones of M. Comte and Mr. Buckle, in ascribing the progress of society not so exclusively to the results of positive science and the more expansion of the intellect, but rather to a general development of the whole interior nature of man, including his affections, his sense of the beautiful, and his moral and religious sentiments. The chief means of social advancement insisted on by Hegel, is, in his peculiar phraseology, the objective embodiment of the subjective element in man—the outward realizing of the idea according to its actual degree of expansion; and this includes art, poetry, religion, and the usages of social and domestic intercourse, as well as law, government, science, and philosophy, as the constituents of a national life. It is absurd to speak of the progress of human well-being, and overlook the intimate relation to it of the moral and emotional part of

our nature. A false theology, and narrow views of man's relation to God and the universe, have shrunk from the light of science, and depreciated the importance of its bearing on human happiness; and it was no more than might be expected, that when the unavoidable reaction came, injustice should be done in the opposite direction, and the intellect be exalted at the expense of the heart and soul. The influence of science on civilization is undoubtedly immense; and nothing more visibly measures the progress of civilization than man's growing mastery over the laws of the physical universe, by which he compels them to utter their most hidden secrets, and do his bidding, and minister to his health, his ease, his safety, his activity, and his enjoyment. But in regard to that which is the highest aim of human life, the inward peace, dignity, and contentment of the soul itself, and that interchange of sweet and noble affections which purifies and exalts it—if we except the pleasure resulting from the abstract contemplation of truth, which, however refined, does not enter largely into the happiness of the majority of men—the effect of science is chiefly negative, and consists in removing the pressure of outward evils, in dissipating superstitions and prejudices, and so opening a wider sphere for the free play and development of the moral and spiritual nature. Our homes are made more pleasant and beautiful, and we move with greater ease and fewer sores and irritations through the physical incumbrances and obstructions of life, by the help of science; our minds, too, are strengthened and expanded by the wide and glorious prospects which it opens before us: but were there no hearts to be touched, no sensibilities to be spared a rude laceration, no moral and religious emotions to nurse the well-spring of a nobler life within, what would be the value of this vast apparatus of intellectual machinery? It would be like perfecting an organism, and leaving out the vitality for which only an organism was valuable at all. The recognition of the necessity of increasing measures of spiritual freedom, as the condition of social advancement, so as to afford full scope for the expansion of the inherent energies of the mind, is another feature of the Hegelian philosophy by which it is advantageously distinguished from the theories that aim at making man what he ought to be by the

plastic hand of hierarchies and the moulding force of outward laws, and that have driven M. Comte, with all his science, into the despotic absurdities of his *Catechism of Positive Religion*. The elements of real human progress must be freely evolved out of man, and can not be mechanically fastened on him. Science, for all the higher purposes of humanity, is a dead organism of latent forces till it is taken up by the moral nature and made beautiful by the presence of pure and noble affections, till it is animated by earnest purpose and inspired by some great idea. In some of these points Hegel has a decided advantage over the later theorists on society. Progress is with him a growth from within, not an accretion from without. Man's indwelling idea moulds the crude mass of external nature into conformity with itself. It is not the simple action of physical impressions, continually widened and varied by unceasing observation, that deposits all the wealth and accumulates all the force of which the human soul is susceptible.

Yet, after all, notwithstanding many ingenious and original applications, what does Hegel's celebrated formula of the law of social progress explain that we did not know before, and is not the idea of every man who has observed the course of human affairs and believes in a providential plan? Who does not see that this is the order of human perceptions and endeavors—sense of evil and wrong, observation of incongruity between what is and what should be, impatience, effort, conflict, success, harmony; then new difficulties, new struggles, new solutions; and so on indefinitely? It is a mere summing up of the collective results of human experience. But the generalization which it expresses, to suit all cases, is drawn out to such extreme tenuity, that it loses all available substance, and could not be applied to any practical purpose by the statesman or the philanthropist for calculating the probable consequences of any combination of events. All that is original in the formula is, the attempt to trace it back to a primary idea of creation, which, as we understand it, is atheistic, and involves an essential absurdity. We may wrong our author by misconceiving him; but the only construction we can put on his language is, that he regards Deity itself as a progressive evolution out of nothing, not as the primal all-sufficient

source from which all things originally flowed, but simply as a future possibility now in process of development—the grand final totality of perfected humanity. To us this view seems not only utterly repugnant to every axiom of natural reason, but in its moral aspects blank and desolate beyond expression. Can any effect proceed from a cause that is less than itself? But this theory not only supposes in the first instance a spontaneous evolution out of nothing, but through the entire course of ensuing development a series of effects ever increasing in potency over their causes. Evolution, such as is every where displayed in this boundless universe, is to us wholly inconceivable without the assumption of an infinite fund of power and intelligence behind it. And what religion, available for comfort and support, can a frail dependent being like man extract from the simple thought, however sublime, of the indefinite progressiveness of his species, and the hope that possibly some thousands of years hence the collective wisdom of man may attain a perfection not wholly disproportionate to the idea of God? Strange and repulsive as such theories must appear to every man whose mind has been once imbued with deep religious sentiment, it is undeniably the tendency of mere science, unchecked by other influences, to introduce such bare abstractions into circulation, and to replace personal agency by mere law as the ultimate fact of the universe.

It is a curious question, what would be the effect of the unrestrained predominance of purely scientific tendencies of mind on some of the most beautiful expressions and precious interests of our nature, on language, poetry, art, religion. It is a remarkable fact, noticed by Hegel himself, (p. 63, English Translation,) that language, as a medium of sentiment and feeling, and even of thought, often deteriorates with the growth of civilization. It lies less close to the soul; it is less simple, genuine, and true; it is a less faithful exponent of what is deepest and holiest in humanity. It acquires more the character of a conventional system of symbols, which express the abstractions of thought, and not the concrete realities of the heart and life. What would be the ultimate condition of literature, if one or two languages, as the English or the French, were to become the sole medium of intercourse between civilized men, to

the final abandonment of those dialectic varieties in which the peculiarities of national character have hitherto found a fitting utterance? In spite of some possible commercial and even scientific benefits, there would be more loss than gain in such a change. It would be the victory of dry intellect over the soul. For the language themselves so elevated into sovereignty would lose their original character. To adapt themselves to the wants of a wide-spread and diversely circumstanced population, they would have to efface their old distinctive peculiarities, and rub themselves down to a certain monotonous equality of tone. They would cease to be the languages of Shakspeare and Voltaire. Poetry in its higher sense, as the genuine language of the heart, would be almost an impossibility. What still went by the name of literature, would consist in its higher and graver department of scientific treatises, or bare statements of fact; in its more popular form, would find a vent, as it now does increasingly in the United States, in penny sheets, in periodicals and newspapers. With the dying-out of a dialect capable of rendering the soul's best thoughts into poetry, art and religion, from their close affinity with poetry, would both lose an element of vitality—the former degenerating into a mechanical photography, the latter becoming a speculation, and ceasing to be a lofty sentiment full of ennobling effect on the life.

We do not anticipate any such result, notwithstanding some present appearances that may seem to threaten it; for there is a *vis conservatrix* in human society, which always interposes in time to sustain the balance of our being, and to prevent any one constituent of it from absorbing the rest. As London at the present day is in some degree correcting the evil of its own unwieldy magnitude by breaking down of itself into different municipal wholes, each with its own cluster of associated interests and institutions gathering round a common center, and represented by a local paper; so, when the further advance of the world requires it, that wonderful equalization of thought, speech, and interest, which has for years been converting all Europe and America into one great nation, will doubtless again separate into distinct nationalities, kept even more distinct by their very recognition of a common brotherhood; and give

birth once more, under the inspiring breadth of freedom, and in the consciousness of internal strength and vitality, to those deep, rich, expressive literatures, which can only spring from the exuberant fullness of a nation's heart. With reference to this future result, there is something significant in that passion for the cultivation of old literatures, rather increasing than diminishing with the progress of civilization, which keeps alive an interest in the most beautiful remembrances of the past, and operates as a healthy counteraction to the refrigerating influence of pure science. The counteraction is strongest where the local tendencies most require it. With what enthusiasm do the cultivated minds of North-America abandon themselves to the study of the great writers of England, Italy, and Spain, which are to them what the classics of Greece and Rome once were, and still are, to the scholars of Europe! Jefferson, it is well known, with a sort of prophetic insight, was most anxious to promote classical studies among his countrymen. Nor have the most enlightened and patriotic Frenchmen shown themselves less eager to restore the ancient reputation of their country for classical learning, as some counterpoise to the rigid scientific tendencies of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, so zealously encouraged by the first Napoleon. Oriental and archæological studies have long been zealously cultivated in France.

Among the secondary causes which, over and above the conviction of its inherent divinity and truth, uphold the authority of Christianity among thoughtful and earnest men, one doubtless is, the perception of its direct subserviency to nourish all those hopes and beliefs in which our moral nature finds its richest nutriment, and which infuse a higher spirit into the pursuits and interests of our daily life. The sublime utterances of the Bible, its solemn appeals to what lies deepest within us, and the awful glimpses which it gives us into the Divine and Infinite, are felt to be in this respect of unspeakable value. They inspire a deep sense of the inherent worth and dignity of the soul. They uphold the value of the individual, as carrying a divine and imperishable life within him, against the some-

what depreciatory influence of economical and statistical inquiries, which often reckon on man's worth at so much productive power, whether of good or evil, and take no note of the interior qualities of his nature. There is one view connected with all speculations respecting the final destination of our race, to which Hegel nowhere distinctly alludes, but to which most minds can not but incessantly revert, though the data for forming an opinion lie beyond the sphere which the historian and the scientific theorist, with their particular objects, can properly enter: and yet, apart from this view, we feel that no solution of these high questions can be considered satisfactory and complete. Does man's life finally terminate here? Or is it only the commencement of a higher life? On this question, science, as science, has nothing to say; for its only possible data do not transcend the visible and actual, and its inferences can not exceed the warrant of its data. But there is something older, deeper, and more vital than science, which if science can not create, neither can it touch. Our only postulates are, a living God, and the worth of the individual soul. On these solemn themes the heart is wiser than the head. Here not the intellect, but the soul, must decide; for the soul lies near to God; in faith and prayer it receives communications from him which it can not distrust. Faith is not nourished by science, though the freest science is compatible with it; but by art, poetry, literature—by affectionate converse with other souls, and constant dealing with the spiritual realities of life. The views which result from intellectual speculation, and are opened on us by the ever-widening horizon of science, are in constant process of transmutation; but the affections and the trusts which grow out of them are unchanging and eternal. Literature, which reflects the concentrated result of the universal experience of life and the soul, and is quickened at times by influences from a higher source—Literature, of which the Bible itself is only the highest form—and not Science, is the special nurture for those elements of our being which are permanent and involve indestructible relations with the Unseen and Infinite.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF BLOOD.

Blood is a mighty river of Life, the mysterious center of chemical and vital actions as wonderful as they are indispensable, soliciting our attention no less by the many problems it presents to speculative ingenuity, than by the many practical conclusions to which those speculations lead. It is a torrent impetuously rushing through every part of the body, carried by an elaborate network of vessels, which, in the course of the twelvemonths, convey to the various tissues not less than three thousand pounds' weight of nutritive material, and convey from the various tissues not less than three thousand pounds' weight of waste. At every moment of our lives there is nearly ten pounds of this fluid rushing in one continuous throbbing stream, from the heart through the great arteries which branch and branch like a tree, the vessels becoming smaller and smaller as they subdivide, till they are invisible to the naked eye, and then they are called capillaries, (hair-like vessels,) although they are no more to be compared in caliber with hairs than hairs are with cables. These vessels form a network finer than the finest lace—so fine, indeed, that if we pierce the surface at almost any part with the point of a needle, we open one of them, and let out its blood. In these vessels the blood yields some of its nutrient materials, and receives in exchange some of the wasted products of tissue; thus modified, the stream continues its rapid course backwards to the heart, through a system of veins, which commence in the myriad capillaries that form the termination of the arteries. The veins, instead of subdividing like the arteries, become gradually less and less numerous, their twigs entering branches, and the branches trunks, till they reach the heart. No sooner has the blood poured into the heart from the veins, than it rushes through the lungs, and from them back again to the heart and arteries, thus completing the circle, or *circulation*.

This wondrous stream, ceaselessly circulating, occupies the very center of the

vital organism, midway between the functions of Nutrition and the functions of Excretion, feeding and stimulating the organs into activity, and removing from them all their useless material. In its torrent upwards of forty different substances are hurried along: it carries gases, it carries salts—it even carries metals and soaps! Millions of organized cells float in its liquid; and of these cells which by some are considered to be organic entities, twenty millions are said to die at every pulse of the heart, to be replaced by other millions. The iron which it washes onwards can be separated. Professor Bérard used to exhibit a lump of it in his lecture-room—nay, one ingenious Frenchman has suggested that coins should be struck from the metal extracted from the blood of great men. Let no one suggest that we should wash our hands with the soap extracted from a similar source!

Although to the naked eye the blood appears as a homogeneous fluid, having a color more or less scarlet, the microscope assures us that it is a fluid which carries certain solid bodies of definite shape and size—so definite, indeed, that a mere stain, no matter where, will, to the experienced eye, betray whether it be the blood of a mammal, a bird, a reptile, or a fish. Prick your finger with a needle, place the drop on the glass slide under your microscope, cover it with a thin glass, and look. You will be surprised, perhaps, to observe that the blood which had a deep a tint of scarlet in the mass, is of a pale reddish yellow, now that it is spread out on the slide; whereupon you conclude that the depth of tint arose from the dense aggregation of those yellow *discs*, which you observe scattered about, some of them adherent together, and presenting the appearance of piles of half-sovereigns. It is these "floating solids" of the blood upon which your attention must now be fixed. They are variously named *Blood-corpusescles*, *Blood-globules*, *Blood-cells*, and *Blood-discs*. It is a pity that one term is not finally adopted; and

blood-discs seems on the whole the best, as being descriptive, without involving any hypothesis. Meanwhile, since physiologists use all these terms, the reader must be prepared to meet with all in this paper.

The first person who saw these blood-discs was undoubtedly Swammerdam, in 1658; but as his observations were not published till many years afterwards, and as in Science priority can only rightfully be awarded to him who first publishes, the title of discoverer is given to Malpighi, who saw and described them in the blood of a hedgehog in 1661. He saw them, but did not understand them. They appeared to him to be only globules of fat. The commencement of accurate knowledge dates from Leewenhoek, who, in 1673, detected them in human blood. "These particles," he says elsewhere, "are so minute, that one hundred of them placed side by side would not equal the diameter of a common grain of sand; consequently, a grain of sand is above a million times the size of one such globule."* We have now the exact measurement of these discs, which was not possible in his day. Extending his observations, Leewenhoek found that in birds and fishes, as well as in quadrupeds, the color of the blood was due to these discs. He seems to have been puzzled by the fact, that in fishes the discs are not round, but oval; and he at first attributed this to the compression exercised by the vessels. It is instructive to hear him confess that he could not persuade himself "that the natural shape of the particles of blood in fishes was an oval; for inasmuch as the spherical seemed to me the more perfect form."† He was too good an observer, however; to permit such metaphysical conceptions long to mask the truth, and, accordingly, he described and figured the blood-disc in the fish as oval.‡

It is to Hewson that science is indebted for the most accurate and exhaustive investigation of the blood which has been made from 1770 down to our own time; and it has been even asserted by one whose word is an authority,§ that Hewson's works contain the germ of all the

discoveries made in our own day. There is something at once painful and instructive in the fact, that, after the publication of researches so precise and important as those of Leewenhoek and Hewson, the whole subject should have been suffered for many years to lapse into ignorant neglect; and instead of any progress being made, we find the most eminent physiologists at the beginning of the present century (Richerand and Majendie, for example) denying positively that the blood-discs existed, or that the microscope could tell us any thing about them.* Nevertheless, there is not an amateur of the present day who is not familiar with them. Science has carefully registered the exact measurements and form of these discs, in upwards of five hundred different species of animals! Contempt of microscopic research seriously retarded the progress of Physiology; it has its parallel in a similar contempt inspired by the great Linnæus respecting the application of the microscope to Botany; and as the physiologists of this century have had to re-discover what was known to Leewenhoek and Hewson, so also have the botanists had to re-discover what was familiar to Malpighi.

There must assuredly be some relation between the *form and size* of these discs and their *function*; but what that relation is, no one has yet made out. In general, the larger discs are found in the less advanced organisms: that is to say, they are larger in the embryo than in the adult, larger in birds than in mammals, larger in reptiles and fishes than in birds. But they are largest of all in the Triton and Proteus, which as reptiles are exceptions to the rule. Nor can the rule be taken absolutely, even within those limits we have named, since although reptiles are less advanced in organization than mammals, and have larger discs, it is not the least advanced among the mammals that have the largest discs; for instance, the ruminants are less advanced than the quadrumana, yet among mammals the ruminants have the smallest discs; and in man they are as large as in rodents.†

* Milne Edwards notices a similar denial made by M. Giacomini at the Pisa Congress of scientific men in 1839—a denial which pretended to be based on original investigations.

† In man their diameter varies between $\frac{1}{1000}$ and $\frac{1}{2000}$ of an inch; and their average thickness is $\frac{1}{15000}$ of an inch. Vierordt estimates that in about $\frac{1}{100}$ of a cubic inch, there are as many as 5,055,000 of these discs.

* Leewenhoek: *Select Works*, i. 89.

† Ibid. ii. 223.

‡ In the larva of the *Ephemerum* are the blood-discs as nearly as possible oat-shaped.

§ Milne Edwards: *Leçons sur la Phys. et l'Anat. Comp.* i. 44. The works of Hewson have been edited, and in a very valuable manner, by Mr. Gulliver, for the "Sydenham Society."

The structure of these bodies is necessarily difficult of study. Leewenhoek, and others, observed that in the discs of the fish and reptile there is always a central spot, which appears dark, or clear, according as it is viewed by transmitted, or reflected, light. This appearance was interpreted as indicating a perforation in the discs, which would consequently imply that they were like quoits. But Hewson settled this doubt by proving the central spot to be a solid nucleus, which he saw escaping from its envelope, to float free in the liquid—an observation subsequently confirmed. It is worthy of remark that this nucleus is seen with difficulty when the blood is newly drawn from a vessel, although it speedily becomes distinct, especially if a little water be added. This has led Valentin, Wagner, Henle, Donders, and Moleschott to the conclusion that the nucleus is *not* present normally, but arises from internal coagulation on exposure to the air: a conclusion rejected by Mayer and Kölliker, the former averring that he has *seen* the nucleus while the blood-discs were still circulating in the capillaries of a young frog's foot. We have not ourselves been able to see this in the large discs of the Triton, and know not if Mayer's observation has been confirmed by any other microscopist. But there are other grounds on which we should be disposed to accept the fact of the nucleus being normally present, and not simply the result of coagulation: the chief of these is, that in the embryo of a mammal we discover nuclei in the discs, whereas in the adult animal no nuclei are discoverable, even after long exposure to the air; and the philosophic zoölogist well knows in how many minute particulars the *embryonic* state of the higher animals represents the *permanent* state of the lower. In the discs of all adult mammalia the nucleus is absent; what has sometimes been mistaken for it is simply a central depression of the disc, which gives it the form of a bi-concave lens. Nevertheless, although the nucleus is absent in the adult, it is present in the embryo; and I have seen it in the blood of a young kitten.*

* Mr. Wharton Jones, one of our best investigators, says that the blood of the elephant and the horse contains a few of these nucleated discs. Nasse has seen them in the blood of pregnant women, and Mr. Busk found one in that of a man. Kölliker disputes the accuracy of these observations, and thinks

There are other bodies in the blood beside these, and they are known as the *colorless corpuscles*, which consist of two, if not three, different kinds. The true colorless corpuscle (and it will be convenient to confine the term disc, or cell, to the *red* corpuscle) is much larger than the disc, and seems to be a round vesicle containing a number of spherical granules imbedded in a gelatinous substance. This corpuscle has the property of spontaneous expansion and contraction, which forcibly reminds the observer of the contractions and expansions manifested by that singular microscopic animalcule, the *Amœba*, probably the very simplest of all organic beings. The *Amœba* is a single cell: it has no "organs" whatever, but crawls along the surface by extemporizing an arm or a leg out of its elastic substance, which arm or leg is speedily drawn in again, and fresh prolongations are thrown out; thus, as you watch it, you perceive it assuming an endless succession of forms, justifying the name of Proteus originally bestowed on it. So like the *Amœba* is the colorless blood-corpuscle, that many observers have not hesitated to adopt the opinion that these corpuscles are actually animalcules, and that our blood is a select vivarium; an opinion which is not very tenable, and is far from necessary for the purpose of explanation. We may admit, and the point is of profound philosophic interest, that the blood-corpuscles are *analogous* to the *Amœba*, without admitting them to be parasites. Considering the wondrous uniformity in the organic creation, considering how Life seems every where to manifest itself under forms which through endless varieties preserve an uniformity not less marvelous—so few and simple seem to be the laws of organic combination—there is nothing at all improbable in the idea that as the *Amœba* is the starting-point of the animal *series*, an analogous form may also be the starting-point of the animal *tissues*. The blood is, we know, the source from which the tissues draw their substance; the corpuscles seem to be the embryonic forms of the blood-discs in vertebrata, and constitute the only blood-cells of the invertebrata; we may therefore regard the development of

that in each case the nucleus was produced by some alteration of the contents. At any rate, the presence of nucleated discs is the indication of physiological inferiority, and we may perhaps find them in certain cases of disease.

the tissues as beginning, not indeed in an Amœba, but in a form *analogous* to that of the Amœba. We are further disposed to this point of view by finding that not only is the blood of the invertebrata (that is, of forms which may be regarded as embryonic in reference to the higher animals) principally constituted by these Amœba-like cells,* but that the very substance of the fresh-water polype *sometimes* breaks up into several distinct cells, which can in no respect be distinguished from Amœbæ.† This view seems also borne out in another direction; for, following Auerbach's directions, I have been lately accustomed to obtain Amœbæ when I wanted them, by simply exposing organic tissues, in a state of decomposition, to the prolonged influence of sunlight and water; and as far as careful experiments could warrant a conclusion, the conclusion was that these Amœbæ were the products of a recombination of the decomposing matter, and not the products of ova or spores. This is, however, open to question.

The corpuscles are not numerous in healthy human blood, and play but a secondary part, unless we assume, with many physiologists, that they are the early stage of the red discs. Professor Draper speaks unhesitatingly to this effect. He says there are three periods in the history of our blood-cells. Those of the first period originate simultaneously with, or even previously to, the heart—these are the embryonal cells, they are colorless and nucleated. By a process of internal deliquescence, they are developed into the cells of the second period, which are red, nucleated, and oval, like the normal cells of reptiles. The cells of the third period replace these, "the transition being clearly connected with the production of lymph and chyle corpuscles." This change takes place at the close of the second month of foetal life; and from henceforwards no change is observable; the cells continue to be red, bi-concave, non-nucleated, and circular.

* They have been seen in mollusca, crustacea, and insects. Last autumn I saw them in the beautiful transparent *Corethra* larva.

† Sometimes, but often not; so that the phenomenon probably depends on the state of the animal. Ecker describes a "contractile substance" in the *Hydra*, which he likens to the Amœba, but his figures do not at all resemble the contractile cells which I saw, and which, indeed, were so like Amœbæ, as to make me believe at first that the Polype had swallowed them.

"The cell of the first period is therefore spherical, white, and nucleated; that of the second, red, disc-shaped, and nucleated; that of the third, red, disc-shaped, bi-concave, and non-nucleated. The promoidal cell advances to development in different orders of living beings. The blood of the invertebrated animals contains coarse granule-cells, which pass forward to the condition of fine granule-cells, and reach the utmost perfection they are there to attain in the colorless nucleated cell of the first period of man. In oviparous vertebrated animals, the development is carried a step further, the red nucleated cell arising, and in them it stops at this, the second period. In mammals the third stage is reached in the red non-nucleated disc, which is therefore the most perfect form."

The resemblance here indicated between the transitory forms of the blood in the higher animals and the permanent forms of the blood in the lower animals, points at a hidden law of organic combination which will perhaps one day be detected, and which will effect for Biology as much as the law of definite proportions has effected for Chemistry. No one can have studied the development of animals, without being profoundly impressed with the conviction that there is something deeper than coincidence in the recurrence of those forms, however transitory, which characterize the permanent condition of some animals simple in organization.

The colorless corpuscles are found by Moleschott to be far more numerous in children than in adults. The difference between the blood of youth, manhood, and old age, is but trifling; yet there is a continual decrease with age. Women, in normal conditions, have fewer corpuscles than men; but during pregnancy, and other periods, the quantity increases, without, however, reaching that in the blood of children. Albuminous food increases the quantity.†

After making ourselves acquainted with these blood-cells and their history, which even the amateur may do with pleasure and profit, we shall have to meet the question—*Is the blood alive?*—a question often debated, and not without its interest to the speculative mind. Harvey‡ held the blood to be the "primigential and

* Draper: *Human Physiology*, p. 115.

† *Wiener Med. Wochenschrift*, 1854. No. 8.

‡ Harvey: *Anatomical Exercitations concerning the Generation of Living Creatures*, 1653. Exc. 51, p. 276.

principal part, because that in and from it the fountain of motion and pulsation is derived; also because the animal heat or vital spirit is first radicated and implanted, and the soule takes up her mansion in it." We see here the influence of the ancient philosophy. Harvey further declares: "Life consists in the blood, (as we read in Holy Scripture,) because in it the Life and Soule do first dawn and last set. . . . The blood is the genital part, the fountain of Life, *primum vivens, ultimum moriens*."

Harvey's views were taken up with modification, and argued earnestly by Hunter, in his celebrated work *On the Blood*. It is more than twenty years since we read that work, and not having it now at hand, we can give no exposition of its views. The constant objection urged against Hunter by his contemporaries and successors, was the inability to conceive a *living liquid*; but Milne Edwards meets this by saying that it is not the *liquid* which is alive, but the *cells* floating in that liquid, and these he regards as organisms. The reader must feel that the discussion of such a question can not be brought to an issue, unless preceded by an accurate definition of the term employed. What is meant by the blood being alive? If it be meant that an organic structure, having a specific composition, and passing through a definite cycle of changes, such as birth, growth, development, and death, can truly be said to *live*, then blood, which manifests these cardinal phenomena of life, must be pronounced to be alive. This, however, no one would think of denying. But if it be meant that blood has an independent vitality, unlike the vitality of any other tissue, a vitality which can be manifested apart from the organism, the opinion seems to us wholly untenable. Blood is vital, and has vital properties; but so has every tissue of the body, and in no sense can we attribute to it independent life.

Let us now turn from the floating solids of the blood to the plasma in which they float—from the cells to the serum. As the blood circulates in the vessels, we see that there is nothing solid in it but the discs and corpuscles; yet no sooner does it pour from the vessels, than part of the liquid itself becomes converted into a trembling jelly, from which a yellow fluid slowly separates. The jelly-like mass has many of the red discs imbedded in it, and

is called the *clot*; the yellow fluid is the *serum*; the whole process is called the *coagulation*. The general phenomenon was known to the ancients—indeed, it could not have escaped observation; but we must descend as far down as the seventeenth century before meeting with a physiologist who had more than this general knowledge; and there we meet with Malpighi,* who washed the clot free from all the red disc, and found that the white substance which then remained was of a distinctly fibrous texture. Borelli, at the same epoch, declared that this substance was liquid in the blood, and coagulated spontaneously when the blood was drawn from the veins. This opinion is now universal. Ruysch discovered that by whipping the blood as it poured out, the whipping-rods were covered with a mass of white elastic filaments, exactly similar to the substance obtained by washing the red disc from the clot.* This substance, the only one among those contained in the blood which has the property of spontaneous coagulation, has, since the days of Fourcroy, been named *fibrine*; and, until recently, it has been held to be identical with the substance of muscular tissue: thus the formation of muscles seemed easily explicable, as the spontaneous coagulation of the fibrine, to those theorists who delight in simplifying organic processes, and who are apt to accept a phrase as an explanation. We now know that the fibrine with blood is *not* the same substance as the fibrine of muscle, and this latter is therefore called *musculine* or *syntonin*.

Why is the fibrine not coagulated in the blood-vessels, seeing how rapidly it coagulates out of them? Professor Draper thinks that "nothing more takes place in blood, which has been drawn into a cup, than would have taken place had it remained in the body. In either case the fibrine would have been equally coagulated. The entrapping of the cells in a mere accident. The hourly demand for fibrine amounts to sixty-two grains; a simple arithmetical calculation will show that the entire mass of the blood would be exhausted of all the fibrine it contains in about four hours, so that the solidification of the fibrine must be taking place at just as rapid rate in the system as after

† Milne Edwards: *Leçons*, i. 115. Malpighi: *Opera Omnia*, 1666, p. 123.

it has been withdrawn. No clot forms in the blood-vessels, because the fibrine is picked out by the muscular tissues for their nourishment as fast as it is presented, nor would any clot form in the cup if we could by any means remove the fibrine granules as fast as they solidified."

This ingenious hypothesis rests entirely on the assumption that the fibrine is momentarily picked out by the muscular tissues; an assumption which seems to us more than questionable, for if the plasma of the muscles be examined—that is, that part of the blood which has passed through the walls of the vessels for the nutrition of the muscles—no coagulated fibrine will be found there; whereas, in almost every case of the escape of serum into one of the cavities, or into the substance of a tissue, the fibrine is found coagulated. Against the hypothesis let the following facts suffice: In the blood of starving men, and in that of men suffering from inflammatory fever, the amount of fibrine is increased; so that instead of fibrine being picked out from the blood to nourish the muscles, it seems to be thrown into the blood from the waste of the tissues. Further—the blood, under certain circumstances, will not coagulate at all; yet the fibrine is not picked out.

"Morgagni," says Dr. Richardson, "had described the blood as quite fluid after death in only four instances; all these were cases in which death ensued from slow arrest of the respiration. Drs. Peters, Goldsmith, and Moses, three American physicians, have published a report on the appearance of the blood in twenty cases of death resulting from the excessive use of ardent spirits. In every case the blood was fluid and dark, was of a cherry-juice appearance, and showed no tendency to coagulate. Majendie produced a fluid state by injecting putrid matters into the veins of animals. In deaths from the narcotic poisons, from delirium tremens, typhoid fever, and yellow fever, the blood is generally described as thin and uncoagulable. Dr. John Davy found the blood fluid and uncoagulable on exposure in cases of drowning, hanging, suffocation from the fumes of burning charcoal, and effusion of blood into the pulmonary air-cells."*

* Richardson: *The Cause of the Coagulation of the Blood*, 1858, p. 34.

Dr. Richardson also states a fact quite inexplicable at present, namely, that not only is the blood drawn by a leech uncoagulable, but that the bite of the leech seems to affect even the blood which remains in the bitten vessels, since the blood continues to flow much longer from the wound than from a wound made by the lancet; and this can only be because the wound is not closed by coagulation. Dr. Richardson sums up his numerous experimental results in the following propositions: The power of coagulation is reduced in proportion to the reduction of the temperature, and is accelerated in proportion to the elevation of temperature. Blood may be frozen, and it will then remain uncoagulated; but on being thawed, and exposed to a higher temperature, the process of coagulation begins. Water produces no effect, unless it be added in excess, when it retards coagulation. Any fluid denser than blood retards coagulation. Free exposure to air quickens coagulation, so also does exposure *in vacuo*. Exclusion from the air retards it. Agitation in the open air quickens, in a closed vessel retards, coagulation.*

We may put our question in another form, and instead of asking why the blood does not coagulate in the vessels? ask, why it coagulates at all? The question has frequently been put, and answered in very contradictory terms. In the form in which it is often put, it seems to us not less idle than to ask why roses have thorns, why the cohesion of iron is greater than that of clay, or why stupid querists are not entertaining companions? Fibrine coagulates, because it is the property of fibrine to coagulate, and would always do so spontaneously, were there not some obstacle present. We may study the conditions which assist, and the conditions which arrest this tendency, but it is hopeless to inquire into the cause of the tendency.

It is certain that the blood would remain fluid were there no fibrine present; but this fibrine has a spontaneous tendency to coagulate, which can only be prevented by the presence of some solvent. What is that solvent? The researches of Dr. Richardson satisfactorily establish some points which go very far towards a demonstration of the true cause, namely, the presence of ammonia in the blood.

* Richardson: *The Cause of the Coagulation of the Blood*, p. 228.

He shows, in the first place, that ammonia *does* preserve the fluidity of the blood, if it be present in quantities amounting to 1 in 8000 parts of blood containing 2.2 per thousand of fibrine. He shows, in the second place, that the blood does normally contain this volatile alkali, which is rapidly given off during coagulation. And he shows, moreover, that the causes which *retard* coagulation are causes which *obstruct* the evolution of ammonia, whereas the causes which *favor* the evolution of ammonia *accelerate* the process of coagulation. Finally, he shows that if the vapor arising from blood be caught in a vessel, and then passed through another mass of blood, the coagulation of this second mass is suspended. The numerous and ingenious experiments by which Dr. Richardson has established these important propositions must be sought in his work, which gained the Astley Cooper prize.

There still remain some difficulties, however, which are not cleared up by this hypothesis. We do not see how it accounts for the blood remaining fluid, even after exposure to the air, in cases of death by drowning and hanging. It would be necessary that Dr. Richardson should show either that hanging caused a complete removal of the fibrine, or that it prevented the evolution of ammonia on exposure to the air. Until one of these points is proved, the difficulty will remain. In some researches into the history of the blood in the animal series, I found the blood of many species of Mollusca quite incapable of coagulation; but whether this depends on the absence of fibrine, or on the presence of any solvent, not volatile, was undetermined.

Hunter declared that the blood of men and animals killed by lightning did not coagulate. The assertion has been often repeated; yet from the experiments of Scudamore and Milne Edwards, we are forced to reject the idea; the latter has repeatedly killed birds by an electric discharge, and found their blood as coagulable as that of other birds. He adds, however, that "in certain cases the blood is evidently less coagulable in individuals struck by lightning; and this peculiarity is observed in connection with a remarkable cadaveric rigidity, so that I am led to think it may depend on the solidification of a portion of the fibrine in the capillaries, rather than on the transforma-

tion of that substance into one not coagulable. This rigidity is sometimes so great in those struck by lightning, that the corpse remains standing in the position in which it was struck."

Before concluding our description of the blood, we must glance at its chemical composition; for if the microscope reveals it to be far from a homogeneous fluid, chemical analysis further assures us that it contains water, salts, sugars, fats, and albuminates. In spite, however, of numberless analyses made with the greatest care, our present knowledge is only approximative; the excessive difficulty of making an unexceptionable analysis being acknowledged by all who have attempted it. We know tolerably well what the *elementary* composition is—that is to say, how many atoms of carbon, hydrogen, etc., are included in every 1000 parts; but what the *immediate* composition is—that is to say, in what forms these atoms exist—we do not know so well. The elementary composition of ox blood, when all its water is removed, is as follows:

Carbon, ...	519.50
Hydrogen, ...	71.70
Nitrogen, ...	150.70
Oxygen, ...	218.90
Ashes, ...	44.20
	1000.00

The following may be taken as the most approximative table of the substances which form the immediate composition of human blood:

Water, ...	784.00
Albumen, ...	70.00
Fibrine, ...	2.20
Cells {	
Globulin, ...	123.50
Hæmatin, ...	7.50
Cholesterine, ...	0.08
Cerebrine, ...	0.40
Seroline, ...	0.02
Fats, {	
Oleic and margaric acid, ...	0.80
Volatile and odorous fatty acid, ...	
Fat containing phosphorus, ...	
Chloride of sodium, ...	3.60
Chloride of potassium, ...	0.86
Tribasic phosphate of soda, ...	0.20
Salts, {	
Carbonate of soda, ...	0.84
Sulphate of soda, ...	0.28
Phosphates of lime and magnesia, ...	0.25
Oxide and phosphate of iron, ...	0.50
Extract, salivary matter, urea, coloring matter of bile, accidental substances, ...	5.47
	1000.00

In this table sugar is omitted, yet we know that sugar, in varying quantities, always exists in the blood quitting the liver, where it is formed from albuminous matters, and is also generally found in blood at other parts of the organism; but, because this sugar rapidly undergoes transformation into other substances, its amount can not be estimated.

But, granting that Chemistry had succeeded in making a perfect analysis, we should still have to bear in mind that all the constituents vary in different individuals, and in different states of the same individual. The blood of no two men is precisely similar; the blood of the same man is not precisely similar in disease to what it was in health, or at different epochs of life. The iron which circulates in the veins of the embryo, is more abundant than the iron in the veins of the mother; and this quantity declines after birth, to augment again at puberty. The fats vary, in different individuals, from 1.4 to 3.3 in 1000. The blood-cells vary with the varying health. The albumen fluctuates from 60 to 70 parts in 1000, the proportion being greater during digestion. The fibrine, usually amounting to about three in a 1000, may rise as high as 7½, or fall as low as 1.

Such are the chief points ascertained respecting the blood in general. We must now call attention to the different *kinds* of blood in the different parts of the circulation; for although we speak of "the blood" as if it were always one and the same thing, it is, in truth, a system of various fluids, a confluence of streams, each more or less differing from the other. The first grand division is familiar to all men—namely, that of venous and arterial blood; the former being dark purple—"black blood," as it is called—the latter bright scarlet. To many it will seem that this is but a distinction of color—a distinction so easily effaced, that no sooner does the dark blood come in contact with the atmosphere than it brightens into scarlet. The distinction of color is, however, the sign of an important difference; for if venous blood be injected into the arteries of an animal, it produces paralysis; if into the arteries going to the brain, it produces syncope and death. Yet arterial blood thus injected will revive an animal suffering from loss of blood. Between the two fluids, therefore, a profound difference exists; and yet the ven-

ous blood has only to pass through the lungs in an atmosphere not overcharged with carbonic acid, and at once it becomes transformed into a nutrient sustaining fluid. Wherefore? Analysis of the two detects but trifling variations in their solids, the most notable of which is the larger amount of red discs and the smaller amount of fibrine in venous blood. But in their gases an important difference is detected. In both there are nitrogen, oxygen, carbonic acid, and ammonia, either free, or combined so feebly that they are easily disengaged. The quantity of nitrogen is much the same in both; that of ammonia probably does not vary, but the oxygen and carbonic acid vary considerably. Indeed, there is a notion current in popular works that venous blood contains carbonic acid, and arterial blood oxygen—that being the difference between the two fluids. But every physiologist knows that both fluids contain large amounts of both gases, the difference being only in the relative amounts contained in each. The experiments of Magnus were for a long while held to be conclusive of the opinion that arterial blood contained absolutely *more* carbonic acid than venous blood, although in relation to the amount of oxygen, the amount was less; that, in short, it contained more of both gases, but the larger proportion of oxygen gave it its distinction. Recent investigations have considerably shaken this conclusion, but they leave unaltered one result—namely, that arterial blood contains a large amount of carbonic acid, and a still larger amount of oxygen.

Where does the oxygen come from? The atmosphere. Where does the carbonic acid come from? The tissues. The blood which flows *to* the tissues is scarlet, but in the capillaries it parts with some of its oxygen; and as it flows *from* the tissues it is dark, and will become scarlet again on its passage through the lungs. When we know that arterial blood contains carbonic acid as well as oxygen, the idea suggests itself, that on parting with some of this oxygen it might assume the dark color, owing simply to the carbonic acid retained; but this idea is set aside by the fact that unless an *exchange* take place, no oxygen will be liberated. The carbonic acid is proved to be the product of the vital activity of the tissues, and as such is taken up by the blood in exchange for its oxygen; for if

the nerves which supply a limb be cut, and vital activity be thus arrested, the current of blood will not be darkened; precisely as it will not be brightened in its passage through the lungs, if there be a surplus of carbonic acid in the air. The experiments of Bruch* are very instructive on this point. He found that blood saturated with oxygen became darker in *vacuo*, while blood saturated with carbonic acid did not change color.

What causes the change of color when venous blood is submitted to oxygen? Formerly it was held to be due to the iron in the discs; but the iron may be removed without this removal affecting the phenomenon; so that the opinion now held is, that the change of color is due solely to the difference in the *form* of the discs, which become *brighter* as they become more *concave*, and *darker* as they become more *convex*. Oxygen renders them concave, carbonic acid renders them convex.

Arterial blood is every where the same: it is one stream perpetually flowing off into smaller streams, but always the same fluid in its minutest rills as in its larger currents. Not so venous blood. *That* is a confluence of many currents, each one bringing with it something from the soil in which it arises; the streams issuing out of the muscles being substances unlike those issuing out of the nervous centers; the blood which hurries out of the intestine contains substances unlike those which hurry out of the liver. The waste of all the organs has to be carried away by the vessels of the organs. Wondrously does the complex machine work its many purposes: the roaring loom of Life is never for a moment still, weaving and weaving,

“Geburt und Grab,
Ein ewiges Meer,
Ein wechselnd Weben,
Ein glühend Leben.”†

Difficult it is for us to realize to ourselves the fact of this incessant torrent of confluent streams coursing through every part of our bodies, carrying fresh fuel to feed the mighty flame of life, and removing all the ashes which the flame has left. Sudden agitation, setting the heart into more impetuous movement, may make us

aware that it is throbbing ceaselessly; or we may feel it beating when the hand is accidentally resting on it during the calm hours of repose; but even then, when the fact of the heart's beating obtrudes itself on consciousness, we do not mentally pursue the current as it quits the heart to distribute itself even to the remotest part of the body, and thence to return once more—we do not follow its devious paths, and think of all the mysterious actions which attend its course. If for a moment we could with the bodily eye see into the frame of man, as with the microscope we see into the transparent frames of some simpler animals, what a spectacle would be unveiled! Through one complex system of vessels we should see a leaping torrent of blood, carried into the depths, and over the surfaces of all the organs, at the rapid rate of one foot in every second, and carried from the depths and surfaces through another system of vessels, back again to the heart: yet in spite of the countless channels and the crowded complexity of the tissue, no where should we detect any confusion, no where any failure. Such a spectacle as this is unveiled to the mental eye alone, and we can not contemplate it, even in thought, without a thrill.

It is a natural question, and often asked, but difficult to answer, What *quantity* of blood circulates every minute in our bodies? The many estimates which have been made need not here be given: only those of Lehmann, Weber, and Bischoff now command general attention. Lehmann says that his friend Weber aided him in determining the quantity of blood in two decapitated criminals. The quantity which escaped was thus estimated: Water was injected into the vessels of the trunk and head, until the fluid, escaping from the veins, had only a pale red or yellow color. The quantity of blood remaining in the body was then calculated by instituting a comparison between the solid residue of this pale red aqueous fluid and that of the blood which first escaped. The living body of one of the criminals weighed 60,140 grammes,* after decapitation, 54,600 grammes, consequently 5540 grammes of blood had escaped; 28,560 grammes of this blood yielded 5.36 of solid residue; 60.5 grammes of sanguineous water, collected

* Siebold ü Kolliker: *Zeitschrift für wissenschaftliche Zoologie*, iv. 273.

† *Faust*. “Birth and the grave, an eternal ocean, a changing motion, a glowing life.”

* A Gramme is somewhat more than fifteen grains.

after the injection, yielded 3.724 of solid substances. There were collected 6050 grammes of the sanguineous water that returned from the veins, and these contained 37.24 of solid residue, which corresponds to 1980 grammes of blood. The estimate, therefore, turns out as follows: 5540 grammes escaped after decapitation, and 1980 remained in the body, thus making 7520 grammes; in other words, the weight of the whole blood was to that of the body nearly in the ratio of 1 to 8. It is obvious from the account of the experiment that only an approximation could be arrived at. And Bischoff's more recent investigations on the body of a criminal, carefully weighed before and after decapitation, lead to the conclusion that the blood amounted to $9\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., or *exactly one fourteenth of the whole body*.* This nearly corresponds with his former investigations, which gave the weight as one thirteenth of the whole body. If we say ten pounds for an adult healthy man, we shall probably be as near the mark as possible. The quantity, however, necessarily varies in different persons, and seems from some calculations to be greater in women than in men. In the seal its quantity is enormous, surpassing that of all other animals, man included.

In former days, blood-letting was one of the "heroic arms" of medical practice; and is sometimes almost appalling to read of the exploits of practitioners. Haller mentions the case of a hysterical woman who was bled one thousand and twenty times in the space of nineteen years; and a girl at Pisa is said to have been bled once a day, or once every other day, during several years. A third case he mentions of a young man who lost seventy-five pounds of blood in ten days: so that if we reckon ten pounds as the utmost which the body contains at any given period, it is clear that this young man's loss must have been repaired almost immediately. In truth, the blood is incessantly being abstracted and replaced during the ordinary processes of life. Were it not continually renewed, it would soon vanish altogether, like water disappearing in sand. The hungry tissues momentarily snatch at its materials as it hurries through them, and the active absorbents momentarily pour fresh materials into it.

In contemplating the loss of blood from

wounds or hemorrhage, and in noting how the vital powers ebb as the blood flows out, we are naturally led to ask whether the peril may not be avoided by pouring in fresh blood. The idea of *transfusion* is indeed very ancient. But the ancients, in spite of their facile credulity as to the effect of any physiological experiments, were in no condition to make the experiment. They were too unacquainted with physiology, and with the art of experiment, to know how to set about transfusion. Not until the middle of the seventeenth century had a preparation been made for such a trial. The experiments of Boyle, Graaf, and Fracassati, on the injection of various substances into the veins of animals, were crowned with those of Lower, who, in 1665, injected blood into the veins of a dog. Two years later a bolder attempt was made on man. A French mathematician, Denis, assisted by a surgeon, having repeated with success the experiments of Lower, resolved to extend the new idea. It was difficult to get a human patient on whom the plan could be tried; but one evening a mad man arrived in Paris quite naked, and he was daringly seized by Denis as the fitting subject for the new experiment. Eight ounces of calf's blood were transfused into his veins. That night he slept well. The experiment was repeated on the succeeding day; he slept quietly, and awoke sane!

Great was the sensation produced by this success. Lower and King were emboldened to repeat it in London. They found a healthy man willing to have some blood drawn from him, and replaced by that of a sheep. He felt the warm stream pouring in, and declared it was so pleasant that they might repeat the experiment. The tidings flew over Europe. In Italy and Germany the plan was repeated, and it now seemed as if transfusion would become one more of the "heroic arms" of medicine. These hopes were soon dashed. The patient on whom Denis had operated again went mad, was again treated with transfusion, and died during the operation. The son of the Swedish minister, who had been benefited by one transfusion, perished after a second. A third death was assigned to a similar cause; and in April, 1668, the Parliament of Paris made it criminal to attempt transfusion, except with the consent of the Faculty of Paris. Thus the whole thing fell into discredit,

* See his Memoir in Siebold & Kölliker: *Zeitschrift*, ix. 72.

to be revived again in our own day, and to be placed at last on a scientific basis.

It will immediately occur to the physiologist who reads the accounts of these experiments, that transfusion was effected on the supposition that the blood of all quadrupeds was the same, and that it was indifferent whether a man receive the blood of another man, or of a sheep or calf. This supposition was altogether erroneous. The more rigorous investigations of the moderns have established that only the blood of animals of the same species can be transfused in large quantities without fatal results. The blood of a horse is poison in the veins of a dog; the blood of a sheep is poison in the veins of a cat; but the blood of a horse will revive the fainting ass. From this it follows, that when transfusion is practiced on human beings, human blood must be employed; and so employed, the practice is in some urgent cases not only safe, but forms the sole remedy. Blundell has the glory of having revived and vindicated this practice,* and he has seen his idea amply confirmed. Bérard cites fifteen distinct cases of hemorrhage in which transfusion has saved life.†

Seeing that blood has thus a power of reanimating the failing body, it is natural we should inquire to which element of the blood this is due—to the cells or the plasma? We know that it is only necessary to withdraw blood from a part, or prevent its access by a ligature round the arteries, and the part gradually loses all its vital properties; but even after the rigor of the muscles announces death, we have only to readmit the blood by removing the ligature, and the vitality will be restored. Now it has been ascertained that the plasma of the blood, deprived of its cells and fibrine, has no reanimating power when injected, being in fact not more effective than so much warm water. It has also been ascertained that blood, deprived of its fibrine only, produces the same effect as pure blood, whereby it appears that as neither the plasma nor the fibrine possesses the vivifying power, that power must belong to the cells. This is a great step gained, but the restless spirit of

inquiry can not content itself with such a gain, and it asks, what gives to the blood-cells this specific power? Let us see the answer that can be made to such a question.

We know that the cells carry the oxygen, either in slight combinations or free, as in vesicles. We know this, because we find that the plasma is unable to absorb much more than one per cent of its volume of oxygen, whereas the blood, containing cells, absorbs from ten to thirteen times that amount. The change of color they exhibit as they take up or give out oxygen, and the fact, that if they are placed in a vessel containing air, they absorb oxygen from that air, whereas the plasma does nothing of the kind, are proofs of the cells being the transporters of oxygen. But this is not all. The experiments of M. Brown-Séquard establish the important fact that it is to the oxygen carried by these cells that we must attribute their *nutritive* agency, and to the carbonic acid carried by them that we must attribute their *stimulating* agency.* Blood has two offices: it furnishes the tissues with their pabulum, and it stimulates them into activity. Unless the tissues be endowed with certain vital properties, they can not be stimulated into activity; and when stimulated, this activity brings about a destruction, which must be repaired. If stimulus be applied without equivalent nutrition, the force is soon exhausted. This double office the blood performs, according to M. Brown-Séquard, chiefly through the oxygen, as the agent of nutrition, and of carbonic acid, as the agent of excitation. Without accepting his conclusions in all their absoluteness, we may accept thus much of them, for we see him operating on dead animals, or dead parts of animals, by means of *venous* blood charged with oxygen, and producing therewith precisely the same effects as with *arterial* blood; and we see him showing that arterial blood, charged with carbonic acid, acts precisely as venous blood. The conclusion, therefore, is obvious, that the difference between the two fluids is simply owing to the difference in their amounts of oxygen. He takes the blood from a dog's vein, and the blood from its artery, whips both till the fibrine be extracted, and till both have become equally scarlet

* Blundell. "Experiments on the Transfusion of Blood." *Médecine-Chirurg. Trans.* 1818, p. 56.

† Bérard. *Cours de Physiol.* iii. 220. It is from this work, and the *Leçons* of Milne Edwards, that all the details on this subject in the text have been taken.

* Brown-Séquard: *Journal de la Physiologie*, 1858, i. 91.

from the absorption of oxygen. He then injects one of these fluids into the right femoral artery of a dead rabbit, in which the rigidity of death has set in for ten minutes, and the other fluid into the left femoral artery. The result is precisely similar in both limbs, namely, in about five minutes both recover their muscular irritability, which they both retain for twenty minutes. Repeating this experiment with blood drawn from vein and artery, but charged with carbonic acid instead of oxygen, he finds a similar result as to the *exciting* power. Having thus made clear to himself that, as respects nutrition and excitation, there is no other difference between arterial and venous blood than is assignable to their differences in the amount of oxygen and carbonic acid contained in each; that venous blood, charged with oxygen, acts precisely as arterial blood; and that arterial blood, charged with carbonic acid, acts precisely as venous blood, M. Brown-Séquard proceeds with his demonstration, that unless the blood be highly oxygenated it has *no* power of nourishing the tissues; and unless it be highly carbonized, it has *no* power of stimulating them. We can not here afford sufficient space to give any account of the experiments by which these conclusions are reached, and must refer the curious reader to the memoir itself.* But as the idea of the stimulating power of the blood residing chiefly in the carbonic acid, will be novel and startling to most physiological readers, it may be useful to mention one of the experiments. A rabbit was suffocated; and, as usual in such cases, the intestine exhibited very powerful disorderly movements. Into a coil of this agitated intestine he injected some *venous* blood highly *oxygenated*. Immediately the movement ceased. He then injected *arterial* blood highly *carbonized*, and the movements were at once resumed. Again he injected oxygenated blood, and again the movements ceased, to appear on the second injection of carbonized blood. "It is possible," he says, "to produce two conditions of the organism essentially different, one of which consists in the presence of a greater amount of oxygen than usual, both in the venous and in the arterial blood, the other of which consists in the presence of an excess of carbonic acid in both fluids. In

the first of these conditions, life ceases in spite of the extreme energy of the vital properties, simply because the stimulating power of the blood is insufficient. In the other of these conditions, the stimulating power, being excessive, causes an activity which is soon spent, because it can not be reproduced."

Even should we accept to the full the ingenious hypothesis just propounded, we must guard against an exaggeration of its application. Oxygen may be the one chief *condition* for that exchange between the blood and the tissues which constitutes Nutrition, and without a due supply of oxygen Nutrition may be brought to a stand-still; but we shall greatly err if we suppose that oxidation is itself the process of Nutrition, or that the cells are the sole agents. The albumen, the fats, and the salts which the tissues draw from the blood, are not drawn from the cells, but from the plasma. It is, therefore, quite possible, indeed M. Séquard's experiments render it eminently probable, that the blood-cells, by their oxygen, furnish the indispensable *condition* of Nutrition, the *pabulum* being furnished by the blood-plasma. It is also probable that the cells, by their carbonic acid, furnish the condition of nervous and muscular excitement; so that arterial blood, containing more than its usual amount of carbonic acid, causes an excess of the stimulating over the repairing processes. This will account for the greater cerebral excitement succeeded by languor consequent on exposure to the vitiated atmosphere of a theater, a ball-room, or a lecture-room.

Such is the wondrous fluid we name Blood, and such its properties, as far as Science hitherto has learned them. Before quitting our survey, it will be desirable to say a few words respecting the relation blood bears to Nutrition, since that relation is not generally understood. Every one knows that all the tissues are nourished by the blood. But in what way is this effected? Blood, in itself, is perfectly incapable of nourishing the tissues—so incapable that, if it be poured on them from the rupture of a vessel, it hinders nutrition, and acts like a foreign substance. Accordingly, we see it rigorously excluded from them, shut up in a system of closed vessels; but as it rushes along these vessels, *certain of its elements ooze through the delicate walls of the vessels*, and furnish a *plasma* from which

* *Journal de la Physiologie*, i. 95.

the tissues are elaborated. In exchange, certain products of waste are taken up by the blood, and carried to the organs of excretion. An image may render the process memorable. The body is like a city intersected by a vast network of canals, such as Venice or Amsterdam; these canals are laden with barges which carry to each house the meat, vegetables, and groceries needed for daily use; and while the food is thus presented at each door, the canal receives all the sewage of the houses. One house will take one kind of meat, and another house another kind, while a third will let the meat pass, and take only vegetables. But as the original stock of food was limited, it is obvious that the demands of each house necessarily affect the supplies of the others. This is what occurs in Nutrition: the muscles demand one set of principles, the nerves a second, the bones a third, and each will draw from the blood those which it needs, allowing the others for which it has no need to pass on.

This leads us to notice a luminous conception, attributed by Mr. Paget to Treviranus, but really due to Casper Friedrich Wolff, whose doctrine of epigenesis reposes on it; namely, that "each single part of the body, in respect of its nutrition, stands to the whole body in the relation of a secreting organ." Mr. Paget has illustrated this idea with his accustomed felicity.* Every part of the body taking from the blood those substances which it needs, acts as an excretory organ, inasmuch as it removes that which, if retained, would be injurious to the nutrition of the rest of the body. Thus the polypes excrete large quantities of calcareous and silicious earths: in the polypes which have no stony skeleton, these earths are absolutely and utterly excreted; but in those who have a skeleton, they are, though retained within the body, yet as truly excreted from the nutritive fluid and the other parts as if they had been thrown out and washed away. In the same manner, our bones excrete the phosphates from our blood. The hair in its constant growth not only serves its purposes as hair, but also as a source of removal from the blood of the various constituents which form hair. "And this excretion office appears in some instances to be the only one by which the hair serves the

purpose of the individuals; as, for example, in the fœtus. Thus in the fœtus of the seals, that take the water as soon as they are born, and, I believe, in those of many other mammals, though removed from all those conditions against which hair protects, yet a perfect coat of hair is formed within the uterus, and before, or very shortly after birth, this is shed, and is replaced by another coat of wholly different color, the growth of which began within the uterus. Surely in these cases it is only as an excretion, or chiefly as such, that this first growth of hair serves to the advantage of the individual." Mr. Paget also applies this principle to the explanation of the rudimental hair which exists all over our bodies, and to that of many other rudimental organs, which subserve no function whatever. He also, without apparently being aware of Wolff's ideas on this point, applies it to the explanation of the embryonic phases. "For if it be influential when all the organs are fully formed," he says, "and are only growing or maintaining themselves, much more will it be so when the several organs are successively forming. At this time, as each nascent organ takes from the nutritive material its appropriate constituents, it will coöperate with the gradual self-development of the blood, to induce in it that condition which is essential, or most favorable, to the formation of the organs next in order to be developed." This principle further enables us to understand how the existence of certain materials in the blood may determine the formation of structures in which these materials are to be incorporated; and it enables us to understand the "constitutional disturbance," or general state of ill-health, which arises from some local disturbance, such as a cold in the head; for, "if each part in its normal nutrition is an excreting organ to the rest, then cessation or perversion of nutrition in one, must, through definite changes in the blood, affect the nutrition of the rest." How evidently the special condition of the organism determines the growth or decrease of certain organs, may best be seen in the sudden development of the beard and the voice as puberty approaches. Birds in the pairing season acquire their most brilliant plumage, and express the tumult of their emotions in perpetual song. Stags at the same epoch develop their antlers, and make the forest ring with their hoarse barking. Mr.

* Paget: *Lectures on Surgical Pathology*, I. 24, et seq.

Paget justly says: "When two or more organs are thus manifestly connected in nutrition, and not connected in the exercise of any external office, their connection is because each of them is partly formed of materials left in the blood on the formation of the other."*

Does not this throw a new light upon the blood? and do you not therein catch a glimpse of many processes before entirely obscure? It assures us that the blood is not "flowing flesh"—*la chair coulante*—as Bordeu called it, to the great delight of his successors; nor is it even liquid food. It is an organic structure, incessantly passing through changes, which changes are the conditions of all development and activity. The Food and Drink which we take become subjected to a complicated series of digestive processes. The liquid product of Digestion is carried into the blood-stream, undergoing various changes in its route. It is now blood; but other changes supervene before this blood is fitted for the nourishment of the tissues; and then certain elements pass from it through the walls of the capillaries to be finally assimilated by the tissues. In the simpler animals, the liquid product of digestion is itself the immediate agent of Nutrition, and does not pass through the intermediate stage of blood. It escapes from the digestive canal into the general substance of the body, which it permeates and nourishes much in the way that the blood-plasma nourishes the substance of the more complex animals. But in the simplest animals there is not even this approach to blood. There is no liquid product of digestion, for there is no digestion at all, the water in which these animals live carrying organic matter in

solution; *this* permeates the substance, and is assimilated: thus does the water play the part of blood, carrying the food, and carrying away the waste.*

Let the speculative eye traverse the marvelous scale of created beings upwards, from the simplest to the most complex, and it will observe that Assimilation first takes place by the direct relation of the organism to the surrounding medium; next arrives the interposition of agencies which prepare the food for the higher effects it has to produce, and instead of relying on organic substances in solution, the organism is seen extracting nutriment from other organisms; finally is seen the operation of still more complicated agencies, which impress on the digested food still higher characters, converting it into blood. This blood is retained in a system of vessels every where closed. Yet, in spite of the absence of orifices or pores, it is distributed impartially to the most distant parts of the organism, and it is distributed according to the momentary requirements of each part, so that when an organ is called upon to put forth increased energy, there is always an increase of food sent to supply that energy. If the stomach has been quiescent for hours while the brain has been active, the regulating power of the circulation has adapted the supply of blood to each organ; and no sooner will the stomach be called upon to exert itself, than an abundant supply of blood will instantly be directed to it. This simple and beautiful fact in the animal economy should warn men against the vicious habit of studying at or shortly after meals, or of tasking the brain when the stomach is also tasked.

* Paget, p. 32.

* This was shown at length in a former number of *Maga*, June, 1857.

From the London Review..

DESCRIPTION OF ACTIVE AND EXTINCT VOLCANOES.*

"THE wonder which exceeds all others," observes Pliny, "is that the earth exists a single day without being burnt up." If this was the greatest marvel of the Roman naturalist, with his limited and imperfect knowledge of volcanic phenomena, surely it may be ours in a period when at least a superficial knowledge of volcanic action upon the face of our globe is so widely extended, and when, by laborious and accurate researches into the agency of terrestrial heat, we have analogically arrived at a fair conception of what lies under our feet, and what may be the thermal condition of the central portion of our globe. Supposing the views generally entertained by natural philosophers respecting the incandescence of the greater part of the interior of our planet to be correct,* then we all walk, not upon "the solid earth," as is commonly said, but upon a mere pellicle of cool matter, the thickness of which, when compared with that of the earth, would represent little more than one inch for a globe whose diameter is about nine yards. In another form of illustration, our cool and firm crust does not much exceed the proportion of the thickness of a sheet of ordinary paper, as compared with one of the large globes employed for geographical tuition. In a sense, then, far truer than Horace ever dreamed of when he sung the strain, we may say to every sojourner upon our globe:

—"Incedis per ignes
Suppositus cineri doloso."

* *Description of Active and Extinct Volcanoes.* By CHARLES DAUBENT, M.D., F.R.S. 8vo. Second Edition. 1848.

Historical and Topographical Map of the Eruptions of Etna, from the Era of the Sicani to the present Time, (1824.) By JOSEPH GEMELLARO.

Carta Topographica dell'Etna, (with the Atlas.) Per il BARONE SARTORIUS DI WALTERSHAUSEN. Sicilia, 1836 al 1843; and Berlin, 1845.

Rambles of a Naturalist. By A. DE QUATREFAGES. (Translated.) Two Vols. 1857.

† We merely represent current views on this point. Our own would rather tend to coincide with those of Mr. Hopkins, which are the result of profound mathematical investigation, and can not be here stated.

"Where'er you tread, the raging fire
Flames underneath a treacherous ash."

The number of volcanoes active and semi-extinct (called by the Italians, *solfaturas*) can not be precisely, but may be approximately, stated. We present a tabular view derived from two authors, Girardin and Huot, (the latter cited by M. Quatrefages.) This tabular view will also show the geographical distribution of volcanoes, and their numerical relation to continents and islands.

PARTS OF THE WORLD.	ON CONTINENTS.		ON ISLANDS.		TOTALS.	
	Girardin.	Huot.	Girardin.	Huot.	Girardin.	Huot.
Europe.....	4	4	20	18	24	32
Asia.....	17	55	29	71	46	126
Africa.....	9	18	9	12	11	30
America....	56	114	28	90	114	204
The Ocean..	—	—	108	182	108	182
Totals.....	109	186	194	273	343	559

It is very difficult to determine even approximately the number of *active* volcanoes on the globe at the present time, since travelers disagree in attributing activity to particular examples; some regarding those as extinct which others consider to be in force. A list of those now presumed to be active is to be seen in Johnston's *Physical Atlas*, and it includes 270, of which 190 are found on the islands or around the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Sir Charles Lyell estimates the eruptions of all known volcanoes to amount, on an average, to twenty every year. Of those volcanoes which are situated upon the islands of the sea, (nearly 194 according to Girardin, and 273 according to Huot,) that is, according to both estimates, about two units of the whole number—many occur in plains but little elevated above the level of the sea, and at considerable distances from other mountains, so as to appear isolated. When so situated, it may be fairly presumed, that the volcanic mountains have risen from the bottom of the sea by the effects of the subaqueous agency, and that the plains which surround

them have been raised above the level of the sea by the gradual accumulation of the materials ejected from the orifices of the volcanoes. In support of this view, the upper layers of the soils of such plains are almost entirely composed of material derived from the deposition of volcanic matter, and they rest on a thick stratum of such matter. We shall presently explain Von Buch's theory of upheavals in connection with a description of Etna. He was the first to show that large volcanoes did not originate from the simple accumulation of these products, but that they had been elevated together with the consolidated masses. Several volcanoes seem to be the fiery centers of a large volcanic district, which surrounds them in circles of greater or lesser extent. These are generally the loftiest peaks of whole groups of craters which are crowded together, and of which one or other has at some time shown signs of activity. Among such central volcanoes are Vesuvius, Etna, the Peak of Teyde in Teneriffe, the Pico of the Azores, the volcano of the Isle of Bourbon, famous for its mighty and frequent outbursts; Mount Erebus, about 12,500 feet high, discovered not many years since in the Antarctic Ocean, under south latitude 78°; and Mouna Loa, with Mouna Kea, in Hawaii, which are about the highest known island mountains, reaching, as they do, the one to an elevation of 13,760 feet, and the other to 13,950 feet, above the level of the sea. The crater on one of these mountains will presently be the subject of our description.

With reference to the small crater cones which surround a central volcano, we are generally acquainted with one eruption of each, namely, that to which they owe their origin, and before and after which the volcanic agency has found an outlet at some other point, more or less distant. Thus the whole group of the Canary Islands rests upon one volcanic hearth, over which each of these islands was reared up from the bottom of the sea.

All that has been observed of Vesuvius confirms the opinion that, together with the Phlegrean fields of Puzzuoli, and with the neighboring islands, it forms a single volcanic district, of which the mountain itself is the center, and that an outburst at any particular spot within this circle tends to prevent another in any other part of the same district. But we can not extend this connection beyond the particular district;

for upon consulting a list of the known explosions of Vesuvius and Etna, (as tabulated by Hoff and Daubeney,) from the date of the earliest recorded eruptions of Etna, namely, B.C. 480, 427, and 396, and continued down to the year 1842, we find, from a comparison of the whole, that these eruptions exhibit little synchronism, and that the nearest coincidence was in 1694 and in 1811, when the outbursts from these mountains occurred within a month of each other. On eight several occasions an interval of less than half a year appeared between them, but no other striking coincidences appear; and therefore we regard each as a central volcano of a connected system, dissociated from other systems.

A considerable number of fiery mountains lie in a line one after another, in a long cleft rent through the crust of the earth; and they are frequently grouped in double rows or chains, which bound a greater or less extent. Such have been called linear or chain volcanoes. To this denomination belong the numerous volcanoes of Iceland, of which at least seven are still considered to be partially active, the highest mountain in Iceland being one — namely, Peräfa-Jökul — five thousand six hundred feet in height. In other parts of the volcanic belt that runs across this island, enormous clefts have been torn open, from which streams of lava have flowed forth to a length and breadth which have scarcely been equaled in any other volcanic country. At the extraordinary eruption of Skáptar Jökul* in 1783, three fire-spouts rose high in the air, and then formed a torrent of burning lava, that flowed steadily for six weeks, and ran a distance of sixty miles to the sea in a broken breadth of nearly twelve miles. The Lipari Isles appear to be the loftiest orator-crests of a volcanic tract of considerable length, among which Stromboli is ever active. The western row of the lesser Antilles forms a connective chain of volcanic islands. On the continent of America a great number of burning mountains rise up upon the ridge of the Cordilleras. They generally form the highest portions of the mountain crests, and twelve may be regarded as chain volcanoes. Of these are the long row of Chilean volcanoes, of which Aconcagua, nearly in the latitude

* Skáptar Jökul, or Yökul, signifies "Snow Mountain."

of Valparaiso, is twenty-four thousand feet in height. These volcanoes stretch almost in a straight line along the coast, from 46° to 29° south latitude.

Farther north, in the chain of the Andes, lie the lofty volcanoes of Bolivia and Upper Peru. The high land of Quito is described by Humboldt as being an enormous volcanic vault, and is bounded by two lines of burning mountains, amongst which are Sangay, Tunguragua, Cotopaxi, eighteen thousand seven hundred and twenty-five feet in height; Antisana, no less than nineteen thousand feet above the sea level; also Pinchincha and Imbaruru. The underground fire breaks forth sometimes from one, and sometimes from another, of these openings, which are supposed to be separate volcanoes; and Humboldt states that, during his long stay at Quito, not a month passed in which there were not heard awful noises, with or without earthquakes, beneath their feet.

In Central America, we find in Guatemala, lying between the northern and southern continents, about forty volcanoes crowded together. All of these follow the various bends of the Cordilleras, in an almost unbroken row. One of the most terrific examples of volcanic activity, both in regard to the quantity of matter thrown up, and the magnitude of the accompanying phenomena, was an outburst of Cosequiva in Nicaragua, a volcanic hill only five hundred feet high, standing in a tongue of ground in the bay of Fonseca, on the Pacific coast. It began on the 20th of January, 1835, and lasted several days. The country round, over a space of forty-three leagues across, was wrapped in impenetrable darkness. The shore of the headland was pushed 800 feet out into the sea by the fall of ashes, and two islands of slag and cinders were thrown up in the bay. The fine dust was carried by the wind as far as Jamaica, and an English vessel was covered with the floating pumice at a distance of eight hundred miles out at sea.

The line of Mexican volcanoes is well known, and includes the lofty cone of Colima, and the ever-burning Popocatepetl, seventeen thousand feet high. Another, of scarcely less height, is Orizaba. On a scale which equals or perhaps surpasses that of the Andes, there is a continuous line of volcanic action which commences on the north with the Aleutian Isles, in Russian-America, and extends

first in a westerly direction for nearly two hundred geographical miles, and then southwards, without interruption, throughout a space of between sixty and seventy degrees of latitude, to the Moluccas, where it sends off a branch to the south coast, while the principal train continues westerly through Sumbawa and Java to Sumatra, and then in a north-westerly direction to the Bay of Bengal. This immense volcanic line may be said to follow throughout its course the external border of the continent of Asia; whilst the branch striking south-east from the Moluccas passes from New-Guinea to New-Zealand, conforming, though not strictly, to the outline of Australia. In Java alone there are said to be thirty-eight considerable volcanoes, some of which are twelve thousand feet high. These rarely emit lava, but they discharge quantities of sulphur and sulphurous vapors, and rivers of mud issue from them. The careful observer, Dr. Junghuhn, has with his *Travels in Java* presented us with an atlas, in which are interesting sketches of principal craters. Of these we may specify the Galung Gung, or Galongoon, which in 1822 was the scene of one of the most destructive eruptions of modern date.

As the reader will feel more interest in descriptions of particular volcanoes, and their most important phenomena, we proceed to describe that famous mountain Etna, omitting to notice Vesuvius, as being better known and more frequently described, as well as inferior in magnitude.

The outline of this volcano forms an irregular circle of considerably more than one hundred miles in extent, a more or less prominent range of heights separating it at almost every point from the surrounding plain. An arched plateau, which marks the actual limits of the volcano, rises above these heights on all sides towards the mountain, by an insensible inclination of two or three degrees. This mountain pedestal supports an elliptical cone, the sides of which form the lateral declivities of Etna, having a tolerably regular inclination of about seven or eight degrees. These lateral slopes abut on the central elevation, (the *Mongibello* of the Sicilians,) the highest part of which is terminated by a small inclined plane, (the *Piano del Lago*), which is itself surrounded by the terminal cone, in which lies the great crater. Towards the east,

two narrow and almost abrupt craters detach themselves from the *Piano del Lago*, and, forming a part of the central elevation, inclose, as it were with two arms, a great valley known by the name of the *Val del Bove*, presently to be described.

Mount Etna rises in a pyramidal form, and isolated in the midst of a distinctly defined region, to a height of nearly 11,000 feet. Its absolute height varies with that of the cone which terminates it; and as the latter is modified by every eruption, new measurements are frequently required. Admiral Smyth obtained his result by trigonometrical operations, which gave the height as 10,874 feet. Sir John Herschel found the height by barometrical observations to be 10,872½ feet. The mean is 10,873 feet. But the summit exists no longer, and it would appear that the actual height scarcely equals that of another point of the crater, which was found by the same observer to be forty-three feet lower than the former. The present height, then, may be taken as 10,880 feet. The base is from thirty to forty miles in diameter.

The great extent of surface, and the facility with which the eye can embrace every part of the mountain range, impart to Etna an appearance far from menacing and unsightly, while the eye follows its broad and finely-developed outline, which rises in apparently gentle slopes to the culminating point. Pindar styled it "the column of heaven."

A certain topographical division of this mountain has long been recognized. It proceeds upon the supposition of three concentric regions or zones, which are readily distinguishable.

The first zone comprises the level ground; and this is the region celebrated for the fertility of its soil, the clearness of the atmosphere, and the salubrity of the climate. Numerous cultivators have from the earliest times occupied this district. On this narrow space sixty-five townships or villages are grouped together, which (according to Gemellaro) contain a population of about 300,000 persons—a number which seems surprising in such a country.

The second zone is the woody region, (*il bosco, regione silvosa*), and it owes its title to the thick forest with which it was formerly covered, and which still, at different points, partially shades this part of the mountain. This district comprises the

lateral declivities, and a great portion of the central elevation of the mountain.

The third zone, which is named "the desert region," (*regione deserta*), occupies the space from the limit of the second zone to the summit. It is in reality nothing more than a vast wilderness, wherein an incessant contest is waged between the fire smouldering beneath the rocks, and the snow which covers the declivities and the summit during the greater portion of the year. So remarkable a contrast has, as may be supposed, afforded opportunities for poetical antitheses or allusions from the times of the Roman poets to our own day. It led Silius Italicus to sing:

"*Summo cana jugo cohibet, mirabile dictu,
Vicinam flammis glaciem, æternoque rigore
Ardentes horrent scopuli.*"

More than two hundred conical eminences, varying in height, but generally of a very regular form, and hollowed in their interior into a sort of funnel-like cavity, are scattered from the extreme limits of the cultivated region as far as the *Piano del Lago*. These extraneous cones are like so many blow-holes, through which the subterranean fires have made their way at different epochs. All appear to be exclusively formed of ashes and scorise, and to belong to the present geological epoch. Most of them are scattered over the woody region, raising their summits far above the trees, which are either green or bare, according as their formation is of more or less ancient date. These secondary volcanoes occur in the ascent of the mountain, and but a small number are to be found near the summit.

The ascent by a recent scientific traveller, M. Quatrefages, furnishes us with particulars from which we may imagine an ascent of our own. That *savant* describes how at every step of advance we tread upon a soil covered with rich crops of corn and olive groves.

"We pass through villages in which every thing announces ease and competency. On the road-side, charming cottages, or small comfortable farm-steads, the whitewashed walls of which are half-hidden beneath the luxuriant tendrils of the vine, or the foliage of richly-laden fruit-trees. But the ground is a bed of volcanic cinders; the waving crops, the richly-laden cherry-orchards, the pomegranate trees, the flowering orange, have all sprung up on lava, which has scarcely been pulverized by the slow action of

time. The lovely villages through which we passed, the charming country-houses which we stopped to admire, are built with lava and cemented with *pozzolane*.

"Not unfrequently, indeed, the very verge of an ancient crater has served for the site of some smiling cottage whose beauty had attracted our attention. At every step we take, we are traversing or skirting along some more recent lava bed, whose arid and upheaved *cheire** covers fields which were once as fertile as those which it now intersects in the form of a large black dyke. Every where by the side of present happiness and wealth we see the phantom of past desolation and misery, making us tremble for the future.

"This feeling more especially arises when we see rising behind the houses of Nicolosi the double summit of Monti Rossi. This is the crater which in 1669 buried under a shower of ashes all the neighboring country, and even threatened Catania with complete destruction, although situated more than twelve miles' distance from it. Excavated by the violence of the eruption which produced it, it has preserved the form of two cones in juxtaposition, and both rising to a height of nearly a thousand feet, the dark red color of their scorice contrasting in the most striking manner with the surrounding objects. A stream of gigantic scorice issues from the base of this mountain, and, bending in a southerly direction, falls into the sea to the south-west of Catania, being more than three miles wide in several parts of its course. Not a blade of grass grows on the rocks, which seem to repulse every form of vegetation, excepting here and there, where a few lichens appear to struggle for their mere existence in thin and irregular patches. The *cheire* here possesses no other soil than that which has been transported to it.

"We continued," says M. Quatrefages, "to ascend beneath the rays of a burning sun. The path, becoming more and more steep, passed along a loose soil almost entirely formed of decomposed lava. From time to time it traversed some uncovered lava stream, or wound round the base of some ancient crater which is now covered by vegetation, and stands forth like a pyramid of verdure. The fruitfulness of the woody region is remarkable; for here the flora of Etna, which is so rich in species, seems at every step to dispute possession of the ground with the volcano, which is incessantly threatening it. This struggle gives rise to the most striking contrasts; for absolute sterility is often in immediate juxtaposition with the richest vegetation, as was forcibly exemplified in this part of our excursion. For here all the slopes situated to the left of our road were concealed beneath a thick covering of green, surrounded

here and there by trees which looked as if they were merely balanced on their denuded roots. A few shepherds (followed by numerous herds) who had watched us pass with an air of indifference, imparted animation to the scene. The shallow ground lying to our right presented an equally striking aspect; but above us lay, like petrified torrents and cascades, the enormous lava-beds of the *Boccarelle del Fuoco*, those twin craters which in 1766 destroyed, according to the statement of Dr. Gemellaro, more than a million of oaks in this part of the forest.

"After two hours' march we reached the border of the wood, and the *Casa del Bosco*, a small hut which is built opposite to the *Grotta del Capre*. It was past mid-day. We had already reached a height of 6233 feet above the point from which we started, and there remained only about 3000 feet more to climb in order to reach the *Casa Gemellaro*. This, however, was the roughest part of the excursion. After a short siesta we resumed the ascent, and entered the *desert region*.

"Here the vegetation decreases so suddenly that it seems almost wholly to disappear. The 477 species of plants which grew in the woody region, are here reduced to about eighty, among which we must include more than twenty species of lichens: but not a tree or a shrub is to be seen in these solitudes. The flora of Etna is here only represented by a few of the lowest forms of plants, which are scattered in tufts in the crevices of rocks, or upon some of the slopes formed by the ancient *lapilli*, [a term applied to fragments of light scorice, the average size of which is about that of a walnut.] It is impossible to conceive any thing more desolate than this part of the mountain. Our eyes were wearied with gazing on these slopes, which were uniformly covered with old lava, or with gray ashes. The path now became scarcely perceptible. At the foot of Montagnuola, one of the most considerable of the secondary cones of the mountain, the guides showed us the glaciers of Catania, which consist of vast masses of snow regularly arranged below a thin stratum of sand. A little higher up, the snow was completely uncovered."

The travelers pursued their ascending course until they found themselves at the base of the cone, and then began an ascent which they considered

"fully as arduous as that of Stromboli. The stones and sand crumbled away at every moment from under our feet, until, by the direction of our guide, we struck upon a lava-bed lying somewhat further west. At last we reached the crater, where we stood motionless, wrapt in the contemplation of the spectacle presented to us. At our feet yawned the great crater. It was not here a simple inverted cone or funnel, as we had observed in all the secondary cones, and which is the case even on the summit of Vesuvius itself; nor did we see before us that uniform blackness of the rocks and

* *Cheire* or *schiarra* is the name in the Sicilian patois given to the surface of a lava-bed which has cooled on slightly inclined slopes in such a manner as to become charged with more or less considerable blocks of the same substance.

ashes which characterizes Stromboli. The effects of the eruption of the preceding year were still apparent; and the crater of Etna, at the period of our visit, had the appearance of a deep and irregular valley beset with points and capes, and formed by abrupt slopes, bristling with enormous scorise and blocks of lava, heaped up in masses, or rolled and twisted in a thousand different ways by the force of the volcanic action, or the accidental influences to which they had been subjected in the act of falling. The blue, green, and white lava, stained here and there with broad black patches or streaks of dull red, made the livid color of the surrounding rocks still more striking. A death-like silence reigned over the chaos; long lines of white vapor were noiselessly escaping from a thousand different fumaroles, and, trailing slowly along the sides of the crater, carried to the spot where we were standing suffocating emanations of sulphurous and hydrochloric acids. The pale light of the moon, joined to the rising dawn, was a fit accompaniment to this wild scene, whose grand and truly supernatural character no language can adequately express.

"The soil on which we were treading was entirely composed of cinders and scorise, and was humid and warm, and covered with a white coating that looked like hoar frost. This humidity was the acid emitted from the crater, which moistened and corroded every thing that came in contact with it; while the silvery film on which a few crystals were sparkling, was a deposit of sulphur sublimated by the volcanoes, and of the salts formed by the chemical reactions which were incessantly occurring in this formidable laboratory." [According to Elie de Beaumont, the salts are principally sulphates.] "By following the narrow ridge which borders the crater to the south, we reached the highest point, which is situated on its eastern extremity. Here an indescribable spectacle presented itself to our gaze. The sky was perfectly pure, the air was exquisitely transparent, while the horizon (which, from the shortness of the twilight, was now brightly illumined) appeared to have no other limits than those which resulted from the curvature of the earth's surface. From our lofty pedestal we looked down a depth of four or five thousand feet upon the highest summits of the Pelorian and Medonian mountains, while the whole of Sicily lay spread before us as on a map. . . . Wrapt in mute admiration, we cast our eyes from one extremity to the other of this immense circle, when, suddenly, the guide exclaimed, '*Eccolo! ecco il sole!*' and, truly, there was the sun; which, raising its ensanguined orb before us, bathed in one universal tinge of purple earth, sea, and sky, and projected to the very limits of the horizon, and across the entire island, the gigantic shadow of Etna, which, becoming more and more contracted, grew also more distinct in proportion as the sun rose higher above the Ionian sea.

"Light vapors were now every where curling upwards from the earth, as it began to be

warmed by the rising sun. First thin and airy, they gradually thickened, and soon contracted the horizon on every side. After throwing one last look at the valley of the crater, we left our place of observation, and descended towards the foot of a mamelon which lay to the east. Our guide soon stopped us near a narrow and steep declivity which was entirely detached from the rounded margin of the cone, and abutted upon a precipice which descended to a depth of several hundred feet. Here we saw him roll up his sleeve and apply it to his mouth, a proceeding which he signified by signs that we must imitate, rushing forward across the slope as he exclaimed: '*Fate presto!*' Without hesitation we followed him, and speedily reached the margin of the mouth which, in 1842, had thrown its lava into the Val del Bove; and which, being reopened by the eruption of 1848, appeared still to threaten the neighboring district. From the depths of these abysses we had from time to time heard rolling peals or subterranean thunder. Here all description becomes absolutely impossible.

"A vast irregular circular inclosure, formed by perpendicular walls, encircled the chasm. To the left, at the foot of the escarpement, a large blow-hole had opened, from which darted forth eddies of fiery red smoke. In the center, to the right, every where lay enormous blocks of lava, which had been shivered, cracked, and torn, some black, others of a dark red, but all exhibiting in their crevices the vivid tints of the lava from which they had been formed. A thousand streams of white or gray smoke were crossing and recrossing each other in all directions, with a deafening noise, and with a whistling sound, similar to that of a locomotive, from which the steam is escaping. Unfortunately we could do no more than throw a hasty glance at this strange and terrific scene. The hydrochloric acid had entered our throats, and penetrated to the last ramification of the bronchial tubes. With haste, and almost as it were intoxicated, we regained the protecting slope, where we might breathe more at ease; and then, resting on our staffs, sprang to the edge of the declivity, which was solely composed of movable *débris*; and in five minutes we had reached the base of the cone, which it had cost us more than an hour to ascend.

"Our mules were waiting for us at the *Onca*, and no sooner had they received their light load of wrappers and cloaks, baskets and panniers, than they descended by the straight and nearest track, while we diverged to the left, in order to obtain a view of the Val del Bove. This excursion was, perhaps, the most arduous part of our whole journey. The wind was blowing from the north-east, and in a few minutes it had grown into a perfect hurricane. Its icy breath raised clouds of sand and gravel, which pricked and stung our faces and hands as if with so many needles. We found considerable difficulty in reach the *Torre del Filosofo*, a small and ancient monument which is now in ruins, but which, according to Sicilian legends, was the

habitation of Empedocles. The probability is, however, that this was once a tomb. It nearly touches the escarpment of Serre del Solfizio, which bounds the *Val del Bove** on the side nearest the volcano. Standing upon these perpendicular rocks, we admired this immense circuit, which measures more than six miles in length, and more than three miles in breadth, and whose walls, which are almost every where perpendicular, and formed of masses of lava older than the human race, often rise to a height of more than one thousand feet from the base, which is almost entirely composed of *cheirs* superposed upon one another."

No visitor to Etna has been disappointed with the *Val del Bove*, though we have perused accounts savoring of dissatisfaction with the other parts of the mountain. Dr. Buckland was the first English geologist who carefully examined it, and Sir Charles Lyell has well described it. This vast amphitheater is five miles in diameter, surrounded on three sides by precipices of from 2000 to 3000 feet in height. Their faces are broken in the most picturesque manner by the vertical walls of lava which traverse them. These usually stand out in relief, are exceedingly diversified in form, and of great altitude. Their black lines may often, in autumn, be seen relieved by clouds of fleecy vapor which settle behind them, and do not disperse until mid-day, continuing to fill the valley, while the sun is shining on every other part of Sicily, and on the higher regions of Etna. So soon as the vapors begin to rise, the changes of scene are strikingly varied, different rocks being hidden and unveiled by turns; and the summit of Etna often breaking through the clouds for a moment with its dazzling snows, and being then as suddenly withdrawn from view. An unusual silence prevails; for there are no torrents dashing from the rocks, nor any movement of running water in this valley. Every drop that falls from heaven, or flows from melting ice or snow, is instantly absorbed by the porous lava; and such is the dearth of springs that the herdsman is compelled to supply his flocks during the hot season from stores of snow laid up in the hollows of the mountain during winter. Strips of herbage and forest-land serve to lighten the desolation by contrast. After the eruption of 1819, hundreds of trees,

or their white skeletons, stood upon the borders of the black lava, with trunks and branches all leafless, barkless, and blasted.

—————"As when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed tops their stately growth, though
bare,
Stands on the blasted heath."

Looking at the pictorial outlines and sketches of this wonderful spot, and comparing the descriptions of several visitors, we are led to conclude with Sir C. Lyell, that a series of subsidences has formerly occurred on the eastern side of Etna, by which (together, possibly, with the eruptions of the sea) this amphitheater of lava may have been formed in the remote ages. We know from records that vast subsidencies have taken place in other volcanic mountains; for, in 1772, the largest volcano in Java, named Papandayang, was the subject of a subsidence, by which an extent of ground no less than fifteen miles in length, and six in breadth, covered forty villages, and the cone lost 4000 feet of its height engulfed in the earth. Another similar instance is known in the summit of Carguazazo, one of the loftiest of the Andes of Quito, which fell in on the 19th of July, 1698; and another mountain of greater altitude in the same chain, named Capac Urcu, fell in a short time before the conquest of America by the Spaniards. So late too as the year 1822, a mountain in Java, as we shall elsewhere notice, covered with a dense forest, became an enormous semi-circular gulf.

The disastrous eruption of 1669 has been faithfully described by the Italian, Recupero, who drew much of his information from a manuscript preserved at Niccolosi, (near Etna,) and which was written by a certain Don Vincenzo Macro, chaplain to the Church of Niccolosi. Recupero further consulted the writings of eleven learned Sicilians, a narrative left by the Earl of Winchelsea, English ambassador at Constantinople, and another memoir by the well-known Borelli. All of these were eye-witnesses of the scenes they record, and to theirs Recupero has added his own testimony. The facts therefore appear unusually well attested. From the details afforded by these witnesses, and extracted by M. Quatrefages, the following brief narrative is collected:

* The *Val del Bove*, or "Valley of Oxen," commences near the summit of Etna, and descends into the woody region.

"On March the 8th, 1669, a terrible hurricane arose suddenly at daybreak, and continued to rage for half an hour, shaking all the houses of Nicolosi. The following night was marked by an earthquake, the shocks of which gradually increased in intensity until the Sunday, when the walls of the houses began to fall in. The population sought safety in the open country, and during the night of Monday a terrible shock overthrew all the houses of the town. The earthquake now became more violent from hour to hour, and the trees and the few huts still standing oscillated like so many pieces of wood on the troubled ocean. Human beings were unable to retain their footing on this undulating ground, and stumbled and fell at every repeated movement. About this period the earth opened for a space of twelve miles from the Piano di San-Lio to Monte Frumento—one of the secondary cones which lie nearest to the summit of Etna. The fissure thus made inclined from south-west to north-east, and was from six to four feet wide, but its depth could not be sounded, notwithstanding the frequent attempts made to ascertain it. At length the flames of Etna burst through the soil, which had been so often broken and rebroken. The first mouth was opened to the west of Monte Nucilla, and threw into the air a column of sand and smoke, which was estimated by the inhabitants of Catania to have risen to an elevation of more than 1200 feet. In the space of two hours, six other mouths were opened, all of which were placed in a longitudinal line, and in the same direction as the fissure of which we have spoken. A black and thick smoke issued with horrible noise from these blow-holes, new craters were formed in the course of the day, and on the Tuesday morning the crater appeared from which arose the Monti Rossi.

"This last opening at first ejected a thick smoke, mixed with burning scorice; but after the course of a few hours its mouth gave vent to an immense quantity of lava, which, forming a stream nearly three miles wide and ten feet high, took a southerly direction, and struck against the base of Monpiliore, an ancient crater, which was then covered with trees and other vegetation. The burning stream penetrated through this somewhat shallow soil, and, forming itself a passage across the mountain, it flowed for some time along this self-made aqueduct; but Monpiliore having partially broken down, the lava flowed around it, encircling it like an island of verdure lost in the midst of flames. Seven secondary mouths opened at the same time round the principal crater. They were at first isolated, and threw up into the air an enormous quantity of burning stones, which struck each other as they fell back, and joined the noise of their fall to the terrific artillery of the volcano. At the end of three days they were united into one vast and horrible chasm of fully 2500 feet in circumference, which never ceased from the 11th of March to the 15th of July to pour forth its thundering

roar, to eject cinders and scorice, and to vomit stream of lava."

Up to this time the great crater had remained completely inactive; but on the 15th of March, all at once, towards ten o'clock at night, the entire mountain seemed to shake. First a gigantic column of black smoke and fire darted upwards, and then, with a horrible noise, the summit fell, piece by piece, into the abysses of the volcano. On the following day four daring mountaineers ventured to make the ascent. They found the surface of the soil depressed round the crater, and all the openings which had surrounded it before engulfed and swallowed up, while the orifice, the circumference of which had formerly not exceeded three miles, now measured double that length (if the measurements of Recupero be not exaggerated.)

"The torrent of lava which issued from the Monti Rossi, still continued its course in a southerly direction. Its different branches reached a length of nearly four miles. Each day new streams of liquid fire flowed over the substances that had been partially solidified since the previous nights, thus widening the beds of the different streams which encroached upon the various islands of land temporarily spared. On the 1st of April the lava came within sight of the walls of Catania, and extended to the Campagna of the Albanelli. Here, as if to show its power, its first lifted up and transplanted to a considerable distance an argillaceous hill covered with corn-fields, and then an entire vineyard, which floated for some time upon its burning waves. After having leveled various inequalities, the lava at length reached a deep and broad valley, and the Catanians now believed themselves secure. But in the short space of six hours the valley was completely filled, while the lava, flowing straight towards them, stopped at a stone's throw from the walls, like an enemy who pitches his camp before the fortress he is about to assail.

"On the 12th of April, a stream of lava nearly a mile and a half wide, and more than thirty feet high, advanced in a direct line towards the town. Struck in its course by another current which was flowing westward, it turned aside, and running within a pistol-shot of the ramparts, it passed beyond the harbor, and finally reached the harbor on the 28th of April. Then began a contest between the fire and the water, which even the eye-witnesses felt the impossibility of fully describing. The lava, cooled at its base by contact with the water, presented a perpendicular wall of about 1500 yards in extent, and thirty or forty feet in height. At the point of contact between the two elements, enormous masses of water were converted into vapor, which, rising with a hor-

rible whistling sound, hid the sun behind a mass of thick clouds, and then fell in salt rain over the neighboring country. In the course of a few days the lava had caused the coast line to advance some nine hundred feet further into the sea. New affluents continued to increase the burning stream, whose current, after being incessantly widened, at last reached the ramparts of Catania."

Day by day the stream rose higher and higher, until it was even with the top of the walls, which, no longer able to support this enormous pressure, gave way on the 30th of April for a space of about 120 feet. The lava at once entered by the breach which had been thus made. The part of the town thus broken into was the highest, and Catania now seemed doomed to total destruction. It was, however, saved by the energy of three men, who ventured to contend with the volcano. Doctor Savorio Musureci, and the painter Giacinto Platania, conceived the idea of constructing walls of dry stones, which, being placed in an oblique position before the current, were intended to divert its direction. This was partially successful; but a Dominican brother devised a more promising method of resistance. The beds of lava became encased in a kind of solid canal formed of blocks of cool lava cemented together. The liquid mass, protected by this kind of casing, was able to extend its ravages to a greater distance by preserving its fluidity. The Dominican thought that by knocking down these natural dykes at some favorable point, he might open new channels for the burning waves. Followed by an hundred active men, he made an attack upon the stream, not far from the crater, with sticks, and clubs, and hammers. So intense was the heat that every man was obliged to fall back to recover his breath after he had struck two or three blows. By continued efforts, and by the aid of iron clamps, they contrived to demolish a portion of the dyke, and then the lava diffused itself through this opening. But the new current turned in the direction of the town of Palermo; and its inhabitants, fearing its destruction, fell upon the Dominican and his assistants, and obliged him to retreat.

The proceeding, however, was so far successful that the lava was prevented from overwhelming the whole town; and it stopped on the 8th of May, after having destroyed three hundred houses, sev-

eral palaces and churches, and the garden of the Benedictines. The present garden of the latter has been made up of earth brought from a distance to cover this lava, which rises like an irregular rampart within a few feet of the walls of this monastery, which is, undoubtedly, the handsomest building in Catania. On the 13th of May, a small stream flowed over the rampart to the south of the town near the church Della Parma; but a wall of dry stones which had been hastily constructed, sufficed to arrest its further progress. Some days afterwards a new current invaded the castle, filled up its fosses, and speedily reached the level of the ramparts. A dyke was constructed; but on the 11th of June the lava crossed the wall and flowed through the town. A new barrier was then opposed to it, arrested it, and preserved one of the finest parts of Catania. From this period the lava flowed in a direct course into the sea. Lord Winchelsea tells us that the eruption continued some time longer, and that the cinders fell at Catania, and as far as thirty miles out at sea, with such violence and intensity as to be injurious and painful to the eyes.

This celebrated eruption covered about fifty square miles with a stratum of thick lava, which at certain points extended to a depth of 100 feet, and which, after threatening to annihilate Catania, destroyed the habitations of 27,000 persons. Even in the present day traces exist on the surface of the soil of these terrible phenomena which occurred nearly 200 years before: Recupero has found fifteen accessory mouths, which mark the direction of the subterranean forces over a space of about 1500 yards.

Catania itself may be called the capital of lava. Although it is separated from the great crater, which is the center of action of the subterranean fires, by a distance of twenty-five miles, as the crow flies, yet this town appears as if it were the direct product of the volcano. Inclosed within four lava beds of different ages, the materials for its houses, and pavements, and streets, have all been derived from the products of the crater. It is only through the lava that its inhabitants can penetrate to the springs of water. Its harbors have been filled up with molten matter, and liquid fire has consumed its gardens, overthrown its walls, and buried entire districts. What lava has spared, earthquakes have destroyed;

yet Catania has ever risen like a phoenix from the midst of her blasted ruins, and after each succeeding catastrophe has laid down wider streets, erected loftier palaces, and founded more magnificent churches and convents. There is a part of the walls where the traveler may now see the solid lava curling over the top of the rampart, as if still in the very act of falling. Here the burning flood had accumulated until it rose to the top of the rampart, which was sixty feet in height, and then fell in a fiery cascade, and overwhelmed a part of the city, as previously described.

In reflecting upon the structure and probable origin of volcanoes, we may naturally ask: Are they mountains of rocks kindred with other mountains around them, and do they thus consist of *nuclei* of rock, covered externally with their own ejected products? or do they rise from plains by successive additions of erupted matter, not having original *nuclei* of a different material?

We find that the earliest theories (which may be traced as far back as to the Greek philosophers) were based upon the supposition that the enormous quantities of lava, cinders, and scorïæ, ejected in every eruption of Mount Etna, went to compose its entire mass of successive accumulations; and this view is held by many distinguished geologists even at the present time. M. Elie de Beaumont has observed that a profound knowledge of the outline of Etna is almost a theory in itself. The essential character of its profile, as a whole, is a want of continuity in its outline. Between the lateral declivities and the central elevation there is a clearly perceptible break; and the same feature may be observed between the central elevation and the terminal cone. From these distinctions we are led to refer these different parts to different origins.

We proceed to give a brief abstract of this geologist's theory, without committing ourselves to it. Those who would enter into its merits should peruse the objections offered by Sir Charles Lyell, in his *Principles of Geology*—a book so accessible, that we need not cite the arguments themselves. Only a careful study of the existing sketches and notices of the volcano, in all its parts, will enable the student to institute a fair comparison between the two geologists.

It is the opinion of M. Elie de Beaumont, that the primitive nucleus of Etna

is the central elevation, and that this has been formed of upheavals. It may be supposed that the spot on which the central elevation now rises was originally a nearly horizontal plain, the soil of which, being broken up by the action of subterranean fires, has, at different epochs, opened passages to currents of very fluid lava. This lava has spread into thin and uniform sheets around these blow-holes; and, by solidifying, they have formed ledges of rocks, whose compactness depended upon the thickness of the streams. The ejection of these fused substances was accompanied by a violent liberation of elastic fluids, which carried with them large quantities of cinders, scorïæ, and *lapilli*. These very solid substances issued from all the fissures; and, falling back in a shower upon the bath of lava, have produced these uniform strata of stony and scoriaceous fragments which alternate with the rocky strata.

Many ages may have passed during the continuance of these phenomena. At last the internal forces, which had so often burst their way through the soil, exhibited an extraordinary energy, probably on account of the ever increasing resistance opposed to their actions by these strata, which had been continually augmenting and solidifying. The internal forces, being unable to burst through these, may have upheaved them; and by this violent movement broken them, until a full communication was maintained between the interior of the earth and the upper air. Before this event, as M. De Beaumont thinks, there must have been, at this point, a multitude of ephemeral volcanoes, which have been replaced by a permanent volcano since that period. But, as the quantity of gaseous matter which escapes from these craters exceeds by very much the volume of lava and scorïæ, so we shall readily conceive that the enormous vault formed by the upheaval of Etna would soon require proper support. The very efforts which have given it its elevation would have dislocated it; and it must, to some considerable extent, have fallen back into the abysses which it had covered. To such a recession the celebrated Val del Bove may be regarded as owing its origin; and, if we entertain this idea, we shall easily understand the connection which evidently exists between the craters that surround this valley, and the crater of the volcano itself. These craters are

evidently continuations of one another; and they collectively form the circumference of the bowl which had been upheaved on the surface of the soil. By falling in, the vault exposed a section of the strata of which the escarpments of the valley were all alike composed, and which are again met with on the Piano del Lago, in the interior of a partial sinking.

If we can accept these views, then there was an epoch in which the primitive nucleus of Etna rose solitary in the midst of the plain, towering above the whole island of Sicily, with its abrupt and irregular outlines; but this condition was necessarily subjected to various and rapid modifications. Dating from the present geological epoch, the eruptions which have occurred upon its sides, and round the central elevation, have leveled the base of the mountain, and given rise to lateral slopes, whose declivities and general aspect plainly reveal their origin. These lava-beds, ashes, and scorise have, as it were, woven a modern vesture, beneath which the volcano concealed its primitive form, and veiled its infancy. Winds, rains, and streams have carried into the plains an enormous mass of these movable substances, and thus gradually formed, at different points, slight elevations of the soil. These secondary causes have incessantly tended to raise the base and to level the plains; and it is to the same cause that we must more especially attribute that general character of flatness exhibited by the entire mass of the mountain, notwithstanding its altitude. The surrounding land may, in the course of ages, be so much elevated in this manner, that the greater part of Etna may be buried beneath its own craters. Yet it is not probable that the primitive nucleus of this volcano will ever altogether disappear; for, strange as it may at first appear, the quantity of material ejected by the terminal crater is so small, that it scarcely suffices to cover the slightly inclined surface of the Piano del Lago. On the steeper declivities this material is only accumulated in the crevices and ravines, in the same manner as may be observed in a slight layer of snow.

Incredible as this fact may seem, and opposed as it is to many commonly received opinions, M. Quatrefages remarks, that it admits of ready proof; for the Torre del Filosofo is only separated from the terminal cone by a distance of about

one hundred yards. This monument is more than two thousand years old; and yet the volcanic products accumulated round its base had only acquired, in 1807, a thickness of nine feet one inch, according to the measurements of Dr. Mario Gemellaro, confirmed by Signor Agatino Recupero. The Piano del Lago, which is situated immediately at the foot of the great crater, does not, therefore, rise each year more, on an average, than one twenty-fifth of an inch from the accumulation of the direct products of the volcano, together with the materials which atmospheric agents may carry away from the cone, and distribute over this nearly horizontal surface. This action is really less than that of the river Nile, the mud of which raises the soil which it fertilizes about one twentieth of an inch annually. Thus, as De Beaumont remarks, the monuments of Thebes and of Memphis are in more rapid process of being buried under the alluvial deposits of the river, than the Torre del Filosofo under the ashes of Etna.

M. De Beaumont allows that the phenomena of upheaval which formerly originated the mountain, are re-produced with less intensity in our own day; and he is of opinion that many of the cones (more particularly the terminal cone) possess a solid nucleus formed by upheaval. He considers that their external shape is due to a covering which is formed by the ejections of the crater, which thus disguise and modify the inequalities of the slopes.

The present terminal cone of Etna is not older than a century. It is formed with considerable rapidity from time to time; and then, as already intimated, sinks into the abysses of the volcano. A few eruptions restore it to nearly its former dimensions. In 1834, the present cone was 1394 feet in height, and its circumference at the base measured no less than 16,410 feet. It is probable that Etna has not yet attained its greatest height; and, in accordance with the views of M. De Beaumont, each new eruption, tending to upheave it, may augment its height to an appreciable degree. Several phenomena might be adduced in support of the opinion that, even in the highest parts of the volcano, the internal forces produce upheaval. A singular illustrative proof of this is given by Recupero, upon the statement of the Padre Massa, who says, that "during the eruption of 1688 there appeared, in the highest part of the vol-

cano, a *large cupola of perfectly white snow*, which rivaled in extent the domes of the largest churches, and in brilliancy the marbles of Paros and of Carrara." Recupero adds that this cupola must have resulted from some violent outburst of subterranean fire, which had raised and curved the superficial strata of the soil that were at the time covered with snow; and M. Quatrefages subjoins, that these strata must have been of considerable thickness, since they were able to protect the snow against the heat of the central fire which had caused their upheaval.

The central elevation and the terminal cone being formed of strata which have been upheaved, and consequently broken at many points, and of movable materials which are simply accumulated together in incoherent masses, can not possess any considerable stability. This is proved by the subsidence visible on the margins of the Piano del Lago, and at other points. Hence, if the crater itself be slow in opening, and if the passages of communication should be clogged or closed, the boiling lava may raise up the vault which confines it, and thus so far detach it from the loosely accumulated materials around. Upheaval is again observable in the great number of eruptions in which the fluid lava has reached the very summit of the orifice, and flowed over the margin of the great crater. The lava could not reach this elevation unless it were upheaved by an enormous force, the action of which could not be merely limited to the vertical tube of the crater, but must necessarily be exerted elsewhere, and possibly even over the whole mass of the mountain. Fissures have been frequently observed which formed a kind of radiation along the face of the volcano, the lines all converging towards the crater as a center. After the eruptions, the margins of some of these fissures were found to display different levels, thus proving elevation or depression of the soil.

Having devoted so much space to the most interesting of volcanic mountains, we shall only passingly refer to some others. Amongst the most impressive and the least known are the volcanoes of Hawaii, one of the Sandwich Islands, memorable for the murder of Captain Cook. The island is of an irregular form, fully 260 miles in circumference, and from shore to shore of volcanic origin and structure. The whole island may be regarded as a

collection of mountains having a common base, which uplifts several cones to heights of 13,000 to 14,000 feet above the level of the sea: Mouna Kea being 13,510 feet high, Mouna Loa, 13,760 feet, and Mouna Hualali, 11,000 feet above the sea level. Of these the second is still in active combustion, and occasionally ejects floods of lava from various points. It is a vast dome, sixty miles in diameter, and nearly three miles in height, having a shoulder or terrace on its eastern slope, in which is situated the active crater of Kilanea; and this from time to time displays the grandest volcanic phenomena. The whole dome appears to be of a bronze color, and its uninterrupted smooth outline is relieved against the deep blue of a tropical sky. Masses of clouds float around it, throwing their shadows upon its sides, whilst a blue haze rests upon the plain in the distance—a plain of volcanoes at an elevation of 4000 feet.

An American missionary and the gentlemen of the United States Exploring Expedition have recently visited the volcano named Mouna Loa, and were much impressed by its active displays, and by its appearance of desolation. Upon it is a lateral crater, several thousand feet below the summit of the mountain, though itself situated (according to our observer) 3970 feet above the sea-level—that is, about the same height as Vesuvius. This is the famous crater of Kilanea, and one of very considerable interest. Its capacity is enormous; for it is three and a half miles long, two and a half wide, and more than a thousand feet deep. The whole city of New-York might be placed in it, and would be almost unnoticed when located at its bottom, or compared with the vast extent around. A black ledge surrounds the whole crater at a depth of 660 feet from the summit edge, and the depth from the black ledge to the bottom is 384 feet. To walk on the black ledge is not always safe; a crackling noise is caused by treading the crisp surface, which resembles that made by walking on frozen snow in very cold weather. Here and there are seen dark pits and vaulted caverns, with heated air rushing from them. From large and extended cracks the air issues at a temperature of 180°. When evening sets in, the more active parts of the crater assume the appearance of a city in flames. Long, intersecting lines of fire glow like streets in a blaze; and when here and

there a more conspicuous burst of flame takes place, fancy may picture a church or some large building becoming a prey to the devouring element. From another point of view the crater appeared to be nearly circular, and to be traversed in all directions by what might be called canals of fire intensely bright. Several of these radiated from a center near the north-east edge, so as to form a star from which coruscations were emitted like jets of burning gas. In other parts furnaces were in terrible activity, and are undergoing continual change, sometimes becoming comparatively dark, and then bursting forth and throwing up torrents of flame and molten lava. All around the edge it was exceedingly agitated, and a noise like that of the surf of the sea was audible. In other localities the stillness heightened the effect of the whole scene of former activity.

The base of the crater consists of an immense sheet of scoriaceous lava, as if suddenly cooled from a state of fusion. The upheaved waves and deep hollows show that congelation has taken place before the mighty agitation had subsided. Dotted with cones sixty or seventy feet high, and extensively intersected by deep cracks from which sulphurous smoke ascends, it is surrounded by a wall about twelve miles in circumference, and is in most parts about a thousand feet below the rim. In the still active parts of the crater there is an enormous caldron, nearly three miles in circumference, filled to within twenty feet of its brim with red molten lava, over which lies a thin scum resembling the slag in a smelting-furnace. The whole surface is in fearful agitation, and great rolling billows of lava follow each other to the sides. When this spot is visited after sunset, the cracks unnoticed during daylight seem to be on fire, and the slag-like surface is semi-transparent, and so extensively perforated as to display one sheet of liquid fire. The waves rise high, and pour over each other in wild confusion, until they form a succession of cascades of surprising grandeur. The canals are now incandescent, the numerous rents are restlessly active, and throw out great volumes of molten lava. These fall with an echoless, lead-like sound, breaking the otherwise impressive stillness.

A remarkable eruption from this crater occurred in 1840. The lava, which had

risen high in the great chasm, began to escape from it. A change took place in the level of the lava, so that it sank gradually for six weeks, or until the eruption ceased, when the great caldron or lake of lava stood 400 feet lower than at the commencement of the outbreak. Thus there was proved to be a passage of the fluid matter under the surface, and it was supposed to have been at its first outflow 1000 feet below the surface. When it had found its subterranean way for about two miles, the fiery flood broke out, and spread itself superficially over fifty acres of land, and then again found a course underground for several miles farther towards the sea, reappearing at the bottom of an ancient wooded crater which it partly filled up. Again, the course of the fluid mass became invisible for several miles, until for the last time it burst forth at a point which was afterwards ascertained to be 1244 feet above the sea, and twenty-seven miles from the original crater. From thence it poured along in the open air for twelve miles, and then leaped over a cliff fifty feet high, and ran into the sea during the space of three weeks. Its termination was at a spot about forty miles from its mountain source. The crust of the earth overlying the subterranean course of the lava was often traversed by innumerable fissures, which emitted steam; and in some places the incumbent rocks were uplifted twenty or thirty feet. There is no exactly similar instance in the history of eruptions. Subsequent outbursts have taken place, and one very recently. This crater, therefore, is one of the most active on the globe.

The outbreak of a volcano in Java produced perhaps as destructive effects as any known in modern times. This took place in the mountain of Galung Gung, which in 1822 was covered by a dense forest, and situated in a fruitful and thickly peopled part of Java. In July of that year, the waters of a river which flowed from its flanks, became for a time hot and turbid. On the eighth of October following, a terrifically loud explosion was heard, the earth shook, and immense columns of water and boiling mud, mingled with burning brimstone, ashes, and *lapilli*, as large as nuts, were projected from the mountain like a water-spout, with such prodigious violence that large quantities fell beyond a river forty miles distant. Every valley within the range of this

eruption became filled with a burning torrent. The rivers, swollen with hot water and mud, overflowed their banks, and carried away great numbers of the people, who were endeavoring to escape; and also the bodies of cattle, wild beasts, and birds. It is affirmed that no less a space than twenty-four miles between the mountains and the river Tandoi was covered with bluish mud to such a depth that people were buried in their houses, and not a trace of the numerous villages and plantations throughout that extent of space was visible. The bodies of those who perished within this distance were buried in mud and concealed; but near the more immediate limits of the volcanic force, they were exposed and thrown over the ground in great numbers, some being partially boiled, some partly burnt. It was observed that the boiling mud and cinders were projected from the volcano with such violence, that while many remote villages were utterly destroyed and buried, others situated much nearer to the mountain were uninjured.

The first eruption lasted nearly five hours. On the following day the rain fell in torrents, and the rivers, densely loaded with mud, deluged the country far around. A second eruption, more violent than the first, occurred after four days. In this, hot water and mud were again vomited forth, and large blocks of basalt were cast to the distance of seven miles from the volcano. At the same time a violent earthquake was felt, and it is stated in one account, that the face of the mountain was entirely changed. Its summits were broken down; and one side, which had previously been covered with trees, became an enormous gulf, and took the shape of a semi-circle. This cavity was formed about mid-way between the mount and the plain, and was surrounded by steep rocks said to be newly accumulated during the eruption. The rivers Banjarang and Toulau changed their course, and new hills and valleys are affirmed to have been formed. In one night two thousand persons were killed. The official account states that altogether one hundred and fourteen villages were destroyed, and more than four thousand persons deprived of life, by this terrible catastrophe.*

We may now proceed to speak of the forces which produce such tremendous results. If we take the specific gravity of lava to be 2.8, the following table will show the force requisite to cause it to flow over the tops of the several volcanoes enumerated. From this table several popular illustrations of the enormous force of volcanoes might be deduced. The reader will understand that *one* atmosphere represents a pressure of fifteen pounds on a square inch, being that of our atmosphere. Consequently, to ascertain the pressure in pounds, in each instance, the figures in the several columns must be multiplied by 15.

Name of Volcano.	Height, in feet, above the sea.	Force exerted upon the lava, in atmospheres.	Initial velocity, in feet, per second.
Stromboli, (highest peak,)	2163	176	871
Vesuvius,	8374	814	496
Jorullo, Mexico,	2942	319	508
Hekla, Iceland,	5106	413	570
Isna,	10599	838	532
Teneriffe,	12465	1009	596
Mount Kilauea, Hawaii,	14700	1191	966
Popocatepetl, Mexico,	17719	1435	1069
Mount Elias,	18079	1465	1079
Cotopaxi, Quito,	18360	1492	1104

But the above figures must be considerably under the actual dynamical results; for there can be little doubt that the chimney of a volcano extends in general as much below the level of the sea as it does above. Probably it is often many times as deep. Thus the actual force pressing upon the lava in its reservoir may, and frequently must be, far greater than the amount given in this table, and the initial velocity (col. 3.) must likewise be greater.

The extraordinary effects of volcanic energy have already been illustrated by our details of particular eruptions; and these probably have never been exceeded, and very rarely equaled. We may here mention, in addition, as to distance and intensity, that during the eruption of Vesuvius in 472-473, the ashes ejected were transported by the winds to Africa, Syria, and Egypt, and also fell in Constantinople. Ships were covered, in 1631, with ashes from Vesuvius, while sailing twenty leagues away from it. The Souffrière mountain, in St. Vincent, gave forth ashes at the eruption in 1812, which were carried by the winds to Barbadoes. A terrific eruption of Tomboro, in Sumbawa, happened in 1815, when clouds of ashes obscured the sun, covered the streets and houses in Java for some inches in depth, and this at a distance of three hundred miles.

* Official Report of the President, Baron Van der Capellen, cited by Lyell.

Cotopaxi has propelled by ejection from its crater, blocks of ten cubic yards, weighing about thirty tons, to a distance of nine miles. Stones eight pounds in weight were thrown six miles by Vesuvius, namely, to Pompeii. Sir William Hamilton observed stones to be thrown so high above the mountain-tops, that they occupied eleven seconds in falling, which gives a height of two thousand feet, and an initial velocity of three hundred and fifty feet in a second. At a violent eruption in Teneriffe, in 1798, the mountain threw out stones so high that twelve or fifteen seconds were counted during their descent, giving consequently from two thousand five hundred to three thousand six hundred feet, and an initial velocity of from three hundred and eighty to four hundred and eighty feet per second. The pressure of a whole column of lava, which should overflow the crater of Teneriffe, would (according to D'Aubuisson) be equal to one thousand atmospheres, or, as we have enumerated in the above table, one thousand and nine atmospheres.

"Man is small and feeble, but full of pride," says M. Quatrefages, "and he always takes himself as the unit, and as a term of comparison. He measures the globe and the universe by his own stature, and the infinite powers of nature by his own forces. In his eyes, Etna, that blow-hole which is scarcely perceptible upon our planet, which is about 24,000 miles in circumference, is a gigantic mountain, and he starts back in amazement at the forces which are required to upheave it. It is not very difficult, however, to convince one's self that in volcanic phenomena the energy of the cause is fully in harmony with the greatness of the effects.

"Let us then, by way of illustration, inquire what relation exists between the forces employed at the present day by industrial science, and those which slumber within the crater of Etna. Let us suppose—and the assumption is by no means exaggerated—that this crater is five hundred yards in diameter, and that it penetrates below the earth to a depth equal to the height of the mountain.

"The magnificent steam-engines which exhaust the air on the atmospheric line of St. Germain (near Paris) have a four hundred horse power. They act under a pressure of six atmospheres, and their pistons present a surface of more than three square yards. In approximate calculations like this, the pressure of an atmosphere on a surface whose extent we know, may be regarded as equal to the weight of a column of water of the same base, and of eleven yards in height. Consequently the total effect produced by the machines of Saint-Germain may be represented by a weight of about 150 tons.

"A column of water raised from the level of

the sea to the summit of Etna, would exert a pressure of 800 atmospheres; but the fluid lava is nearly three times heavier than water. Consequently, when this lava flows over the margin of the terminal cone, its pressure at the level of the plain will equal the force of 900 atmospheres, while its force at the bottom of the crater itself will equal to the pressure of 1800 atmospheres. The weight of this pressure on every square yard or surface will therefore be equal to more than 40,000 tons.

"Now we know that the pressure of liquids is exerted in all directions at once. Consequently each square yard of the vault which supports the volcano is subjected to a force acting from below upwards, which is 283 times greater than the machines of Saint-Germain. In the crater alone, the total force which is solely employed in sustaining the column of lava at the level of the orifice is equal to 58,262,500 times that of these machines. This is a force of more than twenty-one thousands of millions of horses.

"Hitherto we have supposed that the steam-engine was in perfect working order, and that the lava rose easily to the margin of the crater. In the steam-engine the safety-valves become clogged, and are no longer available at the right moment; innumerable causes, some of which still unknown, bring about the sudden evaporation of too large a quantity of water. In this case the boilers burst, and, rending the most solid walls, throw the fragments far around them. Under circumstances such as these, masses of fused metal weighing two tons have been projected to a distance of 250 yards. Now volcanoes have also their explosions, or, more correctly speaking, their eruptions are to a certain extent one continuous explosion, and the preceding remarks will show how extensively powerful must be their action.

"To appreciate completely the forces which are put in action, it will be necessary to add the pressures that we have already calculated, also the tumultuous liberation of vapors and gases, and the frightful degree of tension to which these elastic fluids must be subjected at a temperature capable of liquefying the hardest rocks. It would be necessary to multiply the upward pressure resulting from these combined forces not merely by the surface of the crater, but by the extent of the bore, which may perhaps embrace the entire central elevation; and we should then obtain numbers representing a force of which nothing would be able to give us any adequate idea, if the mountain itself did not exist as a monument of this formidable power."

Let us assume that the pressure of steam necessary to raise felspathic lava five miles may be taken in round numbers as two thousand atmospheres. Then, although this immense pressure is consi-

derable, yet it seldom or ever had been brought into mechanical action by human creatures. Only of late years have we found any approach amongst men to such figures. Messrs. Hopkins and Fairbairn, at the request of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, accumulated pressures equal to those of the highest mountains, arriving even at the pressure a column of water of thirty-three miles. Were such a pressure as this in action, and were it unrelieved by volcanic rents, it would lift up large tracts of solid land; and it may even now be operating in this manner. To such a force we may attribute the uplifting of the western coast of South-America in 1822, when, through a space of one thousand miles in length, the level of land and sea was altered, and the ground was in many places permanently raised. Thus, too, entire provinces have been raised gradually and continuously, as, for example, a portion of Scandinavia. Considerable islands have lifted themselves up from the bottom of the sea, and have afterwards vanished as rapidly as they appeared. We have no space to enumerate the recorded instances of the appearance and disappearance of some volcanic islands, and of the permanence of others. The number of these islands would surprise the unprepared reader, as in the instance of the Aleutian islands, and the Azores, where, in 1757, nine new islands were formed in less than a twelvemonth. In the very bosom of the opposing elements rise up the hearths and fountains of fire, and the quenching waters flow into the very furnaces which have once raged with terrific flames, while the liquid masses of lava have rolled down in fiery streams to meet their natural foe, and have only paused and failed when they had advanced far into the drowning depths of the ocean.

Such are some of the more unquestionable tokens of the agency of fire in the elevation and alteration of large portions of our earth. Many of the largest volcanoes appear to have burnt themselves out, and now stand like blasted and scathed monuments of ancient combus-

tion. On their scarred sides the courses of primeval lava-streams can be continuously traced—fiery streams that seethed and swelled long before man walked the earth. All these marks of a world-old incandescence have a special interest for the geologist; but they possess also a higher interest seldom adverted to—an interest for the believer in revelation, an intense interest for every expectant of “a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.” To one who should be unacquainted with the forces and frequency of volcanic phenomena, it would seem a strange thing to prophesy that this ocean-girded globe shall be finally consumed by fire. But to one well informed upon these points nothing will appear more probable than that “the earth, and all the works therein, shall be burned up.” One hour’s relaxation of the repressing power of the Omnipotent—one upraising of his finger from off the subdued springs of irrepressible force—and immediately, from ten thousand rents of the cleft and riven earth, would burst forth innumerable fires, and the solid masses composing the exterior envelope of the globe would become molten seas; “the mountains would indeed flow down at his presence, as when the melting fire burneth, the fire causeth the waters to boil.” “The hills would melt lik wax at the presence of the Lord;” and it would then be acknowledged, in a sense infinitely more terrific than was conceived of old—“For a fire is kindled in mine anger, and shall burn unto the lowest hell, and shall consume the earth with her increase, and set on fire the foundations of the mountains.” (Deut. 32 : 22.) Having, then, plain prognostications of the future from far-spreading and desolate fields of lava and cinders and ashes, from the once flaming beacons of lofty mountains, and from cities and villages and vineyards buried under the heavy clouds of ejected ashes, we may well repeat and apply the inference of an apostle: “Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?”

From Titan.

ILLUSTRATIVE SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

I MUST now take my reader below the surface of outward events to the undercurrent of the war of opinions, where the forces were generated which gave to the time its life and meaning. Without some insight into this region, history is but a dumb show of phantoms; yet, when we gaze into it with our best efforts, we catch but fitful images and fleeting pictures. In palace and cottage, in village church and metropolitan cathedral, at the board of the Privy Council, or in the roadside ale-house, the same questions were discussed, the same passions were agitated. A mysterious change was in process in the minds of men. They knew not what it was—they could not control its speed or guide its direction. The articles and the settlement of 1536 were already buried under the froth of the insurrection. New standing-ground was to be sought for, only in its turn to slip away as it seemed to be gained. And the teachers and the taught, the governors and the governed, each separate human being, left to his own direction, was whirled along the rapids which formed the passage into a new era. A few scenes out of this strange time have been preserved for us in the records. They may pass one by one before us like the pictures in a magic slide.

The first figure that appears is a "friar mendicant, living by the alms of the king's subjects, forming himself to the fashions of the people." He is "going about from house to house, and when he comes to aged and simple people he will say to them: 'Father or sister, what a world this is! It was not so in your father's days. It is a perilous world. They will have no pilgrimages. They will not we should pray to saints, or fast, or do any good deeds. O Lord! have mercy on us! I will live as my forefathers have done. And I am sure your fathers and friends were good, and ye have followed them hitherto. Continue ye as ye have done, and believe as they believed.'"

The friar disappears. A neighbor of the new opinions, who has seen him come and go, takes his place, and then begins an argument. One says: "My father's faith shall be my faith." And the other, hot and foolish, answers: "Thy father was a liar and is in hell, and so is my father in hell also. My father never knew Scripture, and now it is come forth."

The slide again moves. We are in a village church, and there is a window gorgeously painted, representing the various events in the life and death of Thomas à Becket. The King sits on his throne, and speaks fiercely to his four knights. The knights mount their horses and gallop to Canterbury. The Archbishop is at vespers in the quire. The knights stride in and smite him dead. Then follows the retribution. In the great central compartment of the window the haughty prince is kneeling naked before the shrine of the martyr, and the monks stand round him and beat him with their rods. All over England in such images of luminous beauty the memory of the great victory of the clergy had been perpetuated. And now the particular church is Woodstock, the court is at the park, and day after day, notwithstanding the dangerous neighborhood, in the church aisles groups of people assemble to gaze upon the window, and priests and pardoners expatiate with an obvious application on the glories of the martyr, the Church's victory, and the humiliation of the King. Eager ears listen; eager tongues draw comparisons. A groom from the court is lounging among the crowd, and interrupts the speakers somewhat disdainfully; he says that he sees no more reason why Becket was a saint than Robin Hood. No word is mentioned of the profanity to Henry; but a priest carries the story to Gardiner and Sir William Paulet. The groom is told that he might as well reason of the King's title as of St. Thomas's: forthwith he is hurried off under charge of heresy to the Tower;

and, appealing to Cromwell, there follows a storm at the council-table.

We are next at Worcester, at the Lady Chapel, on the eve of the Assumption. There is a famous image of the Virgin there, and to check the superstition of the people, the gorgeous dress has been taken off by Cromwell's order. A citizen of Worcester approaches the figure: "Ah, Lady," he cries, "art thou stripped now? I have seen the day that as clean men had been stripped at a pair of gallows as were they that stripped them." Then he kisses the image, and turns to the people and says: "Ye that be disposed to offer, the figure is no worse than it was before," "having a remorse unto her."

The common treads close upon the serious. On a summer evening a group of villagers are sitting at the door of an ale-house on Windermere; a certain master Alexander, a wandering ballad-singer, is "making merry with them." A neighbor Isaac Dickson saunters up and joins the party.

"Then the said Isaac commanded the said minstrel to sing a song he had sung at one Fairbank's house in Crossthwaite, in the county of Westmoreland, in the time of the rebellion, which song was called 'Crummock,' which was not convenient, which the said minstrel utterly denied. The said Isaac commanded the said minstrel again in a violent manner to sing the song called 'Cromwell,' and the said minstrel said he would sing none such; and then the said Isaac pulled the minstrel by the arm, and smote him about the head with the pommel of a dagger, and the same song the minstrel would not sing to die for. The third time the said Isaac commanded the minstrel to sing the same song, and the minstrel said it would turn them both to anger, and would not. And then did Isaac call for a cup of ale, and bade the minstrel sing again, which he always denied; then Isaac took the minstrel by the beard and dashed the cup of ale in his face; also, he drew his dagger and hurt master Willan, being the host of the said house, sore and grievously in the thigh, in rescuing of the said minstrel."

Again, we find accounts of the reception which the English Bible met with in country parishes.

A circle of Protestants at Wincanton, in Somersetshire, wrote to Cromwell complaining of the curate, who would not

teach them or preach to them, but "gave his time and attention to dicing, carding, bowling, and the cross waster." In their desire for spiritual food they applied to the rector of the next parish, who had come occasionally and given them a sermon, and had taught them to read the New Testament; when suddenly, on Good Friday, "the unthrifty curate entered the pulpit, where he had set no foot for years," and "admonished his parishioners to give no credence to the new-fangled fellows which read the new book." "They be like knaves and Pharisees," he said; "they be like a dog that gnaweth a marry-bone, and never cometh to the pith, therefore avoid their company; and if any man will preach the New Testament, if I may hear him, I am ready to fight with him incontinent;" and "indeed," the petitioners said, "he applyeth in such wise his school of fence so sore continually, that he feareth all his parishioners."

So the parish clerk at Hastings made a speech to the congregation on the faults of the translation: "It taught heresy," he said; "it taught that a priest might have a wife by God's law. He trusted to see the day that the book called the Bible, and all its maintainers and upholders, should be brent."

Here, again, is a complaint from the parishioners of Langham in Essex, against their village potentate, a person named Vigourous, who with the priests oppressed and ill-used them.

"Upon Ascension-day last past did two maidens sit in their pew or school in the church, as all honest and virtuous persons use to do in matins time, saying their matins together upon an English primer. Vigourous this seeing was sore angry, in so much that therefore, and for nothing else, he did bid the maidens to avoid out of the church, (calling them) errant whores, with such other odious and spiteful words. And further, upon a time within this year, one of Vigourous's servants did quarrel and brawl with other children many, whom he called heretics; and as children be light and wanton, they called the said servant again Pharisee. Upon this complained Robert Smyth of our town to Vigourous, saying that it was against reason that the great fellow his servant should quarrel and fight with children. Whereupon Vigourous said to his servant: 'See that thou do out off their

ears, O errant whoreson ! if they so call thee hereafter ; and if thou lack a knife, I shall give thee one to do it. And if thou wilt not thus do, thou shalt no longer serve me.' "

On the other hand, the Protestants gave themselves no pains to make their heterodoxy decent, or to spare the feelings of their antagonists. To call "a spade a spade," and a rogue a rogue, were Protestant axioms. Their favorite weapons were mystery plays, which they acted up and down the country in barns, and taverns, in chambers, on occasion, before the vicar-general himself ; and the language of these, as well as the language of their own daily life, seemed constructed as if to pour scorn on the old belief. Men engaged in a mortal strife usually speak plainly. Blunt words strike home, and the euphuism which, in more ingenious ages, discovers that men mean the same thing when they say opposite things, was unknown, or at least unappreciated. We have heard something of the popular impieties, as they were called in the complaints of Convocation. I add a few more expressions taken at random from the depositions. One man said, "he would as soon see an oyster-shell above the priest's head at the sacring time as the wafer. If a knave priest could make God, then would he hire one such God-maker for a year, and give him twenty pounds to make fishes and fowls." Another said that "if he had the cross that Christ died on, it should be the first block he would rive to the fire for any virtue that was in it." Another, "that a shipload of friars' girdles, nor a dungeart full of friars' cowls and boots, would not help to justification."

On both sides the same obstinate English nature was stirred into energetic hate.

Or, once more to turn to the surviving abbeys, here, too, each house was "divided against itself, and could not stand." The monks of Stratford complained to Sir Thomas Cholmondley that their abbot had excommunicated them for breach of oath in revealing convent secrets to the royal visitors. Their allegiance, the brave abbot had said, was to the superior of their order abroad, not to the secular sovereign in England. He cared nothing for acts of parliament or king's commissions. The King could but kill him, and death was a small matter compared to

perjury. Death, therefore, he resolutely risked, and in some manner we know not how he escaped. Another abbot with the same courage was less fortunate. In the spring and summer of 1537, Woburn Abbey was in high confusion. The brethren were trimming to the times, anxious merely for secular habits, wives, and freedom. In the midst of them, Robert Hobbes the abbot, who in the past year had accepted the oath of supremacy in a moment of weakness, was lying worn down with sorrow, unable to govern his convent, or to endure the burden of his conscience. On Passion Sunday in that spring, dying, as it seemed, of a broken heart, he called the fraternity to his side, and exhorted them to charity, and prayed them to be obedient to their vows. Hard eyes and mocking lips were all the answer of the monks of Woburn. "Then, being in a great agony, the abbot rose up in his bed, and cried out, and said : 'I would to God it would please him to take me out of this wretched world, and I would I had died with the good men that have suffered death for holding with the Pope. My conscience—my conscience doth grudge me for it.' " Abbot Hobbes should have his wish. Strength was left him to take up his cross once more where he had cast it down. Spiteful tongues carried his words to the council, and the law, remorseless as destiny, flung its meshes over him on the instant. He was swept up to London and interrogated in the usual form : "Was he the king's subject or the Pope's?" He stood to his faith like a man, and the scaffold swallowed him.

So went the world in England, rushing forward, rocking and reeling in its course. What hand could guide it ! Alone, perhaps, of living men, the King still believed that unity was possible—that these headstrong spirits were as horses broken loose, which could be caught again and harnessed for the road. For a thousand years there had been one faith in Western Christendom. From the Isles of Arran to the Danube thirty generations had followed each other to the grave who had held all to the same convictions, who had prayed all in the same words. What was this that had gone out among men that they were so changed ? Why, when he had but sought to cleanse the dirt from off the temple, and restore its original beauty, should the temple itself crumble into ruins ?

The sacraments, the divine mysteries, had existed in the Church for fifteen centuries. For all those ages they had been supposed to be the rivulets which watered the earth with the graces of the Spirit. After so long experience it should have been at least possible to tell what they were, or how many they were; but the question was suddenly asked, and none could answer it. The bishops were applied to. Interrogatories were sent round among them for opinions, and some said there were three sacraments, some seven, some a hundred. The Archbishop of York insisted on the apostolical succession; the Archbishop of Canterbury believed that priests and bishops might be nominated by the crown, and he that was so appointed needed no consecration, for his appointment was sufficient. Transubstantiation remained almost the only doctrine beyond the articles of the three creeds on which a powerful majority was agreed.

Something, however, must be done. Another statement must be made of the doctrine of the Church of England—if the Church of England were to pretend to possess a doctrine—more complete than the last. The slander must be put to silence which confounded independence with heresy; the clergy must be provided with some guide to their teaching which it should be penal to neglect. Under orders, therefore, from the crown, the bishops agreed at last upon a body of practical divinity, which was published under the title of “The Bishops’ Book” on “the Institution of a Christian Man.” It consisted of four commentaries, on the creed, the sacraments, the ten commandments, and the Lord’s prayer, and in point of language was beyond question the most beautiful composition which had as yet appeared in English prose. The doctrine was moderate, yet more Catholic, and in the matter of the sacraments, less ambiguous than the articles of 1536. The mystic number seven was restored, and the nature of sacramental grace explained in the old manner. Yet there was a manifest attempt, rather, perhaps, in visible tendency than in positive statement, to unite the two ideas of symbolic and instrumental efficacy, to indicate that the grace conveyed through the mechanical form is the spiritual instruction indicated in the form of the ceremony. The union among the bishops which appeared in the

title of the book was in appearance only, or rather it was assumed by the will of the King, and in obedience to his orders. When the doctrines had been determined by the bench, he even thought it necessary to admonish the composers to observe their own lessons.

“Experience,” he wrote to them, “has taught us that it is much better for no laws to be made, than when many be well made none to be kept; and even so it is much better nothing should be written concerning religion, than when many things be well written nothing of them be taught and observed. . . . Our commandment is, therefore, that you agree in your preaching, and that vain praise of crafty wits and worldly estimation be laid aside, and true religion sought for. You serve God in your calling, and not your own glory or vile profit. We will no correcting of things, no glosses that take away the text; being much desirous, notwithstanding that if in any place you have not written so plainly as you might have done, in your sermons to the people you utter all that is in God’s Word. We will have no more thwarting—no more contentions whereby the people are much more set against one another than any taketh profit by such indiscreet doctrines. We had much sooner to pray you than command you, and if the first will serve we will leave out the second. Howbeit, we will in any case that all preachers agree; for if any shall dissent, let him that will defend the worse part assure himself that he shall run into our displeasure.”

“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof, but we can not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.” As easily could Henry bind the winds, and bid them blow at his pleasure, as force the mind of England thenceforward into any single mould. Under conditions and within limits which he did not imagine, some measure of the agreement which he desired would be at last accomplished when the time and season would permit. Meanwhile, though his task was an impossible one, it was better to try and fail, than to sit by and let the storm rage. Nor was Henry a man to submit patiently to failure. He would try and try again; when milder methods were unsuccessful, he would try with bills of six articles, and pains and penalties. He was wrestling against destiny; yet

then, now, and ever it was, and remains true, that in this great matter of religion, in which to be right is the first condition of being right in any thing—not variety of opinion, but unity—not the equal license of the wise and the foolish to choose their belief, but an ordered harmony, where wisdom prescribes a law to ignorance, is the rule which reasonable men should most desire for themselves and for mankind.

But if Henry erred, his errors might find excuse in the multitude of business which was crowded upon him. Insurrection and controversy, foreign leagues, and Papal censures, did not exhaust the number of his difficulties. All evil things in nature seemed to have combined to thwart him.

In the few first years after he became king, he had paid particular attention to the navy. He had himself some skill as a naval engineer, and had conducted experiments in the construction of hulls and rigging, and in ship artillery. Other matters had subsequently called off his attention, and especially since the commencement of the Reformation every moment had brought with it its own urgent claims, and the dockyards had fallen into decay. The finances had been straitened by the Irish wars, and from motives of economy the ships which the government possessed had fallen many of them out of commission, and were rotting in harbor. A few small vessels were kept on the coast of Ireland; but in the year 1536 there was scarcely in all the Channel a single royal cruiser carrying the English flag. Materials to man a fleet existed amply in the fishermen who went year after year in vast numbers to Iceland and to Ireland—hardy sailors, who, taught by necessity, went always armed, and had learnt to fight as well as to work; but, from a neglect not the less injurious, because intelligible, the English authority in their own waters had sunk to a shadow. Pirates swarmed along the coasts—entering fearlessly into the harbors, and lying there in careless security. The war breaking out between Charles and Francis, the French and Flemish ships of war captured prizes or fought battles in the mouths of English rivers, or under the windows of English towns; and though preying upon each other as enemies in the ordinary sense, both occasionally made prey of heretic English as enemies of the

Church. While the courts of Brussels and Paris were making professions of good-will, the cruisers of both governments openly seized English traders and plundered English fishing-vessels, and Henry had for many months been compelled by the insurrection to submit to these aggressions, and to trust his subjects along the coasts to such inadequate defenses as they could themselves provide. A French galliass and galleon came into Dartmouth harbor and attempted to cut out two merchantmen which were lying there. The mayor attacked them in boats and beat them off; but the harbors in general were poorly defended, and strange scenes occasionally took place in their waters. John Arundel, of Trefice, reports the following story to Cromwell: "There came into Falmouth haven a fleet of Spaniards, and the day after came four ships of Dieppe, men-of-war, and the Spaniards shot into the Frenchmen, and the Frenchmen shot into the Spaniards, and during three hours great guns shot between them, and the Frenchmen were glad to come higher up the haven; and the morrow after St. Paul's day the Spaniards came up to assault the Frenchmen, and the Frenchmen came up almost to the town of Truro, and went aground there. I went to the admiral of the Spaniards and commanded him to keep the king's peace, and not to follow further; but the Spaniard would not, but said: 'I will have them, or I will die for it.' And then the Spaniards put their ordnance in their boats, and shot the French admiral forty or sixty shots during a long hour, the gentlemen of the city, Mr. Killigrew and Mr. Trefusis, and others, taking pleasure at it. Then I went to the Spaniards and told them to leave their shooting, or I would raise the country upon them. And so the Spaniards left. My lord, I and all the country will desire the King's grace that we may have blockhouses made upon our haven."

Pirates were enemies to which the people were accustomed, and they could in some measure cope with them; but commissioned vessels of war had now condescended to pirates' practices. Sandwich boatmen were pillaged by a Flemish cruiser in the Downs in the autumn of 1536. A smack belonging to Deal was twice boarded and robbed by a Flemish officer of high rank, the admiral of the Sluys.

The king had for several years been engaged in making a harbor of refuge at Dover. The workmen saw English traders off the coast, and even the very vessels which brought the iron and timber for the harbor-piers, plundered by French and Flemings under their eyes; and the London merchants declared that, although the country was nominally at peace, their ships could not venture out of port unless the government would undertake their convoy. The remonstrances which were made, of course in loud terms, at Paris and Brussels, were received with verbal apologies, and the queen regent gave orders that her cruisers should cease their outrages; but either their commanders believed that their conduct would be secretly winked at, or they could not be convinced that heretics were not lawful game; or perhaps the zealous subjects of the Catholic powers desired to precipitate the sluggish action of their governments. At any rate, the same insolences continued, and no redress could be obtained.

Henry could not afford to declare war. The exchequer was ill-furnished. The rebellion had consumed the subsidy, and the abbey lands had as yet returned little profit either by their rentals or by sale. The country, however, had not yet sunk so low as to be unable to defend its own coasts and its own traders. Sufficient money was found for the immediate purpose, and a small but admirably equipped fleet was fitted out silently at Portsmouth. Sir Thomas Seymour, the queen's brother, Sir George Carew, Sir John Dudley, and Christopher Coe, a rough English sailor, were appointed to the command; and, when the ships were ready, they swept out into the Channel. Secresy had been observed as far as possible, in the hope of taking the offenders by surprise. The greater number of them had, unhappily, been warned, and had escaped to their own harbors; but Coe shortly brought two pirate prizes into Rye. The people of Penzance, one August afternoon, heard the thunder of distant cannon. Carew and Seymour, searching the western coast, had come on the traces of four French ships of war, which had been plundering. They came up with them in Mounts Bay, and, closing against heavy odds, they fought them there till night. At day-break, one of the four lay on the water, a sinking wreck. The others had crawled

away in the darkness, and came no more into English waters. Dudley had been even more fortunate. "As he was lying between the Needles and the Cowe," there came a letter to him from the Mayor of Rye, "that the Flemings had boarded a merchant-ship belonging to that port, and had taken goods out of her valued at three hundred pounds." "That hearing," he said, in his dispatch to Henry, "I, with another of your Grace's ships, made all the diligence that was possible towards the said coast of Rye; and, as it chanced, the wind served us so well, that we were next morning before day against the Combe, and there we heard news that the said Flemings were departed the day before. Then we prepared towards the Downs, for the wind served for that place, and there we found lying the admiral of the Sluys, with one ship in his company besides himself, being both as well trimmed for the war as I have lightly seen. And when I had perfect knowledge that it was the admiral of the Sluys, of whom I had heard, both at Rye and at Portsmouth, divers robberies and ill-demeanors by him committed against your Highness's subjects, then I commanded my master to bring my ship to an anchor, as nigh to the said admiral as he could, to the intent to have had some communication with him; who incontinent put himself and all his men to defense, and neither would come to communication nor would send none of his men aboard of me. And when I saw what a great brag they set upon it—for they made their drumsalt to strike alarm, and every man settled them to fight—I caused my master gunner to loose a piece of ordnance, and not touched him by a good space; but he sent one to my ship, and mocked not with me, for he brake down a part of the decks of my ship, and hurt one of my gunners very sore. That done, I trifled no more with him, but caused my master to lay her aboard; and so, within a little fight, she was yielded." Dudley's second ship had been engaged with the other Fleming; but the latter, as soon as the admiral was taken, slipped her cable and attempted to escape. The Englishman stood after her. Both ships vanished up Channel, scudding before a gale of wind; but whether the Dutchman was brought back a prize, or whether the pursuer followed too far, and found himself, as Dudley feared, caught on a lee

shore off the Holland flats, the records are silent. Pirates, however, and over-zealous privateers, in these and other encounters, were taught their lesson; and it did not, for some time, require to be repeated: "Your subjects," Dudley and Seymour told the king in a joint letter, "shall not only pass and repass without danger of taking, but your Majesty shall be known to be lord of these seas." They kept their word. In this one summer the Channel was cleared, and the nucleus was formed of the fleet which, eight years after, held in check and baffled the most powerful armament which had left the French shores against England since the Norman William crossed to Hastings.

But Henry did not rest upon his success. The impulse had been given, and the work of national defense went forward. The animus of foreign powers was evidently as bad as possible. Subjects shared the feelings of their rulers. The Pope might succeed, and most likely would succeed at last, in reconciling France and Spain; and experience proved that England lay formidably open to attack. It was no longer safe to trust wholly to the extemporized militia. The introduction of artillery was converting war into a science; and the recent proofs of the unprotected condition of the harbors should not be allowed to pass without leaving their lesson. Commissions were issued for a survey of the whole eastern and southern coasts. The most efficient gentlemen residing in the counties which touched the sea were requested to send up reports of the points where invading armies could be most easily landed, with such plans as occurred to them for the best means of throwing up defenses. The plans were submitted to engineers in London; and in two years every exposed spot upon the coast was guarded by an earthwork, or a fort or blockhouse. Batteries were erected to protect the harbors at St. Michael's Mount, Falmouth, Fowey, Plymouth, Dartmouth, Torbay, Portland, Calshot, Cowes, and Portsmouth. Castles (some of them remain to the present day) were built at Dover, Deal, Sandwich, and along both shores of the Thames. The walls and embankments at Guisnes and Calais were repaired and enlarged; and Hull, Scarborough, Newcastle, and Berwick-upon-Tweed were made impregnable against ordinary attack. Each of these

places was defended by adequate and trained garrisons; and the musters were kept in training within twenty miles of the coast, and were held in readiness to assemble on any point at any moment.

Money was the chief difficulty. The change in the character of war created unforeseen expenses of many kinds. The cost of regular military and naval establishments, a new feature in the national system, was thrown suddenly on the crown; and the revenue was unequal to so large a demand upon it. A fresh political arrangement was displacing the old; and the finances were necessarily long disordered before the country understood its condition, and had devised methods to meet its necessities.

At this conjuncture the abbey lands were a fortunate resource. They were disposed of rapidly—of course on easy terms to the purchasers. The insurrection, as we saw, had taught the necessity of filling the place of the monks with resident owners, who would maintain hospitality liberally, and on a scale to contrast favorably with the careless waste of their predecessors. Obligations to this effect were made a condition of the sales, and lowered naturally the market value of the properties. Considerable sums, however, were realized, adequate for immediate objects, though falling short of the ultimate cost of the defenses of the country. At the same time the government works found labor for the able-bodied beggars, those sturdy vagrants whose living had been gathered hitherto at the doors of the religious houses, varied only with intervals of the stocks and the cart's-tail.

Thus the spoils of the Church furnished the arms by which the Pope and the Pope's friends could be held at bay; and by degrees in the healthier portion of the nation an English enthusiasm took the place of a superstitious panic. Loyalty towards England went along with the Reformation, when the Reformation was menaced by foreign enemies; and the wide disaffection which in 1536 had threatened a revolution, became concentrated in a vindictive minority, to whom the Papacy was dearer than their country, and whose persevering conspiracies taught England at no distant time to acquiesce with its whole heart in the wisdom which chained them down by penal laws as traitors and enemies to the commonwealth.

From the National Review.

CHARLATAN POETRY: MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.*

MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER'S *Proverbial Philosophy* is the most popular book of verses of its day. It began its career not long after the issue of Tennyson's earliest poems, and has reached its thirty-third edition, exclusive of library and illustrated editions, while the poet-laureate's principal volume is still in its eleventh. Nay, Mr. Tupper's work has even overtaken and passed in the race of popularity that wonderful production which we may consider as belonging to the previous generation—Mr. Robert Montgomery's *Omnipresence of the Deity*; a work which had already reached its eleventh edition in 1830, when Lord Macaulay endeavored to open the eyes of the public to its true value—endeavored, indeed, and with good-will, but small effect—for, in spite of the great Edinburgh reviewer, it has since passed from its eleventh to its twenty-fifth edition. In the present paper, therefore, taking warning by the failure of a greater critic, we shall not attempt to stem the tremendous current of Mr. Tupper's popularity. Indeed, Lord Macaulay was mistaken, we think, in attributing to mere puffing Mr. Robert Montgomery's vast reputation, and therefore also in imagining that the great weight of his critical authority could be sufficient to destroy the marvelous momentum of his career. There is this great distinction between literary quackery and quackery of any other kind, that its success clearly involves much more free and spontaneous liking on the

part of the public imposed on, and probably implies a less conscious *charlatanerie* on the part of the successful empiric. We feel little doubt that Mr. Tupper is a profound believer in the sterling character of his own fame, which in one of his minor productions he solemnly bequeaths to his son; we feel sure that the readers who trust in him have a genuine sense that to peruse him is comfortable to their interior mind—that they have thrown something grateful “into the system,” when they have followed him through one of his feebly fluent meditations. Whatever puffing may do for other departments of life, it is tolerably powerless to make men read what is not suited to their taste and character; and on that very account the phenomena of literary quackery are of much greater interest than those of trade quackery. Verse-reading is, after all, a work of supererogation. There is no article of luxury with regard to which the “consumer's” judgment is so likely to be really unprejudiced as books. The average man knows that he *must* buy clothing and furniture, if not cheap and of good quality, then dear and of bad quality; and his uneducated mind naturally inclines to credulity when he sees it written in large characters wherever he goes that the best quality can be secured at the lowest prices. Again, he must, if possible, be cured of his ailments; and the deceitfulness of hope will incline him to believe in these large promises of perfect and speedy cure. But books he need not buy at all; in spite of the reviewer's raptures, he probably will have strength of mind to neglect them, unless by their intrinsic qualities—whether wholesome or the reverse, he perhaps is not the best judge—they contrive to impress the minds of the class in which he moves. If Mr. Tupper did not contrive to impress his public, then, in spite of puffing, we do not think Mr. Tupper would have any public to impress; and if his reputation has been gained by an empirical dexterity instead of by true art, it makes it only the more

* *Proverbial Philosophy: a Book of Thoughts and Arguments originally treated.* By MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, Esq., M.A., of Christchurch, Oxford. Second Series. Thirty-third Edition. Hatchard, 1857. *Probabilities an Aid to Faith.* Third Edition. Hatchard.

Lyrics of the Heart and Mind. By M. F. TUPPER. Hall, Virtue & Co., 1855.

Ballads for the Times. By M. F. TUPPER. A new Edition. Hall, Virtue & Co.

Memorials of W. G. Tupper. Edited by M. F. TUPPER. Bosworth.

Rides and Reveries of Esop Smith. By M. F. TUPPER. Hurst & Blackett. 1857.

interesting to discuss the qualities by the aid of which he has contrived to fascinate his public. Instead, therefore, of storming at his reputation, or attributing it to the energies of the publishing department, we shall simply strive to understand it. His popularity is one of the most unquestionable facts of the day. As he himself remarks, with his usual depth of thought and strength of conception,

"That which is can never not have been; facts are solid as the pyramids;"

—a truth which Mrs. Gamp illustrates with less dignity but greater vivacity, where she parenthetically observes on facts "being stubborn and not easy drove." Mr. Tupper will perhaps think that in saying thus much we have already done more for his fame than any criticisms we can offer will be able to undo. As he observes of great authors—

"The honest giant careth not to be patted on the back by pigmies:

Flatter greatness, he brooketh it good-humoredly; blame him, thou tiltest at a pyramid."

But we have no more intention of tilting at our pyramidal giant than we have of "patting him on the back." We are quite aware that it would be utterly beyond our strength to displace him from his stronghold in public favor. Still, being unfortunate enough to belong to that small but respectable minority who regard Mr. Tupper's versicular philosophy as superficial and conceited twaddle—as a new manifestation to these latter days of weakness and sentimentalism under the solemn form of the Oracular—we feel only the more called upon to explain, as far as we are able, the apparent anomaly of our position. If we seem less reserved in the expression of our honest judgment on Mr. Tupper—whom we need scarcely say we know solely through his works—than is in accordance either with our custom or our taste, it must be remembered that we are not called upon to be tender in the case of one who has already received, and is still receiving, no doubt, a temporary but exceedingly substantial reward. Mr. Tupper is himself always great on the subject of "compensations." He has more than his fair share of good things—both emolument and fame. A man may easily have too much praise; or, as he

justly remarks in his own figurative phrase,

"The cordial quaffed with thirst may generate the fumes of presumption;"

and, whatever the very curious physiologico-chemical process here supposed to take place in Mr. Tupper's brain may be—which reminds us, by the way, of an elaborate process carefully described in the work of an eminent chemist for the generation of sulphuric-acid fumes in leaden chambers—we fear we can trace the finished product, the "presumption," in the latest of Mr. Tupper's works. The moral twaddle of the *Proverbial Philosophy* has certainly so fermented as to give off unmistakable "fumes of presumption" in the amazing trash called *Rides and Reveries of Æsop Smith*. There is enough of empirical dexterity in the *Proverbial Philosophy* to give us some conception of the origin of its popularity; but no public could ever have been taken in for the first time by such insufferable rubbish as has attained type under the title of the latter work. We feel no scruple or hesitation, therefore, in administering our minute dose of "compensation" for his great success, and only wish we could make it even more drastic. To assume for a moment his own pure style—we can not be sure that we hit the farmer's trot of the meter—

"Dost thou feel oppressed by the *Embonpoint* of constant popular favor?

Then go drink the Epsom salts from the cup of ungenial Criticism:

It shall make thee comparatively whole, if it be not too late for that treatment."

We have said that when we call Mr. Tupper's poems a result of literary *charlatanerie*, we do not at all mean to charge upon him any conscious intention of abusing the confidence of the public. But we mean by *quackery* any substitute for true art which, either from ignorance or any other cause, wins favor and attention by addressing itself to the superficial notions and feelings of those who are not good judges in their own case. Whenever any one appeals, consciously or unconsciously, to a class of notions and feelings that are not at the root of the matter, and thus gains popularity by falsifying the true proportions of things in the haste to be effective, we truly call him a quack. If a physician treats *symptoms* only, when he

ought to know the deeper causes of symptoms, we call him a quack. When an artist studies the picturesque at the expense of true drawing, faithful coloring, and reality of thought, we call him a quack. When a manufacturer studies to attract by show and price, rather than by the real worth of his goods, we call him a quack. And so also when a *littérateur* ministers principally to superficial or vulgar propensities, instead of attempting to rectify them by exhibiting their true relation to human nature—be it from blindness, or from haste, or from the desire to please—we call such a *littérateur* a quack. And in the characteristic features of the method by which such an empiric wins his fame, we may see reflected as in a mirror the leading deficiencies and weaknesses, or, in some cases, the vices even, of the public mind he addresses. We do not accuse Mr. Tupper, however, of making capital out of any thing worse than the defective education and consequent appetite for decidedly bad literature observable in a certain class of the English public.

It is necessary to remember, in attempting to account for the marvelous success of the *Proverbial Philosophy*, that the vastly larger part of the English reading world now consists of a class which, a few generations ago, contained no consumers of literature—scarcely even of newspaper literature—at all. It has often been hastily, but we believe erroneously, assumed, that writers so foolish as Mr. Martin Tupper and Mr. Robert Montgomery circulate entirely within the circle of imbecile “fashionable” religion. We do not believe that that world is large enough to create even a small fraction of the gigantic demand which has arisen for these gentlemen’s writings. Probably the largest audience yet commanded by any English writer has been commanded of late years by Mr. Dickens. And we think it beyond question that his audience—we mean his audience of recent years, since the establishment of *Household Words*—evinces many of the same class of deficiencies in literary taste and sentiment to which Mr. Tupper appeals. Mr. Dickens has himself told us, that his two latest and worst works—works of which few cultivated men have been able to read more than a very brief specimen—have secured a far wider popularity than any of the really great productions of his early

genius; and we shall presently find in the weakly moralities, the sentimentalism, and the extravagant coloring of the *Proverbial Philosophy*, very much to remind us of *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*.

The same inference may be drawn from the popularity of Mr. Gilfillan as a critic; a writer whose capacity can not be more adequately shadowed forth than by using his own words in explaining what the faculty of a certain great poet—Pope—did *not*, but what every one who knows him will admit that the faculty of Mr. Gilfillan *does* resemble, namely, “the feather of the wing of a great eagle, dipping into the night-tempest which raves around the inaccessible rock of his birth-place.” How imposing would be an edition of Martin Tupper from the pen of the Rev. George Gilfillan!

Now these defects of taste and temperament are neither inexplicable, nor even lamentable, but simply natural, in a class that has not yet had time or opportunity to learn literary discrimination—to know the difference between half truths and whole truths, or the tests which distinguish the semblance of good feelings from the reality; whereas, did they prevail in classes that have long had the advantage of real culture, they would compel us to attribute to the readers the full fatuity of the writers they admire. We think, then, that we may fairly assume, as our own experience would certainly assure us, that Mr. Robert Montgomery and Mr. Tupper find the majority of their audience in a class, not of *depraved* literary taste, but whose literary tastes of any sort are of quite recent origin. And this conviction it is which gives us some real interest in analyzing the causes of their unmerited success. To investigate the secret of that morbid stimulus which is administered to degenerated and worn-out minds, would indeed be a heartless task; but to study the weak side of the half-educated classes just emerging into the world of literary interests, is far otherwise.

We have some light on the subject from the analogous case of the first literary interests of the young, whatever be their class and education. For, the first stirrings of literary appetite, whether in individuals or classes, are never marked by strength or purity of taste. Indeed, it is not usually in any way the merit of the author which first fascinates the attention in such cases, but the degree in which

he happens to rouse and draw out into the light, as it were, those opening faculties and sentiments which have no sufficient expression in the real world. Hence this craving is at first most easily satisfied by exaggerated and false pictures of life, stimulating most strongly those awakening feelings which, real as they are, are yet but dimly understood. When, either in an individual or a class, a whole world of hitherto latent life is beginning to unfold, the first delight is in any thing, however false, exciting, or showy, that distinctly stimulates that life. In such a phase of our education, we do not care to see the true proportion, extent, and limitations of human character clearly indicated and recognized, but rather to have the new world we are beginning to see presented *strongly* to us. This is the secret of the love of *romance* quite apart from its merit, that always shows itself as the first phase of literary taste, either in the young or the half-educated. The world of romance is a world of new experience, which the novice is eager to comprehend—of strange tendencies within him, the issues of which he endeavors to anticipate by entering into the fictitious experience of others. Directly we clearly *know* that the romantic delineations of life caricature and falsify the deepest life within us, they become stale, flat, and unprofitable; but in the mean time that author will get most hold of us who fosters those elements of our nature which are as yet only in the germ. Any one who professes to unwind for us our newly-discovered clues of instinct or hope, will fascinate our attention at once; and fascinate it the more readily, perhaps, if he do not make too much appeal to the real experience of those who have already unwound them for themselves.

And hence we can not wonder that when a large and uncultivated class begins to care about religious poetry at all, it should at first be enraptured by the glaring magniloquence of such men as Mr. Robert Montgomery. It is in the very stage most adapted for the influence of an empiric, with religious sentiment just romantic enough to desire excitement, and yet inexperienced enough, both in taste and maturity of feeling, to prefer dazzling colors to clearer vision. His readers evidently cared more for new excitement of certain vague feelings than for new guidance; a sure sign of imma-

turity, nay, of that stage of immaturity in which we rather need reassurance that we have a certain class of sentiments at all than any clearer insight into them; just as the infant loves bright dancing colors which excite the eye long before it takes any interest in discriminating forms. And thus we account for the popularity of Mr. Tupper's great predecessor. The passionate, abysmal, and picturesque aspects of poetry were then in the ascendant, even in the cultivated classes, owing to the influence of Byron. Mr. Robert Montgomery introduced the same aspects of life into his so-called religious poem for the uncultivated classes; and he obtained his marvelous success merely because the people he addressed were just beginning to feel that religion had an exciting and picturesque, as well as a didactic side—that Nature ought to be grander, and human passion more terrible, if they were seen to exist, as they do exist, in the constant presence of God. They devoured Mr. Robert Montgomery's jargon about the "Omnipresence of the Deity," because it stimulated the growing feeling that the shadow of religious mysteries ought to give new magnificence to the external universe and to the inward passions of man. Gaudy metaphor, vulgar allegory, profuse personification, were the natural baits to stimulate those first floundering attempts of literary inexperience to peep into the relation of God with outward Nature and inward experience. Giddy and swimming eyes were not likely to find fault with glaring and muddy colors.

Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, M.A. of Christchurch, Oxford, has caught the prophetic mantle dropped by Mr. Robert Montgomery; and though the *charlatanerie* of his *Proverbial Philosophy* seems to us as conspicuous as that of *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, its general characteristics are different, and no doubt evince a certain sort of advance in the class with whom it is popular. *The Omnipresence of the Deity* was a vulgar daub, with nothing tolerable about its execution; and was acceptable only as empty political eloquence is acceptable in a time of political wrong and coming revolution—that is, as the *sign* of feelings stirring in the breasts of the multitude, not as an augury of any thing better. The style of the *Proverbial Philosophy* bears the same relation to Keble and Tennyson that the

style of the *Omnipresence of the Deity* bore to that of Byron. As the latter production gives us the quack-poet's conception of "the tremendous," so the former gives us the empiric's notion of "the inward." The one makes a wretched attempt at religious sublimities, the other at religious tenderness and profundities. Both alike are empirics; but Mr. Tupper is the empiric of a more reflective age. Again, where Mr. Robert Montgomery was overwhelming and gigantic, Mr. Tupper is minute and microscopic, only in one or two instances accidentally soaring into immensity. He professes to verify religious and moral truth by detailed personal experience; and his observations may often tend to excite observation and reflection in those who have never thought before, and who are not too much irritated with the pompous truisms and strained imagery of the man. That the book should have been written by a Master of Arts of Oxford is simply a new testimony how very little power education has to eradicate obstinate conceit, to prune empty metaphor, and to shame windy rhetoric, in a mind constitutionally prolific of these tendencies. But, nevertheless, we do not doubt that the book may have a useful function to those who have reached only a certain very early stage of self-conscious life. Indeed, we are convinced that for one short transition period, when either individuals or classes are passing from an unreflective to a reflective view of the world around them, what would otherwise be very unhealthy, and what is very superficial, trash, may discharge for a short time a very healthy and natural function. It requires a work of real genius to be *permanently* popular with any class of society whatever. But a mind of no genius at all, a mere charlatan writer, may often hit the humor of the moment, and assist a moral transition which the greatest genius, from the very thoroughness of its intellectual work, may be unable to help.

This is the case with Mr. Tupper. He fills his writings with what, to his own class, are the baldest truisms; and spoils even these by adding a pompous and vulgar fringe of artificial simile. But his truisms are not always truisms to his readers; and his atrocious taste in ornament is not perceived. As we said, he is a quack of the "inward" school. He is the victim of his own thronging fancies. He is a

kind of poetical Pecksniff; and takes for his motto: "My friends, let us be moral." But a simple man is easily taken in; and Mr. Tupper's readers, finding now and then themes for their own thought, are blind to the ostentatious tediousness with which he dilutes them. He is a sort of homeopathic metaphysician, and only makes his little modicum of truism visible at all by the immense proportion of sugary simile in which he wraps it up. He has the art of "pondering" *in vacuo*, without giving you any idea what he is pondering about. Mr. Robert Montgomery rejoiced in strong assertion; he delighted, for example, to inform Death, in his mighty trumpet-tones, what was the effect on the world at large of his (Death's) birth:

"O Death! thou dreadless vanquisher of Earth!
The elements shrank blasted at thy birth,"
etc.

But Mr. Tupper's line is very different. He is feebly interrogative, and almost always suggests a plurality of equally indefinite answers, contriving to prove nothing except that he is not thinking about his question at all further than as an excuse for literary dawdling:

"O Death! what art thou? Antitype of Nature's marvels;
The seed and dormant chrysalis bursting into energy and glory:
The calm safe anchorage for the shattered hulls of men;
The spot of gelid shade after the hot-breathed dust," etc.

Mr. Tupper is a sort of stage-anchorite. He is always hushing us, and whispering how good it is to live in a spiritual hermitage, and be visited by blessed gleams of tranquil wisdom. His hospitality, however, is oppressive:

"Come into my cool dim grotto, that is watered
by the rivulet of truth,
And over whose time-stained walls climb the
fair flowers of content:
Here, upon this mossy bank of leisure, fling
thy load of cares;
Taste my simple store, and rest one soothing
hour."

The invitation itself, and the "simple store" of Truism, remind us irresistibly of Mr. Pecksniff's similar invitation: "Let us make merry, my friends," said Mr. Pecksniff; "and he took a captain's biscuit."

But it is time to sketch generally the characteristics of the *Proverbial Philosophy* in their relation to the wants of the class with which it has found favor. We believe that if we are to mean by a charlatan one who gives a spurious and surface answer to a real want—without reference, of course, to the motive or sincerity of the giver—we could not find a much purer specimen of charlatan religious poetry than the work we are reviewing. It may benefit, perhaps has benefited, the class by whom it is devoured, as it benefits a lad to pass through the belief in Rhetoric and find it empty, or to plunge into the Lalla-Rookh stage of sentiment and find it unwholesome; but it will certainly have benefited its readers most when they have outgrown it. Let us consider, then, the various aspects of Mr. Tupper's poetic wisdom. Moral and religious poetry of the meditative sort is clearly his aim; so that we may assume that it should reflect, after some meditative fashion, the moral and religious life of the day. And this is what he proposed to himself:

"Thoughts that have tarried in my mind, and
peopled its inner chambers,
The sober children of reason, or desultory
train of fancy;
Clear running wine of conviction with the
scum and the lees of speculation;
Corn from the sheaves of science, with stubble
from mine own garner;
Searchings after Truth, that have tracked her
secret lodes,
And come up again to the surface-world with
a knowledge grounded deeper;
Arguments of high scope, that have soared
to the keystone of Heaven,
And thence have swooped to their certain
mark as the falcon to its quarry;
The fruits I have gathered of prudence, the
ripened harvest of my musings,
These commend I unto thee, O docile scholar
of Wisdom!
These give I to thy gentle hand, thou lover
of the right."

Mr. Tupper, then, will be a poetic philosopher; thoughts and fancies, and convictions and speculations, and high arguments and the results of experience, are to be poured out by him, and welcomed by the "scholar of wisdom" and by the "lover of the right." We find him, however, a living impersonation of the "oracular." His thought, while it follows the fashion of the day by directing the mind inwards, and dives with remarkable pertinacity for what he calls

"The chance pearls flung among the rocks by
the sullen waters of Oblivion,"

seems to us to succeed only in bringing up the empty-shell truisms instead; with which, however, he fearlessly proceeds to build the "cool dim grotto" that has extracted so successful a tribute from an enthusiastic public. His philosophy consists in personifying states of mind by abstract names; writing them with capital letters, and parading the shroud of mystery in which he finds them. His poetry is only a beading-over of all he has to say with artificial similitudes or metaphors; his sentiment is a trickling stream of sentimentality; and finally, the self-respect of true genius is parodied by a pervading air of puffy self-sufficiency, which grates on the religious themes, and gives to the work what we have termed its silly oracular tone.

First, as to Mr. Tupper's "words of wisdom," as he himself describes them. They gain their popularity by directing the reader with much solemnity to look inwards, as the temper of the age requires: then giving all the splash and excitement of a very deep spiritual dive, while really you only go under enough to confuse the eyesight; and finally coming up triumphant with a very big and empty truism, which every body recognizes as true, and which those who are taken in by Mr. Tupper give themselves a good deal of credit for recognizing to be true, and verifying from their own experience, after all the "laborious musing" by which it has been ushered in. "Here is a man," the reader thinks, "who clearly goes down into the depths of self-knowledge; and I find it quite easy to go with him, and recognize my own former thoughts again in his rich language; so that he must be teaching me to know myself." For example, we open our library copy of Mr. Tupper, and find many passages marked by an enthusiastic disciple. Amongst them is this:

"Content is the true riches, for without it there
is no satisfying;
But a ravenous all-devouring hunger gnaweth
the vitals of the soul."

Had this stood alone, we doubt if it would have excited much enthusiasm. We have, we believe, met with the sentiment occasionally in copy-books. But let us consider the setting. It comes in the middle of certain musings "Of Wealth," which

begin with the following fragmentary allegory:

"Prodigality hath a sister Meanness, his fixed antagonist heart-fellow,
Who often outliveth the short career of the brother she despiseth:
She hath lean lips and a sharp look, and her eyes are red and hungry;
But he sloucheth in his gait, and his mouth speaketh loosely and maudlin:
'Let a spendthrift grow to be old, he will set his heart on saving,' etc.

Further, the essay goes on to inform us that Wisdom says, "Give me enough," and that "stout-hearted Independence" adds, "and that by the sweat of my brow." After this brief interchange of ideas between two of the Virtues on the subject of a livelihood, Mr. Tupper, in his own person apparently, puts in for "enough and not less, for want is leagued with the tempter;" and also for "enough and not more, saving for the children of distress." This explicit request for neither more nor less than enough is then followed by a frank avowal of a leaning to the side of want, if the exact mean can not be attained; and after some illustration of this position by reference to the advantage of the Polar summer over the "burnt breasts of the torrid zone," which "yield never kindly nourishment," a very tremendous passage comes. It consists of a description of the great banian-tree near Benares, in itself a forest, with fresh sprouts straining to the earth; we are introduced to a dancing dervish, a self-torturing faquir, a "calm" Brahmin worshipping a bull, some jackals, and a boa watching them as it hangs from a bough—all in this banian forest:

"In the plains of Benares is there found a root that fathereth a forest,
Where round the parent banian-tree drop its living scions;
Thirstily they strain to the earth like stalactites in a grotto,
And strike broad roots and branch again, lengthening their cool arcades:
And the dervish madly danceth there, and the faquir is torturing his flesh,
And the calm Brahmin worshipeth the sleek and pampered bull;
At the base, lean jackals coil, while from above depending,
With dull malignant stare, watcheth the branch-like boa."

We are beginning to get quite interested in Oriental life, though at the same time

rather bewildered how we are to get out of the wood, when suddenly we arrive at the moral interpretation:

"Even so, in man's heart is a sin that is the root of all evil,*
Whose fibers strangle the affections, whose branches overgrow the mind;
And oftenest beneath its shadow thou shalt meet distorted piety—†
The clenched and rigid fist, with eyes upturned to heaven,
Fanatic zeal with miserly severity, a mixture of gain with godliness,‡
And him against whom passion hath no power, worshipping a golden calf:§
The hungry hounds of extortion | are there, the bond, the mortgage, and the writ.¶
While the appetite for gold, unslumbering,** watcheth to glut its maw;
And the heart so tenanted and shaded is cold to all things else,
It seeth not the sunshine of heaven, nor is warmed by the light of charity."

Now, we can not wonder that, after all this excitement under the banian-tree, any simple-hearted reader was glad to get back to the tranquillizing assertion that "content is the true riches." To emerge from that cold shade and meet a familiar old face like that, was certainly an occasion for thankfulness. Is this what Mr. Tupper meant when he promised us

"Searchings after Truth, that have tracked her secret lodes,
And come up again to the surface-world with a knowledge grounded deeper?"

That he has come up again to the surface-world, we saw with pleasure by that useful copy-book truth; but were there any "secret lodes of truth" among that "happy family" under the banian-tree? We don't seem to ourselves to grasp the meaning of "content is the true riches" any better after thinking of the dancing

* Another allusion to the copy-book.

† The dancing dervish, of course.

‡ The faquir?—without the torture, however, and with "gain."

§ The calm Brahmin, clearly; but we thought it was a real bull he worshiped, not a golden calf.

| Legal jackals, no doubt.

¶ These do not appear in the fable at all, unless they too are the jackals, and are meant to explain and stand in apposition to "the hungry hounds of extortion," on the principle of the "sword" standing for the soldier.

** The boa, apparently, but we thought its appetite was for jackals, that is, hounds of extortion, not for gold.

dervish, and the fanatic faquir, and the calm Bramin, and the bull, and the lean jackals, and the pendent boa. Rather does it suggest to us how many situations there are in life where the "true riches" of content are absolutely unattainable. Had any one of the pleasing individuals described any reason at all for content except the boa, which held the whole game in its hands? Seriously, the whole passage is a very good illustration of Mr. Tupper's mode of enunciating "words of wisdom." The words of wisdom themselves are trite truisms. For instance, here he has a vision that "avarice is the root of all evil." The word root suggests roots, and roots the banian-tree, which runs to root. Mr. Tupper, then, considers that the tangle in the heart caused by this root may be effectively illustrated. He reads up his Oriental life, and thrusts it under the banian-tree; but needing a reference to Avarice every where, he presses the poor dervish into the service, and assures us that "oftenest beneath its shadow thou shalt meet distorted piety:" surely a questionable psychological fact. Are mad dervishes and faquirs usually avaricious? As far as we remember, most of the old eremites gave away such property as they had before they took to their cave, or their pillar, or their desert. The truth is, that the whole scene was dragged in by the roots of the banian-tree, and can not fairly be said to have familiarized us with our truism, though it may render us very thankful to get safe back to it. Yet such is the origin of Mr. Tupper's reputation for wisdom. His readers lose their way utterly while he is tracking "Truth's secret lodes," but become subdued by the pageantry; and when they get cheerfully back to the aphorisms of their infant days, they are quite willing to take it for granted that they have come up "to the surface-world with a knowledge grounded deeper."

But Mr. Tupper does not always return again out of his devious similitudes bringing his text with him. Where his text is a good strong serviceable truism, like that we have quoted, it defies even the metaphorical shade of a banian forest, and reappears triumphant. But where, as is only occasionally the case, it is less a truism than a truth, nothing can save it; it perishes miserably under the process of illustration. In fact, Mr. Tupper ought to stick to truisms far too plain to need

illustration—truisms with a homely vigorous personality, that can't be disguised, do what you will; and then he can lay on the pomp as thickly as he likes, without fear of losing his hold of it. But go through the same arduous process with a truth, and it can't easily survive. If it be a *sine qua non* that it shall be liable to frequent metempsychosis, and be put through from ten to twenty different forms of metaphorical life in almost as many lines, nothing can save its identity from eventual destruction. A truism stares vacantly and good-humoredly through every disguise; and when a little confused, you are reminded of it by the mere title at the top of the page. But a truth, an idea, has an individual shape and aspect of its own, which no one phrase suggests; and this sort of thing is quite unfitted for Mr. Tupper's purpose. Sometimes he starts with one; but it never survives the sixth metaphor, and becomes a shapeless thing, neither truth nor truism, before the end. For example, in an Oracle that promised fair to be true and even significant in the outset, "Of Searching for Pride,"* Mr. Tupper clearly wished to say, and does manage to say, that it is hopeless to eradicate pride by subtle self-examination; that it only melts away before a vision of higher perfection; that you should look above yourself, not into yourself, to get rid of it:

"Pride is a double traitor, and betrayeth itself
to entrap thee,
Making thee vain of thy self-knowledge, proud
of thy discoveries of pride."

This is true and wise; but not only does he say this in very lengthy and grandiloquent metaphor, requesting the emmet to look up at the eagle in order to become aware of its own insignificance, begging his reader to beware "that thine aim reacheth to higher than thyself," and that the "standard of thy soul wave from the loftiest battlement"—whatever that may mean; but having completely exhausted the thought, he launches out into general nonsense, stating that pride is a "pestilent meteor flitting over marshes of corruption," a "gloomy bow arching the infernal firmament and leading to the dwelling of despair." Soon after it is a "lionant, watching in the bottom of its toils." You are then told to fight against it in

* In the now edition headed merely, "Of Pride."

the "panoply of prayer." The lesson originally intended is then reversed. It having struck Mr. Tupper that pride might be likened to Proteus, and to a mandrake, you are accordingly told to pray for the means of directly detecting and binding pride in his many Proteus-shapes, instead of for a vision of good which will make you humble; and the final exhortation utterly inverts the idea with which the piece began, telling you to do what you were told before it was useless to attempt:

"Root up the mandrake from thy heart, though
it cost thee blood and groans,
Or the cherished garden of thy graces will
fade and perish utterly."

Again, there is no one so flatulently "many-sided" in his way as the lover of truisms, as every one may know by consulting the sage before us. It is only the man who grasps a single aspect of truth with intense vividness and tenacity who can not always walk round it. The genuine proser grasps no aspect of truth with vividness at all. He has an aphorism for every side of practical wisdom, but no sort of principle by which to harmonize the opposite maxims. The vast importance of trifles, and the great folly of sacrificing great to petty interests—the danger of haste, and the danger of procrastination—has each its proverb; and, for the same reason, no creature is more many-sided, in a shapeless way, than the didactic school-girl with her newly gathered store of hollow universal wisdom. In this sense Mr. Tupper is many-sided; every side of the "received text" that concerns the moralities with which he deals has a word or two of flat appreciation; and he satisfies, therefore, after his empiric fashion, the craving of the age for a "round" man. He regards it as his mission, as most such Dodona-oracles do, to have a great deal of irrelevant wisdom for the least important side of matter. This is the constitutional weakness of oracles; they like to take credit for bringing forward the unnoticed aspect of a question—that there is a dark side to the moon, or a dull back to a mirror—no matter whether that aspect be unnoticed because it is quite unnoticeable, or because it has escaped notice. Mr. Tupper, being a "round" man, illustrates this tendency. He is great on "truth in things false," "hidden uses," "compensations," "indirect

influences," deceptive forms of various virtues, such as humility, honesty, zeal; on delusive estimates of character; on "good in things evil;" on the hidden influence of names; and so forth. Mr. Tupper, indeed, sometimes forgets the soundness of a proverbial philosopher in his anxiety to make the most of the *deep* or hidden side of a thing; for example, when he tells us the following curious psychological fact:

"A mean spirit boweth down the back, and the
bowing fostereth meanness;
A resolute purpose knitteth the knees, and
the firm tread nourisheth decision;
Love looketh softly from the eye, and kindleth
love by looking;
Hate furroweth the brow, and a man may
frown till he hateth:
For mind and body, spirit and matter, have
reciprocities of power,
And each keepeth up the strife; a man's
works make or mar him."

But in general we don't at all accuse Mr. Tupper of committing himself to decidedly eccentric views for the sake of originality. He wisely considers that much more interest is felt in contemplating an old friend in new costumes than in seeing new dresses on new wearers, since the pleasure of a metamorphose is added to the pleasure of a novelty. For example, we will give a brief summary of the dissertation headed "Of estimating Character." Mr. Tupper begins by asserting that man very often judges rashly because he can't see motives, and that we are not much wiser than in the old days when guilt was tried by ordeal. We are not to judge by the result, as we generally do. Here a picture is drawn of a guilty lady of rank, whom the world esteems excellent, and an unfortunate but scarcely sinful penitent, whom it casts out as infamous. Again, the person who succeeds in money-speculations is flattered by the world, and he who loses by them is censured. Here another contrast is drawn between a second nearly innocent person, who steals bread for a starving family, and the hardened rich men who refuse their help; and between a third nearly innocent person, who kills an enemy under great provocation, and the "spiteful life-long" enemy whom he kills. The objection is then stated that the good are absolutely divided—divided by an eternal gulf—from the bad. Mr. Tupper admits it, but denies our power of seeing, much less of foreseeing, where the line is to be

drawn in the present world. You may distinguish ships with the "great king's pennant" from those with the "pirate's black flag;" but a good many don't hang out flags at all, for example, yachts, fishing-boats, canoes, and gondolas. The church is to take tithe of every kind of man—the "turbaned Damascene" and his "tattooed New-Zealand brother," "the slim bather in the Ganges," "the sturdy Russian boor," the "sluggish inmate of a Polar cave," "the fire-souled daughter of Brazil," "the embruted slave from Cuba," and "the Briton of gentle birth." Mr. Tupper then gives instances of gross miscalculations as to the moral future of a man, in the case of a "nobly-erring spirit" and a "hard-visaged man unlovely in thy strictness." He remarks how difficult it is to judge. Sometimes you judge rightly at a glance; sometimes you judge wrongly at first sight, because you catch a good man at his worst, or a bad man at his best. He then notices the difficulty of judging by mere face and mien, culture having often done so much to enrich the minds of men of dull appearance, and so little in other cases to develop natural genius; yet, on the whole, he says, you may venture to judge from the general physique—indeed, the physique reacts upon the mien; and here, in the enthusiasm of reporting a neglected truth, occurs the eccentric little theory we have quoted, that a habit of stooping will make a man mean, and a habit of frowning will make him a hater. He then states, in conclusion, that there be "deeper things than these lying in the twilight of truth;" and expresses his conviction, that if we could see into all the antecedents of all men, "the myriad little matters that none but Omniscience could know, and accidents that steer the thoughts where none but ubiquity can trace them," we should then

"See as He seeth who judgeth all men equal—
Equal touching innocence and guilt; and different alone in this,
That one acknowledgeth the guilt, and looketh
to his God for mercy;
Another boasteth of his good, and calleth on
his God for justice:
So he that sendeth none away is largely munificent to prayer,
But in the heart of presumption sheatheth
the sword of vengeance."

Now we have literally given every ves-

tige of a thought we could find in this dissertation; and it is about the best, or least absurd, we could find. Many-sidedness of this sort is certainly not instructive. In a sense, no doubt, you go all round the question; but you see nothing on any side. You look at character from the present; you look at many fallacious views of it; then you look at the same fallacious views of it taken from the past; you judge it by first impressions; you judge it by second impressions; you judge of it by mental indications; you judge of it by physical indications; you judge of it from an equality; and, finally, you judge of it from above; and from all views you gather nothing, except that it's very hard for man to judge of it at all, and that if you be skillful and fortunate you may make out something. It's like Mr. Pecksniff's architectural views of Salisbury Cathedral. Indeed, Mr. Tupper does remind us constantly of Mr. Pecksniff's oracular forms of thought: "Salisbury Cathedral from the north, from the south, from the east, from the west, from the south-east, from the north-west." If any one thinks that we do Mr. Tupper injustice by separating his thoughts from their framework, we can only say that we are unconscious of the injustice. Bald truisms are bad enough, but they are much worse when their baldness is profusely garlanded with staring artificial flowers.

Looked at as embodying a philosophy, the charm of Mr. Tupper's work for raw thinkers probably lies in two peculiarities: it indulges profusely in abstractions; but almost always tacks on to the abstraction some definite physical image, so that the vague idea has a bright distinguishing pennant attached to it. Both these practices of Mr. Tupper are really effective fascinations in their way. Immature thinkers like to have abstract ideas introduced to them, provided there is a sufficiently lively illustration attached. Whether the illustration is apposite or not, they regard less. To encounter a new abstraction is to a beginner like making a new conquest; and, provided his imagination be called to the help of his understanding, it is a pleasant conquest. A great many people, we take it, would think they had mastered a grand notion when they read in Mr. Tupper that they are daily in danger of sinking

"Beneath the waters of the Actual;"
 that it ought to be their abhorrence
 "To strip from Life its charitable garment of
 Idea;"
 or that—
 "The delicate tissues of Event are woven by
 the fingers of Ubiquity."

In the first place, this confronting "the Actual," "Idea," "Event," and "Ubiquity," as real things capable of exercising a characteristic influence of their own, startles them. It has probably not occurred to them before to consider that every thing which happens constitutes a distinct class by reason of the common attribute of happening; and to consider this large class, not only as existing, but as putting forth a sort of individual influence, under the name of "the Actual," or "Event," is an intellectual surprise. But that surprise would not long be agreeable if the distinguishing pennant of a metaphor were not attached to vivify these vague notions. Readers who would certainly confront the mere idea of an oppressive Actuality without any emotion, attach a very lively interest to the suggestion that they are to "sink beneath the waters of the Actual," and thus they connect the passage with the sense not only of a new though vague impression on their understanding, but of a distinct and graphic picture on their imagination. Whether the picture and the intellectual impression are in harmony or otherwise, matters comparatively little. Few readers of this class will pause to ask themselves, for instance: "If 'Idea' be the charitable garment of Life, what ought naked Life without that eleemosynary clothing to mean? Could there be such a thing as Life divested of Idea? Or does Mr. Tupper perhaps mean that we ought not to strip the better sort of Ideal clothing away from Life, and leave it only with the worse?" Such questions as these, we say, few who take the trouble to read Mr. Tupper at all would take the trouble to ask. They would simply feel in a confused way that new abstract notions had been presented to their minds; and that, as in the case of a picture-alphabet, they had found the tedium of the process removed by the pictorial interest of irrelevant illustrations.

We scarcely know whether to give the preference to the *charlatanerie* manifest in the abstract or concrete side of Mr. Tupper's philosophy. His love of abstract terms is puerile in the extreme; his metaphysics, where he is so unwise as to introduce any, are silly; but his choice of concrete imagery is on the whole the silliest element in a very silly work. Why Mr. Tupper has indulged himself in so lavish a use of abstract terms and personifications we do not know, unless it be to give a semi-philosophical air to his proverbial lore. Wisdom is personified in the Book of Proverbs; but every faculty of mind, and every mental quality, and most general notions, are either personified and turned into agencies, or symbolically transformed into things, in this book. Diligence, for example, (who one would think had no special bias of his own, and might be an instrument as easily of any passion or tendency as of Wisdom,) is stated at the opening of the first dissertation to be passionately devoted to diving for the pearls of Wisdom in the sullen waters of Oblivion; but instead of forgetting himself, as one would expect, after this Lethæan bathing, he dutifully proceeds to string them around the "neck of Memory." This is a mere specimen of the foolish sort of abstractions made in almost every page. A person with the silken clue of wisdom is stated in the next page to be equal to threading every labyrinth of life: moreover,

"The rampant Minotaur of ignorance shall
 perish at thy coming,
 And thine enfranchised fellows hail thy white
 victorious sails."

We will not say that ignorance is too negative a condition of mind for any personification. Ignorance was personified by Bunyan as "a brisk lad that came out of the Country of Conceit;" to turn him into a devouring Minotaur was reserved for the genius of Mr. Tupper. Elsewhere we are told that "Power hath ordained nothing which Economy saw not needful." Mr. Tupper might as well personify Management as Economy; but it would not have sounded grand enough to say that God made nothing for which he had not found a use. It would be an endless task to illustrate this monomania for abstraction. Prudence keeps Honesty in a leash. Taste has "airy speed and wily doublings." "Freedom is father of the honest, and

sturdy Independence is his brother ;" and "these three," (the Honest, his Father Freedom, and his Uncle Independence, we suppose,) "with heart and hand dwell together in unity." Elsewhere we are told, in the course of the same dissertation, of the honest man, that "Freedom gloweth in his eyes, and Nobleness of Nature at his heart, and Independence took a crown and fixed it on his head." So strange is Mr. Tupper's mixture of abstract metaphors, that Freedom and Nobleness have here melted into mere qualities of mind, while Uncle Independence takes an active part in the coronation. It may seem unjust to take these foolish abstractions out of their context ; but our readers may easily satisfy themselves that in their context they are quite as meaningless and abrupt as they are here. Nothing leads up to them. Nothing follows them. We are expected to be interested in the mere statement, for instance, that Prodigality hath a sister Meanness, who "often" outliveth him ; that she has lean lips and red eyes, and he a slouching gait and maudlin speech ; there they are left, and we hear no more of them.

If there be any thing more curious than Mr. Tupper's love of abstractions, it is perhaps his occasional metaphysics. For instance, he is great on the universal triunity, not only in every individual thing, but in "things" as such. The "idea" of a "thing," he says, is its soul ; the "name" of the thing is its "mind ;" and the "matter" of a thing is its "body :"

"Compacted three in one, as all things else
within the universe,
Nothing canst thou add to them, and nothing
take away ; for all have these proportions—
The thought, the word, the form combining
in the thing,
All separate, yet harmonizing well, and mingled
each with other ;
One whole in several parts, yet each part
spreading to a whole."

That Names combine with Thoughts in Things, is an assertion novel, we take it, to Nominalists and Realists alike. How do they accomplish that very difficult feat ? We can conceive that Mr. Tupper's name may in some sense have influenced his mind, and been thus absorbed into his constitution ; but admitting that the name is essential to the continuity of his personal essence, we are puzzled to know how the same process takes place for inanimate objects ; and also, if it be so, from which

of the many languages of earth the name that is to be part of the inseparable trinity of their being is to be selected.

We are weary of Mr. Tupper ; and may pass very briefly over those aspects of his *Proverbial Philosophy* which gain for it the name of Poetry—the spurious imagination, and the spurious sentiment ; as both of these, especially the former, have been incidentally illustrated in the course of what we have already said. Mr. Tupper's imagination is, we need not say, at once false and tumid. It is false ; for in straining after an illustration for single aspects of things, he keeps the essence of his subject so little in his mind, that the only use of such fancy as he has appears to be to prevent the reader from thinking of his theme by the constant grating of false imagery. He wishes to say that ordinary men are limited to the life of sense ; and he states that "the palings of the park of sense inthrall the captured roebuck." In another passage, "universal man" is rescued by "love" from the "hell-hounds of his doings." In a third place, the soul is

"A bison in the prairie,
Hunted by those trooping wolves the many sinful yesterdays."

In all these, as in hundreds of other similar and quite equally absurd passages, an impressive moral lesson is, we presume, intended ; while the obvious ideas suggested are—whether or not a roebuck can take a paling—whether "universal man" can run at all ; and if so, whether as fast or faster than his own "doings"—and whether a soul could ever be overtaken by a number of yesterdays ; if so, which of them would arrive first. If this be Mr. Tupper's fancy, what he means for imagination is more absurd still. We conclude the following is intended to be overwhelming :

"THE DREAM OF AMBITION.

"I left the happy fields that smile around the
village of Content,
And sought with wayward feet the torrid desert
of Ambition.
Long time, parched and weary, I traveled that
burning sand,
And the hooded basilisk and adder were strewed
in my way for palms ;
Black scorpions thronged me round, with sharp
uplifted stings,
Seeming to mock me as I ran ; (then I guessed
it was a dream—

But life is oft so like a dream, we know not
 where we are.)
 So I toiled on, doubting in myself, up a steep
 gravel cliff,
 Whose yellow summit shot up far into the
 brazen sky;
 And quickly I was wafted to the top, as upon
 unseen wings
 Carrying me upward like a leaf: (then I thought
 it was a dream—
 Yet life is oft so like a dream, we know not
 where we are.)
 So I stood on the mountain, and behold! before
 me a giant pyramid,
 And I clomb with eager haste its high and diffi-
 cult steps;
 For I longed, like another Belus, to mount up,
 yea to heaven,
 Nor sought I rest until my feet had spurned
 the crest of earth.

"Then I sat on my granite throne under the
 burning sun,
 And the world lay smiling beneath me, but I
 was wrapt in flames;
 (And I hoped, in glimmering consciousness, that
 all this torture was a dream—
 Yet life is oft so like a dream, we know not
 where we are.)
 And anon, as I sat scorching, the pyramid
 shuddered to its root,
 And I felt the quarried mass leap from its sand
 foundations:
 Awhile it tottered and tilted, as raised by in-
 visible levers—
 (And now my reason spake with me; I knew
 it was a dream:
 Yet I hushed that whisper into silence, for I
 hoped to learn of wisdom,
 By tracking up my truant thoughts, whereunto
 they might lead.)
 And suddenly, as rolling upon wheels, adown
 the cliff it rushed,
 And I thought, in my hot brain, of the Musco-
 vites' icy slope;
 A thousand yards in a moment we plowed
 the sandy seas,
 And crushed those happy fields, and that smil-
 ing village,
 And onward, as a living thing, still rushed my
 mighty throne,
 Thundering along, and pounding, as it went,
 the millions in my way:
 Before me all was life, and joy, and full-blown
 summer;
 Behind me death and woe, the desert and
 simoom.
 Then I wept and shrieked aloud, for pity and
 for fear;
 But might not stop, for, comet-like, flew on the
 maddened mass
 Over the crashing cities, and falling obelisks
 and towers,
 And columns, razed as by a scythe, and high
 domes, shivered as an egg-shell,
 And deep embattled ranks, and women, crowded
 in the streets,

And children, kneeling as for mercy, and all I
 had ever loved,
 Yea, over all, mine awful throne rushed on with
 seeming instinct—
 And over the crackling forests, and over the
 rugged beach,
 And on with a terrible hiss through the foam-
 ing wild Atlantic
 That roared around me as I sat, but could not
 quench my spirit—
 Still on, through startled solitudes we shattered
 the pavement of the sea,
 Down, down, to that central vault, the bolted
 doors of hell;
 And these, with horrid shock, my huge throne
 battered in,
 And on to the deepest deep, where the fierce
 flames were hottest,
 Blazing tenfold as conquering furiously the seas
 that rushed in with me—
 And there I stopped: and a fearful voice shouted
 in mine ear,
 'Behold the home of Discontent; behold the
 rest of Ambition!'"

It was certainly an unpleasant dream,
 but scarcely worth the telling. We don't
 at all know what the mountain symbolizes,
 or what the pyramid at the top sym-
 bolizes; but the Excelsior feeling which
 urged Mr. Tupper to ascend was credita-
 ble to him, especially amidst so many
 difficulties; and it was his misfortune, not
 his fault, that the pyramid subsequently
 took so unusual and unpleasant a course.
 That must be a very bad parable of the
 evil of ambition which represents a man
 as sitting quiet and terrified while a hot
 pyramid runs away with him to hell, des-
 troying the "Village of Content" in its
 way. Mr. Tupper's fancy is not a little
 deranged, but his imagination foams at
 the mouth.

We can only add a word or two as to
 the spurious sentiment which probably
 imposes on many of Mr. Tupper's audi-
 ence. We have said that it not unfre-
 quently reminds us of the worst tone of
 Mr. Dickens's worst works. What we
 mean is, a tendency to draw pictures of
 sweet and lovely or blighted beings, on
 purpose to love and weep over; to draw
 a picture, not because it is real, or en-
 graved on the imagination, but because
 the emotions want an occasion for becom-
 ing sickly and relaxed. Mr. Dickens has
 got into the bad habit, in his later works,
 of creating a special lay-figure for this sort
 of unpleasant and unmanly sentiment.
 The same element runs through Mr. Tupper.
 He is fond of his own emotions.
 Take, for instance, the following passage,"

which begins a dissertation on "Life," which will illustrate what we mean:

"OF LIFE.

"A child was playing in a garden, a merry little child,
Bounding with triumphant health, and full of happy frolic;
His kite was floating in the sunshine—but he tied the string to a twig,
And ran among the roses to catch a new-born butterfly;
His horn book lay upon a bank, but the pretty truant hid it,
Hurled up in gathered grass, and moss, and sweet wild-thyme;
He launched a paper boat upon the fountain, then wayward turned aside,
To twine some fragrant Jossamines about the dripping marble;
No, in various pastime shadowing the schemes of manhood,
That curly-headed boy consumed the golden hours:
And I blessed his glowing face, envying the merry little child,
As he shouted with the ecstasy of being, clapping his hands for joyfulness:
For I said, Surely, O Life! thy name is happiness and hope,
Thy days are bright, thy flowers are sweet, and pleasure the condition of thy gift.

"A youth was walking in the moonlight, walking not alone,
For a fair and gentle maid leant on his trembling arm.
Their whispering was still of beauty, and the light of love was in their eyes,
Their twin young hearts had met a thought unowned to love and beauty," etc.

This sort of stuff is forever recurring in Mr. Tupper. Not merely emotional weakness, but a pride in it, is too common. Literary men are obliged, we suppose, to think nowadays for the express purpose of writing; but to manufacture material out of the affections in order that you may be able to turn them afterwards into type is to carry the slavery too far. That a half-educated man should devote this sort of moments with something like eagerness we do not wonder. Nothing in this way than for an uneducated reader and thinker to distinguish this from true literature, especially in writers of a somewhat different grade.

We may soon desire to take leave of Mr. Tupper, when he voluntarily delivers himself to be as a summer business in the garden of his Muse. He can please his will

"Many thoughts, many thoughts; who can catch them all?
The best are ever swiftest-winged, the duller lag behind;
For behold, in these vast themes my mind is as a forest in the West,
And flocking pigeons come in clouds and bend the groaning branches."

And elsewhere:

"Enough! the theme is vast; sere me these necks of hydra.
Who shall drive away the thoughts flocking to this carcass?"

And in his introduction to the second series:

"Still there is an insect swarm, the buzzing cloud of imagery
Mote-like steaming on my sight, and thronging my reluctant mind."

And the same tone not only pervades all his writings, but he arrogates to himself even the elevated aims of a prophet in his last appeal to his critics:

"Friend and scholar, lover of the right, mine equal kind companion—
I prize indeed thy favor, and these sympathies are dear:
Still, if thy heart be little with me, wot thou well, my brother,
I canvass not the smiles of praise, nor dread the frowns of censure.
Through many themes in many thoughts, have we held sweet converse;
But God alone be praised for mind! He only is sufficient.

And every thought in every theme by prayer had been established:
Who then should fear the face of man, when God hath answered prayer?

I speak it not in arrogance of heart, but humbly as of justice:

I think it not in vanity of soul, but tenderly, for gratitude—

God hath blessed my mind, and taught it many truths

And I have echoed some of them in weakness, yet sincerely:

Yea, though ignorance and error shall have marred these lessons of His teaching.

I stand in mine own Master's praise, or fall to His reproof.

To those I trust, help me with thy blessing; if otherwise, mine shall be for thee:

"Thou approvest, heed my words: if otherwise, in kindness be my teacher.

Many winged thoughts for self have warped my better aim:

Many motives tempt me still, to sail for praise or power

Alas ! I have loved pride and praise, like others
 worse or worthier ;
 But hate and fear them now, as snakes that
 fastened on my hand :
 Scævola burnt both hand and crime ; but Paul
 flung the viper on the fire :
 He shook it off, and felt no harm : so be it ! I
 renounce them.
 Rebuke then, if thou wilt rebuke, but neither
 hastily nor harshly ;
 Or, if thou wilt commend, be it honestly, of
 right : I work for God and good."

This is strong and even solemn language ; and there are few, we trust, who would not shrink from the assertion that it is the language of conscious cant. But however high the aims of a writer may be in the moments of his sincerest purpose, we can not consent to abdicate, in deference to any self-assertion of this sort, our right to try, not only the literary capacity, but, so far as may be, the spirit and the moral caliber of the finished result, by the best criterion we have. However eagerly, then, Mr. Tupper may at times desire "to work for God and good;" however sanguine he may at times feel that he *has* worked for ends so sublime; however clearly we may recognize the fact, that the mere feebleness of a man's intellectual nature will often give to his work a character and tone that in a *clearer-headed* writer would be truly construed as cant—we still do not hesitate to say that we have not recognized in any work of the present day more abundant indications of human vanity than in Mr. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*. A man even of feeble intellect, who works constantly "for God and good," will not waste nine tenths of his space on the most flaring and frivolous ornamentation, or,

indeed, on any mere ornamentation. He will not devote pages to the enumeration of the various metaphors by which the "Words of Wisdom" may be typified. He will not treat universal human passions, the force of which he personally knows, in language as stilted and unreal as that in which he writes of heavenly joys. He would at least be simple and vehement where he finds himself within the limits of his own experience, however grand the dimensions to which his words may swell in the rarefied atmosphere of imaginary worlds. Mr. Tupper is never simple, and never eager. With pompous and patronizing airs that never leave him, he defends the virtues and attacks the sins; he panegyricizes prayer in conceited raptures, and seems to pique himself on being uniformly complimentary to his God. We will not deny that he generally believes himself to "work for God and good;" but we are quite sure he generally does so in just the same tone of mind in which he writes "staves" on behalf of the Manchester *Athenæum*. There is no indication in his books that he has ever in writing them torn away from his heart the veil of sickly literary trifling, to gaze directly on the realities of human life. A writer who dedicates his energies to festooning the virtues with vulgar artificial flowers, and making religion look ridiculous by the tawdry "fillagree of fancy," as he terms it, in which he smothers faith, may make a temporary sensation under special conditions of the public mind, but, in spite of good intentions, must soon be not only laid aside, but despised by the class which his gaudy taste and false sentiment has temporarily captivated. May it soon be so !

From Titan.

INTERESTING LETTERS OF A BETROTHED.*

FORGIVE me, if I vexed you the evening before last. Indeed, indeed, I did not mean to do so; you must have misunderstood me, and must have mistaken what I meant. I hardly remember what I said; but I know it must have been something very stupid, and very different from the idea I intended to convey. It was such a very happy day, and then, all by my silliness, to end so ill!

But you will forgive me, will you not? when I assure you that nothing was further from my thoughts, than to give you ("pain" scratched out, and "annoyance" substituted.) I had hoped to see you yesterday, or this morning, to tell you this; but as you have not come, and I do not like that you should continue to think I did any thing willfully to offend you, I can not refrain from writing to say how sorry I am, and to ask you to pardon me. I remain, my dear Mr. M——, very sincerely yours,
HONORIA N——.

And so you really love me? I had a hope that it was so, but I was afraid it might be only foolish vanity, and that you paid me so much attention for Walter's sake. Well, I love you, I feel how much, but I can not say it—nor how exquisitely and intensely happy your letter has made me.

This morning when I woke I felt there was some great delight before me. I could not remain in bed, I felt so restlessly happy, and I got up and went into the garden. It was so divinely beautiful! every thing looked so perfectly fresh and pure, it seemed as if it had just been made, and come that moment out of God's hands! Shall I tell you the truth? The thought of you walked beside me in all those paths; and while it filled me with a new sort of felicity, it subdued me as if you had really been there; and I felt that I could not race and sing as I would have done a month ago.

Then, when I was coming in, I met—

oh! what?—the messenger with your letter at the gate; and I felt, somehow, that that was the happiness I had the presentiment of. I took the letter up to my room, but I could not open it at first, and I turned cold and giddy, and my heart beat chokingly. I can't tell you any more, for all my thoughts are confused, and I should say too much or too little; only I am very, very intensely happy, and I love you with all my heart, and thank God with all my soul. Your HONORIA.

I have sat up till it hath pleased the cuckoo which nests in the hall-clock to announce that yesterday *is* yesterday, just that I might be quite, quite sure I should be the first to wish my own many most happy returns of this his birthday.

Inexpressive and common-place as the phrase is, I can find none that is likely much better to render into words the crowd of thoughts, and hopes, and desires that rise in my heart, not to-night only, but every day and night, and that circle round your beloved head, as doves round a dovecote, forced now and then, by outward necessities, to fly forth for a while, but ever returning, fond and glad, to the spot where alone peace and happiness await.

How homeless, and aimless, and vagrant they were before you made for them this retreat—and how unsatisfied!

I remember how, no later than last year even, I used to long, and fret, and chafe for I knew not what—change, pleasure, travel, society, any thing—every thing in turns became for the moment the object of my ambition; and fits of *ennui*, whose intensity no words could render, succeeded these sickly pinings. Sometimes I fancied study would be a relief, at least a palliative; but—as is usually the case, I imagine, when we read, not for the sake of learning what books can teach us, but merely of forgetting ourselves—I could fix my attention on nothing, and, disgusted, I turned away from them. Poetry, the only reading that afforded me

* *The Letters of a Betrothed.* London: Longman, Brown & Co.

temporary pleasure, rather augmented than calmed this restlessness.

Then you came, and all my heart went forth at once to meet you. I had found the spell to fix my wandering thoughts; from the first they turned to you spontaneously, irresistibly. It was nothing that you said or did that won me; not your words, or your actions, but *yourself*—something in you and about you that drew my whole being to you, and that placed you at once apart from all the world. Every thing in you pleased me, charmed me, gave me food for thought and contemplation—I caught myself repeating phrases of yours, recalling your looks, the tones of your voice, your laugh, your movements, giving significance to your every word and gesture; and all this before you ever gave me one serious reason to imagine that you bestowed on me a thought deeper than such as Walter's sister might, without presumption, claim from his dearest friend. If you had not loved me! sometimes I try to think what would have been then; but I can not realize it—I can not fancy things other than as they are. It seems to me now as if we must both have waited for each other till we met, had it been twenty years hence. You tell me you never loved any woman before; I believe it, not only because I know your truthfulness, but because I can not, I will not, picture to myself any other holding in your regard the place I now hold; and I thank you the more, dearest, for volunteering this assurance, because, that I might not by any possibility be provoked to jealousy of the past, I never would have ventured to ask the question. And yet, and yet, had it been otherwise, should I have loved you less? I know not; but I should have loved you with pain and suffering, with regret for the past and anxiety for the future, instead of, as now, with joy, and pride, and faith implicit.

O my own, my own! *all* my own, ever my own.

"Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!"

Ah! my blessing, my treasure! I wonder if you have any idea what a delight your letters are to me? Your letters are so *you* that the days they reach me I half forget the veritable Frank is so many

hundreds of miles away; and it seems as if you were giving me the blessing of your presence for a little while—almost—so happy am I, so sun-gilded does every thing look under the beam you throw on it.

I have been at a wedding, I would have you to know—bridesmaid moreover—dressed out in white with green ribbons, and *even you* would have said I looked nice. Fanny B——was the bride; you remember Fanny B——, whom you always used to say provoked you, because, each time you met her, her bright complexion and sunny coloring took in your short-sighted eyes to think she was pretty, when you know that in reality she was what you call "all wrong."

Poor Fanny! when we were neighbor-children, and, like all children, thought it pleasanter to go to any one else's house than to stay in our own, we were, owing to these causes, close friends, and used to spend alternate days at each other's homes—greatly, I have no doubt, to the inconvenience of the senior members of both families—a circumstance of no moment to us, so long as the mutual intrusions were tolerated.

Among many other absurd sentimentalities, we entered into a compact, that whichever married first, the other should be her bridesmaid—a promise which I, I own, had utterly and entirely forgotten, and which oblivion I felt somewhat remorseful about, when reminded of the compact by poor Fanny, who came to claim its fulfillment in announcing her marriage.

To me there are few things so wonderful as some of the marriages I see. Here is a girl, young—what many people call pretty, despite her being "all wrong" in fastidious eyes—well connected, with a happy home, and a certain fortune; and with this she marries a man much older than herself, ugly, vulgar-looking, dull, and hardly richer or in a better position than herself—and what for?—for the sake of being married.

There are, I suppose—so they say—poor wretches who have to marry for a home and bread. Heaven help them, if they have no alternative! Others there are who are mad enough to fancy that they can—give them but gold enough—gild over any amount of domestic misery. Heaven forgive them! or rather enlighten them! But how are we to understand a

woman who quietly gives up her liberty—probably forever—her will, herself, and the chances of what the years may bring her; who, worst of all, takes the risk of meeting later some one who may possess himself of the heart she has never given to the man who holds her hand for evermore—for the sake of being married!

Marriage, with love, is like the parable of him who, having found one pearl of great price, willingly sells all that he has hitherto most valued, in order to possess himself of it. In marriage without love, all these things are given—for what?—for the pleasure of being handcuffed, for the rest of your mortal life, to a man to whom you are now indifferent; who seems to you just like any other man you meet in the street. To this man's will, to this man's commands, temper, caprices, peculiarities, infirmities, tastes, you must submit, till, perhaps, indifference grows to hate and loathing; and then, perchance, comes forward, to pity and console your galled spirit, one who would—or whom you fancy would—have given you happiness in every thing in which this man gives you misery; to whom it would be joy to yield all that is wrung from you by this man's exactions; which—mark this—after all, may not be more than you have promised, of your own uncompelled will at the altar, to concede to him! One from whom, perhaps, no barrier separates you but the single impassable one which your own precipitancy has prematurely placed between you and him. A clever French writer says: "*La seule manière d'alléger le poids de la chaîne du mariage, c'est de la porter à deux.*" See, then, each—as far as human foresight will extend—that your co-partner is one to whom you can safely confide the other end of the chain that binds you; so, but not otherwise, shall it be not merely light, but, being kept from trailing in the mud and on the stones, the gilding will not wear off it.

Such a May and June as we have had! May, all mild, and balmy, and virginal, with fresh, glittering, pearly mornings; warm, bland noons, and still, sweet evenings; the golden day gradually and almost imperceptibly merging into the silver night. From day to day you could trace her steps in the woods, the gardens, the lanes, the meadows, as she touched into leaf and blossom each tree, and shrub, and hedgerow, and gave wings to millions of insects, voice to millions of birds.

All day long you heard the notes, at once mingled and distinct, of these jubilant little beings; the full, round, mellow warble of the thrush and blackbird; "the whit wall's shrilly laughter;" the quick chirp of the swallows, circling round the roof; the vehement chatter of the sparrows; the soft, sad note of the pigeons in the waving woods; and more indefatigable than all, the passionate ecstasy of the soaring lark. By the by, I came the other day on an old French verse that wonderfully renders the notes of the lark's song; do you know it? Here it is, at all events:

"*La gentille alouette avec son tire-lire,
Tire-lire à liré et tire-lire à lire,
Vers la route du ciel, puis son vol vers ce lieu
Vire, et désire dire, 'Adieu Dieu, Adieu
Dieu!'*"

Is it not like?

Then one by one all the voices dropped off into silence and sleep. The air freshened—the laurels quivered in the little fitful gusts of the breeze—the pines sighed—the horse-chestnuts, so heavy with their masses of foliage and flowers, swayed languidly—and up rose the large, white moon, seeming to take the hushed world unawares. But one was waiting for her; a few quick, clear, yet cautious notes, struck a prelude, and then followed the wondrously varied song of the solitary nightingale; so shy, so proud, that after each trill, and burst, and cadence, he would pause, as if to listen and make sure no one heard him.

Then came June, all in a glow, and already a little sun-burnt, with earlier ripened mornings, more fervid noons wrapt in quivering haze, fuller-leaved trees, shutting out bits of prospect here and there, while giving richness to the rest; bluer distances, warmer-tinted flowers, evenings more golden, yellower moons, nights of an atmosphere half languor, half passion. And then, when all this glow and fervor had begun to make poor earth a little parched and faint, would come down a golden shower, which she, another Danaë, turned to roses as it touched her.

See the pages I have written, and not half my say said yet! And I might write as many more, and be but little further advanced in it. So adieu for the moment, my very own; love me as much you can, and believe that I love you as much as—
as I do.

HONORIA.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

A D R E A M O F N A X O S .

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

THE sun went down upon the Grecian sea,
And on the fair and lovely Cyclades,
Quenching his fiery arrows in the waves—
The blue, smooth-swelling, foam-bell'd summer
waves—
That broke in music on the yellow sands.

A charmed heaven was o'er me, and around
Lay scenes which well might tempt to the belief
Held by the ancient poets, that their gods
Had oft forsaken the august delights
Of high Olympus for the odorous shades
And verdant meads of Naxos.

Snow-white flocks
Fed on the rich soft herbage of the vales,
Where wandering streams, so free from aught impure
That one might count the white and purple shells
And tinted pebbles of their shallow beds,
Now mirrored back the changes of the sky,
And now in pools more deep and dark, yet clear,
Beneath the dark-leaved, fair-flowered myrtle boughs,
Formed baths, where in the haunted days of old
The heated nymphs had laved their beauteous forms,
Fearless that gaze of Satyr or of Faun
Could pierce the screen of bell, and bud, and leaf.

The soft air bathed my brow with cooling balm
Of aromatic blossoms, for the hills
That met the shore were overgrown with thyme
And scented heath, whence the great golden bees,
Which build their nests in hollows of the rocks,
Sucked such rich fragrant juices as might shame
The boasted limpid honey of the mounts
Of Hybla and Hymettus.

From the woods,
Where the pomegranate ripened in the sun,
And groves of orange and of lemon bent
With fruit, that through the glossy dark-green leaves
Gleamed like red orbs of gold, came murmurings
Of happy winged creatures; and the elms
Were crowned with such long wreaths of clustered
grapes
And graceful leaves, as the close twining vines
Clad their rough arms with beauty, that I thought
The curls of Bacchus never wore a crown
Would lend them more of grace.

Along the heights
The pale-hued olives waved, and giant figs
Mellowed to ripeness, and great mulberries,
With thousand other of her richest gifts,
The earth bestowed upon this favored isle.
And as I lay beneath the drooping vines,
The hum of insects, and the low sweet moan
Of the bright ocean, lulled me into rest.
But with such gentle pace did sleep come on,
So gradual was the drawing of the veil
Between my senses and the outer world,

I felt not where thought faded into dreams.
I saw upon the rocks a human form—
A woman, beautiful, and fair, and young—
Alas! that beauty such as hers no more
Is seen on earth, to urge the sculptor's art
To emulate its perfect outward form,
And bid the poet breathe his life away
In the fond effort to find glowing words
That might, however faintly, shadow forth
The loving heart within, that lent its charm
To every glance and gesture.

On the rocks
She lay asleep; her golden hair, unbound,
Flowed in rich masses of bright wavy curls
Over her white robe to her little feet,
Half-buried in the green and yielding moss.
One white arm pillowed that sweet antique head,
Whose straight, pure, delicate outline had no peer,
And a warm flush burned on the smooth round
cheek,
Whose dimples, as she smiled in happy dreams,
Showed like the ripples of a glassy lake
With sunset glories on it.

As she breathed,
The radiant silken tresses o'er her spread
Heaved with the heaving of the swan-white breast
They but half veiled.

I knew her queenly brow—
The daughter of a king—the beautiful,
The peerless Ariadne, and I bent
To catch the perfume of the gentle breath
That issued from her red, red parted lips.
But as I bent, the fringes—gold-tipped, long,
And brown as autumn nuts—that edged those lids
So fair and delicately veined, were stirred—
A moment quivered. Then her starry eyes
Beamed full upon me, darkly blue and clear
As is the cloudless sky of summer noon
Reflected in a shadowy woodland stream.
One hasty glance she cast around the spot,
And starting up, she scanned the shining beach,
Where the moist sand bore traces of a keel
Dragged o'er it hastily.

Then wild alarm
Paled her young face, and lightened in her eye.
She wrung her fairy hands, and cried aloud,
And the gray mountains, and the silent vales,
The sounding shore with all its creeks and bays,
The air above her, and the woods beneath,
With thousand echoing tones gave back the cry
Of "Theseus! Theseus!" but no other voice
Gave answer to her wail. And now her gaze
Discerned upon the far horizon's bound
A bark, so distant that to other eyes
It might have seemed a sea-bird on the waves.
But she, the lost, deserted, knew it well:
It was her false love's galley.

How she wept,
And rent her golden hair, and beat her breast,
Let them whose love like hers has been betrayed,
Find words to tell—my heart can give me none.

"O Theseus! Theseus! hast thou left me thus?
Me! and I periled life to save thee thine!
Me! and I left my father and my kin,
Forgot the duty that a daughter owes
To him who gave her life, to rescue thee
From the dread labyrinth—and all for this!
I know thou wilt come back to me no more—
Thou wilt not come to her who hath not else
In all the world but thee. O Theseus! Theseus!
Is this the end of all thy vows, thy oaths,
That won me to forget all else but thee?
O Ariadne! miserable, lost,
Deserted Ariadne! Cursed for aye
The day that saw thee born, and doubly cursed
The hour that brought that stranger, false and fair,
Before thy sight! My Theseus! oh! return!
'Tis but some idle sport to try my love—
But be not cruel or suspicious, Theseus.
Have I not proved how much my love could bear,
To please or profit thee? Come back, come back!
Oh! shall I not behold thee any more?

But still the echoes answered her alone,
And still the distant bark kept on its way
Between the sea and sky—now but a speck—
Now fainter—farther still—and now 'tis gone,
And the monotonous lapping of the sea
Brought back the waters that had borne him on.

But while she wept and raved, I saw advance
From a dim marble grotto in the hills

A being on whose vine-wreathed, bright-tressed
head
Rested a glory and a joyous youth
No mortal ever wore; his face was flushed,
And one hand held his thyrsus.

It was he,
The deity of Naxos, and he came
To comfort and to woo the beauteous waif
The bounteous ocean had cast upon his isle.
At first she shrank from him, and would not hear
The words he spake. But soon her shrieks were
lulled
To moans and sobs; and as he further urged,
She sat in silence, listening, but her eyes
Still wandering o'er the waters. Then at length
She yielded to his guiding hand, and rose.
And so he led her o'er the glistening sands,
Along the shore toward his temple grot;
But ever and anon she turned her head,
And took the wide horizon in a glance,
And with a brief and sudden frenzy seized,
Cried: "Theseus, my loved Theseus! oh! return!"

But I awoke, and knew that I had dreamed
Of fables that were once religious faith;
And dull reality chased far away
The vision of the maiden in her woe,
And the consoling Bacchus.

Can it be,
That in this old-world story of the nymph
So comforted, doth lurk a hidden jest,
And Ariadne, when she found her love
Gone, fled forever, sought and haply found
Forgetfulness in the inspiring draughts,
Which claim the jovial Bacchus for their god?

From the London Critic.

DO YOU REALLY THINK HE DID?

I WAITED till the twilight,
And yet he did not come;
I strayed along the brook side,
And slowly wandered home—
When who should come behind me
But him I would have chid;
He said he came to find me—
Do you really think he did?

He said since last we parted,
He'd thought of naught as sweet,
As of this very moment—
The moment we should meet.

He showed me where, half-shaded,
A cottage home lay hid;
He said for me he made it—
Do you really think he did?

He said when first he saw me,
Life seemed at once divine;
Each night he dreamt of angels,
And every face was mine;
Sometimes a voice, in sleeping,
Would all his hopes forbid;
And then he wakened, weeping—
Do you really think he did;

From the Westminster Review.

RECENT ASTRONOMY, AND THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.*

WHEN Sir William Herschel, directing his great reflector to various nebulous spots, found that they were resolvable into clusters of stars, he inferred, and for a time maintained, that all nebulous spots are clusters of stars exceedingly remote from us. But after years of conscientious investigation, he concluded that "there were nebulosities which are not of a starry nature;" and on this conclusion was based his hypothesis of a diffused luminous fluid, which, by its eventual aggregation, produced stars. A telescopic power, much exceeding that which Herschel employed, has enabled Lord Rosse to resolve some of the nebulae which before remained unresolved; and, returning to the conclusion which Herschel first formed on similar grounds but afterwards rejected, many astronomers have assumed that under sufficiently high powers all nebulae would be decomposed into stars—that the resolvability is solely a question of distance. The hypothesis now commonly entertained is, that all nebulae are galaxies of stars more or less like in nature to that immediately surrounding us; but that they are so inconceivably remote, as to look through an ordinary telescope like small faint spots. And those who lean to the old anthropomorphic idea of creation, have drawn the further corollary, that by the discoveries of Lord Rosse the nebular hypothesis has been disproved.

Now, even supposing that these inferences respecting the distances and na-

tures of the nebulae are valid, they leave the nebular hypothesis substantially as it was. Admitting it to be true that each of these faint spots is a sidereal system, so far removed that its countless stars give less light than one small star of our own sidereal system, the admission is in no way inconsistent with the belief that stars and their attendant planets have been formed by the aggregation of nebulous matter. Though, doubtless, if the existence of nebulous matter, now in course of concentration, be disproved, one of the evidences of the nebular hypothesis is destroyed, yet the remaining evidences remain just as they were. It is a perfectly tenable position, that though nebular condensation is now no where to be seen in progress, yet that it was once going on universally, as indicated by the internal evidence of the solar system. And indeed it might be argued that the still continued existence of diffused nebulous matter was scarcely to be expected; seeing that the causes which have resulted in the aggregation of one mass must have been acting on all masses, and that the existence of masses not aggregated would be a fact calling for explanation. Thus, granting the immediate conclusions suggested by these recent disclosures of the six-foot reflector, the corollary which many have drawn is utterly inadmissible.

But we do not grant these conclusions. Receiving them though we have for years past as established truths, a critical examination of the facts has convinced us that they are quite unwarrantable. They involve so many manifest incongruities, that we have been astonished to find men of science entertaining them even as probable hypotheses. Let us consider these incongruities.

In the first place, mark what is inferable from their distribution:

"The spaces which precede or which follow simple nebulae," says Arago, "and *à fortiori*, groups of nebulae, contain generally few stars. Herschel found this rule to be invariable. Thus, every time that, during a short interval, no star approached, in virtue of the diurnal motion, to place itself in the field of his motionless tele-

* *Œuvres de Laplace*. Paris: Imprimerie Royale. 1843.

Outlines of Astronomy. By Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart., K.H. London: Longman and Co. 1849.

Results of Astronomical Observations at the Cape of Good Hope, &c. By Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart., K.H.

Cosmos: Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Vols. 1, 2, 3, Murray's edition; Vol. 4, Bohn's edition.

Popular Astronomy. By FRANÇOIS ARAGO. Translated from the original, and edited by Admiral W. H. SMYTH and ROBERT GRANT, Esq. Longman and Co. 1855.

The Recent Progress of Astronomy; especially in the United States. By ELIAS LOOMIS, LL.D. Third edition. New-York: Harper Brothers. 1856.

scope, he was accustomed to say to the secretary who assisted him: 'Prepare to write; nebulae are about to arrive.'

How does this fact consist with the hypothesis that nebulae are remote galaxies? If there were but one nebula, it would be a curious coincidence were this one nebula so placed in the distant regions of space as to agree in direction with a starless spot in our own sidereal system. If there were but two nebulae, and both were so placed, the coincidence would be excessively strange. What then shall we say on finding that there are thousands of nebulae which are so placed? Shall we believe that these far-removed galaxies, dispersed through infinite space, have in thousands of cases happened to agree in visible position with the thin places in our own galaxy? Such a belief is next to impossible. Still more manifest does the impossibility of it become when we consider the nebulae in their general distribution. Not only does the law above specified apply to larger portions of the heavens, as seen in the fact that "the poorest regions in stars are near the richest in nebulae," but it applies to the heavens as a whole. In that zone of celestial space where stars are excessively abundant, nebulae are extremely rare; while in the two opposite celestial spaces that are furthest removed from this zone, nebulae are extremely abundant. Scarcely any nebulae lie near the galactic circle, (or plane of the Milky Way;) and the great mass of them lie round the galactic poles. Can this also be mere coincidence? When to the fact that the general mass of nebulae are antithetical in position to the general mass of stars, we add the fact that local regions of nebulae are regions where stars are scarce, and the further fact that single nebulae are habitually found in comparatively starless spots, does not the proof of a physical connection become overwhelming? Should it not require an infinity of evidence to show that nebulae are not parts of our sidereal system? Let us see whether any such infinity of evidence is assignable. Let us see whether there is even a single alleged proof which will bear examination.

"As seen through colossal telescopes," says Humboldt, "the contemplation of these nebulous masses leads us into regions from whence a ray of light, according to an assumption not wholly improbable, requires millions of years

to reach our earth—to distances for whose measurement the dimensions (the distance of Sirius, or the calculated distances of the binary stars in Cygnus and the Centaur) of our nearest stratum of fixed stars scarcely suffice."

Now, in this somewhat confused sentence there is expressed a more or less decided belief, that the distances of the nebulae from our galaxy of stars, as much transcend the distances of our stars from each other, as these interstellar distances transcend those of our planetary system. Just as the diameter of the Earth's orbit is an inappreciable point when compared with the distance of our Sun from Sirius; so is the distance of our Sun from Sirius an inappreciable point when compared with the distance of our galaxy from those far removed galaxies constituting nebulae. Observe now the consequences of this assumption.

If one of these supposed galaxies is so remote that its distance dwarfs our interstellar spaces into points, and therefore makes the dimensions of our whole sidereal system relatively insignificant, does it not inevitably follow that the telescopic power required to resolve this remote galaxy into stars, must be incomparably greater than the telescopic power required to resolve the whole of our own galaxy into stars? If the assumption be true, does it not follow that an instrument which can just exhibit with clearness the most distant stars of our own cluster, must be utterly unable to separate these remote clusters into stars? What then are we to think when we find that the same instrument which decomposes hosts of nebulae into stars, *fails* to resolve completely our own Milky Way? Supposing, to use a homely comparison, a man surrounded by a swarm of bees, extending, as they sometimes do, so high in the air as to become individually almost invisible, were to declare that a certain spot in the horizon was a swarm of bees, and that he knew it because he could see the bees as separate specks. Astounding as the assertion would be, it would not exceed in incredibility this which we are criticising. Reduce the dimensions to figures, and the absurdity becomes still more palpable. In round numbers, the distance of Sirius from the Earth is a million times the distance from the Earth to the Sun; and, according to the hypothesis, the distance of a nebula is something like a million times the distance of Sirius. Now, our

own "starry island, or nebula," as Humboldt calls it, "forms a lens-shaped, flattened, and every where detached stratum, whose major axis is estimated at seven or eight hundred, and its minor axis at a hundred and fifty times the distance of Sirius from the earth."* And since it is concluded that our own solar system is somewhere near the center of this aggregation, it follows that our distance from the remotest parts of it is about four hundred distances of Sirius. But the stars forming these remotest parts are not individually visible, even through telescopes of of the highest power. How then can such telescopes make individually visible the stars of a nebula which is a million times the distance of Sirius? The implication is, that a star rendered invisible by distance becomes visible if taken two thousand five hundred times further off! Shall we accept this implication? or shall we not rather conclude that the nebulae are *not* remote galaxies? Shall we not infer that, be their nature what it may, they must be at least as near to us as the extremities of our own sidereal system?

Another incongruity, equally insurmountable, meets us when we contrast the relative sizes and resolvabilities of the nebulae. It is an assumption habitually made with respect to the stars, that their differences of magnitude are chiefly dependent upon differences of distance—that the largest are the nearest, while the successively smaller are successively more remote; and although, as involving the supposition that all stars are actually of the same size, this is not literally true in detail, yet investigation has shown good reason for believing it true as an average fact. But the arguments which justify this assumption in the case of the stars, equally justify it in the case of the nebulae. It is in the highest degree improbable that all the small nebulae are relatively near, and the large ones relatively far off; or *vice versa*. The only warrantable supposition is, that such differences of *actual* size as exist among them have no relation to their distances from us; but that small and large are dispersed through space with what we may call a regular irregularity. And hence it follows that, on the average, the *apparent* sizes of the nebulae will indicate their distances—that, speaking generally, the

larger ones are the nearer ones, and the smaller the more distant. Mark, now, the necessary inference respecting their resolvability. It must follow that, in the great majority of cases, the largest or nearest nebulae will be most easily resolved into stars; that the successively smaller will be successively more difficult of resolution; and that the irresolvable ones will be the smallest ones. This, however, is exactly the reverse of the fact. The largest nebulae are either wholly irresolvable, or but partially resolvable under the highest telescopic powers; while a large proportion of quite small nebulae are easily resolved by far less powerful telescopes. The same instrument through which the great nebula in Andromeda, two and a half degrees long and one degree broad, appears merely as a diffused light, decomposes a nebula of fifteen minutes diameter into twenty thousand starry points. While the individual stars of a nebula eight minutes in diameter are so clearly seen as to allow of their number being estimated, a nebula covering an area five hundred times as great shows no stars at all. What possible explanation can be given of this on the current hypothesis?

Yet another difficulty remains—one which is, perhaps, still more obviously fatal than the foregoing. This difficulty is presented by the phenomena of the Magellanic clouds. Describing the larger of these, Sir John Herschel says:

"The nubecula major, like the minor, consists partly of large tracts and ill-defined patches of irresolvable nebula, and of nebulousity in every stage of resolution, up to perfectly resolved stars like the Milky Way; as also of regular and irregular nebulae properly so called, of globular clusters in every stage of resolvability, and of clustering groups sufficiently insulated and condensed to come under the designation of 'cluster of stars.'"—*Cape Observations*, p. 146.

In his *Outlines of Astronomy*, Sir John Herschel, after repeating this description in other words, goes on to remark that—

"This combination of characters, rightly considered, is in a high degree instructive, affording an insight into the probable comparative distance of *stars* and *nebulae*, and the real brightness of individual stars as compared with one another. Taking the apparent semi-diameter of the nubecula major at three degrees, and regarding its solid form as, roughly speaking, spherical, its nearest and most remote parts differ in their distance from us by a little more than a tenth part of our distance from its center. The brightness of objects situated in its nearer

* *Cosmos*. Seventh Edition. Vol. I. pp. 79, 80.

portions, therefore, cannot be *much* exaggerated, nor that of its remoter *much* enfeebled, by their difference of distance. Yet within this globular space we have collected upwards of six hundred stars of the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth magnitude, nearly three hundred nebulae, and globular and other clusters of *all degrees of resolvability*, and smaller scattered stars of every inferior magnitude, from the tenth to such as by their multitude and minuteness constitute irresolvable nebulosity, extending over tracts of many square degrees. Were there but one such object, it might be maintained without utter improbability that its apparent sphericity is only an effect of foreshortening, and that in reality a much greater proportional difference of distance between its nearer and more remote parts exists. But such an adjustment, improbable enough in one case, must be rejected as too much so for fair argument in two. It must, therefore, be taken as a demonstrated fact, that stars of the seventh or eighth magnitude, and irresolvable nebula, may coexist within limits of distance not differing in proportion more than as nine to ten."—*Outlines of Astronomy*, pp. 614, 615.

Now, we think this clearly supplies a *reductio ad absurdum* of the doctrine we are combating. It gives us the choice of two incredibilities. If we are to believe that one of these nebulae is so remote that its hundred thousand stars look only like a milky spot, invisible to the naked eye, we must, at the same time, believe that there are single stars so enormous that though removed to this same distance they remain visible. If we accept the other alternative, and say that many nebulae are no further off than our own stars of the eighth magnitude, then it is requisite to believe that at a distance not greater than that at which a single star is still faintly visible to the naked eye, there may exist a group of a hundred thousand stars which is invisible to the naked eye. Neither of these positions can be entertained. What, then, is the conclusion that remains? This only: that the nebulae are not further off from us than parts of our own sidereal system, of which they must be considered members; and that when they are resolvable into discrete masses, these masses can not be considered as stars in any thing like the ordinary sense of that word.

And now having, as we believe, disposed of this idea, rashly promulgated by sundry astronomers, that the nebulae are extremely remote galaxies, let us see whether the various appearances they present are not reconcilable with the nebular hypothesis. Rightly interpreted, we

believe they will be found in entire harmony with it.

Starting with the assumption of a rare and widely-diffused mass of nebulous matter, having a diameter, say as great as the distance from the sun to Sirius,* let us consider the successive changes that will take place in it. Mutual gravitation will approximate its atoms; but their approximation will be opposed by atomic repulsion, the overcoming of which implies the evolution of heat. As fast as this heat partially escapes by radiation, further approximation will take place, attended by further evolution of heat, and so on continuously: the processes not occurring separately as we have described them, but simultaneously, uninterruptedly, and with increasing activity. Eventually this slow movement of the atoms towards their common center of gravity, will bring about an entirely new set of phenomena. Arguing from the established laws of atomic combination, it will happen that when the nebulous mass has reached a certain stage of condensation—when its internally-situated atoms have approached to within a certain distance, have generated a certain amount of heat, and are subject to a certain mutual pressure, (the heat and pressure both increasing as the aggregation progresses,) some of them will suddenly enter into chemical union. Whether the binary atoms so produced be of kinds such as we know, which is possible, or whether they be of kinds simpler than any we know, which is more probable, matters not to the argument. It suffices that molecular combination of some species will finally take place. When it does take place, it will be accompanied by a great and sudden disengagement of heat; and until this excess of heat has escaped, the newly-formed binary atoms will remain uniformly diffused, or, as it were, dissolved in the preëxisting nebulous medium. But now mark what must by and by happen. When by radiation the temperature has been adequately lowered, these binary atoms will precipitate; and having precipitated, they will not remain uniformly diffused, but will aggregate into *floculi*, just as water, when precipi-

* Any objection that may be raised to the extreme tenuity this involves, is at once met by the calculation of Newton, who proved that were a spherical inch of air removed four thousand miles from the Earth, it would expand into a sphere more than filling the orbit of Saturn.

tated from air, collects into clouds. And, indeed, this *a priori* conclusion is confirmed by the observation of those still extant portions of nebulous matter which constitute comets; for, "that the luminous part of a comet is something in the nature of a smoke, fog, or cloud, suspended in a transparent atmosphere, is evident," says Sir John Herschel. Concluding, then, as we are warranted in doing, that a nebulous mass will, in course of time, resolve itself into flocculi of precipitated denser matter, floating in the rarer medium from which they were precipitated, let us inquire what will be the mechanical results. We shall find that they will be quite different from those occurring in the original homogeneous mass, and also quite different from those which would occur among bodies dispersed through empty space. A group of bodies dispersed through empty space would move in straight lines toward their common center of gravity. So, too, with a group of bodies dispersed through a resisting medium, provided they were spherical, or of forms presenting symmetrical faces to their lines of movement. But a group of *irregular* bodies dispersed through a resisting medium will *not* move in straight lines towards their common center of gravity. A mass which presents an irregular face to its line of movement through a resisting medium, will necessarily be deflected from its original course, by the unequal reactions of the medium on its different sides. Hence, each *flocculus*, as, by analogy, we term one of these precipitated masses of gas or vapor, will acquire a movement, not towards the common center of gravity, but towards one or other side of it; and this more or less oblique movement, accelerated as well as changed in direction by the increasing centripetal force, but retarded by the resisting medium, will result in a spiral, ending in the common center of gravity. Observe, however, that this conclusion, valid as far as it goes, by no means proves a common spiral movement of all the flocculi; for as their forms must not only be varied in kind, but disposed in all varieties of position, it must happen that their respective movements will be deflected, not towards one side of the common center of gravity, but towards various sides. How then can there result a spiral movement common to them all? Very simply. Each flocculus, in de-

scribing its spiral course, must give motion to the rarer medium through which it is moving. Now, the probabilities are infinity to one against all the respective motions thus impressed on this rarer medium, exactly balancing each other. And if they do not balance each other, the inevitable result must be a rotation of the whole mass of the rarer medium in some one direction. But preponderating momentum in some one direction, having caused rotation of the medium in that direction, the rotating medium must in its turn gradually arrest such flocculi as are moving in opposition, and must impress its own motion upon them; and thus there will ultimately result a rotating medium with suspended flocculi partaking of its motion while they move in converging spirals towards the common center of gravity.

Before comparing these conclusions with the facts, let us pursue the reasoning a little further, and observe the subordinate actions and the endless modifications which will result from them. The respective flocculi must not only be drawn towards their common center of gravity, but also towards neighboring flocculi; and, as a result of this play of forces, the whole assemblages of flocculi will break up into subordinate groups: each group concentrating towards its local center of gravity, and in so doing acquiring a vortical movement, like that subsequently acquired by the whole nebula. Now, according to circumstances, and chiefly according to the size of the original nebulous mass, this process of local aggregation will produce various results. If the whole nebula is but small, the local groups of flocculi may be drawn into the common center of gravity before yet their constituent masses have coalesced with each other. In a larger nebula, these local aggregations may have concentrated into rotating spheroids of vapor, while yet they have made but little approach towards the general focus of the system. In a still larger nebula, where the local aggregations are both greater and more remote from the common center of gravity, complete concentration into rotating masses of molten matter may have arisen before the general distribution of them has greatly altered. In short, as the conditions in each case determine, the discrete masses produced may vary indefinitely in number, in size, in density, in motion, in distribution.

And now let us return to the visible characters of the nebulae, as observed through modern telescopes. Take first the description of those nebulae which, by the hypothesis, must be in an early stage of evolution :

"Among the *irregular nebulae*," says Sir John Herschel, "may be comprehended all which, to a want of complete, and in most instances, even of partial resolvability by the power of the twenty-foot reflector, unite such a deviation from the circular or elliptic form, or such a want of symmetry (with that form) as preclude their being placed in Class 1, or that of regular nebulae. This second class comprises many of the most remarkable and interesting objects in the heavens, as well as the most extensive in respect of the area they occupy."

And, referring to this same order of objects, M. Arago says : "The forms of very large diffuse nebulae do not appear to admit of definition; they have no regular outline."

Now, the fact that the largest nebulae are either irresolvable or very difficult to resolve, might have been inferred *a priori*; seeing that irresolvability, implying that the aggregation of precipitated matter has gone on to a small extent, will be found in nebulae of wide diffusion. Again, the irregularity of these large irresolvable nebulae might also have been expected; seeing that their outlines, compared by Arago to "the fantastic figures which characterize clouds carried away and tossed about by violent and often contrary winds," are similarly characteristic of a mass not yet gathered together by the natural attraction of its parts. And once more, the fact that these larger, irregular, irresolvable nebulae have indefinite outlines—outlines that fade off insensibly into surrounding darkness—is one of like meaning.

Speaking generally, (and of course differences of distance negative any thing beyond an average statement,) the spiral nebulae are smaller than the irregular nebulae, and more resolvable; at the same time that they are not so small as the regular nebulae, and not so resolvable. This is as, according to the hypothesis, it should be. The degree of condensation causing spiral movement, is a degree of condensation also implying masses of flocculi that are larger, and therefore more visible, than those existing in an earlier stage. Add to which, that the forms of these spiral nebulae are quite in harmony with the explanation given. The curves of

luminous matter which they exhibit, are not such as would be described by more or less discrete masses starting from a state of rest, and moving through a resisting medium to a common center of gravity; but they are such as would be described by masses having their movements modified by the rotation of the medium.

In the center of a spiral nebula is seen a mass both more luminous and more resolvable than the rest. Assume that, in process of time, all the spiral streaks of luminous matter which converge to this center are drawn into it, as they must be; assume further, that the flocculi or other discrete bodies constituting these luminous streaks aggregate into larger masses at the same time that they approach the central group, and that the masses forming this central group also aggregate into larger masses, (both which are necessary assumptions,) and there will finally result a more or less globular group of such larger masses, which will be resolvable with comparative ease. And, as the coalescence and concentration will still go on, the constituent masses will gradually become fewer, larger, brighter, and more densely collected around the common center of gravity. See now how completely this inference agrees with observation. "The circular form is that which most commonly characterizes resolvable nebulae," writes Arago. "Resolvable nebulae," says Sir John Herschel, "are almost universally round or oval." Moreover, the center of each group habitually displays a closer clustering of the constituent masses about the center of gravity than elsewhere; and it is shown that, under the law of gravitation, which we know extends to the stars, this distribution is not one of equilibrium, but implies progressing concentration. While, just as we inferred that, according to circumstances, the extent to which aggregation has been carried must vary; so we find that, in fact, there are regular nebulae of all degrees of resolvability, from those consisting of innumerable minute discrete masses, to those in which there are a few large bodies worthy to be called stars.

On the one hand, then, we see that the notion, of late years idly repeated and uncritically received, that the nebulae are extremely remote galaxies of stars like those which make up our own milky-way, is totally irreconcilable with the facts— involves us in sundry absurdities. On

the other hand, we see that the nebular hypothesis, rightly understood, is in entire harmony with the most recent results of stellar astronomy; nay more, that it supplies us with an explanation of various appearances which in its absence would be incomprehensible.

Descending now to the solar system, let us consider first a class of phenomena in some sort transitional—those offered by comets. In comets we have now existing a kind of matter like that out of which, according to the nebular hypothesis, the solar system was evolved; and hence, for the explanation of them, we must go back to the time when the matter forming the sun and planets was yet unconcentrated. Let us do this.

When vapor or other diffused matter, precipitated from a rarer medium, is aggregating into flocculi, there are certain to be here and there produced small portions of flocculi, which, either in consequence of local currents or the conflicting attractions of adjacent masses, remain detached; as do, for instance, minute shreds of cloud in a summer sky. In a concentrating nebula these will, in the great majority of cases, eventually coalesce with the larger flocculi near to them; but if we consider what will happen in the outermost parts of the nebulous mass, we shall see that some of the remotest of the small fragments will *not* coalesce with the larger internal masses, but will slowly follow without overtaking them. The relatively greater resistance of the medium necessitates this. Just as a single feather falling to the ground will be rapidly left behind by a pillow full of feathers; so, in their progress to the common center of gravity, will the outermost shreds of flocculi be left behind by the great masses of flocculi internally situated. But we are not dependent merely upon reasoning for this belief. Observation shows us that the less concentrated external parts of nebulae are left behind by the larger masses. Examined through high powers, all nebulae, even when they have assumed regular forms, are seen to be surrounded by luminous streaks, whose directions show that they are being drawn into the general mass. Still higher powers bring into view still smaller, fainter, and more widely dispersed streaks. And it can not be doubted that the minute fragments which no telescopic aid can

make visible, are yet more numerous and more widely dispersed. Thus far, then, inference and observation are at one.

Granting that the great majority of these outlying portions of nebulous matter will be drawn into the central mass long before it reaches a definite form, the presumption is that some of the very small, far-removed fragments will not be so; but that before they arrive near it the central mass will have contracted into a comparatively moderate bulk. What now will be the characteristics of these late-arriving fragments?

In the first place, they will have extremely eccentric orbits. Left behind at a time when they were moving towards the center of gravity in slightly deflected lines, and therefore having but very small angular velocities, they will approach the central mass in greatly elongated ellipses, and rushing round it will again go off into space. That is, they will behave just as we see comets do; whose orbits are usually so eccentric as to be indistinguishable from parabolas.

In the second place, they will come from all parts of the heavens. Our supposition implies that they separated at a time when the nebulous mass was of irregular shape, and had not acquired a definite rotatory motion; and as there is no reason why the separation of them should have occurred exclusively on any one surface of the nebulous mass, the conclusion must be that they will come to the central body from various directions in space. This, too, is exactly what happens with comets. Unlike the planets, whose orbits approximate to one plane, the comets have orbits that show no relation to each other, but cut the plane of the ecliptic at all angles.

In the third place, applying the reasoning already used, these remotest flocculi of nebulous matter will, at the outset, be deflected from their straight courses to the common center of gravity, not all on one side, but each on such side as its form determines. And being left behind before the rotation of the nebula is set up, they will severally retain their different individual motions. Hence it must happen that, following the concentrating mass, they will eventually go round it on all sides; and as often from right to left as from left to right. Here again the inference perfectly corresponds with the facts. While all the planets go round the

sun from west to east, comets as often go round the sun from east to west as from west to east. Out of 210 comets known in 1855, 104 are direct, and 106 are retrograde. This equality is just what the law of probabilities would indicate.

Then, in the fourth place, the physical constitution of comets completely accords with the hypothesis. The ability of nebulous matter to concentrate into a concrete form, depends altogether on its mass. To bring its ultimate atoms into that proximity requisite for chemical union—requisite, that is, for the production of denser matter—their repulsion must be overcome. The only force which is in antagonism with their repulsion is their mutual gravitation. That their mutual gravitation may generate a pressure of sufficient intensity, there must be an enormous accumulation of them; and even then the approximation can only slowly go on as fast as the evolved heat escapes. But where the aggregation of atoms is very small, and therefore the force of mutual gravitation very small, there will be nothing to coerce the atoms into union. From which we infer that these detached fragments of nebulous matter will continue in their original state. We find that, in fact, they do so continue. Comets consist of an extremely rare medium, which, as shown by the description already quoted from Sir John Herschel, has characters like those we concluded would belong to partially condensed nebulous matter.

Yet another very significant fact is seen in the distribution of comets. Though they come from all parts of the heavens, they by no means come in equal abundance from all parts of the heavens; but are far more numerous about the poles of the ecliptic than about its plane. The following table, drawn up by M. Arago, to which we have added a column, giving the results up to a date two years later, will show this:

Inclinations.	Number of Comets in 1851.	Number of Comets in 1856.	Number of Comets in 1858.
From 0° to 10°	9	19	19
" 10° to 20°	13	13	14
" 20° to 30°	19	13	14
" 30° to 40°	17	23	21
" 40° to 50°	14	25	26
" 50° to 60°	21	27	29
" 60° to 70°	17	28	30
" 70° to 80°	19	26	27
" 80° to 90°	13	16	13
Total.	157	211	211

At first sight this table seems not to warrant our statement, but to show that the frequency of comets increases as we progress from the plane of the ecliptic up to 45°, and then decreases up to 90°. But this apparent diminution arises from the fact that the successive zones of space rapidly diminish in area on approaching the poles. If we allow for this, we shall find that the excess of comets continues to increase up to the highest angles of inclination. In the table below, which for convenience is arranged in inverted order, we have taken as standards of comparison the area of the zone round the pole, and the number of comets it contains; and having ascertained the areas of the other zones, and the numbers of comets they should contain were comets equally distributed, we have shown how great becomes the deficiency in descending from the poles of the ecliptic to its plane.

Between	Area of Zone.	Number of Comets, if equally Distributed.	Actual Number of Comets.	Deficiency	Relative Abundance.
90° and 80°	1	19	19	0	11.5
80° " 70°	2.98	56.6	27	29.6	5.5
70° " 60°	4.55	92	25	67	2.12
60° " 50°	6.6	125	29	95	2.66
50° " 40°	8.18	154	36	118	2.63
40° " 30°	9.42	179	22	157	1.4
30° " 20°	10.42	193	14	179	0.8
20° " 10°	11.1	210	13	197	1.04
10° " 0°	11.5	215	19	196	1

In strictness, the calculation should be made with reference, not to the plane of the ecliptic, but to the plane of the sun's equator; and probably this would render the progression more regular. But even as it is, the fact that comets are 11.5 times more abundant about the poles of the ecliptic than about its plane, is sufficiently significant.

What, then, is the meaning of this fact? It has several meanings. It negatives the supposition, favored by Laplace among others, that comets are bodies that were wandering in space, or have come from other systems; for the probabilities are almost infinity to one against the orbits of such wandering bodies showing any definite relation to the plane of the solar system. For the like reason it negatives the hypothesis of Lagrange, otherwise objectionable, that comets have resulted from planetary catastrophes analogous to that which is supposed to have produced the asteroids. It clearly shows that, instead of comets being accidental members

of the solar system, they are *necessary* members of it—have as distinct a structural relation to it as the planets themselves. That comets are abundant around the axis of the solar system, and grow rarer as we approach its plane, implies that the genesis of comets has followed some *law*; and that this law is in some way concerned with the genesis of the solar system. If we ask for any so-called final cause of this arrangement, none can be assigned; seeing that, even could comets be shown to have any probable use, no reason could be given why they should be thus distributed. But when we consider the question as one of physical science, we see that comets are antithetical to planets, not only in their great rarity, in their motions as indifferently direct or retrograde, in their eccentric orbits, and in the varied directions of those orbits; but we see the antithesis further marked in this, that while planets have some relation to the plane of nebular rotation, comets have some relation to the axis of nebular rotation.* And without attempting to explain the nature of this relation, (though we believe a probable explanation may be given,) the mere fact that such a relation exists, indicates that comets have resulted from some process of evolution—points to a past time when the matter now forming the solar system extended to those distant regions of space which comets visit.

See, then, how differently this class of phenomena bears on the antagonistic hypothesis. To the hypothesis commonly received comets are stumbling-blocks: why there should be several hundred masses of extremely rare æriform substance rushing to and fro round the sun, it can not say; any more than it can explain their physical constitutions, their various and eccentric movements, or their distribution. The hypothesis of evolution, on the other hand, not only allows of the general answer, that they are minor results of the genetic process; but also furnishes us with feasible explanations of their several peculiarities.

* It is alike remarkable and suggestive, that a parallel relation subsists between the distribution of nebulae and the axis of our galaxy. Just as comets are abundant around the poles of our solar system, and rare in the neighborhood of its plane; so are nebulae abundant around the poles of our sidereal system, and rare in the neighborhood of its plane.

FORMATION OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

And now, leaving these erratic bodies, let us turn to the more familiar and important members of the solar system. It was the remarkable harmony subsisting among their movements which first made Laplace conceive that the sun, planets, and satellites had resulted from a common genetic process. As Sir William Herschel, by his observations on the nebulae, was led to the conclusion that stars resulted from the aggregation of diffused matter; so Laplace, by his observations on the structure of the solar system, was led to the conclusion that only by the rotation of aggregating matter were its peculiarities to be explained. In his "*Exposition du Système du Monde*," he enumerates as the leading evidences of evolution: 1. The movements of the planets in the same direction and almost in the same plane; 2. The movements of the satellites in the same direction as those of the planets; 3. The movement of rotation of these various bodies and of the sun in the same direction as the orbital motions, and in planes little different; 4. The small eccentricity of the orbits of the planets and satellites, as contrasted with the great eccentricity of the cometary orbits. And the probability that these harmonious movements had a common cause, he calculates as two hundred thousand millions to one. Observe that this immense preponderance of probabilities does not point to a common cause under the form ordinarily conceived—an Invisible Power working after the method of "a Great Artificer;" but to an Invisible Power working after the method of evolution. For though the supporters of the common hypothesis may argue that it was necessary for the sake of stability that the planets should go round the sun in the same direction and nearly in one plane, they can not thus account for the direction of the axial motions. The mechanical equilibrium would not have been at all interfered with had the sun been without any rotary movement; or had he revolved on his axis in a direction opposite to that in which the planets go round him; or in a direction at right angles to the plane of their orbits. With equal safety the motion of the Moon round the Earth might have been the reverse of the Earth's motion round its axis; or the motion of Jupiter's satellites might similarly have been at

variance with his axial motion; or that of Saturn's satellites with his. As, however, none of these alternatives have been followed, the uniformity must be considered, in this case as in all others, evidence of subordination to some general law—implies what we call natural causation as distinguished from arbitrary arrangement.

Hence, as we argued at the outset from the general analogies of creation, so here we must argue from the conspicuous characteristics of the solar system itself, that the hypothesis of evolution would be the only probable one, even in the absence of any clue to the particular mode of evolution. But when we have, propounded by a mathematician whose authority is greater than that of any other, a definite theory of evolution based upon established mechanical laws, which accounts for these various peculiarities, as well as for many minor ones, the conclusion that the solar system *was* thus evolved becomes almost irresistible.

The general nature of Laplace's theory scarcely needs stating. Books of popular astronomy have familiarized even unscientific readers with his conceptions; namely, that the matter now condensed into the solar system once formed a vast rotating spheroid of extreme rarity extending beyond the orbit of Neptune; that as it contracted its rate of rotation necessarily increased; that by augmenting centrifugal force its equatorial zone was from time to time prevented from following any further the concentrating mass, and so remained behind as a revolving ring; that each of the revolving rings thus periodically detached eventually became ruptured at its weakest point, and, contracting upon itself, gradually aggregated into a rotating mass; that this, like the parent mass, increased in rapidity of rotation as it decreased in size, and, where the centrifugal force was sufficient, similarly threw off rings, which finally collapsed into rotating spheroids; and that thus out of these primary and secondary rings there arose planets and their satellites, while from the central mass there resulted the sun. Moreover, it is tolerably well known that this *a priori* reasoning is in harmony with the results of experiment. Dr. Plateau has shown that when a mass of fluid is, as far as may be, protected from the action of external forces, it will if made to rotate with adequate velocity, form detached

rings; and that these rings will break up into spheroids which turn on their axes in the same direction with the central mass. Thus, giving the original nebula, which, acquiring a vortical motion in the way we have explained, has at length concentrated into a vast spheroid of æriform matter moving round its axis—given this, and known mechanical laws explain the rest. The genesis of a solar system displaying movements like those which we observe, may be predicted; and the reasoning on which the prediction is based is countenanced by experiment.

But now let us inquire whether, besides these most conspicuous peculiarities of the solar system, sundry minor ones are not similarly explicable. Take first the relative velocities of the planets in their orbits.

If it be true that each planet was formed by the collapse of a ring originally detached from the outside of the concentrating solar mass, then it follows that the revolution of this ring, or the resulting planet, must be performed in the same time as was that of the solar mass at the epoch when the ring was detached. Now between the motion which the solar mass has at present and that which it had during each phase of its concentration, there exists a necessary relation; and it becomes a question whether from its present rate of rotation inferences can be drawn respecting its rates of rotation at the successive periods when the planetary rings were formed. The possibility of drawing such inferences was suspected by M. Comte; and in a paper read before the French Academy he propounded a mathematical formula, which gives results very nearly approaching to the facts. For the sun's axial rotation at the epoch when its matter filled the Earth's orbit the calculated time thus obtained was 357 days—a tolerable approximation to our year. The moon's revolution was found to differ from that which the theory indicated by two and a half hours only. And similarly in the other cases: the amount of disagreement increasing with the remoter planets, but not on the average exceeding one forty-fifth of the period.

We believe that some doubts have been cast upon M. Comte's reasonings; and it must be admitted that the problem has sundry complexities which would seem to make the resolution of it very difficult. However, as a professor of mathematics,

his authority is of weight; and the mere fact that any formula should have given results so nearly corresponding with those of observation throughout a considerable range of cases, is startling and significant.

Another trait in the mechanical arrangements of the solar system which has a manifest bearing on our argument, is the relation between the planes of the planetary orbits and that of the sun's equator. If when the nebulous spheroid extended beyond the orbit of Neptune, all parts of it had been revolving exactly in the same plane, or rather in parallel planes — if all its parts had had one axis — then the planes of the successive rings would have been identical with each other and with that of the sun's rotation. But it needs only to go back to the earlier stages of the concentrating mass, to see that there could exist no such complete uniformity of motion. The flocculi, a while since described as precipitated from an irregular and widely-diffused nebula, and as starting from all points to their common center of gravity, must move not in one plane but in innumerable planes cutting each other at all angles. The vortical motion ultimately resulting, which we at present see displayed in the spiral nebulae, must establish itself in one plane — the plane of greatest momentum. All the flocculi not moving in this plane, but entering into the central aggregation at various inclinations, will tend to perform their revolutions round its center in their own planes: and only in course of time will their motions be partly destroyed by conflicting ones, and partly resolved into the general motion. Especially will the outermost portions of the rotating mass ultimately formed, retain for long time their more or less independent directions; seeing that neither by friction nor by the central forces will they be so much restrained. Hence the probabilities are that the planes of the rings first detached will differ considerably from the average plane of the mass, while the planes of those detached latest will differ from it but little. Here again inference agrees with observation. The angle which Mercury's orbit makes with the equator of the Sun is but twenty minutes, or one third of a degree. That made by the orbit of Venus is very nearly four degrees. That made by the orbit of the Earth is seven degrees twenty minutes. And the outer planetary orbits

make angles differing from that made by the Earth's orbit one or two degrees. This, then, is another peculiarity which on the nebular hypothesis has a meaning, but otherwise has none.

Consider next the movements of the planets on their axes. The fact mentioned by Laplace as one among other evidences of a common genetic cause, that the planets rotate in a direction the same as that in which they go round the sun, and on axes approximately perpendicular to their orbits, has, since he wrote, been contradicted in the case of Uranus, and still more recently in the case of Neptune — judging at least from the motions of their respective satellites. This anomaly has been thought to throw considerable doubt upon his speculation; and at first sight it does so. But a little reflection will, we believe, show that the difficulty is by no means an insurmountable one; and that Laplace simply went too far in putting down as a certain result of nebular genesis, what is, in some instances, only a probable result. The cause he pointed out as determining the direction of rotation, is the greater absolute velocity of the outer part of the detached ring. But there are conditions under which this difference of velocity may be relatively insignificant, even if it exists; and others in which, though existing to a considerable extent, it will not suffice to determine the direction of rotation. Note, in the first place, that in virtue of their origin, the different strata of a concentrating nebulous spheroid, will be very unlikely to move with the same angular velocities: only by mutual friction continued for an indefinite time will their angular velocities be made uniform; and especially will the outermost strata, for reasons just now assigned, maintain for the longest time their differences of movement. Hence, it is possible that in the rings first detached the greater absolute velocity of the outer rims may not hold; and not holding, the resulting planet may have a retrograde rotation. Again, the sectional form of the ring is a circumstance of moment; and this form must have differed more or less in every case. To make this clear, some illustration will be necessary. Suppose we take an orange, and, assuming the marks of the stalk and the calyx to represent the poles, cut off round the line of the equator a strip of peel. This strip of peel, if

placed on the table with its ends meeting, will make a ring shaped like the hoop of a barrel—a ring whose thickness in the line of its diameter is very small, but whose width in a direction perpendicular to its diameter is considerable. Suppose, now, that in place of an orange, which is a spheroid of very slight oblateness, we take a spheroid of very great oblateness, having a shape somewhat like that of a lens of small convexity. If from the edge or equator of this lens-shaped spheroid, a ring of moderate size were cut off, it would be unlike the previous one in this respect, that its greatest thickness would be in the line of its diameter, and not in a line at right angles to its diameter: it would be a ring shaped somewhat like a quoit, only far more slender. That is to say, according to the oblateness of a rotating spheroid, the detached ring may be either a hoop-shaped ring or a quoit-shaped ring. One further fact must be noted. In a much flattened or lense-shaped spheroid, the form of the ring will vary with its bulk. A very slender ring, taking off just the equatorial surface, will be hoop-shaped; while a tolerably massive ring, trenching appreciably upon the diameter of the spheroid, will be quoit-shaped. Thus, then, according to the oblateness of the spheroid and the bulkiness of the detached ring, will the greatest thickness of that ring be in the direction of its plane, or in a direction perpendicular to its plane. But this circumstance must greatly affect the rotation of the resulting planet. In a decidedly hoop-shaped nebulous ring, the differences of velocity between the inner and outer surfaces will, in the first place, be very small. In the second place, such a ring aggregating into a mass whose greatest diameter is at right angles to the plane of the orbit, that mass will have a strong tendency to rotate in a direction at right angles to the plane of the orbit; and this tendency will establish itself with but slight modification. Where the ring is but little hoop-shaped, and the difference of the inner and outer velocities also greater, as it must be, the opposing tendencies—one to produce rotation in the plane of the orbit, and the other rotation perpendicular to it—will both be influential, and an intermediate plane of rotation will be taken up. While, if the nebulous ring is decidedly quoit-shaped, and therefore aggre-

gates into a mass whose greatest dimension lies in the plane of the orbit, both tendencies will conspire to produce rotation in that plane.

On referring to the facts, we find them, as far as can be judged without exact mathematical investigation, quite in harmony with this view. Considering the enormous circumference of Uranus' orbit, and his comparatively small mass, we may conclude that the ring from which he resulted was comparatively slender, and therefore a hoop-shaped one: especially if the nebulous mass was at that time less oblate, which is highly probable. Hence, a plane of rotation nearly perpendicular to his orbit, and a direction of rotation having no reference to his orbital movement. Saturn has a mass seven times as great, and an orbit of less than half the diameter; whence it follows that his genetic ring, having less than half the circumference, and less than half the vertical thickness, (the spheroid being then certainly *as* oblate if not *more* oblate,) must have had considerably greater width—must have been less hoop-shaped, and more approaching to the quoit-shaped; notwithstanding difference of density, it must have been at least two or three times as broad in the line of its plane. Consequently, Saturn has a rotatory movement in the same direction as the movement of translation, and in a plane differing from it by thirty degrees only. In the case of Jupiter, again, whose mass is three and a half times that of Saturn, and whose orbit is little more than half the size, the genetic ring must, for the like reasons, have been still broader—decidedly quoit-shaped, we may say; and there hence resulted a planet whose plane of rotation differs from that of his orbit by scarcely more than three degrees. Once more, considering the comparative insignificance of Mars, Earth, Venus, and Mercury, it follows that the diminishing circumferences of the rings not sufficing to account for the smallness of resulting masses, the rings must have been slender ones—must have again approximated to the hoop-shaped; and thus it happens that the planes of rotation again diverge more or less widely from those of the orbits. Taking into account the varying oblateness of the original spheroid in the successive stages of its concentration, and the different proportions of the detached

rings, it seems to us that the respective rotatory motions may be satisfactorily accounted for.

Not only the directions, but also the velocities of rotation are thus explicable. It might naturally be supposed that the large planets would revolve on their axes more slowly than the small ones; this would be most in conformity with our ordinary experiences. It is a corollary from the nebular hypothesis, however, more especially when interpreted as above, that while large planets should rotate rapidly, small ones should rotate slowly; and we find that in fact they do so. Other things equal, a concentrating nebulous mass that is diffused through a wide space, and whose outer parts have, therefore, to travel from a great distance to the common centre of gravity, will acquire a high axial velocity in the course of its aggregation; and conversely with a small mass. Still more marked will be the difference where the form of the genetic ring conspires to increase the rate of rotation. Other things equal, a genetic ring that is broadest in the direction of its plane will produce a mass rotating faster than one that is broadest at right angles to its plane; and if the ring is absolutely as well as relatively broad, the rotation will be very rapid. These conditions were, as we saw, fulfilled in the case of Jupiter; and Jupiter goes round his axis in less than ten hours. Saturn, in whose case, as above explained, the conditions were manifestly less favorable to rapid rotation, takes ten hours and a half. While Mars, Earth, Venus, and Mercury, whose rings must have been slender, take more than double the time: the smallest taking the longest. Not only thus do the various phenomena of rotation consist with the nebular hypothesis, but this hypothesis gives us a more or less feasible solution of sundry peculiarities that, in its absence, are either anomalous or meaningless.

THE SATELLITES.

From the planets, let us now pass to the satellites. Here, beyond the conspicuous facts commonly adverted to, that they go round their primaries in the same directions that these turn on their axes, in planes diverging but little from their equators, and in orbits nearly circular, there are several significant traits that must not be passed over.

One of them is, that each set of satel-

lites repeats in miniature the relations of the planets to the sun, not only in the respects just named, but also in the order of their sizes. On progressing from the outside of the solar system to its center, we see that there are four large external planets and four internal ones, which are comparatively small. The same contrast holds between the outer and inner satellites in every case. Among the four satellites of Jupiter, the parallel is maintained as well as the comparative smallness of the number allows: the two outer ones are the largest, and the two inner ones the smallest. According to the most recent observations made by Mr. Lassell, the like is true of the four satellites of Uranus. In the case of Saturn, who has eight secondary planets revolving round him, the likeness is still more close in arrangement as in number: the three outer satellites are large, the inner ones small; and the contrasts of size are here much greater between the largest, which is nearly as big as Mars, and the smallest, which is with difficulty discovered even by the best telescopes. Moreover, the analogy does not end here. Just as with the planets, there is at first a general increase of size on traveling inwards from Neptune and Uranus, which do not differ very widely, to Saturn, which is much larger, and to Jupiter, which is the largest; so of the eight satellites of Saturn, the largest is not the outermost, but the outermost save two; so of Jupiter's four secondaries, the largest is the most remote but one. Now these analogies are inexplicable upon the theory of final causes. For purposes of lighting, if this be the presumed object of these attendant bodies, it would have been far better had the larger been the nearer: at present their remoteness renders them of less service than the smallest. To the nebular hypothesis, however, these analogies give further support. They show the action of a common physical cause. They imply a *law* of genesis, holding in the secondary systems as in the primary system.

Still more instructive shall we find the distribution of the satellites—their absence in some instances, and their presence in other instances, in smaller or greater numbers. The argument from design fails to account for this distribution. Supposing it be granted that planets nearer the Sun than ourselves, have

no need of moons (though, considering that their nights are as dark, and, relatively to their brilliant days, even darker than ours, the need seems quite as great) —supposing this be granted; what is to be said of Mars, which, placed half as far again from the Sun as we are, has yet no moon? Or again, how are we to explain the fact that Uranus has but half as many moons as Saturn, though he is at double the distance? While, however, the current presumption is untenable, the nebular hypothesis furnishes us with a quite satisfactory explanation. It actually enables us to predict, by a not very complex calculation, where satellites will be abundant and where they will be absent. The reasoning is as follows:

In a rotating nebulous spheroid that is concentrating into a planet, there are at work two antagonist mechanical tendencies—the centripetal and the centrifugal. While the force of gravitation draws all the atoms of the spheroid together, their tangential momentum is, in part, resolvable into a force impelling them to fly asunder. The ratio which these opposing tendencies bear to each other, differs according to the velocity of rotation. In a mass that has no rotation there is no centrifugal force. Conversely when the velocity at which a mass rotates exceeds a certain point, the centrifugal force becomes so great that, overcoming not only the gravitation, but the cohesive attraction, it causes the mass to fly to pieces. And between these extremes, the ratio which the centrifugal force bears to gravitation varies, other things equal, as the square of the velocity. Hence, the aggregation of a rotating nebulous spheroid will be more or less strongly opposed by this outward impetus of its particles: the opposition, in equal spheroids, being four times as great when the rotation is twice as rapid;

nine times as great when it is three times as rapid; and so on. Now the detachment of a ring from a planet-forming body of nebulous matter, implies that at its equatorial zone the centrifugal force has become so great as to balance gravity. If the rotation is very rapid, further concentration, leading to increased rapidity of rotation, will soon again raise the centrifugal force to an equality with gravity —will soon again cause the detachment of a ring. That is to say, the detachment of rings will be most frequent from those masses in which the centrifugal tendency bears the greatest ratio to the gravitative tendency. Though it is not possible to calculate what were the proportions these two tendencies had to each other in the genetic spheroid which produced each planet, it is possible to calculate where they were the greatest and where the least. While it is true that the ratio which centrifugal force now bears to gravity at the equator of each planet, differs widely from that which it bore during the earlier stages of concentration; and while it is true that this change in the ratio, depending on the degree of contraction each planet has undergone, has in no two cases been the same; yet we may safely conclude that where the ratio is still the greatest, it has been the greatest from the beginning. The satellite-forming tendency which each planet had, will be approximately indicated by the proportion now existing in it between the aggregating power and the power that has opposed aggregation. On making the requisite calculations, we find that the facts completely harmonize with this inference. The following table shows what fraction the centrifugal is of the centripetal force in every case, and the relation which that fraction has to the number of satellites.

Mercury.	Venus.	Earth.	Mars.	Jupiter.	Saturn.	Uranus.
$\frac{1}{362}$	$\frac{1}{282}$	$\frac{1}{289}$	$\frac{1}{326}$	$\frac{1}{14}$	$\frac{1}{6.2}$	$\frac{1}{9}$
		1		4	8	4 (or 6 according to Herschel.)
		Satellite.		Satellites.	Satellites and three rings.	

Thus, taking as our standard of comparison the Earth with its one moon, we see that Mercury and Mars, in which the centrifugal force is relatively less, have no moons. Jupiter, in which it is far greater, has four moons. Uranus, in

which it is greater still, has certainly four, and probably more than four. Saturn, in which it is the greatest, being nearly one sixth of gravity, has, including his rings, eleven attendants. The only instance in which there is imperfect con-

formity with observation is that of Venus. In Venus, it appears that the centrifugal force is relatively a very little greater than in the Earth; and according to the hypothesis it ought, therefore, to have a satellite. Of this seeming anomaly there are two explanations. In the first place, not a few astronomers have asserted that Venus *has* a satellite. Cassini, Short, Moutaigne of Limoges, Roedkier, and Montbarron, professed to have seen it; and Lambert calculated its elements. Should it, however, ultimately be proved that they were mistaken, there is still the fact, that the diameter of Venus is variously estimated; and that a very small change in the data would make the fraction less instead of greater than that of the Earth. This seeming discrepancy, then, slight as it is, is very probably not real; and if it is not real, the correspondence between calculation and fact is complete. We can not but think that this correspondence, even as it now stands, is one of the strongest confirmations of the nebular hypothesis.

Certain more special peculiarities of the satellites must be mentioned as highly suggestive. One of them is the relation between the period of revolution and that of rotation. No discoverable purpose is served by making the Moon go round its axis in the same time that it goes round the Earth: for our convenience a more rapid axial motion would have been equally good; and for any possible inhabitants of the Moon, much better.

Against the alternative supposition, that the equality occurred by accident, the probabilities are, as Laplace says, infinity to one. But to this arrangement, which is explicable neither as the result of design nor of chance, the nebular hypothesis furnishes a clue. In his "Exposition du Systeme du Monde," Laplace shows, by reasoning too detailed to be here repeated, that under the circumstances such a relation of movements would be likely to establish itself; and he further shows that there would, from the same causes, result that lateral oscillation of the moon known as its libration.

Among Jupiter's satellites, which severally display these same synchronous movements, there also exists a still more remarkable relation. "If the mean angular velocity of the first satellite be added to twice that of the third, the sum will be equal to three times that of the second;" and "from this it results that the situations of any two of them being given, that of the third can be found." Now here, as before, no conceivable advantage results. Neither in this case can the connection have been accidental: the probabilities are infinity to one to the contrary. But again, according to Laplace, the nebular hypothesis supplies a solution. Are not these significant facts?

CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.

SUB-TITLES AND TOPICS.—Saturn's Rings—Densities of Sun and Planets—The Earth once liquid—An exploded Planet—Temperatures of the Sun and Planets—Hurricanes in the Sun, etc.

From the Critic.

THE THREE CALLERS.

MORN calleth to a fair boy straying

'Mid golden meadows rich with clover dew;
She calls—but he still thinks of naught save
playing;

And so she smiles—and waves him an adieu!
Whilst he still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn! returns
no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood grow-
ing,

Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet
form,

One young fair face, from bower of jasmine
glowing,

And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.
So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin fire-light, flick'ring faint and
low;

By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone, as all Life's pleasures go:
Night calls him to her—and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark: and he returns no more.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

"ART thou sleeping, O my mother!
Outworn with grief at last?
To speak to thee, sweet mother,
From the grave-yard have I past.

"I can not rest in quiet,
Though my grave is dark and still;
For a cold air creeps around me,
And my shroud is damp and chill."

Up rose that mother lonely,
The ghost-dream in her brain—
With the spirit-sight she seeth
Her little child again.

A vapory flame, like moonlight
When muffled by a cloud,
Wraps the baby as she standeth
By the bed-side in her shroud.

"Creep, darling, to my bosom,
And lay thine heart on mine;
Its throbbing blood shall warm thee:
I'll give my life for thine."

"Oh! never more, sweet mother,
May I lie upon thy breast,
But from my grave I come to crave
That thou wilt give me rest.

"All day and night so dreary
I hear thy moaning still,
And thy deep sighs breathing o'er me,
Mother, they make me chill.

"All day and night so dreary
Thy tears soak through the mould,
And on my shroud come trickling—
They make me damp and cold."

Oh! great love, self-denying!
The mother hides her woes
Within her aching bosom,
To give her child repose.

Soft fades that pale, cold vapor,
As boreal lights at night;

And the little babe so fades away
From the mother's straining sight.

And ever through the lone night
That mother watched in vain
For the spirit of her lost one
To stand by her again.

And ever, when the grief-drops
From her fountain-heart would rise,
She crushed them ere they trickled
In tear-rain from her eyes.

And ever, when the wailing
Of sighs rose in her breast,
She choked it back—to break her heart,
But not her loved one's rest.

Now, when a moon had circled,
Lo! in the solemn night
Came a vision to that mother,
Filling the room with light.

And a voice, like trickling waters,
So soft, so sweet, so clear,
Floods all the dreamy silence
And fills the mother's ear:

"Sleep on, thou patient mother,
No more with grief oppressed,
Untroubled now, and sweetly,
Thy little one takes rest.

"He that forever giveth
Rest to his children dear,
Sendeth to thee this vision
Thy loving heart to cheer."

Awoke that mother lonely,
As passed the voice and light;
But she knew who stood in glory
Beside her bed that night.

The angel of her little child
The message blessed had given—
One of the angels that behold
The Father's face in heaven.

From the Eclectic Review.

U L R I C H V O N H Ü T T E N :

THE SECOND LUTHER OF GERMANY.

MORE than three centuries have rolled away since a noble Franconian knight was buried in the green island of Uffnau, which lies at the extremity of the Lake of Zurich, almost within the shadow of the lofty Alps. That knight was Ulrich von Hütten, who died at the early age of thirty-six, forsaken by his friends, persecuted, destitute; but who, in the course of his short and brilliant career, did more than any man of his time, with the single exception of Luther, to liberate Germany from the tyranny of the Papal yoke. He also took a prominent part in forwarding the cause of classical learning, and in emancipating the world of mind from the iron bondage in which it had for ages been bound, by the false teaching and useless subtleties of the scholastic system. All this he did, in spite of poverty, persecution, and disease, by the power of his eloquent and spirit-stirring writings, which, in a literary point of view, are honorable to the age in which they appeared; which produced an unparalleled effect upon the German mind, and which—even at the present day—are deeply interesting; not only as exhibiting noble and liberal views of politics and religion, far in advance of their age, and as containing the most cutting and effective satires that have ever been penned against the vices and corruptions of the monastic system and of the court of Rome; but, also, as presenting the most vivid and faithful pictures of the age in which they appeared, in its varied forms of life and action.

As the very name of Ulrich von Hütten is far less generally known in this country than it deserves to be, and as his works are but little read, we propose, in the present article, to present our readers

with a sketch of his life, and a brief account of some of his most celebrated writings. The subject is one of great interest; for few historical characters exhibit more originality than that of Hütten. One of the representative men of his age and nation, he unites in himself some of their noblest features. Born at a crisis when the European mind, stirred to its foundations, was straining after a freer and nobler life, but a life as yet imperfectly conceived and comprehended, he became one of the most energetic exponents of the wants and aspirations of his time, and one of the most powerful agents in giving these aspirations a definite form, and removing the obstacles that prevented their fulfillment. A worthy fellow-worker with Luther, he seconded him in all his efforts for religious freedom; inspired with the warmest and most disinterested love of liberty, he was, throughout life, her most eloquent defender, and, at last, died a martyr in her cause. Seldom, indeed, has she had a nobler champion; he offered her no mere lip-homage, but acts and those burning words that rouse others to action. His exertions were unceasing; his activity of thought prodigious, and his productiveness no less remarkable. During his short life he composed not fewer than fifty separate works, one of which still ranks as the national satire of Germany. Among them are editions of the classics, treatises on a variety of subjects, many of them poetical, orations, and letters. Most of them, however, are satires. Satire and invective were, indeed, at that time the prevalent modes of writing in Germany, as a glance at the literature of the age will show, and Hütten was led to adopt them, both by the force of circumstances, and by the character of his genius. He pursued them with his usual impetuosity and ardor, and is often to blame for his violence and want of delicacy; but, in spite of these faults—which, indeed, deform

* *Études sur les Réformateurs du Seizième Siècle. Ulrich de Hütten.* Par V. Chauffour-Kestner. Paris: Charles Hingray, Libraire-Éditeur. 1853.

the writing of the greatest men of that age—we are always obliged to admire his zeal for truth, his profound detestation of hypocrisy, and his ardent love for liberty and for his native country.

Ulrich von Hütten was born on the 21st April, 1488, at the family Château of Steckelberg in Franconia. From the tenth century, his ancestors had borne an honorable name in council and in war; and held a high place among that Franconian nobility which was regarded as the most perfect type of German chivalry. Ulrich's birthplace was one of those feudal residences of which he has left us the following vivid description:

"Our châteaux are constructed not for pleasure, but security. All is sacrificed to the necessity of defense. They are inclosed within ramparts and ditches; guard-rooms and stables usurp the place of apartments. Every where the smell of powder, of horses, of cattle, the noise of dogs and oxen; and, upon the skirts of the great forests that surround us, the howling of wolves. Perpetual agitation; constant coming and going; while our gates, open to all, frequently admit cut-throats, assassins, and thieves. Each day brings a new anxiety. If we maintain our independence, we run the risk of being crushed by two powerful enemies; if we put ourselves under the protection of some prince, we are forced to espouse all his quarrels. We can not sally forth without an escort. To go to the chase, to pay a visit to a neighbor, we must put casque on head and cuirass on breast. Always, every where, war."

Some leagues from the Château of Steckelberg stood the Abbey of Fulda, an ancient monastic institution founded under the auspices of Charlemagne in the beginning of the ninth century. Its school was famous; and to it Ulrich was sent when eleven years of age. He was the eldest of four children, but, being of feeble constitution and delicate frame, his parents imagined that he would find the Church an easier road to preferment than the army. At Fulda, Hütten applied himself, with characteristic ardor, especially to the study of the classical tongues; but for a monastic life he showed no vocation, and was encouraged in his dislike to it by his fellow-pupil Crotus Rubianus, and by Ethelwolf von Stein, who proved a powerful and steady friend. All the representations of the latter, however, to the parents of Hütten were ineffectual; for the abbot of Fulda had discovered the splendid abilities of the youthful student,

and wished to enlist them in the service of the Church. The result was, that finding it impossible to submit to the wishes of his parents and the abbot, Hütten fled from Fulda, and, at the age of sixteen, threw himself upon the world to fight the great battle of life. For a long time after this period he was dead to his family, his father taking no notice of him, and contributing nothing to his support.

On leaving the Abbey of Fulda, Hütten repaired to Erfurth and afterwards to Cologne, where his friend Crotus Rubianus soon joined him. Cologne was the most ancient and distinguished of the German universities; but scholasticism still reigned there in full vigor, and the science of dialectics was made the first object of Hütten's studies. He soon, however, tired of the fruitless subtleties and logical quibbles of the schoolmen, and betook himself to the more congenial study of the classics. He was the assiduous and favorite pupil of Ragius Esticampius, who, in the face of the old system, taught with the greatest success the new science of the ancient languages and literature. The time was fast approaching when the human mind was to emancipate itself from the fetters of scholasticism; and, as a preparation for the coming struggle for freedom and progress, the models of classic antiquity were eagerly studied. A great literary movement had been gradually developing itself in Germany from the beginning of the sixteenth century. In 1503 a society was formed on the borders of the Rhine, under the name of "*Sodalitas Litteraria Rhenana*," and met with great encouragement from the fostering patronage of the princes of the Palatinate. Its members did much to forward the good cause; but the old system was not to be overthrown without a struggle, and, in Germany, the universities proved themselves the most strenuous supporters of the cause of ignorance, and the most bitter persecutors of the partisans of the new teaching. Like the accusers of Socrates, like the upholders of all ancient abuses, the theologians of Cologne brought against Ragius the accusation of being an innovator, and a corrupter of youth, and expelled him from their university; upon which he betook himself to Frankfort, where the Margrave of Brandenburg was about to found a university, and there he was speedily followed by Hütten, who was received as one of the earliest masters,

and repaid his reception by his first poem.

From 1506 to 1514, Hütten only appears at long intervals. He seems to have traveled extensively in order to add to his knowledge, visiting Bohemia, Moravia, Vienna, and many other parts of the north of Europe. During these travels, undertaken almost without resources, he frequently suffered much distress and hardship. On the Baltic he was exposed to the fury of a terrible tempest, and in Pomerania he was plundered of his baggage. Occasionally, however, the charms of his conversation procured him a flattering reception, as at Olmutz, where the bishop, after having hospitably entertained him for several days, gave him at his departure a horse and a purse of gold. In 1512 we find him at Pavia, where the French were besieged by the Swiss. His sojourn there was a succession of mishaps. He had a quarrel with some of the soldiers of the garrison, and was regularly besieged by them in his lodgings. He gave himself up for lost, and, in order to die as became a poet, composed his own epitaph, which is very beautiful. The town, however, was at length taken by the Swiss, and Ulrich thought his troubles and dangers over; but his captors, pretending to take him for a German in the service of France, maltreated and plundered him, so that he was glad to escape with life from their hands. He found a refuge at Bologna, but here his resources entirely failed, and he was obliged to enlist as a private soldier in the army of the Emperor Maximilian.

On his return to Germany, his friend Ethelwolf von Stein recommended him to the Archbishop of Mayence, who received and treated him as a friend, and in his honor he composed one of his most elegant Latin poems, which he was only persuaded to publish at the instance of his patron. His dislike to its publication is thus accounted for by himself:

"You are acquainted with the ideas and manners of the German nobles; one would take them for centaurs rather than for knights. If a young man applies himself to study, they point the finger of scorn at him as a degenerate being, a disgrace to his family and to nobility. Thus many who were on the high road to learning have turned back, and bowed the neck to the yoke of prejudice. Are not we condemned each day to hear these centaurs boast that they are the pillars of the country, that in them alone is

true nobility, and that they alone are fit for great enterprises both in peace and war?"

This expression of Hütten's sense of the degradation of the German nobility, is often repeated in his writings, where he reproaches them with coarseness, drunkenness, and contempt for the arts and sciences; and one of his designs was to combat and destroy that prejudice which considered the cultivation of letters a mark of base birth. Yet with all his appreciation of the silly and narrow prejudices of the German nobles, Hütten himself was sufficiently proud of his own high birth, which he shows with great *naïveté* in a letter to his friend Piscator, requesting him to choose a wife for him. "Give me a wife," he says, "young, handsome, well-educated, gay, virtuous, patient, and possessed of a moderate fortune. I do not look for riches; and, as to birth, she will always be sufficiently noble if she is the wife of Hütten."

Hütten was now about to commence his work, for which he possessed every requisite; for not only was he an admirable scholar and elegant poet, but his travels had given him the great gift of experience. He had examined the world close at hand, and knew its passions, its needs, its vices, its aspirations. He knew that it was in a state of agitation, only waiting for an impulse to direct it. He had himself suffered much, and could appeal to all who suffered. He had visited Rome, and studied there the secret corruptions of the Roman tyranny, and knew how to strike at its heart; and the spirit of liberty, strong from his boyhood, had been confirmed, enlarged, and purified by meditation and labor. In person Hütten was short and slight, and his frame was bent by early hardships and disease; but his face was animated, and his eyes brilliant and piercing. His personal character was very amiable, without haughtiness, and full of readiness to oblige women and children, and even the humblest of men; while his conversation was instructive and sparkling, and abounded in sallies of wit. Such was Ulrich von Hütten, when a tragical event plunged him at once into the public strifes of the time, in which the remainder of his life was destined to be spent.

That event was the cowardly assassination of his cousin, the youthful Jean von Hütten, (esteemed the flower of Franconian chivalry,) by the Duke of Wurtemberg.

This crime was the blacker, as, in the peasant war, the Hüttens had brought to the Duke's assistance the Franconian knighthood, and thus secured to him the victory. Jean was the intimate friend and favorite of the Duke, until the latter conceived a guilty passion for the handsome wife of the young knight; to gratify which he invited him to a hunting-party, and, in a retired part of the forest, killed him with his own hand. Universal indignation was excited by this cowardly murder; but the Duke believed himself above vengeance, and lived publicly with the widow of his victim. Ulrich von Hütten was at this time (1515) residing at the Castle of Ems; but when he learned the crime he at once determined to pursue the murderer, and hastened to reconcile himself with his father previously to adopting the vengeance of the family. He employed letters, poems, orations, to arouse Germany against the criminal. He directed against him five Latin harangues in terms full of eloquent indignation. He demanded of the princes of the land that justice should be done upon the guilty, and declared that if they refused, the Hüttens would not hesitate to right themselves. In addition to these orations, Hütten also published a dialogue entitled "Phalarismus," which supposes the meeting of Phalaris and the Duke of Wurtemberg in the infernal regions. Phalaris rejoices to see a man his equal in cruelty, and gives him some good lessons in tyranny. These writings created an immense sensation throughout Germany, and Ulrich found himself an important political character. He had, by the force of his eloquence, made his private wrongs a national affair; but the Emperor for a long time hesitated to punish a sovereign prince, and it was not until 1519 that vengeance overtook the Duke. He was then put to the ban of the empire, and driven from his dominions by an army commanded by Franz von Sickingen, and in which Ulrich had the pleasure of serving. This affair had a great influence upon the mind of Hütten; it gave him a deep insight into the politics of Germany, which he had studied from all points, in order to assist him in obtaining justice upon the murderer of his cousin. But the struggle in which Hütten earned his greenest laurels was that waged between the Humanists—as the supporters of classical learning were called—and the Scho-

lastics, or supporters of the old system. This contest, long impending, was at length called into action almost by an accident. Jean Reuchlin, the most learned man in Germany—who had published a Latin dictionary and a Greek grammar—who first in Germany possessed a complete copy of Homer, and first among the learned men of Europe attained a profound acquaintance with the Hebrew language and literature, was the man destined to bring this great struggle to its crisis. A converted Jew, named Pfefferkorn, had published a book in which he accused his former co-religionists of adoring the sun and moon, and of outraging Christ in the most disgraceful manner. This work was welcomed by the theologians of Cologne, and especially by Hochstraten, prior of the Dominicans, and inquisitor for the three ecclesiastical electorates. They insisted that all Jewish books, excepting the Bible, were dangerous and heretical, and demanded from the Emperor that they should be burned. The Emperor remitted the matter to the Archbishop of Mayence, and he naturally consulted Reuchlin, as the best authority upon the subject. Reuchlin decided in favor of the Hebrew books; but his memorial, intended only for the eyes of the Archbishop, was by some means communicated to Pfefferkorn and the theologians of Cologne, whose fanaticism was roused to the highest pitch by the moderation of Reuchlin's memorial. They assailed him with the utmost vehemence in print, to which he made a crushing reply. They retorted, and he wrote a second answer. He was then summoned before the Inquisition, and a variety of procedure took place, which resulted in the whole matter being referred to the Pope, who remitted it, with full powers, to the Bishop of Spire, who decided in favor of Reuchlin, and found his opponents liable in the expenses of the suit. In spite of this, the theologians of Cologne and of the University of Paris burned the writings of Reuchlin; and Hochstraten started for Italy, with a numerous retinue and good store of money, in order to influence the infallible court of Rome.

This controversy called forth a host of publications on each side of the question; and of these by far the most effective was the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*," which inflicted the most deadly blow that had ever been dealt against scholasticism, the monastic system, and the Papacy, and

which, in the words of a distinguished writer, "gave the victory to Reuchlin over the begging friars, and to Luther over the court of Rome." Its construction is very simple. Before the commencement of the controversy Reuchlin had published a volume of letters from his correspondents; and Ortunius, an adherent of Hochstraten, and enemy of Reuchlin, is in like manner supposed to print a volume of epistles addressed to him by his friends. The title of Reuchlin's volume is, *Epistolæ Illustrum Virorum ad Reuchlinum, Virum nostræ Aetatis Doctissimum*; and Ortunius, in ridicule of this somewhat pompous title, is supposed to entitle his work *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum ad Ortunium*. The foes of Reuchlin and of classical learning are thus made to represent themselves. Most of the letters bear to be written by monks and theologians, and a few by medical men and priests. To give greater color and probability to the work, these are written in bad Latin, the usual medium of communication employed by the monks; and the very phrases and idioms familiar to these supporters of scholasticism are most happily introduced. These letters display with the utmost apparent simplicity and candor the secret history of the mendicant orders, their vices, indolence, ignorance, their plots against Reuchlin and the Humanists, and their hatred of all serious and useful instruction. They are made, as it were, to dissect and condemn themselves; to tear the vail from their own follies and vices. The satire is most savage and bitter; no quarter is given, no mercy shown. It struck hard, but it struck home, and never did ridicule more effectually contribute to the service of truth. Such is the apparent seriousness of this the national satire of Germany, that several, even of those against whom it was directed, were deceived by it; so much so, that a prior of a Dominican convent in Brabant bought a number of copies, in order to present to his friends, believing that it had been written in praise of his order.

The monks of Germany were filled with indignation against the epistles and their authors, and applied to the Pope for a bull ordaining the burning both of the satire and the satirists—when they should be found—for the work originally was published anonymously. There is no doubt that Hütten is the author of by far

the greater portion; but some of the letters appear to have been written by his friends, Crotus Rubianus and Hermann Burchius. The first volume of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, appeared in 1516; and another able work, arising out of the same controversy, written before the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, but not published until 1519, is the *Triumphus Capinonis*, in which Hütten celebrates in eloquent verse the triumph of Reuchlin over his accusers.

Hütten's extraordinary abilities were not appreciated by his own family. They considered one of the most popular poets and learned men of the day as a disgrace to their nobility. Three courses only were open to him without, in their eyes, soiling his nobility. For one of these—war—his delicate frame unfitted him; for another—the Church—he had early shown an insuperable dislike; the third alone—the law—remained open. Doctors of law often became the counselors and agents of princes; and it was decided by the friends of Hütten that he should again repair to Italy, in order to obtain that legal diploma, which even a noble Franco-nian might bear, without detracting from his dignity. He departed unwillingly; but, in deference to the wishes of his friends, applied himself to legal studies with conscientious ardor. But in vain he tried to take an interest in that subtle and perplexing science; and, in some of his subsequent works, he speaks in strong terms of reprobation and dislike of the civilians, and the expense and complication of the system which they had substituted for the old laws and customs of Germany.

During this visit to Italy, Hütten witnessed, with strong indignation, the vices and corruption of the Papal court. Almost all the great men who have seen Papal Rome, during the period of its grandeur, have, however, felt and recorded the same impression; few more strongly than Petrarch. Boccaccio, Luther, Hütten, Montaigne, Rabelais, were all disgusted with the vice, venality, and luxury, which they witnessed. At this period, under Leo X., assassination, the most shameful vices, debauchery of every kind, and unbridled luxury, were rife in Rome; in every relation of public and private life, idleness, ignorance, and bad faith, were commonly practiced; every thing could be bought, even pardon for the

most infamous crimes. Hütten's sentiment of religion was deeply wounded, and his anger strongly excited, and he returned to Germany a determined foe of the Roman see.

During this journey to Italy he had an opportunity of signalizing his personal bravery and skill in the use of the sword. One day, while on the road to Viterbo, he heard five Frenchmen ridiculing Maximilian, the German Emperor, and interfered to defend him. The discussion became warm; words led to blows; swords were drawn, and the five Frenchmen at once threw themselves upon Hütten. He, nothing daunted, received them gallantly—setting his back against a wall to prevent his being surrounded—and succeeded, after a severe conflict, in killing one of their number, and putting the rest to flight. He was finally obliged to leave Italy without the title of doctor of laws; but, instead of this, the Emperor Maximilian—who had heard of his adventures, and of his gallant defense of the imperial honor—made him a knight, and also conferred upon him the title of imperial poet and orator; and, in April, 1517, the laurel crown was placed upon his brows by the beautiful Constance, the daughter of Pentinger, called the Pearl of Augsburg. The diploma, conferring the title of imperial poet and orator, is still preserved, and from this time, Hütten takes the title of "*Poëta et Orator*," and is represented on the frontispiece of his works in complete armor, and with his brows girt with laurel. At a later period, when he had commenced his attacks upon Rome, his portraits represent him with his hand upon the hilt of his sword, which is half drawn from its sheath.

The honors conferred upon Hütten by the Emperor, produced a complete reconciliation between him and his father; and Hütten became for some time a resident at the Château of Steckelberg. While there, he discovered, in the library of the Abbey of Fulda, a manuscript treatise of Laurentius Valla upon the pretended donation of Constantine to the Roman see. The author had, in the preceding century, been condemned as a heretic, and his book burned. It refutes, with great eloquence and learning, the pretended donation, and Hütten judged that he could not better open the campaign against Rome than by its publication. It was printed at the Château of Steckelberg; and Hütten,

with characteristic audacity, prefixed to it a dedication to Leo X. This work—as we learn from himself—produced a profound impression upon the mind of Luther, and had a great influence in inducing him to break entirely with the court of Rome.

"I have in my hands," he writes to a friend, "the Donation of Constantine, refuted by Laurentius Valla, edited by Hütten. Good God! what ignorance or what perversity in that court of Rome! And how must we wonder at the designs of God, who has permitted that falsehood so impudent, gross, and impure, should prevail during ages, and should be even received in the decretals, and among the articles of faith, that nothing might be a-wanting to the most monstrous of monstrosities. I am so agitated, that I scarcely any longer doubt that the Pope is truly Antichrist. All agrees: what he does, what he says, and what he ordains."

It may be observed, however, that Hütten's decisive attack against Rome was made several years before Luther took any determined step against the Pope; and it is worthy of note, how the writings of Hütten influenced a genius as original and fearless, but more large and genial than his own.

The year 1519 was one of the busiest in Ulrich's life. In that year he published his terrible philippic against the Duke of Wurtemberg, joined the army that was to chase him from his dominions, edited an edition of the works of Livy, fulminated against Rome and her legates three dialogues, full of energy, eloquence, and sarcasm, and dedicated to Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor Charles V., a work upon the quarrel between the Emperor Henry IV. and Pope Gregory VII., which, like the treatise of Laurentius Valla, he had discovered in the library of the Abbey of Fulda. At the same time, he maintained a correspondence with the most distinguished men of his time; many of whom exhorted him to continue his efforts against the corruptions and exactions of Rome. The moment appeared favorable. The powerful Archbishop of Mayence was his protector and friend. Erasmus assured him that Ferdinand, the Emperor's brother, held him in the highest esteem. Sickingen, the representative of German chivalry, offered his services; while the Emperor himself was on bad terms with the Pope, who, in the contest for the German empire, had favored the claims of his rival, Francis I. Hütten did not long

hesitate, but with the war-cry, "Jacta est alea," (the die is cast,) which afterwards became his motto, threw himself into the van of conflict, and prepared to deal an effective blow against Rome. At the same time, he was well aware of the dangers he must encounter; but in the cause of truth and freedom he was prepared to dare them all. But in order to spare his family from the persecutions which menaced him, he desired his parents to cease all communication with him; and when, on his father's death, the succession to the family estates opened to him, he gave them up to his younger brothers. The latter part of his life is complete self-abnegation.

The blow which Hütten meditated, fell heavily, when he published his *Trias Romana* which was first written in Latin, and afterwards translated into German. This terrible wound still rankles in the side of Rome. The satire represents in the most lively and truthful manner her enormous corruptions, the intolerable exactions and insults to which she had subjected Germany, and the necessity of a complete and violent revolution. Whoever would know to what lengths the Papacy dared to proceed, in the days of our fathers, should read this book. It is in the form of a dialogue, in which the speakers are Hütten himself and his friend Ehrenhold, to whom Hütten recounts what he has been told of the court of Rome by a traveler, named Vadiscus. These recitals take the form of triads, frequently interrupted by the exclamations and reflections of the two friends. Our limits will only permit us to give a very short specimen, which may, however, afford some idea of the character of the work:

"Three things maintain the renown of Rome: the power of the Pope, relics, and indulgences. Three things are brought from Rome by those who go there: a bad conscience, a ruined stomach, an empty purse. Three things are not to be found in Rome: conscience, religion, faith in an oath. At three things the Romans laugh: the probity of their ancestors, the Papacy of St. Peter, the last judgment. Three things abound in Rome: poison, antiquities, empty places. Three things are completely wanting: simplicity, moderation, and loyalty. Three things are publicly sold by the Romans: Christ, ecclesiastical dignities, and women. Of three things they have a horror: a general council, Church reformation, and the progress of enlightenment."

The *Trias Romana* created a vast

sensation in Germany, and principally contributed to produce the manifestation of popular opinion against the Papal legates, in 1519 and 1520. "By this pamphlet," says Cochlan, "Hütten has made the name of the Romish court the most odious in Germany." But, at the same time, it roused against its author the formidable wrath of the Papacy; but, ere it burst upon his head, he had gained a new title to it, by the publication, in 1520, of several letters, written by the most famous universities of Europe, as to the best means of putting an end to the schism then existing in the Church. His object in this publication was to show with what freedom and boldness the ancient universities had written concerning the rights of the people, the emperor, general councils, and the unlawful pretensions of the Popes; and thus to excite the emulation of the great seminaries of learning in his own time. Soon after the publication of these letters, the Archbishop of Mayence received a Papal brief, expressing grief and astonishment, that such works had been suffered by him to be printed within his diocese, and almost under his own eyes; and further exhorting him to punish the impudence of a certain Hütten, that his chastisement might prove a warning and an example to others. Upon this, the Archbishop demanded from Hütten a promise to write nothing farther against the court of Rome, which was promptly refused, and he then forbade the reading of his works, under pain of excommunication.

Hütten, thus deprived of his hopes of finding in the Archbishop a coadjutor in his great work, hastened to put himself in communication with Luther, whose energetic character and language he admired, and in whom he was now ready to recognize the chief of the Reformation. In 1519 he had offered him a safe asylum with Sickingen; and in June, 1520, he wrote to him, exhorting him to be of good cheer, congratulating him on his work, and offering himself as a second to him in all his strifes. It was during this year that Luther burnt the Pope's bull, and published his *Babylonish Captivity*, and *Appeal to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation for the Reformation of the Church*.

After this, Hütten repaired to Brabant, where Ferdinand then held his court, in expectation of the arrival of his brother,

Charles V., who was on a progress through his German dominions. But he soon saw that the Emperor, though elected in spite of the opposition of the Pope, had no intention of quarreling with him, as he might prove useful in his contemplated designs upon Italy. Hütten, therefore, made but a short stay at court, especially as he was warned that the legate had determined to have him removed either by poison or the dagger. He first fled to Mayence, and afterwards to Frankfort, where he learnt that the Pope had written to several princes, and, in particular, to the Archbishop of Mayence, to seize him, and send him a prisoner to Rome. At length the legate required the Emperor to put Hütten to the ban of the empire, and to permit the agents of the Roman court to arrest his person wherever they might meet him. On seeing the perils which thus menaced him, and the danger of lending him any assistance, many of Hutten's friends forsook him; but he himself, far from being discouraged, only became more resolute to defend the truth. His steady friend, Franz von Sickingen, the last representative of the old German chivalry—lion-heart and arm of iron—offered him, in his Château of Ebernbourgh, an impregnable defense against violence; and thence, like Luther afterwards at Wartburgh, he continued to issue works that stirred the German heart. He published letters to the Archbishop of Mayence, to the Knight von Rotenham, and to the Emperor Charles V. In the last of these, he dwells with much strength and eloquence upon the insult offered to the imperial dignity by the pretensions of the Pope to the right of arresting and carrying in chains to Rome a German knight, a member of that body of which Charles was the head. Sickingen sent this letter to the Emperor, but its only effect was a promise that Hütten should not be delivered up to the Papal emissaries, without being brought to trial.

Another letter was written by the reformer to the princes, nobles, and people of Germany; but the most eloquent and important of the series is that addressed to Frederick of Saxony, the resolute protector of Luther, in which the whole controversy between the Pope and the free nobles and people of Germany, is placed in the clear light of justice and liberty. The whole letter is admirable; but we can only give the concluding words:

"And now I fly from cities, because I can not abandon the truth; I live in solitude, because I can not live free in society. For the rest—I despise the dangers which threaten me; for I can die, but I can not be a slave. I can not endure with patience the servitude of my country. But one day, perhaps, I shall sally forth from my retreat, I shall burst into the crowd, and cry to my fellow-citizens: 'Who will live and die with Hütten for liberty?'"

Luther, on sending this letter to Spalatin, to transmit to the Elector, writes: "Good God! what will be the end of all these innovations! I begin to believe that the Papacy, hitherto invincible, will be overthrown, contrary to all expectation, or else the last day approaches."

For a long time Hütten believed that a reformation in Church and State might be brought about in Germany, through the instrumentality of the higher classes alone. But he now found that little dependence was to be placed on the great, who chiefly studied their own selfish ends. He, therefore, determined to address himself to the German people; and, in 1520, published a German translation of his letter to the Elector of Saxony, and shortly afterwards a poem, in German, having for title: "Complaint and Warning against the excessive anti-Christian Power of the Pope, and against the Irreligion of the Religious Orders, written in verse by U. von H., poet and orator, for the benefit of all Christendom, and especially of Germany, his native country. The die is cast. I have dared it." This poem, full of noble thoughts, expressed in eloquent language, and in which the rhyme assisted to fix them in the memory the reader, produced a remarkable effect in Germany. The poorest bought it, the most ignorant could comprehend it; and new editions were called for almost every month.

In the same year, 1520, so fertile in the life of Hütten—so important in the history of the Reformation, Hütten translated into German several of his dialogues, and also his famous *Trias Romana*, and published them with an affecting and manly dedication to Franz von Sickingen, his dear friend and steady protector. The famous Diet of Worms, which soon afterwards took place, exercised a powerful influence upon the tide of events in Germany. It forced what had hitherto been a peaceful movement, which promised to revolutionize Germany by the mere power

of the word, into violent and warlike action. The Emperor believed that the Pope might be useful to him in his designs upon Italy, and therefore sacrificed to him, without a scruple, the cause of liberty, and the hopes of the reformers. Luther was put to the ban of the empire as a member cut off from the Church of God, with all his friends, adherents, and protectors; his writings were ordered to be burnt, and, that none of a similar sort might appear in future, a strict censorship was appointed over the printing officers. The violence of this edict, however, defeated its own ends; for, in spite of the flames and the censorship, the writings of Luther were every where spread abroad. A number of anonymous writers, too, appeared to defend his cause, but Hütten signed his name to the violent diatribe which he fulminated against Alexander, the Papal legate, whose activity and intrigues had been chiefly instrumental in procuring the Edict of Worms. During the sitting of the Diet he published four pamphlets, of which one, called *The Brigands*, discusses the important question of the possibility of a union between the nobles and the mass of the people, seeing that there was no longer any hope from the Emperor, and that the princes were indifferent, timid, or gained over by the Pope.

Charles V., after having sacrificed Luther to the Pope, in order to make an enemy the more to his political rival, Francis I., tried to enlist in his service the talents of Sickingen, and the energy and eloquence of Hütten; and, with the view of gaining them over, sent his confessor, Glapion, to the Château of Ebernbourgh. Of this man Hütten declares: "Never was there a greater hypocrite; every thing in him deceives—face, eyes, mouth, speech, gestures. He accommodates himself to all situations, and changes along with circumstances." This cunning ambassador won over the two friends, probably by holding out to them the prospect of ultimately gaining the support of the Emperor to their views. Sickingen raised an army of 3000 cavalry, and 12,000 foot, intending to penetrate by a bold march into the heart of France; but the Count of Nassau, who was general, insisted upon first besieging Mezières. This was defended by the famous Bayard, and then the two model knights of Germany and France found themselves opposed.

The result was, that the imperialists were repulsed and obliged to retire, and Sickingen, besides his other losses, lost the hope of attaching the Emperor by gratitude for his services.

Soon after this, Sickingen and Hütten, at the head of the knights of the Rhine, commenced the war against the priests; and, to further the cause of the confederates, Hütten again took up his powerful pen, and again assailed the pride, avarice, indolence, and grinding exactions of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The campaign of this, the first war of the Reformation, opened by an attack against the Bishop of Trèves. Sickingen, however, was defeated by the Bishop and his allies, the châteaux of his friends and adherents successively taken and destroyed; and he himself, hotly pursued, separated from Hütten, shut himself in his Château of Landsfelt, determined to fight to the last, and there he found a soldier's death among the ruins of his castle.

Hütten now found himself compelled to fly from Germany, and seek a refuge in Switzerland. Entirely devoid of resources by means of his generous abandonment of his patrimony, driven from his native country, and with no secure asylum, he yet refused to accept a pension of four hundred crowns, offered to him by Francis I., with the right of choosing his own place of residence. He could not bear, even in his deep poverty and distress, to be a pensioner on the bounty of the great enemy of the German Emperor. At the town of Basle Hütten was well received. The members of the town council, and the whole population, pressed around the famous but unhappy fugitive. His old friend, Erasmus, alone stood aloof from him, as he always did from misfortune and danger, and entreated him not to call upon him unless he had an absolute necessity for seeing him. Pity that this great literary genius should have had the heart of a selfish coward. Basle was not, however, to furnish a calm retreat to the persecuted reformer. The Bishop loudly demanded that he should be driven away, and the senate, not daring to resist, entreated Hütten to leave them for the sake of the public peace and his own personal safety. He submitted, and removed to Mulhausen, where the magistrates and citizens had been for some time consulting as to the propriety of establishing the reformed worship; and

there, on the 12th March, 1523, he had the satisfaction of assisting at the solemn suppression of the Romish ritual. At Mulhausen, Hütten enjoyed for a time much sympathy and kindness, which soothed the bitterness of his patriotic regrets, and made him forget the uncertainty of his position, and the pains of the malady which was sapping his strength. But here he was struck by a barbed arrow from the quiver of a former friend, for he received a letter from Erasmus full of insulting speeches and perfidious attacks upon the principal reformers. This cowardly assault awakened all his indignation, and he replied in a violent pamphlet, in which he lashed the compromising, easy conscience of the man who wished at once to preserve his private life in peace, and to send war in the world by his writings.

But the exile was not long to enjoy a quiet haven. A reaction against the Reformation, excited by the priests, took place at Mulhausen, and Hütten found himself once more compelled to seek a new refuge. This he found at Zurich, beside the great Swiss reformer, Zwingle, who thus writes of him to his friend Pirckheimer :

"Is this your terrible Hütten, that destroyer, that conqueror? He who comforts himself with such humility and sweetness towards his friends, towards children, and the poorest of men! How can we believe that a mouth so amiable has raised such a tempest?"

But the strength of this indomitable and hardly-trying man was fast failing him. On the 12th May, 1524, he writes to his friend Eoban Hess :

"Will not fate at length cease so cruelly to pursue me? My only consolation is, that I have courage equal to my misfortunes. Germany, fallen as she is, can no more afford me an asylum: a voluntary flight has brought me into Switzerland, and will perhaps conduct me further still. I hope that God will one day unite the friends of the truth, now dispersed over the world, and will humble our enemies."

Perhaps this good hope was present with the hero to the end, and soothed the bitterness of a death among strangers, far from his native country, and from all he loved and cherished.

Zwingle had sent Hütten to the island of Uffnau, on the Lake of Zurich, that he might have the benefit of the attendance of the clergyman, who was skilled in medicine; and there he died on the 29th August, 1524, at the early age of thirty-six, and there his remains repose. No monument marks the grave of one of the noblest champions ever raised up to defend the civil and religious liberties of mankind; and by a strange caprice of destiny, the burial-place of the deadliest foe of monastic establishments now belongs to the convent of Einsiedeln. Lamentations over the melancholy and premature death of Hütten were not wanting. Crotus Rubianus and Melancthon paid their tribute of praise and of regret, and his friend Eoban Hess, in a few simple words, has summed up his character and celebrated his virtues: "No one was a greater enemy of the wicked; no one a greater friend of the good."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

GOING INTO EXILE; OR, THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

I.

A LITTLE man was striding about his library with impatient steps. He wore a wadded dressing-gown, handsome once, but remarkably shabby now, and he wrapped it closely around him, though the heat of the weather was intense. But Colonel Hope, large as were his coffers, never

spent upon himself a superfluous farthing, especially in the way of personal adornment; and Colonel Hope would not have felt too warm, cased in sheep-skins, for he had spent the best part of his life in India, and was of a chilly nature.

The Colonel had that afternoon been made acquainted with an unpleasant transaction which had occurred in his

house. The household termed it a mystery; he, a scandalous robbery: and he had written forthwith to the nearest chief police-station, demanding that an officer might be dispatched back with the messenger, to investigate it. So there he was, waiting for their return in impatient expectation, and occasionally halting before the window, to look out on the busy London world.

The officer at length came, and was introduced. The Colonel's wife, Lady Sarah, had joined him then; and they proceeded to give him the outline of the case. A valuable diamond bracelet, recently presented to Lady Sarah by her husband, had disappeared in a singular manner. Miss Seaton, the companion to Lady Sarah, had temporary charge of the jewel-box, and had brought it down the previous evening, Thursday, this being Friday, to the back drawing-room, and laid several pairs of bracelets out on a table, ready for Lady Sarah, who was going to the opera, to choose which she would wear when she came up from dinner. Lady Sarah chose a pair, and put, herself, the rest back into the box, which Miss Seaton then locked, and carried to its place up-stairs. In the few minutes that the bracelets lay on the table, the most valuable one, a diamond, disappeared from it.

"I did not want this to be officially investigated; at least, not so quickly," observed Lady Sarah to the officer. "The Colonel wrote for you quite against my wish."

"And so have let the thief get clear off, and put up with the loss!" cried the Colonel. "Very fine, my lady."

"You see," added her ladyship, explaining to the officer, "Miss Seaton is a young lady of good family, not a common companion; a friend of mine, I may say. She is of feeble constitution, and this affair has so completely upset her, that I fear she will be laid on a sick-bed."

"It won't be my fault if she is," retorted the Colonel. "The loss of a diamond bracelet, worth two or three hundred guineas, is not to be hushed up. They are not to be bought every day, Lady Sarah."

The officer was taken to the room whence the bracelet disappeared. It presented nothing peculiar. It was a back drawing-room, the folding-doors between it and the front-room standing open, and the back-window, a large one, looking out upon some flat leads—as did all the

row of houses. The officer seemed to take in the points of the double-room at a glance; its door of communication, its two doors opening to the corridor outside, and its windows. He looked at the latches of the two entrance-doors, and he leaned from the front-windows, and he leaned from the one at the back. He next requested to see Miss Seaton, and Lady Sarah fetched her—a delicate girl with a transparent skin, looking almost too weak to walk. She was in a visible tremor, and shook as she stood before the stranger.

He was a man of pleasant manners and speech, and he hastened to reassure her. "There's nothing to be afraid of, young lady," said he, with a broad smile. "I am not an ogre, though I do believe some timid folks look upon us as such. Just please to compose yourself, and tell me as much as you can recollect of this."

"I put the bracelets out here," began Alice Seaton, laying hold of the table underneath the window, not more to indicate it than to steady herself, for she was almost incapable of standing. "The diamond bracelet, the one lost, I placed here," she added, touching the middle of the table at the back, "and the rest I laid out round, and before it."

"It was worth more than any of the others, I believe," interrupted the official.

"Much more," growled the Colonel.

The officer nodded to himself, and Alice resumed:

"I left the bracelets, and went and sat down at one of the front-windows —"

"With the intervening doors open, I presume?"

"Wide open, as they are now," said Alice, "and the other two doors shut. Lady Sarah came up from dinner almost directly, and then the bracelet was not there."

"Indeed! You are quite certain of that."

"I am quite certain," interposed Lady Sarah. "I looked for that bracelet, and, not seeing it, I supposed Miss Seaton had not laid it out. I put on the pair I wished to wear, and placed the others in the box, and saw Miss Seaton lock it."

"Then you did not miss the bracelet at that time?" questioned the officer.

"I did not miss it in one sense, because I did not know it had been put out," returned her ladyship. "I saw it was not there."

"But did you not miss it?" he asked of Miss Seaton.

"I only reached the table as Lady Sarah was closing the lid of the box," she answered. "Lady Frances Chenevix had detained me in the front-room."

"My sister," explained Lady Sarah. "She is on a visit to me, and had come with me up from dinner."

"You say you went and sat in the front-room," resumed the officer to Alice, in a quicker tone than he had used previously: "will you show me where?"

Alice did not stir, she only turned her head towards the front-room, and pointed to a chair a little drawn away from the window. "In that chair," she said. "It stood as it stands now."

The officer looked baffled. "You must have had the back-room full in view from thence; both the door and window."

"Quite so," replied Alice. "If you will sit down in it, you will perceive that I had uninterrupted view, and faced the doors of both rooms."

"I perceive so from here. And you saw no one enter?"

"No one did enter. It was impossible they could do so, without my observing it. Had either of the doors been only quietly unlatched, I must have seen."

"And yet the bracelet vanished!" interposed Colonel Hope. "They must have been confounded deep, whoever did it, but thieves are said to possess sleight of hand."

"They are clever enough for it, some of them," observed the officer.

"Rascally villains! I should like to know how they accomplished this."

"So should I," significantly returned the officer. "At present it appears to me incomprehensible."

There was a pause. The officer seemed to muse; and Alice, happening to look up, saw his eyes stealthily studying her face. It did not tend to reassure her.

"Your servants are trustworthy; they have lived with you some time?" resumed the officer, not apparently attaching much importance to what the answer might be.

"Were they all escaped convicts, I don't see that it would throw light on this," retorted Colonel Hope. "If they came into the room to steal the bracelet, Miss Seaton must have seen them."

"From the time you put out the bracelets, to that of the ladies coming up from

dinner, how long was it?" inquired the officer of Alice.

"I scarcely know," panted she, for, what with his close looks and his close questions, she was growing less able to answer. "I did not take particular notice of the elapse of time: I was not well yesterday evening."

"Was it half an hour?"

"Yes—I dare say—nearly so."

"Miss Seaton," he continued in a brisk tone, "will you have any objection to take an oath before a magistrate—in private, you know—that no person whatever, except yourself, entered either of these rooms during that period?"

Had she been requested to go before a magistrate and testify that she, herself, was the guilty person, it could scarcely have affected her more. Her cheek grew white, her lips parted, and her eyes assumed a beseeching look of terror. Lady Sarah Hope hastily pushed a chair behind her, and drew her down upon it.

"Really, Alice, you are very foolish to allow yourself to be excited about nothing," she remonstrated: "you would have fallen on the floor in another minute. What harm is there in taking an oath—and in a private room? You are not a Chartist or a Mormon—or whatever the people call themselves, who profess to object to oaths, on principle."

The officer's eyes were still keenly fixed on Alice Seaton's, and she cowered visibly beneath his gaze. "Will you assure me, on your sacred word, that no person did enter the room?" he repeated, in a low, firm tone; which somehow carried to her the terrible belief that he believed she was trifling with him.

She looked at him; gasped, and looked again; and then she raised her handkerchief in her hand, and wiped her damp and ashy face.

"I think some one did come in," whispered the officer in her ear; "try and recollect." And Alice fell back in hysterics.

Lady Sarah led her from the room, herself speedily returning to it.

"You see how weak and nervous Miss Seaton is," was her remark to the officer, but glancing at her husband. "She has been an invalid for years, and is not strong like other people. I felt sure we should have a scene of some kind, and that is why I wished the investigation not to be gone into hurriedly."

"Don't you think there are good

grounds for an investigation, sir?" testily asked Colonel Hope of the officer.

"I must confess I do think so, Colonel," was the reply.

"Of course: you hear, my lady. The difficulty is, how can we obtain the first clue to the mystery?"

"I do not suppose there will be an insuperable difficulty," observed the officer. "I believe I have obtained one."

"You are a clever fellow, then, cried the Colonel, "if you have obtained it here. What is it?"

"Will Lady Sarah allow me to mention it—whatever it may be—without taking offense?" continued the officer, looking at her ladyship.

She bowed her head, wondering much.

"What's the good of standing upon ceremony?" peevishly put in Colonel Hope. "Her ladyship will be as glad as we shall be, to get back her bracelet; more glad, one would think. A clue to the thief! Who can it have been?"

The detective smiled. When men are as high in the police force as he, they have learned to give every word its due significance. "I did not say a clue to the thief, Colonel: I said a clue to the mystery."

"Where's the difference?"

"Pardon me, it is indisputably perceptible. That the bracelet is gone, is a palpable fact: but by whose hands it went, is as yet a mystery."

"What do you suspect?"

"I suspect," returned the officer, lowering his voice, "that Miss Seaton knows how it went."

There was a silence of surprise; on Lady Sarah's part, of indignation.

"Is it possible that you suspect *her*?" uttered Colonel Hope.

"No," said the officer, "I do not suspect herself: she appears not to be a suspicious person in any way: but I believe she knows who the delinquent is, and that fear, or some other motive, keeps her silent. Is she on familiar terms with any of the servants?"

"But you can not know what you are saying!" interrupted Lady Sarah. "Familiar with the servants! Miss Seaton is a gentlewoman, and has always moved in high society. Her family is little inferior to mine; and better—better than the Colonel's," concluded her ladyship, determined to speak out.

"Madam," said the officer, "you must

be aware that in an investigation of this nature, we are compelled to put questions which we do not expect to be answered in the affirmative. Colonel Hope will understand what I mean, when I say that we call them 'feelers.' I did not expect to hear that Miss Seaton had been on familiar terms with your servants, (though it might have been;) but that question, being disposed of, will lead me to another. I suspect that some one did enter the room and make free with the bracelet, and that Miss Seaton must have been cognizant of it. If a common thief, or an absolute stranger, she would have been the first to give the alarm: if not on too familiar terms with the servants, she would be as little likely to screen them. So we come to the question—who could it have been?"

"May I inquire why you suspect Miss Seaton?" coldly demanded Lady Sarah.

"Entirely from her manner; from the agitation she displays."

"Most young ladies, particularly in our class of life, would betray agitation at being brought face to face with a police-officer," urged Lady Sarah.

"My Lady," he returned, "we are keen, experienced men; and we should not be fit for the office we hold if we were not. We generally do find lady witnesses betray uneasiness when first exposed to our questions, but in a very short time, often in a few moments, it wears off, and they grow gradually easy. It was not so with Miss Seaton. Her agitation, excessive at first, increased visibly, and it ended as you saw. I did not think it the agitation of guilt, but I did think it that of conscious fear. And look at the related facts: that she laid the bracelets there, never left them, no one came in, and yet the most valuable one vanished. We have many extraordinary tales brought before us, but not quite so extraordinary as that."

The Colonel nodded approbation; Lady Sarah began to feel uncomfortable.

"I should like to know whether any one called whilst you were at dinner," mused the officer. "Can I see the man who attends to the hall-door?"

"Thomas attends to that," said the Colonel, ringing the bell. "There is a side-door, but that is only for the servants and trades-people."

"I heard Thomas say that Sir George Danvers called while we were at dinner,"

observed Lady Sarah. "No one else. And Sir George did not go up-stairs."

The detective smiled. "If he had, my lady, it would have made the case no clearer."

"No," laughed Lady Sarah, "poor old Sir George would be puzzled what to do with a diamond bracelet."

"Will you tell me," said the officer, wheeling sharply round upon Thomas when he entered, "who it was that called here yesterday evening, while your master was at dinner? I do not mean Sir George Danvers; the other one."

Thomas visibly hesitated: and that was sufficient for the lynx-eyed officer. "Nobody called but Sir George, sir," he presently said.

The detective stood before the man, staring him full in the face with a look of amusement. "Think again, my man," quoth he. "Take your time. There was some one else."

The Colonel fell into an explosion: reproaching the unfortunate Thomas with having eaten his bread for five years, to turn round upon the house and its master at last, and act the part of a deceitful, conniving wretch, and let in that swindler——

"He is not a swindler, sir," interrupted Thomas.

"Oh! no, not a swindler," roared the Colonel, "he only steals diamond bracelets."

"No more than I steal 'em, sir," again spoke Thomas. "He's not capable, sir. It was Mr. Gerard."

The Colonel was struck speechless: his rage vanished, and down he sat in a chair, staring at Thomas. Lady Sarah colored with surprise.

"Now, my man," cried the officer, "why could you not have said it was Mr. Gerard?"

"Because Mr. Gerard asked me not to say he had been, sir; he is not friendly here, just now; and I promised him I would not. And I'm sorry to have had to break my word."

"Who is Mr. Gerard, pray?"

"He is my nephew," interposed the checkmated Colonel. "Gerard Hope."

"But, as Thomas says, he is no swindler," remarked Lady Sarah: "he is not the thief. You may go, Thomas."

"No, sir," stormed the Colonel; "fetch Miss Seaton here first. I'll come to the bottom of this. If he has done it, Lady

Sarah, I will bring him to trial; though he is Gerard Hope."

Alice came back, leaning on the arm of Lady Francis Chenevix; the latter having been dying with curiosity to come in before.

"So the mystery is out, ma'am," began the Colonel to Miss Seaton: "it appears this gentleman was right, and that somebody did come in; and that somebody the rebellious Mr. Gerard Hope."

Alice was prepared for this, for Thomas had told her Mr. Gerard's visit was known; and she was not so agitated as before. It was the *fear* of its being found out, the having to conceal it, which had troubled her.

"It is not possible that Gerard can have taken the bracelet," uttered Lady Sarah.

"No, it is not possible," replied Alice. "And that is why I was unwilling to mention his having come up."

"What did he come for?" thundered the Colonel.

"It was not an intentional visit. I believe he only followed the impulse of the moment. He saw me at the front-window, and Thomas, it appears, was at the door, and he ran up."

"I think you might have said so, Alice," observed Lady Sarah, in a stiff tone.

"Knowing he had been forbidden the house, I did not wish to bring him under the Colonel's displeasure," was all the excuse Alice could offer. "It was not my place to inform against him."

"I presume he approached sufficiently near the bracelets to touch them, had he wished?" observed the officer, who of course had now made up his mind upon the business—and upon the thief.

"Y—es," returned Alice, wishing she could have said no.

"Did you notice the bracelet there, after he was gone?"

"I can not say I did. I followed him from the room when he left, and then I went into the front-room, so that I had no opportunity of observing."

"The doubt is solved," was the mental comment of the detective officer.

The Colonel, hot and hasty, sent several servants various ways in search of Gerard Hope, and he was speedily found and brought. A tall and powerful young man, very good-looking.

"Take him into custody, officer," was the Colonel's impetuous command.

"Hands off, Mr. Officer—if you are an

officer," cried Gerard, in the first shock of the surprise, as he glanced at the gentlemanly appearance of the other, who wore plain clothes, "you shall not touch me, unless you can show legal authority. This is a shameful trick. Colonel—excuse me—but as I owe nothing to you, I do not see that you have any such power over me."

The group would have made a fine study: especially Gerard, his head thrown back in defiance, and looking angrily at every body.

"Did you hear me?" cried the Colonel.

"I must do my duty," said the police-officer, approaching Gerard. "And for authority—you need not suppose I should act, if without it."

"Allow me to understand first," remarked Gerard, haughtily eluding the officer. "Which is it for? What is the sum total?"

"Two hundred and fifty pounds," growled the Colonel. "But if you are thinking to compromise it in that way, young sir, you will find yourself mistaken."

"Oh! no fear," retorted Gerard; "I have not two hundred and fifty pence. Let me see: it must be Dobbs's. A hundred and sixty—how on earth do they slide the expenses up? I did it, sir, to oblige a friend."

"The deuce you did!" echoed the Colonel, who but little understood the speech, except the last sentence. "If ever I saw such a cool villain in all my experience!"

"He was awfully hard up," went on Gerard, "as bad as I am now; and I did it. I don't deny having done such things on my own account, but from this particular one I did not benefit a shilling."

His cool assurance, and his words, struck them with consternation.

"Dobbs said he'd take care I should be put to no inconvenience—and this comes of it! That's trusting your friends. He vowed to me, this very week, that he had provided for the bill."

"He thinks it is only an affair of debt!" screamed Lady Frances Chenevix. "O Gerard! what a relief! we thought you were confessing."

"You are not arrested for debt, sir," cried the officer, "but for felony."

"For felony!" uttered Gerard Hope. "Oh! indeed! Could you not make it murder?" he added, sarcastically.

"Off with him to Marlborough street,

officer," cried the exasperated Colonel, "and I'll come with you and prefer the charge. He scoffs at it, does he?"

"Yes, that I do," answered Gerard; "for whatever pit-falls I may have got into, in the way of carelessness, I have not gone into crime."

"You are accused, sir," said the officer, "of stealing a diamond bracelet."

"Hey!" uttered Gerard, a flash of intelligence rising to his face, as he glanced at Alice. "I might have guessed it was the bracelet affair, if I had had my recollection about me."

"Oh! ho," triumphed the Colonel, in sneering jocularity, "so you expected it was the bracelet, did you? We shall have it all out presently."

"I heard of the bracelet's disappearance," said Mr. Hope. "I met Miss Seaton when she was out this morning, and she told me it was gone."

"Better make no admissions," whispered the officer in his ear. "They may be used against you."

"Whatever admissions I may make, you are at liberty to use them, for they are truth," haughtily returned Gerard. "Is it possible that you do suspect me of taking the bracelet, or is this a joke?"

"Allow me to explain," panted Alice, stepping forward. "I—I—did not accuse you, Mr. Hope; I would not have mentioned your name in connection with it, because I am sure you are innocent; but when it was discovered that you had been here, I could not deny it."

"The charging me with having taken it is absurdly preposterous," exclaimed Gerard, looking first at his uncle, and then at the officer. "Who accuses me?"

"I do," said the Colonel.

"Then I am very sorry it is not somebody else, instead of you, sir."

"Explain. Why?"

"Because they should get a kindly horsewhipping."

"Gerard," interrupted Lady Sarah, "do not treat it in that light way. If you did take it, say so, and you shall be forgiven. I am sure you must have been put to it terribly hard; only confess it, and the matter shall be hushed up."

"No it shan't, my lady," cried the Colonel. "I will not have him encouraged—I mean, felony compounded."

"It shall," returned Lady Sarah, "it shall indeed. The bracelet was mine, and I have a right to do as I please. Believe

me, Gerard, I will put up with the loss without a murmur : only confess, and let the worry be done with."

Gerard Hope looked at her : little trace of shame was there in his countenance. "Lady Sarah," he asked in a deep tone, "can you indeed deem me capable of taking your bracelet?"

"The bracelet was there, sir, and it went; and you can't deny it," uttered the Colonel.

"It was there, fast enough," answered Gerard. "I held it in my hand two or three minutes, and was talking to Miss Seaton about it. I was wishing it was mine, and saying what I should do with it."

"O Mr. Hope! pray say no more," involuntarily interrupted Alice. "You will make appearances worse."

"What do you want to screen him for?" impetuously broke forth the Colonel, turning upon Alice. "Let him say what he was going to say."

"I do not know why I should not say it," Gerard Hope answered, in, it must be thought, a spirit of bravado or recklessness, which he disdained to check. "I said I should spout it."

"You'll send off to every pawnshop in the metropolis, before the night's over, Mr. Officer," cried the choking Colonel, breathless with rage. "This beats brass."

"But I did not take it any the more for having said that," put in Gerard, in a graver tone. "The remark might have been made by any one from a duke downwards, if reduced to his last shifts, as I am. I said *if* it were mine: I did not say I would steal to do it. Nor did I."

"I saw him put it down again," said Alice Seaton, in a calm, steady voice.

"Allow me to speak a word, Colonel," resumed Lady Sarah, interrupting something her husband was about to say. "Gerard—I can not believe you guilty; but consider the circumstances. The bracelet was there : you acknowledge it : Miss Seaton left the apartment when you did, and went into the front-room : yet when I came up from dinner, it was there no longer."

The Colonel would speak. "So it lies between you and Miss Seaton," he put in. "Perhaps you would like to make believe she appropriated it."

"No," answered Gerard, with a flashing eye. "*She* can not be doubted. I would rather take the guilt upon myself,

than allow her to be suspected. Believe me, Lady Sarah, we are both innocent."

"The bracelet could not have gone without hands to take it, Gerard," replied Lady Sarah. "How else do you account for its disappearance?"

"I believe there must be some misapprehension, some great mistake in the affair altogether, Lady Sarah. It appears incomprehensible now, but it will be unraveled."

"Ay, and in double-quick time," wrathfully exclaimed the Colonel. "You must think you are talking to a pack of idiots, Master Gerard. Here the bracelet was spread temptingly out on a table, you went into the room, being hard up for money, fingered it, wished for it, and both you and the bracelet disappeared. Sir," turning sharply round to the officer—"did a clearer case ever go before a jury?"

Gerard Hope bit his lip. "Be more just, Colonel," said he. "Your own brother's son steal a bracelet!"

"And I am happy my brother's not alive to know it," rejoined the Colonel, in an obstinate tone. "Take him in hand, Mr. Officer: we'll go to Marlborough street. I'll just change my coat and—"

"No, no, you will not," cried Lady Sarah, laying hold of the dressing-gown and the Colonel in it; "you shall not go, nor Gerard either. Whether he is guilty or not, it must not be brought against him publicly. He bears your name, Colonel, and so do I, and it would reflect disgrace on us all."

"Perhaps you are made of money, my lady. If so, you may put up with the loss of a two-hundred-and-fifty-guinea bracelet. I don't choose to do so."

"Then, Colonel, you will; and you must. Sir," added Lady Sarah to the detective, "we are obliged to you for your attendance and advice, but it turns out to be a family affair, as you perceive, and we must decline to prosecute. Besides, Mr. Hope may not be guilty."

Alice rose, and stood before Colonel Hope. "Sir, if this charge were preferred against your nephew; if it came to trial, I think it would kill me. You know my unfortunate state of health; the agitation, the excitement of appearing to give evidence would be—I—I can not continue; I can not speak of it without terror; I *pray* you, for my sake, do not prosecute Mr. Hope."

The Colonel was about to storm forth an answer, but her white face, her heaving throat, had some effect even on him. "He is so doggedly obstinate, Miss Seaton. If he would but confess, and tell where it is, perhaps I'd let him off."

Alice thought somebody else was obstinate. "I do not believe he has any thing to confess," she deliberately said; "I truly believe that he has not. He could not have taken it, unseen by me: and when we quitted the room, I feel sure the bracelet was left in it."

"It was left in it, so help me Heaven!" uttered Gerard.

"And, now, I have got to speak," added Frances Chenevix. "Colonel, if you were to press the charge against Gerard, I would go before the magistrates, and proclaim myself the thief. I vow and protest I would, just to save him; and you and Lady Sarah could not prosecute me, you know."

"*You* do well to stand up for him!" retorted the Colonel. "You would not be quite so ready to do it, though, my Lady Fanny, if you knew something I could tell you."

"Oh! yes, I should," returned the young lady, with a vivid blush.

The Colonel, beset on all sides, had no choice but to submit; but he did so with an ill-grace, and dashed out of the room with the officer, as fiercely as if he had been charging an enemy at full tilt. "The sentimental apes these women make of themselves!" cried he, in his polite way, when he had got him in private. "Is it not a clear case of guilt?"

"In my private opinion, it certainly is," was the reply; "though he carries it off with a high hand. I suppose, Colonel, you still wish the bracelet to be searched for?"

"Search in and out, and high and low; search every where. The rascal! to dare even to enter my house in secret!"

"May I inquire if the previous breach, with your nephew, had to do with money affairs?"

"No," said the Colonel, turning more crusty at the thoughts called up. "I fixed upon a wife for him, and he wouldn't have her; so I turned him out of doors and stopped his allowance."

"Oh!" was the only comment of the police-officer.

II.

It was in the following week, and Saturday night. Thomas, without his hat, was standing at Colonel Hope's door, chatting to an acquaintance, when he perceived Gerard come tearing up the street. Thomas's friend backed against the rails and the spikes, and Thomas himself stood with the door in his hand, ready to touch his hair to Mr. Gerard, as he passed. Instead of passing, however, Gerard cleared the steps at a bound, pulled Thomas with himself inside, shut the door, and double-locked it.

Thomas was surprised in all ways. Not only at Mr. Hope's coming in at all, for the Colonel had again harshly forbidden the house to him and the servants to admit him, but at the suddenness and strangeness of the action.

"Cleverly done," quoth Gerard, when he could get his breath. "I saw a shark after me, Thomas, and had to make a bolt for it. Your having been at the door saved me."

Thomas turned pale. "Mr. Gerard, you have locked it, and I'll put up the chain, if you order me, but I'm afeared its going again the law to keep out them detectives by force of arms."

"What's the man's head running on now?" returned Gerard. "There are no detectives after me; it was only a seedy sheriff's officer. Psha, Thomas! there's no worse crime attaching to me than a slight suspicion of debt."

"I'm sure I trust not, sir; only master will have his own way."

"Is he at home?"

"He is gone to the opera with my lady. The young ladies are up stairs alone. Miss Seaton has been ill, sir, ever since the bother, and Lady Frances is staying home with her."

"I'll go up and see them. If they are at the opera, we shall be snug and safe."

"O Mr. Gerard! had you better go up, do you think?" the man ventured to remark. "If the Colonel should come to hear of it——"

"How can he? You are not going to tell him, and I am sure they will not. Besides, there's no help for it: I can't go out again, for hours. And, Thomas, if any demon should knock and ask for me, I am gone to—to—an evening party up at

Putney; went out, you know, by the side door."

Thomas watched him run up the stairs, and shook his head. "One can't help liking him, with it all: though where could the bracelet have gone to, if he did not take it?"

The drawing-rooms were empty, and Gerard made his way to a small room that Lady Sarah called her "boudoir." There they were: Alice buried in the pillows of an invalid chair, and Lady Frances careering about the room, apparently practicing some new dancing step. She did not see him. Gerard danced up to her, and took her hand, and joined in it.

"Oh!" she cried, with a little scream of surprise, "you! Well, I have staid at home to some purpose. But how could you think of venturing within these sacred and forbidden walls? Do you forget that the Colonel threatens us with the terrors of the law, if we suffer it? You are a bold man, Gerard."

"When the cat's away, the mice can play," cried Gerard, treating them to a *pas seul*.

"Mr. Hope!" remonstrated Alice, lifting her feeble voice, "how can you indulge these spirits, while things are so miserable?"

"Sighing and groaning won't make them light," he answered, sitting down on a sofa near to Alice. "Here's a seat for you, Fanny; come along," he added, pulling Frances to his side. "First and foremost, has any thing come to light about that mysterious bracelet?"

"Not yet," sighed Alice. "But I have no rest: I am in hourly fear of it."

"*Fear!*" uttered Gerard in astonishment.

Alice winced, and leaned her head upon her hand: she spoke in a low tone.

"You must understand what I mean, Mr. Hope. The affair has been productive of so much pain and annoyance to me, that I wish it could be ignored forever."

"Though it left me under a cloud," said Gerard. "You must pardon me if I can not agree with you. My constant hope is, that it may all come to daylight: I assure you I have specially mentioned it in my prayers."

"Pray don't, Mr. Hope!" reproved Alice.

"I'm sure I have cause to mention it, for it is sending me into exile: that, and other things."

"It is the guilty only who flee, not the innocent," said Frances. "You don't mean what you say, Gerard."

"Don't I! There's a certain boat advertised to steam from London-bridge wharf to-morrow, wind and weather permitting, and it steams me with it. I am compelled to fly my country."

"Be serious, and say what you mean."

"Seriously, then, I am over head and ears in debt. You know my uncle stopped my allowance in the spring, and sent me—metaphorically—to the dogs. It got wind; ill-news always does; I had a few liabilities, and they have all come down upon me. But for this confounded bracelet affair, there's no doubt the Colonel would have settled them; rather than let the name of Hope be dubiously bandied by the public, he would have expended his ire in growls, and then gone and done it. But that is over now; and I go to take up my abode in some renowned colony for desolate English, beyond the pale of British lock-ups. Boulogne, or Calais, or Dippe, or Brussels; I shall see: and there I may be kept for years."

Neither of the young ladies answered immediately; they saw the facts were serious, and that Gerard was only making light of it before them.

"How shall you live?" questioned Alice. "You must live there as well as here: you can not starve."

"I shall just escape the starving. I have got a trifle; enough to swear by, and keep me on potatoes and salt. Don't you envy me my prospects?"

"When do you suppose you may return?" inquired Lady Frances. "I ask it seriously, Gerard."

"I know no more than you, Fanny. I have no expectations but from the Colonel. Should he never relent, I am caged there for good."

"And so you have ventured here to tell us this, and bid us good-by?"

"No! I never thought of venturing here: how could I tell that the bashaw would be at the opera? A shark set on me in the street, and I had to run for my life. Thomas happened to be conveniently at the door, and I rushed in, and saved myself."

"A shark!" uttered Alice, in dismay, who in her experience had taken the words literally—"a shark in the street!" Lady Frances Chenevix laughed.

"One with sharp eyes and a hooked

nose, Alice, speeding after me on two legs, with a polite invitation from one of the law lords. He is watching outside now."

"How shall you get away?" exclaimed Frances.

"If the bashaw comes home before twelve, Thomas must dispose of me some where in the lower regions: Sunday is free for us, thank goodness. So please to make the most of me, both of you, for it is the last time you will have the privilege. By the way, Fanny will you do me a favor? There used to be a little book of mine in the glass bookcase, in the library; my name in it, and a mottled cover: I wish you would go and find it for me."

Lady Frances left the room with alacrity. Gerard immediately bent over Alice, and his tone changed.

"I have sent her away on purpose. She'll be half an hour rummaging, for I have not seen the book there for ages. Alice, one word before we part. You must know that it was for your sake I refused the marriage proposed to me by my uncle: you will not let me go into banishment without a word of hope; a promise of your love to lighten it."

"O Gerard!" she eagerly said, "I am so glad you have spoken; I almost think I should have spoken myself, if you had not. Just look at me."

"I am looking at you," he fondly answered.

"Then look at my hectic face; my constantly tired limbs; my sickly hands; do they not plainly tell you that the topics you would speak of, must be barred topics to me?"

"Why should they be? You will get stronger."

"Never. There is no hope of it. Many years ago, when the illness first came upon me, the doctors said I might grow better with time; but the time has come, and come, and come, and—gone; and only left me a more confirmed invalid. To an old age I can not live: most probably but a few years: ask yourself, Gerard, if I am one who ought to marry, and leave behind a husband to regret me, perhaps children. No, no."

"You are cruel, Alice."

"The cruelty would be, if I selfishly allowed you to talk of love to me; or, still more selfishly, let you cherish hopes that I would marry. When you hinted at this,

the other evening, the evening that wretched bracelet was lost, I reproached myself with cowardice, in not answering more plainly than you had spoken. I should have told you, Gerard, as I tell you now, that nothing, no persuasion from the dearest person on earth, shall ever induce me to marry."

"You dislike me, I see that."

"I did not say so," answered Alice, with a glowing cheek. "I think it very possible that—if I could allow myself ever to dwell on such things—I should like you very much; perhaps better than I could like any one."

"And why will you not?" he persuasively uttered.

"Gerard, I have told you. I am too weak and sickly to be other than I am. It would be a sin, in me, to indulge hopes of it: it would only be deceiving myself and you. No, Gerard, my love and hopes must lie elsewhere."

"Where?" he eagerly asked.

Alice pointed upwards. "I am learning to look upon it as my home," she whispered, "and I must not suffer hindrances to obscure the way. It will be a better home than even your love, Gerard."

Gerard Hope smiled. "*Even* than my love: Alice, you like me more than you admit. Unsay your words, my dearest, and give me hope."

"Do not vex me," she resumed in a pained tone; "do not seek to turn me from my duty. I—I—though I scarcely like to speak of these sacred things, Gerard—I *have put my hand on the plow*: even you can not turn me back."

He did not answer; he only played with the hand he held between both of his.

"Tell me one thing, Gerard: it will be safe. Was not the dispute about Frances Chenevix?"

He contracted his brow; and nodded.

"And you could refuse her! You must learn to love her, for she would make you a good wife."

"Much chance there is now of my making a wife of any one!"

"Oh! this will blow over in time: I feel it will. Meanwhile——"

"Meanwhile you destroy every hopeful feeling I thought to take, to cheer me in my exile," was his impatient interruption.

"I love you alone, Alice; I have loved you for months, truly, fervently, and I know you must have seen it."

"Love me still, Gerard," she softly answered, "but not with the love you would give to one of earth; the love you will give — I hope — to Frances Chenevix. Think of me as one rapidly going; soon to be gone."

"Oh! not yet!" he cried, in an imploring tone, as if it were as she willed.

"Not just yet: I hope to see you return from exile. Let us say farewell while we are alone."

She spoke the last sentence hurriedly, for footsteps were heard. Gerard snatched her to him, and laid his face upon hers.

"What cover did you say the book had?" demanded Frances Chenevix of Gerard, who was then leaning back on the sofa, apparently waiting for her. "A mottled? I can not see one any thing like it."

"No? I am sorry to have given you the trouble, Fanny. It has gone perhaps, amongst the 'have-beens.'"

"Listen," said Alice, removing her hand from before her face, "that was a carriage stopped. Can they be come home?"

Frances and Gerard flew into the next room, whence the street could be seen.

A carriage had stopped, but not at their house. "It is too early for them yet," said Gerard.

"I am sorry things go so cross just now with you, Gerard," whispered Lady Frances. "You will be very dull, over there."

"Ay; fit to hang myself if you knew all. And the bracelet may turn up, and Lady Sarah be sporting it on her arm again, and I never know that the cloud is off me. No chance that any of you will be at the trouble of writing to a fellow."

"I will," said Lady Frances. "Whether the bracelet turns up, or not, I will write you sometimes, if you like, Gerard, and give you all the news."

"You are a good girl, Fanny," returned he, in a brighter accent, "and I will send you my address as soon as I have got one. You are not to turn proud, mind, and be off the bargain, if you find its *au cinquième*."

Frances laughed. "Take care of yourself, Gerard."

So Gerard Hope got clear off into exile. Did he pay his expenses with the proceeds of the diamond bracelet?

From Colburn's New Monthly.

T H E B A N K R U P T .

FROM THE DANISH OF CARL BERNHARD, AUTHOR OF "COUSIN CARL"

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

ABOUT the end of the last century there lived in Copenhagen a wealthy merchant, whose name was Kraft. He was a proud, imperious man, who looked upon riches as the greatest of all advantages, and their possession as the universal, in fact, the only passport to, or rather source of, happiness. He was extremely rich. His housekeeper declared that he was not able to count his money, he had so much; he measured his ducats by the bushel, and was certainly worth hundreds of thousands

of dollars. Born in affluence, he had never seen the slightest diminution in the fortune which surrounded him, for his father's mercantile house was already in its third generation, having descended from father to son, without any lessening of its capital during that long period, as there never had been more than one son in the family. In consequence of this, the large means of the firm had remained undivided, and they had been enabled to extend their mercantile transactions over

the world. Their acceptances were good as ready money. The present merchant Kraft had also an only son, but did not, in accordance with the custom of forefathers, taken him into partnership for he must then have made over to him at least in appearance—a portion of his same authority, and he was too shy to share his power even with his son. He had therefore established a young man in business on his own account, though, to a certain extent, under his own surveillance. Herr Kraft's wife died at an early age; she had preceded him with all he wished—a son, might, in progress of time, carry on affairs of the house and uphold its name and high credit. When she afterwards presented him with a daughter, as so alarmed at the possibility of gifts becoming too abundant, that she thought it rather a fortunate circumstance that the birth of this child cost its mother her life. The unwelcome little was sent to the care of an aunt, who brought her up, and it was not until she was a young woman that she returned to her father's house, where, however, she found no sympathy. Her brother was married to a girl with a handsome dowry, and he had removed to a house of his own. The family now consisted of Herr Kraft, senior, his daughter, and his son, an old maiden lady, who was regarded as an inmate of his house after his death, to give her a home, said Herr Kraft—that he might have some one to vent his ill-humor upon, said Miss Regine Kraft—that there should be another tortoise in the house, said the counting-house clerk and the domestic servants, who looked after her and her fat, snoring pet dogs, as much as they feared Herr Kraft and loved his daughter. For Louise was their declared favorite, and, if need were, they would all have gone through fire and water for her.

It was a complete contrast to the merchant his relative, Herr Warner. He was mild, unassuming character; he could not mould his own wishes to those of others, and he valued wealth only as a means of doing good. In all his actions he was guided much more by his feelings than his interests. The lives of these two men had been as different as were their characters. Herr Warner's parents had not been rich. His mother had made a

fortunate marriage according to the merchant Kraft, for her husband had lost his small inheritance, and had gone abroad to seek for fortune under foreign skies. Herr Warner, on the contrary, considered that his mother had made a *fortunate* marriage, for her and her husband's mutual affection outlived the loss of their property, and if they did not become rich in the distant country to which they had gone, they at least obtained a competence there, and a peaceful happy home.

After the death of his parents, their son went, with but a poor heritage, to the East-Indies, where he married a young lady without any fortune. Good luck, however, seemed now to attend him; his cotton-plantations thrived well and yielded large returns, and a beloved wife and three fine children made his home a paradise. At the expiration of a few years he determined to return to his native country, there to enjoy the fruits of his labors. An infectious disease, however, just then carried off his wife and her elder children, and with his youngest daughter, who alone was left to him, he sailed from India. But she died on the voyage, and was committed to the deep. Thus deprived of every tie, friendless and hopeless, the much-afflicted man quitted the ship in a French port, and repairing to Paris, he resided there for some few years, endeavoring to while away his time in the pursuit of science and literature, the pursuit of wealth having lost all interest for him, who had no one now for whom he cared to work. At length he returned to his native city, where he lived quietly, frugally, and in great retirement, visiting at very few houses except at that of his cousin Herr Kraft, in whose family he appeared to take a warm interest; the regard, however, which he entertained for them all was only returned by the daughter, who became much attached to him. Herr Kraft made a point of disputing with him every day, and had so accustomed himself to this amiable habit, that he absolutely could not do without his relative and these demi-quarrels. There were many different opinions about the state of his finances. "He must have saved something in the East-Indies, where money is as plentiful as grass," said some; but others, among whom was Herr Kraft, declared "that he only had enough to make shift with, and it would be a wonder if the little he possessed should hold out during his life—for he was one of those

persons whom Dame Fortune seldom favored, as he did not put a proper value on her gifts, letting his money slip through his fingers by bestowing it on every one who came with a whining tale to him, he was so foolishly soft-hearted." And Herr Kraft was right there.

In the large drawing-room, which was furnished more richly than tastefully, and where every thing looked stiff rather than comfortable, Herr Kraft and Herr Warner were pacing up and down. Their conversation had come to a stand. They had been disputing about some of the measures of the government, and Herr Kraft had called the government stupid and despotic; he said it took upon itself to be the guardian of the nation, and to treat the burghers as if they were children under age, prescribing to them, forsooth, what they were to do, and meddling in their own private affairs! He was as warm a supporter of free trade for the higher grade of merchants, as he was an advocate for restraints upon the working classes, for he looked upon all those in an humble sphere of life as "trash, full of fraud and tricks," who must have "a rod held over their heads." It was the old story—liberalism for the higher, despotism for the lower; and this will be repeated till the end of the world. Herr Warner had differed from him in opinion; he thought confidence might be placed in a wise government, and he wished freedom and justice for *all*, whether they were rich or poor. The argument might have become an angry one, but Warner gave in, for he was anxious to avoid exasperating his violent-tempered cousin, to whom he had come that morning on a delicate mission, requiring no small degree of tact.

A very fine young man, who had been for some time much attached to Louise, and who had won her affections, had determined to ask her hand in a respectful letter to her father. But the reply he had received was a flat refusal, Herr Kraft having made up his mind to listen to no proposals for his daughter except from a suitor selected by himself. Louise wept and was very sad. "Aunt Regine," as she was styled, favored her with sundry ill-natured dissertations upon ungrateful and disobedient children, Mops growled and snarled as if he were taking part with his mistress in the family disagreement, and the entire house and household ap-

peared even more dull and silent than usual. Herr Warner exerted himself to the utmost to bring his cousin to reason, but in vain. Herr Kraft was much enraged that his daughter should have presumed, even at the house of his own sister, to have become intimate with any person who was unknown to him, and could not forgive her having dared even to think of any one as a lover without *his* permission. "And the fellow such a poor wretch into the bargain!" For what was a small landed property, not much bigger than a couple of peasants' cottages and cabbage-gardens? He was of an ancient and noble family, it had been said—but what of that? He, Herr Kraft, did not care a straw for nobility; it was merely an idea—an imagination—that some men are to be better than others, because their forefathers, perhaps a hundred years ago, had been people of some renown. Herr Warner maintained that such an "imagination" contained a moral obligation to be also a distinguished, or at least a worthy man, not to dishonor one's ancestors; and reminded his cousin that he himself was by no means indifferent to his descent.

"No, in that he was certainly right," said the merchant: "but *he* had good grounds for his pride in his forefathers, because for more than a hundred years they had been wealthy merchants, who had established and maintained a highly esteemed commercial house. *That* was something solid—not mere fancy." And then he went on exhibiting all that arrogance which is sometimes to be found among the rich burghers, who are quite as proud of their wealth, and their burgher's brief of a century old, as any nobleman of his genealogical table, or his forefather's wounds or scars received on the field of glory. But Herr Warner had to go away without having disclosed his errand, and could only console poor Louise with the uncertain hope of a brighter future, in which, however, he himself had little confidence.

Soon after, her prospects became still darker. Herr Kraft gave notice suddenly one day that he had promised Louise to the son of one of his commercial friends, that the betrothal was to take place in eight days, and the wedding in three months. The husband destined for Louise was the son of a rich man, but he was far from handsome, and was still less

agreeable. Aunt Regine bestirred herself to make every preparation for the betrothal; Louise implored with tears that her father would not insist on this sacrifice; she said she would give up the man she loved, to please him, but she could not marry another. Uncle Warner, as Louise called him, did all he could for her, and pleaded her cause with her father to the best of his ability; but Herr Kraft laughed—a thing he seldom did—at hearing him speak of true and faithful love. “Sheer folly, childishness, absurd sentimentality and foolery, that would not pay a shilling of interest.”

“You will make your child miserable,” said Warner.

“On the contrary, she will get a husband worth half a plum, with the prospect of a great deal more,” said the father.

“That may be; but he squints, and has red flaming hair.”

“Bah! People don’t notice these trifles after they are married.”

“But he is also dull and stupid, and obstinate and wearisome, and unfeeling and conceited——”

“Well! and what else? However, whatever he may be, she shall take him, and so—Basta!”

“She will not take him—she will throw herself into the sea rather.”

“Bah! It is both wet and cold in the sea. She will take him, because she *shall* do so. To-morrow we shall have the betrothal, as sure as my name is Kraft, and I will not hear another word on the subject. Will you give us the pleasure of your company at the betrothal? It will take place at seven o’clock in the evening, precisely.”

Herr Kraft and Aunt Regine were the only persons in the house who slept that night. Every one else was kept awake by uneasiness and anxiety, and the unfortunate Louise cried till her eyes were so swollen, that in the morning she could hardly read a few lines which one of the housemaids brought to her from her sympathizing friend, Herr Warner, who was always anxious, as well as he could, to comfort the afflicted. After reading them, she wept still more bitterly, and the servant-girl observed her wringing her hands in despair.

The day wore on, evening came, and at seven o’clock precisely the invited guests had all arrived, forming quite a

family congress of the members of the two wealthy mercantile houses. Uncle Warner was there also. In the morning he had requested an interview with the bridegroom, and had plainly stated to him that Louise loved another, and did not entertain even the slightest friendly feeling towards him; but the young man bristled up, thrust his hand conceitedly through his curly locks, and looked into the corner of his own eyes, while he replied with the comforting assurance, that what he had been told was nothing to the purpose, it gave him no concern, and that he would not give up the match “for any price,” as he expressed himself. Uncle Warner was deeply disappointed at his ill-success with the self-sufficient gentleman. They met again at the betrothal party, and the young man had arrayed himself, as he thought, to the best advantage, and looked as smiling as if he were awaiting a beloved and devoted bride. All was ready, and Aunt Regine went to Louise’s apartment to fetch her.

Heaven and earth! She was not there! She had gone! A letter lay on a table in her room, and that was all the information Aunt Regine could give. But old Maren had heard some one leave the house about an hour before, and almost at the same moment she had observed a carriage drive away, which had been standing at least a quarter of an hour in the street, as if the coachman were waiting for some one. There was presently an awful hubbub in the house. Herr Kraft rushed like a madman from room to room, Aunt Regine hobbled after him, doors were banged, and every corner of the mansion was searched, but Louise was nowhere to be found, and it was now certain that she had fled to escape the threatened evil. The letter she had left was then read, and a heart of stone might have melted at the anguish and the terror expressed in it, as well as the earnestness with which she prayed for forgiveness; every word breathed of a spirit that was utterly crushed and prostrate. But her father threw the letter into the fire, and exclaimed, in a firm, harsh voice:

“I have no longer a daughter—her name shall never again be mentioned within my doors—I disown her—I——”

Uncle Warner caught his arm, and pressed it so tightly that he involuntarily stopped, and the curse he was about to utter was arrested on his lips. Aunt

Regine began to howl with all her might.

The bridegroom and his family took their departure, and the rest of the party speedily followed their discreet example; Uncle Warner alone remained with the enraged father. But every attempt to mollify his anger, or to awaken in his mind any regret for the harshness by which he himself had driven his daughter to this desperate step, was addressed to deaf ears. Herr Kraft's wrath was only increased by every new argument the good Warner brought forward in the hope of allaying it, and at length he took his leave, expressing his intention of making every inquiry concerning the fate of the unfortunate fugitive. But just as he had left the room, the door was suddenly opened, and Herr Kraft roared after him, in an imperious voice:

"I desire to be troubled with no information you may gather; and with this—Basta!"

He then slammed the door so hard, that the noise resounded throughout the whole house.

A whole year had elapsed, but time had worked no change in Herr Kraft's vindictive feelings. Constant fretting, however, had impaired his health, and he became ill. Uncle Warner thought it might be a good opportunity to soften his heart, and he led the conversation to the sad position of forsaken old age, and upon the comfort of an affectionate nurse amidst sickness and infirmities. But Herr Kraft replied that *he* could never be forsaken in his declining years, for he had a son, "the heir of his house;" and as far as concerned illness and infirmities, the best attendant was some hired sick-nurse, for she thought only of the good wages she was to get, and it never entered her head to speculate upon what he might leave. He did not put any faith in all the babbling about affection and love, and such nonsense; it was self-interest and money that people thought of in this world, and those who had wealth would always get plenty of attention.

"But you might lose your fortune, you might become as poor as many others are, and then you would stand in need of affection, and learn to know its value," said Herr Warner.

The rich merchant stared at him with contemptuous surprise; then, with a scornful laugh, he said:

"Yes, to be sure; the moon might fall down from the heavens, but it would not be necessary on that account to put up an umbrella. Don't tease me any more with such nonsense. Enough of it—Basta!"

Herr Kraft got better, and he resumed his accustomed rich man's life—the constant yearning and busy schemes to become richer; but in his cupidity he never thought of Providence.

The moon certainly did not fall from heaven, but within the space of three years, one fine morning, as Herr Kraft was lounging over his breakfast-table, and congratulating himself on being worth a very considerable sum of money, the post-man brought him a large packet of letters. His spirits fell the moment he had read them, for they conveyed the startling and afflicting intelligence of a commercial crisis in a foreign country, which had caused the failure of many houses of old standing; and their failure had brought down several others. Among these sufferers was Herr Kraft himself. Yes, the wealthy Kraft, dragged down by others, was now a *bankrupt*! At that time bankruptcy was a more serious matter than it is nowadays; a bankrupt never raised himself to fortune a second time, and there were *then* no instances of a man having failed several times, and yet being able to live on the fat of the land. However, credit, in those days, was a very different matter from what it is now.

Herr Kraft had failed—the honorable, ancient, commercial house was ruined, its riches and its lustre annihilated in a moment. What during a century, and by the zealous labor of several generations, had been gathered, had been destroyed by a single storm, and scattered like chaff before the wind! The cash-keeper suggested—and it was true what he said—that the ready money which was lying in their iron chest might be easily removed and placed somewhere else in security, and that *it* alone would be sufficient to yield a competency to any man for life. But Herr Kraft was a rigidly honest man, and had not the fall of the house thrown the cash-keeper also out of bread, he would have discharged him for advising such a fraudulent measure. Every thing was given up, and as an honorable and respected, but a poor and ruined man, the lately so wealthy and so envied Herr

Kraft took his departure from his forefathers' abode.

Herr Warner showed the warmest sympathy in his misfortunes. He immediately proposed that his cousin should come to his house, although he knew that he would have also to receive Aunt Regine and her pet, Mops. But Herr Kraft had already accepted his son's invitation to spend some time with him. This invitation to his house was perhaps not more than was due to a father who had placed him in so independent a position that he was now in easy circumstances, and had not lost any thing by the failure of the house. But yes, he had lost the expected rich inheritance, the succession to the firm, etc. etc.; and as he was his father's son, and brought up in his ways, he was very well versed in the calculation of the interest of money, and in book-keeping by single and double entry, but knew little about humanity and kind feeling, which, from his earliest infancy, he had heard his father ridicule.

His failure was a cruel trial to old Herr Kraft; his pride was severely wounded, but his heart was not at all softened. During these sorrowful days, a letter was brought to him by the post, but, as he recognized his daughter's writing, he laid it aside, and when "Uncle Warner" came, he handed it to him unopened, saying: "If you know where the writer lives, be so good as to see that this is returned; and therewith—Basta!"

His residence in his son's house was destined to be another heavy trial. The son's wife was the ruler there, and she was far from amiable. Aunt Regine had always been an eyesore to her. Her long-winded prosing was now cut short and ridiculed, and her Mops dared scarcely put his nose outside of the good lady's petticoats, under the shelter of which he lay snoring from morning till night. The endless talking about what every thing cost, and the eternal reference to the advantage of having money, which formerly had never annoyed Herr Kraft, were now exceedingly disagreeable to him, and drew many a sigh from his oppressed heart. It was given out that every thing was to be done to please him, and he heard several times a day these words: "Whatever papa likes—our only desire is that papa may be comfortable in our house." But he felt as often that these were empty phrases, a mere *façon de parler*, and that

his wishes, in reality, were never consulted. Had he known what *heart* was, he would have deplored their want of it; as it was, he only grieved for the loss of his fortune.

When a bubble that has been blown is nearly exhausted, an atom will make it burst. The life Herr Kraft led in his son's house was such, that he only waited for some event to form an excuse for leaving it; he could stand it no longer. The opportunity was not long wanting. His son's wife purchased a dog, which was double the size of Aunt Regine's Mops, and was a very pugnacious animal. It was a great amusement to the young couple to set the two dogs at each other, and they enjoyed exceedingly the terror which Hector's entrance into the room soon seemed to cause Mops, who, with as much speed as his fat would allow, would always waddle towards his mistress, and rush for protection under her garments, which she hospitably raised to admit him, sometimes, in her anxiety on his account, to a most ludicrous height. One day Herr Kraft was sitting on a sofa reading the newspapers, Aunt Regine was taking a quiet nap in an arm-chair near, and Mops, seduced by the stillness and the warm sunshine, was stretched full length upon the carpet, as happy as dog could be. Suddenly the door of the room was opened, and the son's wife entered, accompanied by Hector. As quick as lightning the animal sprang forward and pounced upon the half-sleeping Mops. Aunt Regine started from her slumbers, and lifted her dress in her hurry up to her very knees, but before Mops could take flight to that opened temple of peace, Hector had rendered the asylum useless—he had put an end to the poor favorite's existence, and Mops lay dead upon the floor! The son's wife was shaking with laughter at Aunt Regine's comical appearance, and was so amused that she forgot to call off her dog from Mops, and even when she saw the calamity that had occurred she could scarcely stop laughing. Herr Kraft witnessed this scene over his newspaper; his knitted eyebrows foretold a coming storm, but he mastered his anger, and, taking Aunt Regine by the hand, he led her out of the room.

For the first time in his life he felt a sort of longing for a sympathizing friend, and sent to ask Herr Warner to come to him. That gentleman had been much en-

gaged in the affairs of his cousin's bankruptcy, and had been striving to make the best possible arrangement with his creditors for him. Herr Kraft wished to know if he thought it would be possible to rescue as much as would enable him to live with great economy in some retired country place, for the short period of time he might still remain in this world. Nothing would induce him, he said, to remain longer in his son's house, or in Copenhagen, and he would not forsake Aunt Regine. Herr Warner encouraged him in this judicious plan, and promised to do his best to find a residence for him that would suit, in all respects, "an amiable family," he added, "where you can have the society of worthy people, and yet be as much alone as you choose. For in the days of adversity it is kind-hearted people to whom we cling, and in your son's house, though every thing is very handsome and in the nicest order, there is no disposition to make any one happy, and no trace of real hospitality." Herr Kraft made no reply to these observations, and when his cousin was gone, he fell into deep thought.

A few days afterwards, the indefatigable friend brought him the information that he had been so fortunate as to find a family at some distance in the country who were willing to receive Herr Kraft and Aunt Regine. The terms were very reasonable, and the size of the house would admit of the host and his guest being quite independent of each other. The family was small, the gentleman was clever and well-educated, his wife, indeed, was absent from home for a time, having gone to some German baths on account of her health, but the house, nevertheless, was well managed. The country round was pretty, though the situation was rather lonely. "The person in question is named Warner, like me," said the cousin, "but we are not at all of the same family. I take it for granted that his name will not be disagreeable to you." Herr Kraft shook his hand with a friendly smile, and agreed to the arrangement. Two days after this he quitted his son's house, and went into the country, accompanied by Herr Warner, Aunt Regine, and old Maren, who for many years had been Herr Kraft's especial attendant, and was acquainted with all his ways. She was the only human being of whom he would have felt the want, she

knew so well how he liked his bed made.

Uncle Warner's namesake received the travelers very politely on their arrival at their future home, and regretted that his wife was not there to welcome her guests; "she was at present at the baths of Pyrmont," he said, "but would be back ere long." Two fine children, half-hidden by their father, gazed with curiosity at the strangers who were thenceforth to live with them. By the kind care of Uncle Warner, a portion of Herr Kraft's own furniture had been brought thither from Copenhagen, and he immediately found himself quite at home in his new sitting-room: every arrangement had been made with a view to his convenience, and the indulgence of his former habits. Aunt Regine's tastes and comforts had also been sedulously attended to; her bed-chamber contained all her favorite articles of furniture, and she had a delightful surprise on finding in a basket near the stove a second Mops, who licked her hand affectionately, and was so like her defunct pet "of blessed memory," that she instantly took a fancy to him.

Uncle Warner spent a few days with them, and then returned to town with the pleasing conviction that his cousin could not fail to be comfortable in his new abode. And so he certainly was. Herr Kraft began by degrees to associate with his host, whom he found to be a sensible, pleasant man, and whom he began gradually to like and respect. Before a month had elapsed, Herr Kraft had become so much accustomed to the quiet, secluded life he led, that he would have regretted leaving the peaceful home where he had found so much hitherto unknown comfort, and where he felt that, though stripped of his fortune, he was treated with much more attention than had ever been paid to him in the days of his affluence. Nature had hitherto been a sealed book to him; he now studied it in his wanderings amidst the charming scenery of the neighborhood, and it spoke to him in language which he could never before have dreamed of understanding. He had never formerly taken any notice of children, but his host's two sweet children managed to insinuate themselves so much into his good graces, that he was always happy to see them, and have them about him. He could not imagine why he took such interest in them, but they

were such good-tempered, pretty, clever little creatures, that it was impossible not to be pleased with them. And Aunt Regine liked them almost as much as her new Mops, and *it* almost as much as her first canine favorite, so that old Maren was right in saying :

"Well, this is really a blessed house we are in ; we seem to have all become better-tempered since we have been here ; even the master himself is quite a different creature, and does not find fault with his bed as he used to do ; formerly, there was no making it to please him. And really now, when he sits leaning his cheek on his hand, wrapt up in his own thoughts, he looks quite a good old man."

And Herr Kraft often sat with his cheek resting on his hand, wrapt up in his own thoughts, but what these were he communicated to no living being ; perhaps they were hardly clear to himself, for they were frequently new and unaccustomed thoughts that came to him in his solitude.

Herr Warner occasionally paid him a short visit, and when he began to speak of commercial matters and the affairs of his late house, the old merchant would heave a deep sigh, and say : "If every one has been paid, and no one has lost any thing by me, my wishes are fulfilled. I desire nothing more—my time is over—and therewith—Basta !"

But the word came forth like the echo of a sound—the ghost of a habit now almost forgotten ; and this conclusion, which had so often caused consternation by its irrevocable vigor, seemed now almost sad.

About the time that the mistress of the house was expected back from Pymont, Herr Kraft felt very much indisposed, and when she reached home, he was laboring under a fever, the violence of which had made him delirious. In his delirium he sometimes fancied himself the rich man, whose commercial influence extended over half the world—sometimes impoverished and destitute, a dependent on those around him ; but it was always on money that his fevered dreams dwelt, and the demons of gold fought their unhallowed battles in his clouded mind. In the course of a week or two this state of morbid excitement passed away, and was succeeded by an utter prostration of strength, an extreme degree of weakness, in which he lay, for the most part, with his eyes

closed, as if sleeping. With how much kindness and solicitude was he not tended during that long illness ! Day and night was his anxious hostess in his sick-room, and whenever he opened his eyes, they always rested on the same form. And when the crisis was over, the greatest danger was past, and all the family would assemble round his bed, any one would have thought that he was a dear member of it, they treated him with so much affectionate attention.

One evening, in the dusk, when they had all left his room for a short time, and old Maren alone was sitting by his bedside, he suddenly opened his eyes and gazed around him, as if he were trying to recollect where he was, and what had happened to him. He then asked about the children. Maren clasped her hands in joy that her master had recovered to consciousness again, while he repeated his question, and added :

"Is it not true, Maren, that the boy is called Ludvig, and the girl Georgia ? These are both my own names——"

"Well, that is very natural," said Maren, significantly. "What else should they be called ?"

"Is my cousin Warner here ?" asked the invalid soon after.

He was there, and Maren went immediately to call him. Herr Kraft made a sign to him to sit down near his couch, and another to Maren to leave them by themselves.

"Cousin," he said, "I see now how things are—I am in my daughter's house. I have been very ill, but I did not lose the use of my eyes, and Louise has watched by my bed, and attended me."

Herr Warner nodded in affirmation of what he had said.

"You knew it all along. You took the place of her father when I threw her off—is it not so ?"

Warner nodded again ; he was so surprised to hear a person generally so stern and overbearing speak thus gently, that he could not utter a word for a moment.

"But her husband was not named Warner, and he had only a very small property, not such a large place as this ? How are all these discrepancies to be reconciled ?"

Herr Warner then related to him in a few words that his son-in-law had assumed *his* citizen-like name out of gratitude, be-

cause he had presented Louise with a considerable sum of money he had received from the East-Indies, for which he had no use himself, but which had enabled the couple to purchase this large property, where they had lived as happily as they could do while under the ban of his displeasure, and without having obtained his forgiveness. But now he would surely not longer withhold that, and they would all be happy together, for which he thanked God from the bottom of his heart.

To Herr Kraft it seemed all a romance. The discarded daughter had received and devotedly attended in his illness her harsh and unforgiving father; the scorned son-in-law had won his friendship and esteem; the poor cousin had been able to give away a fortune; and the rich merchant lay there an impoverished and repentant man.

"Money was in your hands only an instrument of doing good—to me it was an idol!" he exclaimed, after a silence of some duration. "But I have learned to know that our Lord did not will money to be a primary consideration. It is all gone now, however!"

Herr Warner assured him that it was not all gone; there would be a surplus left for him after all the creditors were paid, and that he himself had a little money laid by, and they would commence business together; they would soon increase the capital, as Herr Kraft understood mercantile affairs so well. The bankrupt shook his head at these smiling prospects, and replied that his hours were numbered, and he had other employments for the few that might remain of them.

"Whilst I was so ill," he continued, "I had very singular dreams. It appeared to me as if an angel and a devil were contending which should get possession of me; the angel always resembled Louise, and at last she drove the devil away, and as he was going, I seemed to hear piles of money falling down, as it were, with a crash. It was a dreadful sound. But just then I heard a voice singing solemn hymns, and, lulled by the soothing melody, I felt a sense of peace and happiness steal over me. I sank into a deep sleep, and had such a charming dream—so charming that I can not describe it."

Herr Kraft folded his hands and fell back on his pillow somewhat exhausted, but apparently tranquil. In a few min-

utes, however, he became restless, and moved uneasily from side to side on his bed. Suddenly he raised himself till he sat upright, and cried, in an excited tone: "Where is my daughter? Bring her to me—and her children—and her husband."

Herr Warner summoned them all. Louise kneeled by her father's bed, and kissed his hand, over which her tears fell fast. He took her hand and placed it in that of her husband, and then pressed his own hand on her head, as if invoking a blessing upon her. Warner brought the children to him, and he kissed them on their foreheads; he then stretched out both his hands to his cousin, but before the latter had time to clasp them, the invalid had fallen back on his pillow exhausted. It was a solemn moment, and one of entire reconciliation, without a word having been spoken; but they understood each other without words, for language is not always so necessary as many think.

A state of extreme exhaustion succeeded this exertion, and Herr Kraft lay for a long time perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed as if he were sleeping. The party who surrounded his bed felt relieved from a load of sorrow, and, full of hope that he would recover, they whispered cheerfully to each other. Late in the evening he awoke, and spoke of his son. "Tell him," said he, "that I always loved him, but I was foolish in my way of showing my affection. Tell him that, exclusive of a provision for poor Maren, all that can be saved from the wreck of my fortune shall be divided between him and Aunt Regine. Louise, you have had more of a father in Uncle Warner than in me, and may God bless him for his kindness to you! You will all remember me, I know, with affection!"

He held out his hands to them all, and smiled cordially to them, but he retained Herr Warner's and Louise's hands in his. He then lay for a few moments in silence; his lips moved, however, though no sound was heard. Perhaps he was engaged in prayer. A little after he exclaimed half aloud:

"Is it not declared in the Bible, that 'it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God?' The Almighty had placed much in my power. But he will be merciful to me! Every

one has got his own—I have defrauded none, and I possess nothing. Yet God has made me rich—and with that—Basta!”

A happy smile flitted over his counten-

ance—a pleasing remembrance for those who survived him. By midnight all was over; he had passed into the deep, dark sleep of death.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

T H E L A D Y A G N E S .

FROM THE GERMAN OF REDWITZ.

I.

THE WAGER.

THE Emir on a couch of down
Within his tent reclines;
His caftan is a blaze of pearls,
His robe the stars outshines.
Upon the crimson carpet gleams
The brightness of his blade;
And bubbles near an amber fount,
Out of the roseate shade.

Before him, mute, Sir Wolfram stands,
Calm in his worldless pride;
He looks not right, he looks not left,
No sword is at his side;
The trusty steel all shattered lies,
Snapped at his foe's behest;
And every fragment seems to pierce
With separate stab his breast.

Yet there he stands in knightly garb,
As if a king were he;
A scion true of Teuton race,
And flower of chivalry.
His calmness moves the Emir's wrath;
His pulse begins to beat;
And, stung as by an adder's sting,
He rocks upon his seat.

“Ho, Christian! ere beneath the knife
Thou yieldest up the ghost,
Look round with envy and behold
The wealth that I can boast.
Then own how rash it was with me
In rivalry to dare;
For, caitiff, how can all that's thine
With this my state compare?”

“Thy arm is weak, thy sword is dull;
I made thee bite the dust;

Thy steed is worthless matched with mine,
Thy armor foul with rust.
I see not on thy cap or belt
One single precious stone;
How beggarly must be the home
That thou canst call thine own!”

“Yet, Christian!”—here he flashed a glance
Of haughty pleasantry—
“If thou canst name a single thing
Wherein thou rival'st me,
By Allah! thou and thine are free!
If not, thou'st done with life.”
Cried Wolfram, with a kindling eye:
“Agreed, I name . . . my wife!”

“Thy wife!” the Emir laughed aloud.
“Ho, Christian! thou dost rave!
Why, she would look a hag beside
My very meanest slave!
The fairest fair of half the world
Within my harem shine—”
“And yet,” Sir Wolfram, calm, replied,
“Thou hast no wife like mine!”

II.

THE MESSAGE.

In her bower the Lady Agnes kneels,
Her long locks all unbound,
Before the holy Virgin's shrine—
Her arms a boy surround.
The eve's descending o'er the vale,
Earth's daily toil is o'er;
Above the rustling linden-trees
The moon is seen to soar.

“O Holy Virgin!” thus she prays—
“Bless thou our troubled rest;
And oh! forsake not him I love,
Mother of mercy blest!”

She lays her infant down to sleep,
And turns the door to close;
When lo! a hurried messenger
Bursts in on her repose.

"Is't thou, my page? What news dost bring?
Oh! speak!" she trembling cried:
"Say, doth my lord no longer live?
Would God with him I'd died!"
"Ah! dearest lady, weep not thus!
Thy lord is living still;
But, captive in a foreign land,
Sends me to speak his will."

"Go to my castle," thus he spake,
"And tell my lady there,
That she must deck herself forthwith
With all she deems most rare;
Then take the swiftest-sailing bark,
And hie across the sea;
Bearing a ransom in her hand,
To set her husband free."

"Oh! didst thou hear aright, my page?
And was this all he said?"
"No other word was his, and so
I on my mission sped.
He durst not further speak his mind,
For we were not alone;
But in his face I well could mark
More grief than he would own."

"My trusty page, within my breast
Thy words have raised a storm;
Oh! how can I in woman's gauds
Deck this poor trembling form?
My casket boasts no precious stone,
My robes no brodered gold;
Where, then, can I a ransom seek?
O God! our woes behold!"

"Ah! dearest lady! this poor life
I'd give to dry thy tears!"
"Be still, my page, and leave me now—
Bury in sleep thy fears.
If on my loved lord's message I
But ponder through the night,
Its meaning will be manifest
Before the morning's light."

Then bid she to her page farewell,
Drops down upon her knee;
And all the long night-watches through,
Unwearied, there kneels she.
"O Holy Virgin! well thou know'st
To me no wealth was given;
Then help me in my sorest strait—
Oh! help me, Queen of Heaven."

"Will my lord's richest charms must I
Unloved set free?
Hes! his words?
To fulfill
me how

There kneels she, pale, and overspent,
Till the gray dawn appears;
Then falls asleep upon her knees,
Her cheek still wet with tears.
But when her drooping eyelids close,
Her mother's heart awakes,
And o'er her upturned face a smile
Of rapturous beauty breaks.

She sees how, clothed in robes of grace,
The Virgin meek stands there:
Her vesture gold nor jewel decks—
No pearl adorns her hair.
Yet, brighter than the starry host,
A glory round her plays,
As humbly to her breast she clasps
The holy child—and prays.

The sun is high: she, too, hath risen
From the cold pavement-stone;
With kisses she hath waked her babe,
And to her page hath flown.
"Arise, sir page! we seek my lord:
Come, come, my baby dear!
I knew, e'er shone the morning star,
My course would be made clear!"

III.

THE CHARM.

Once more the Emir in his tent,
Sits by the yellow strand—
His guards, with glittering spears, around
The fettered captive stand;
The eyes of all impatient strain
Towards the setting sun,
Whence, bird-like, o'er the heaving wave,
A sail is gliding on.

And all around bright forms of grace
Recline on couches there;
Their robes with gems besprinkled o'er,
With pearls their braided hair;
The ruby pales beside their lips,
Their bosoms shame the snow;
But yet they thrill not with that joy
Which slaves can never know.

The Emir looks on them with pride—
But downcast is each eye;
No beaming look responds to his,
In love's sweet liberty.
E'en Wolfram in his fetters there
Can feel some pity rise;
But now, from his soft couch of down,
The Emir roughly cries:

"Ho, Christian! dost thou feel as brave
Before this brilliant band?
How think'st thou, by Circassian blood,
Will thy fair German stand?
Yet the proud venture was thine own;
And 'twill be pastime rare
When severed falls thy gory head
Before thy vanquished fair!"

Replied the knight: "So she but come
I quail not 'neath thine arm;
Thou'st sworn by Him we both adore
She should be safe from harm."
"Yes, yes," the Emir cried: "'twas so;
But see! the ship's in port;
Away, my Moors! and lead her in;
It will be glorious sport!"

Then back he flings the curtain fold—
Deep crimson glows the sea—
And, leaning on his saber-hilt,
Stands in expectancy—
Muttering all grimly in his beard:
"I never could have thought
A woman all this weary way
Her captive lord had sought.

"Yet well I guess, ere she appears,
She is some Amazon;
Some savage Frankish girl—and still
My wager shall be won."
Meanwhile, her babe within her arms,
Across the tottering plank
He sees her gliding to the shore,
And moving up the bank.

Her robe is like the lilies, white,
A single cross hangs there:
In rippling waves of burnished gold
Descends her showering hair;
Her downcast eye and lowly mien
With dignity are graced;
And like a rose-bud smiles her boy,
Clasped to his mother's breast.

The Emir on that vision strange
Hath riveted his eye,
While to the broad white marble steps
It moveth silently.
But, as with calm and queenly tread,
The form hath reached the hall,
By strange emotions seized, he starts,
And lets the hanging fall.

And when once more 'tis raised, and in
She glides with solemn grace,
Dazzled by supernatural light
He covers up his face;
While, artless as her babe, she cries
In accents sweet and clear,
"Oh! tell me where to seek my lord:
At his command I'm here?"

A chain has clanked . . . with lightning
speed
Their eyes have met . . . and heart
To heart has bounded with a spring,
While they are yet apart.

With a glad cry, and beaming glance
Of fond maternal pride,
She holds her boy towards his sire . . .
In twain the guards divide.

He opes his arms—she fondly clings
Around his neck—she lays
His child upon his fettered knee;
The warm tears blind his gaze.
"My wife!" "My Wolfram!" "Father
mine!"
Treasures of priceless dole!
He folds his arms about them both—
One body and one soul!

The harem beauties gaze entranced
At union such as this:
Their long-chilled hearts melt at the sight
Of never-tasted bliss.
The Emir does not bid them part,
But stands absorbed in thought;
Murmuring by fits, with folded arms—
"What wonders love hath wrought!"

Then from her husband's circling clasp
She draws herself once more;
Towards the Emir holds her child,
And kneels upon the floor.
"Pity this guileless babe, which prays
His father may be free:
In soul and body we are one—
Thou would'st not kill all three?"

And ah! so touching is her look,
It holds his own in thrall,
Till a tear rises, and in haste
He turns to hide its fall.
Sinks weepingly her weary head
On her child's locks so bright,
And round them both a halo plays
Out of the dying light.

But lo! with holy pity moved
At sight of her distress,
The slaves kneel round, and touch with awe
The border of her dress.
The Emir struggles long . . . then cries:
"Stand up! thy lord is free!
Nobly hast thou redeemed his pledge—
I have no wife like thee!"

With warmth he grasps Sir Wolfram's
hand—
"So, Knight, thy wager's won!
To-day thou'lt be my honored guest:
Yet this one truth thou'lt own;
Confess it was some magic spell—
That she'd a charmed life?"
"Yes, yes, a magic spell, indeed!
She is my Christian wife!"

From the Edinburgh Review.

CANNING'S LITERARY REMAINS.*

AT the risk of startling many of our readers, we avow our conviction that the Right Hon. George Canning has never been fairly judged or duly appreciated by his countrymen. In Europe and America, he symbolizes a policy; in England, he is little better than a name. "There died the last of the rhetoricians," was the exclamation of a great northern critic and man of genius. Yet the brilliant effusions, the "purple patches," of this so-called rhetorician were underlaid and elevated by more thought and argument than would suffice to set up a host of the "practical men," who complacently repeat and dwell upon the sneer. His sacrifices in the cause of religious liberty were great and palpable. For that cause, as he truly said, he had surrendered power at a period (1812) when he would readily have bartered ten years of life for two of office. Side by side with Huskisson, of whose views he was the most eloquent exponent, he was (after Pitt) the first eminent Tory who embraced the doctrines of Free Trade. Yet Peel, who twice over resisted the progress of enlightened opinion till he could resist no longer without dismembering the empire or risking a war of classes, is imperishably enshrined in men's minds and memories as the statesman to whose welcome although tardy abandonment of long cherished errors the nation stands indebted for Catholic Emancipation and cheap bread.

Canning's death, indeed, was in every sense of the word untimely. It took place at the period most unfavorable for his fame; for the intermediate ground he had hitherto occupied between the

two great parties, somewhat analogous to that of the amphibious race of Liberal-Conservatives in our own time, had inevitably prevented him from enjoying the sympathy or cordial support of either. Nay, it had occasionally exposed him to the enmity or suspicion of both, and he needed a year or two of power to inaugurate a well-defined policy, and form a strong party of his own. Nature had intended Canning for a Whig. His opinions were enlightened; his sympathies were liberal; and if he had been born ten years later, we entertain no doubt that he would have cast in his lot with that great party of reform, which has labored with so much success, first in opposition, and afterwards in power, to regenerate the institutions and to expand the policy of England. But Mr. Canning entered public life at the moment when a fierce Tory reaction, excited by the monstrous excesses of the French Revolution, had counfounded Liberalism with Jacobinism, and when Mr. Pitt himself sacrificed to repression and to war the more enlarged views with which he had entered on the administration of public affairs. Bred in this school, Canning's impetuous disposition flung him into the tide of party at its flood. His wit and his eloquence were devoted to a cause which was not that of mankind; and he was habitually engaged in warfare with those whose policy and whose labors he might, in more favorable times, have applauded and shared. Towards the close of his career these liberal tendencies, which belonged to his generous nature, forced their way through the restraints of party; and the Tories, faithful to their practice of hunting down the men of genius whom accident or tradition may have placed at their head, became his bitterest enemies and harried him to the grave. The consequence was that in the prime of his life and the heyday of his fame, the greatness of his talents was not recognized by the Whigs; and that the brilliant part he played from 1820 to 1827 was ma-

* *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin: comprising the celebrated Political and Satirical Poems, Parodies, and Jeux-d'esprit of the Right Hon. George Canning, the Earl of Carlisle, Marquis Wellesley, the Right Hon. J. H. Frere, W. Gifford, Esq., the Right Hon. W. Pitt, G. Ellis, Esq., and others.* With Explanatory Notes, by CHARLES EDMONDS. Second edition, considerably enlarged. With Six Etchings, by the famous caricaturist, JAMES GILLRAY. London: 1854.

ligned by the Tories. Our own honored ally, Sydney Smith—*haud impar congressus*—was the most formidable and persevering of his assailants. Mr. Canning and his parasites were the subjects of the matchless comparison of the blue-bottle fly—"the bluest, grandest, merriest, most important animal in existence;" and throughout the whole of his celebrated letters, Peter Plymley persisted in treating Canning as a mere "joker of jokes," and thus summed up his merits and demerits in the year 1808:

"I can only say I have listened to him long and often, with the greatest attention; I have used every exertion in my power to take a fair measure of him, and it appears to me impossible to hear him upon any arduous topic without perceiving that he is eminently deficient in those solid and serious qualities, upon which, and upon which alone, the confidence of a great country can properly repose. He sweats, and labors, and works for sense, and Mr. Ellis always seems to think it is coming, but it does not come: the machine can't draw up what is not to be found in the spring: Providence has made him a light-jeasting paragraph-writing man, and that he will remain to his dying-day.

"When he is jocular, he is strong; when he is serious, he is like Samson in a wig: any ordinary person is a match for him; a song, an ironical letter, a burlesque ode, an attack in the newspaper upon Nicholl's eyes, a smart speech of twenty minutes, full of gross misrepresentations and clever turns, excellent language, a spirited manner, lucky quotation, success in provoking dull men, some half information picked up in Pall Mall in the morning—these are your friend's natural weapons; all these things he can do; here I allow him to be truly great; nay, I will be just, and go still farther—if he would confine himself to these things, and consider the facile and the playful to be the basis of his character, he would, for that species of man, be universally allowed to be a person of a very good understanding: call him a legislator, a reasoner, and the conductor of the affairs of a great nation, and it seems to me as absurd as if a butterfly were to teach bees to make honey. That he is an extraordinary writer of small poetry, and a diner-out of the highest order, I do most readily admit. After George Selwyn, and perhaps Tickell, there has been no such man for this half century."

But in this passage our incomparable friend was unconsciously giving point and currency to the very objections often urged against himself, and which always are urged against every wit or man of genius who has the misfortune to startle dullness from its self-complacency. How long did it not take, in his own case, to compel the universal admission that his

own exquisite humor was the finest product of sense and reason—the steel point of the feathered shaft that went swift and unerring to the mark? At the same time, we must make ample allowance for the asperity which was conventionally permitted to combatants, with tongue or pen, fifty years since. Let it also be remembered that, if Sydney Smith did not spare Canning or his "parasites," Canning had not spared some of Sydney Smith's dearest and most esteemed friends; and, in reviving the memory of their swashing blows at the distance of half a century, we feel the same admiration for the wit and wisdom displayed on either side, irrespective of personal and party motives, as we do in reverting to Dryden's portrait of Achitophel or Pope's sketch of Sporus. In a retrospective view of satirical literature which throws a vivid light on political and social history, it matters little whether any given specimen of irony or invective was aimed by a Whig at a Tory, or by a Tory at a Whig.

The world is a jealous world, and reluctantly accords the palm in more than one line of superiority or walk of excellence to the same competitor. If Canning had not shone in light literature, or "small poetry," his claim to rank as an orator of the first class would have been conceded long prior to 1808. If his other titles to fame had not subsequently merged and been forgotten in his career as a statesman, we should not now be under the necessity of asserting his independent and distinct right to rank as a man of letters; for could all his contributions to light literature be collected, he would be admitted to fall short of few political satirists of the more fugitive order in grace, point, or felicity, and to equal the best of them in fecundity and variety. And this we say with especial reference to Swift; Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the author of *Anticipation*, (Tickell,) and the other principal contributors to the *Rolliad*; Peter Pindar, Gifford, Theodore Hook, and Thomas More, who, we think, is more indisputably the first in this order of composition than in any other which he touched and adorned.

The importance not long since attached to Latin prosody and the artistical combination of longs and shorts, was hardly exaggerated in the witty remark, that a false quantity in a man was pretty nearly

tantamount to a *faux pas* in a woman. The Marquis of Wellesley would appear, from his private correspondence, to have been prouder of his Latin verses than of his Indian policy; and the late Lord Tenterden devoted more of his long vacation to the polishing of his odes in the language and manner of Horace, than to the consolidation of statutes or preparation of judgments. In their younger days, which were also Canning's, graceful scholarship was a high social and literary distinction in itself. But notwithstanding the brilliant example set by Sir George Lewis and Mr. Gladstone, the class within which the taste and the capacity for these pursuits are still cultivated has gradually become more select than numerous, and the fame of any modern statesman would be deemed equivocal if it required to be supported or enhanced by a school exercise or a prize poem. We therefore lay no stress on Canning's contributions to the *Musæ Etonenses*; but we pause at the *Microcosm*, which, though the production of boyhood, contains many passages which would reflect no discredit on the most accomplished mind in its maturity.

The formal title of the collected papers runs thus: "*The Microcosm, a Periodical Work, by Gregory Griffin, of the College of Eton.* Inscribed to the Rev. Dr. Davies. In two volumes." It consists of a series of papers after the manner of the *Spectator*, published weekly, (on the Monday,) from Nov. 6, 1786, to July 30, 1787, both inclusive. The concluding number contains the will of the editor, Mr. Gregory Griffin, by which he bequeaths "the whole of the aforesaid essays, poems, letters, etc., etc., to my much-beloved friends, J. Smith, G. Canning, R. Smith, and J. Frere, to be among them divided as shall be hereafter by me appointed, except such legacies as shall be hereafter by me assigned to other my worthy and approved friends." Amongst the special bequests we find: "Item. To Mr. George Canning, now of the College of Eton, I do give and bequeath all my papers, essays, etc., etc., signed with B." The best of these are No. 2, on Swearing; Nos. 11 and 12, Critique on the Heroic Poem of the Knave of Hearts; and No. 30, on Mr. Newbery's Little Books, including a parallel between the character of Tom Thumb and that of Ulysses. Each of these is remarkable for an easy and abundant flow of humor, with (to borrow one of Dr. John-

son's expressions) a bottom of good sense. The subject of Swearing was judiciously chosen; and its importance is heightened with a comic seriousness which would have provoked an approving smile from the Short-faced Gentleman, obviously proposed as a model by the youthful essayist. For example:

"It is an old proverbial expression, that 'there go two words to a bargain;' now I should not a little admire the ingenuity of that calculator who could define, to any tolerable degree of exactness, how many oaths go to one in these days: for I am confident that there is no business carried on, from the wealthiest bargains of the Exchange, to the six-penny chafferings of a St. Giles's buckster, in which swearing has not a considerable share. And almost every tradesman, 'meek and much a liar,' will, if his veracity be called in question, coolly consign to Satan some portion of himself, payable on demand, in case his goods be not found answerable to his description of their quality.

"Nay, even the female sex have, to their no small credit, caught the happy contagion; and there is scarce a mercer's wife in the kingdom but has her innocent unmeaning imprecations, her little oaths 'softened into nonsense,' and, with squeaking treble, mincing blasphemy into oddsodkins, slitterkins, and such like, will 'swear you like a sucking dove, ay, an it were any nightingale.'"

It was Swift, we believe, who, happening to be present when a party of accomplished friends were eagerly talking over a game at cards, completed and presented them with an estimate of the proportion which their oaths bore to the rational or intelligible portion of their discourse. Hotspur tells his wife that she swears like a comfit-maker's wife; and Bob Acres' theory of sentimental swearing must have been freshly remembered in 1787. Yet there is both novelty and ingenuity in Canning's mode of enforcing the same argument; and the recollection of Addison's commentary on *Chevy Chase* rather enhances the pleasure with which we read his youthful imitator's critical analysis of what he designates the epic poem beginning:

"The queen of hearts
She made some tarts
All on a summer's day."

If selflove did not blind the best of us to our own errors and absurdities, almost every modern editor or commentator who has aspired to emulate the conjectural, and often happy, audacity of Warburton, might fancy that the quiet irony of the

following paragraph was leveled at himself :

"All on a summer's day."

"I can not leave this line without remarking, that one of the Scribleri, a descendant of the famous Martinus, has expressed his suspicions of the text being corrupted here, and proposes, instead of 'All on,' reading 'Alone,' alleging, in the favor of this alteration, the effect of solitude in raising the passions. But Hiccius Doctius, a high Dutch commentator, one nevertheless well versed in British literature, in a note of his usual length and learning, has confuted the arguments of Scriblerus. In support of the present reading, he quotes a passage from a poem written about the same period with our author's, by the celebrated Johannes Pastor, (most commonly known as Jack Shepherd,) entitled 'An Elegiac Epistle to the Turnkey of Newgate,' wherein the gentleman declares, that rather indeed in compli-
ance with an old custom, than to gratify any particular wish of his own, he is going

'———— All hanged for to be
Upon that fatal Tyburn tree.'

"Now, as nothing throws greater light on an author than the concurrence of a contemporary writer, I am inclined to be of Hiccius's opinion, and to consider the 'All' as an elegant expletive, or as he more aptly phrases it, 'elegans expletivum.'"

There are several other papers, from which, space permitting, we should be glad to quote; and although Canning's are the gems of the publication, it may be cited as a whole to show how rapidly the tone, or what some may call the cant, of the professional essayist or critic may be caught, and how effectively it may be employed by the youngest tyro in the art. It is hardly conceivable that lads of sixteen or seventeen can have thought out for themselves, or fully appreciated, the conclusions they lay down or the canons they apply; yet there is little in their writings by which they could be distinguished from their elders of the same average rate of talent, except what is to their advantage, namely, their superior freshness and vivacity. Just so, it is a remarkable fact, that the best of our comedies, commonly supposed to show the nicest insight into life and manners, have been produced by their respective authors at an age when they must have taken most of their applauded knowledge of society upon trust. We hear much of the intuitive powers of genius, and it certainly does sometimes arrive at surprising results by intellectual processes

which seem to dispense with experience. But examination and analysis may possibly suggest a simpler solution, by demonstrating that the knowledge in question really amounts to little more than cleverness in tracing character and conduct to motives and springs of action which do least credit to mankind. "What knowledge of life!" exclaim pit and boxes, when Mrs. Candor and Sir Benjamin Backbite are turning their intimate acquaintance into ridicule, or when Mirabell tells Millamant that "a man may as soon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman with plain dealing and sincerity." Yet a diligent perusal of works like *Rochefoucauld's Maxims*, or *Grammont's Memoirs*, may supply ample materials for the creation of these fine gentlemen, coquettes, and scandal-mongers, whose conventional and heartless cynicism derives its essential piquancy from the expression and the form.

"Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
Which to the house of Satire leads mankind;
Narrow and unfrequented are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to Praise."

We can hardly say of Canning's satire what was said of Sheridan's, that

"His wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

But its severity was redeemed by its buoyancy and geniality, whilst the subjects against which it was principally aimed gave it a healthy tone and a sound foundation. Its happiest effusions will be found in the *Anti-Jacobin* which was set on foot to refute or ridicule the democratic rulers of Revolutionary France and their admirers or apologists in England, who, it must be owned, were occasionally hurried into a culpable degree of extravagance and laxity by their enthusiasm. The first number of this celebrated publication appeared on November 7, 1797; the thirty-sixth and last on July 9, 1798. The collected numbers in prose and verse form two volumes octavo. The poetry was reprinted in a separate volume in 1799; and this volume has since been edited, with explanatory notes, by Mr. Charles Edmonds, who brought acuteness, discrimination, an appreciating spirit, and the most exemplary diligence to the performance of his task. He has taken ex-

traordinary pains to ascertain the authorship, whether joint or several, of the contributions, yet he had evidently not been able to satisfy himself, and he certainly has not satisfied us, on this most important and interesting point. The chief difficulty arises from the discrepancy between the oral and traditional, the internal and the written, evidence. Opposite to the title of each contribution in the table of contents, Mr. Edmonds has placed the name or names of the supposed writer or writers. The authorities on which he relies are four: "Canning's own copy of the poetry; Lord Burghersh's copy; Wright the publisher's copy; information of W. Upcott, amanuensis." The following curious account, printed between inverted commas, is subjoined to the table of contents:

"Wright, the publisher of the *Anti-Jacobin*, lived at 169, Piccadilly, and his shop was the general morning resort of the friends of the ministry, as Debrett's was of the Oppositionists. About the time when the *Anti-Jacobin* was contemplated, Owen, who had been the publisher of Burke's pamphlets, failed. The editors of the *Anti-Jacobin* took his house, paying the rent, taxes, etc., and gave it up to Wright, reserving to themselves the first floor, to which a communication was opened through Wright's house. Being thus enabled to pass to their own rooms through Wright's shop, where their frequent visits did not excite any remarks, they contrived to escape particular observation.

"Their meetings were most regular on Sundays, but they not unfrequently met on other days of the week, and in their rooms were chiefly written the poetical portions of the work. What was written was generally left open upon the table, and as others of the party dropped in, hints or suggestions were made; sometimes whole passages were contributed by some of the parties present, and afterwards altered by others, so that it is almost impossible to ascertain the names of the authors.

"Gifford was the working editor, and wrote most of the refutations and corrections of the 'Lies,' 'Mistakes,' and 'Misrepresentations.' The papers on finance were chiefly by Pitt: the first column was frequently for what he might send; but his contributions were uncertain, and generally very late, so that the space reserved for him was sometimes filled up by other matter. He only once met the editors at Wright's. Upcott, who was at the time assistant in Wright's shop, was employed as amanuensis, to copy out for the printer the various contributions, that the authors' handwriting might not be detected."

The editor, speaking in his own proper person, continues:

"For the above interesting particulars, as well

as for most of the names of the authors, the public are indebted to the researches of E. Hawkins, Esq., of the British Museum.

"It is probable, notwithstanding Lord Burghersh's assertion, that Mr. Hammond did not write one line, certainly not of verse. With regard to Mr. Wright's appropriation of particular passages to different authors, it is obviously mere conjecture. Both Canning and Gifford professed not to be able to make such distribution; but the former's share of 'New Morality' was so very much the largest as to entitle him to be considered its author."

We learn from Mr. Edmonds that almost all his authorities practically resolve themselves into one, the late Mr. Upcott, and that he never saw either of the alleged copies on which his informant relied. As regards the principal one, Canning's own, after the fullest inquiries amongst his surviving relatives and friends (with the exception of the Governor-General of India) we can not discover a trace of its existence at any period. Lord Burghersh (the present Earl of Westmoreland) was under fourteen years of age during the publication of the *Anti-Jacobin*; and we very much doubt whether either the publisher or the amanuensis (be he who he may) was admitted to the complete confidence of the contributors, or whether either the prose or poetry was composed as stated. In a letter to the late Madam de Girardin, *apropos* of her play, *L'Ecole des Journalistes*, Jules Janin happily exposes the assumption that good leading articles ever were, or ever could be, produced over punch and broiled bones, amidst intoxication and revelry. Equally untenable is the belief that poetical pieces, like the best of the *Anti-Jacobin*, were written in the common rooms of the confraternity, open to constant intrusion, and left upon the table to be corrected or completed by the first comer. The unity of design discernible in each, the glowing harmony of the thoughts and images, and the exquisite finish of the versification, tell of silent and solitary hours spent in brooding over, maturing, and polishing a cherished conception; and young authors, still unknown to fame, are least of all likely to sink their individuality in this fashion. We know, as a matter of fact, that their confidential meetings, to compare notes and talk over suggestions, were really held at Lady Malmesbury's, in Park Place; and we suspect that their main object in going to Wright's was to correct their

proofs and see one another's articles in their more finished state. Their meetings, if for these purposes, would be most regular on Sundays, because the paper appeared every Monday morning. The extent to which they aided one another may be collected from a well-authenticated anecdote. When Frere had completed the first part of the "Loves of the Triangles," he exultingly read over the following lines to Canning, and defied him to improve upon them:

"Lo! where the chimney's sooty tube ascends,
The fair TROCHAEI from the corner bends!
Her coal-black eyes upturned, incessant mark
The eddying smoke, quick flame, and volant spark;
Mark with quick ken, where flashing in between,
Her much-loved *Smoke-Jack* glimmers thro' the scene;

Mark, how his various parts together tend,
Point to one purpose—in one object end;
The spiral grooves in smooth meanders flow,
Drags the long chain, the polished axles glow,
While slowly circumploes the piece of beef below:"

Canning took the pen and added—

"The conscious fire with bickering radiance
burns,
Eyes the rich joint, and roasts it as it turns."

These two lines are now blended with the original text, and constitute, we are informed on the best authority, the only flaw in Frere's title to the sole authorship of the First Part. The Second and Third Parts were by Canning.

By the kindness of Lord Hatherton, we have now before us a bound volume containing all the Numbers of *The Anti-Jacobin* as they originally appeared—eight pages quarto, with double columns, price six-pence. On the fly-leaf is inscribed: "This copy belonged to the Marquess Wellesley, and was purchased at the sale of his library after his death, January, 1842. H." On the cover is pasted an engraved label of the arms and name of a former proprietor, Charles William Flint, with the penciled addition of "Confidential Amanuensis." In this copy, Canning's name is subscribed to (amongst others) the following pieces, which are also assigned to him (along with a large share in the most popular of the rest) by the most trustworthy rumors and traditions: "Inscription for the Door of the Cell in Newgate where Mrs. Brownrigg, the Prenticide, was confined previous to her execution;" "The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder;" the Lines ad-

dressed "To the Author of the Epistle to the Editors of the *Anti-Jacobin*;" "The Progress of Man," (all three parts;) and "New Morality."

With the single exception of "The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder," no piece in the collection is more freshly remembered than the "Inscription for the Cell of Mrs. Brownrigg," who

"Whipped two female prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole."

The answer to "The Author of the Epistle to the Editors of the *Anti-Jacobin*," is less known, and it derives a fresh interest from the fact, recently made public, that the Epistle (which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of Jan. 17, 1798) was the composition of William Lord Melbourne. The beginning shows that the veil of incognito had been already penetrated.

"Whoe'er ye are, all hail!—whether the skill
Of youthful CANNING guides the rancorous quill;
With powers mechanic far above his age,
Adapts the paragraph and fills the page;
Measures the column, mends whate'er's amiss,
Rejects THAT letter, and accepts of THIS;
Or HAMMOND, leaving his official toil,
O'er this great work consume the midnight oil—
Bills, passports, letters, for the Muses quit,
And change dull business for amusing wit."

After referring to "the poetic sage, who sung of Gallia in a headlong rage," the epistle proceeds:

"I swear by all the youths that MALMESBURY
chose,*
By ELLIS' sapient prominence of nose,
By MORPETH's gait, important, proud, and big—
By Leveson Gower's crop-imitating wig,
That, could the powers which in those numbers
shine,
Could that warm spirit animate my line,
Your glorious deeds which humbly I rehearse—
Your deeds should live immortal as my verse;
And, while they wondered whence I caught my
flame,
Your sons should blush to read their fathers'
shame."

Happily the eminent and accomplished sons of these fathers will smile, rather than blush, at this allusion to their sires, and smile the more when they remember from which side the attack proceeded.

* It will be remembered that these eminent persons were chosen by Lord Malmesbury to accompany him on his mission to Lille, and associated with him in the abortive negotiations for peace.

It is clear from the answer, that whilst the band were not a little ruffled by this attack, they had not the remotest suspicion that their assailant was a youth in his nineteenth year. Amongst other prefatory remarks they say :

"We assure the author of the epistle, that the answer which we have here the honor to address to him, contains our genuine and undisguised sentiments upon the merits of the poem.

"Our conjectures respecting the authors and abettors of this performance may possibly be as vague and unfounded as theirs are with regard to the Editors of the *Anti-Jacobin*. We are sorry that we can not satisfy their curiosity upon this subject—but we have little anxiety for the gratification of our own.

"It is only necessary to add, what is most conscientiously the truth, that this production, such as it is, is *by far the best* of all the attacks that the combined wits of the cause have been able to muster against the *Anti-Jacobin*."

The answer opens thus :

"BARD of the borrowed lyre ! to whom belong
The shreds and remnants of each hackneyed song ;
Whose verse thy friends in vain for wit explore,
And count but *one good line* in eighty-four !
Whoe'er thou art, all hail ! Thy bitter smile
Gilds our dull page, and cheers our humble toil !"

The "one good line" was "by Leveson Gower's crop-imitating wig," but the Epistle contains many equally good and some better. The speculations as to its authorship must have afforded no slight amusement to the writer and his friends.

The "Progress of Man" is a parody on "The Progress of Civil Society," a didactic poem, in six books, by Mr. Payne Knight, published in 1796. It was strongly imbued with the new philosophy, and awarded a decided superiority to the unsophisticated ways of man in his savage or natural state over the customs and manners (tacitly assumed to be unnatural) of civilization. Like most of the productions mentioned in the *Dunciad*, it is now only redeemed from utter oblivion by the poignant ridicule which it provoked. Mr. Knight's poetical description of the universality of the sexual passion, which he described as "warming the whale on Zembla's frozen shore," is rather imitated and amplified, than exaggerated, in the lines—

"How Lybian tigers' chawdrons love assails,
And warms, midst seas of ice, the melting whales ;
Cools the crimped cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
Shrinks shrivelled shrimps, but opens oysters' hearts ;

Then say, how all these things together tend
To one great truth, prime object, and good end !"

Equally good are the lines in which the placidity of the animal and vegetable races is contrasted (as it actually was by Mr. Payne Knight) with the restlessness of mankind :

"First—to each living thing, whate'er its kind,
Some lot, some part, some station is assigned.
The feathered race with pinions skim the air—
Not so the mackerel, and still less the bear ;
This roams the wood, carnivorous for his prey !
That with soft roe pursues his watery way ;
This slain by hunters, yields his shaggy hide ;
That caught by fishers, is on Sundays cried.
But each contented with his humble sphere,
Moves unambitious through the circling year."

Part the second is short, and contains little worth quoting, except the lines in which the gradual growth of the carnivorous tendency in the human species is traced and accounted for. The savage sees a tiger devouring a leveret or a pig, and is forthwith smitten with the desire to do likewise. He first, guided by instinct, constructs a bow and arrow.

"Then forth he fares. Around, in careless play,
Kids, pigs, and lambkins unsuspecting stray ;
With grim delight he views the sportive band,
Intent on blood, and lifts his murderous hand.
Twangs the bent bow—resounds the fateful dart,
Swift-winged, and trembles in a porker's heart."

The concluding part is devoted to Marriage, which Mr. Payne Knight has treated in the manner of Eloisa's famous epistle to Abelard. After an invocation to the South Sea Islands, and a glowing sketch of the happy absence of form with which connubial rites are there celebrated, the parody proceeds :

"Learn hence, each nymph, whose free aspiring
mind
Europe's cold laws, and colder customs bind—
Oh ! learn, what Nature's genial laws decree—
What Otaheite is, let Britain be !
"Of WHIST or CRIBBAGE mark th' amusing game—
The partners *changing*, but the sport the same.
Else would the gamester's anxious ardor cool,
Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool.
—Yet must *one* Man, with one unceasing Wife,
Play the LONG RUBBER of connubial life."

Then comes the inimitable portrait of Adelaide, in "The Stranger :"

"With look sedate, and staid beyond her years,
In matron weeds a Housekeeper appears.

The jingling keys her comely girdle deck—
 Her kerchief colored, and her apron *check*.
 Can that be Adelaide, that 'soul of whim,'
 Reformed in practice, and in manner prim?
 —On household cares intent, with many a sigh
 She turns the pancake, and she moulds the pie;
 Melts into sauces rich the savory ham;
 From the crushed berry strains the lucid jam;
 Bids brandied cherries, by infusion slow,
 Imbibe new flavor, and their own forego,
 Sole cordial of her heart, sole solace of her woe!
 While still, responsive to each mournful moan,
 The saucepan simmers in a softer tone."

In taking up Frere's conception of "The Loves of the Triangles," Canning might have been encouraged by the example of Addison, who borrowed, or wrested, Sir Roger de Coverley from Steele. The second [part of this poem is principally remarkable for the airy grace and fineness of touch with which the abstract is invested with the qualities of the concrete and sentient. The object of affection to the rival curves, who display their feelings in the lines we are about to quote, is "The Phœnician Cone," thus mentioned in a note:

"*Phœnician Cone*.—It was under this shape that Venus was worshiped in Phœnicia. Mr. HIGGINS thinks that it was the *Venus Urania*, or Celestial Venus; in allusion to which, the Phœnician grocers first introduced the practice of preserving sugar-loaves in blue or sky-colored paper—he also believes that the *conical* form of the original grenadier's cap was typical of the loves of Mars and Venus."

This is the shape, being, or entity, whose favors are emulously sought by Parabola, Hyperbola, and Ellipsis; like the three goddesses contending for the apple, and with equal freedom from prudery:

"And first, the fair PARABOLA behold,
 Her timid arms, with virgin blush, unfold!
 Though, on one *focus* fixed, her eyes betray
 A heart that glows with love's resistless sway;
 Though, climbing oft, she strives with bolder grace
 Round his tall neck to clasp her fond embrace,
 Still ere she reach it, from his polished side
 Her trembling hands in devious *Tangents* glide.

"Not thus HYPERBOLA: with subtlest art
 The blue-eyed wanton plays her changeful part;
 Quick as her *conjugated axes* move
 Through every posture of luxurious love,
 Her sportive limbs with easiest grace expand;
 Her charms unvaild provoke the lover's hand:
 Unvaild, except in many a filmy ray,
 Where light *Asymptotes* o'er her bosom play,
 Nor touch her glowing skin, nor intercept the day.

"Yet why, ELLIPSIS, at thy fate repine?
 More lasting bliss, securer joys are thine.

Though to each fair his treacherous wish may
 stray,

Though each, in turn, may seize a transient sway,
 'Tis thine with mild coercion to restrain,
 Twine round his struggling heart, and bind with
 endless chain."

Thus, continues the poem, three directors woo the young republic's virgin charms: thus three sister witches hailed Macbeth: thus three Fates weave the woof: thus three Graces attire Venus: thus three daughters form the happiness or misery of Lear: and, lastly,

"So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
 The Derby dilly, carrying *Three INSIDES*."

When the Late Mr. O'Connell applied these celebrated lines to the present Earl of Derby, he made the dilly carry six insides, which had the double advantage of describing the vehicle more accurately, and of giving additional point to the joke.

The "Rolliad," it will be remembered, consists of extracts from a supposed poem, interspersed with notes and commentaries. This plan is imitated in the third and last part of "The Loves of the Triangles," which does not profess to be more than the concluding lines of a canto, describing "The Loves of the Giant Isosceles, and the picture of the Asses-Bridge and its several illustrations." London Bridge is one of these illustrations, and the Bridge of Lodi another.

"So towering Alp! from thy majestic ridge*
 Young Freedom gazed on Lodi's blood-stained
 Bridge;

Saw in thick throngs, conflicting armies rush,
 Ranks close on ranks, and squadrons squadrons
 crush;

Burst in bright radiance through the battle storm,
 Waved her broad hands, displayed her awful form;
 Bade at her feet regenerate nations bow.
 And twined the wreath round BONAPARTE'S
 brow."

"* *Alp*, or *Atps*.—A ridge of mountains which separate the North of Italy from the South of Germany. They are evidently primeval and volcanic, consisting of granite, toadstone, and basalt, and several other substances, containing animal and vegetable recrements, and affording numberless undoubted proofs of the insoite antiquity of the earth, and of the consequent falsehood of the Mosaic chronology."

It will be collected from this note that the momentous question involved in the case of Moses against Murchison, was

raised long before the ingenious founder of the Silurian system began to disturb or affright the more narrow-minded portion of the clerical body. We fancy, moreover, that in young Freedom gazing from the majestic ridge, we discern the outline of one of the finest apostrophes in *Childe Harold*:

"Lo, where the Giant on the mountain stands."

But, to give every body his due, it should be added that two lines in the foregoing extract are suggested by—

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm."

The same, the finest, passage of "The Deserted Village" appears to have haunted Canning from his youth upwards. The concluding lines of his juvenile poem entitled *The Slavery of Greece* are a weak paraphrase of it:

"So some tall rock whose bare, broad bosom high
Towers from the earth, and braves th' inclement
sky;
On whose vast top the blackening deluge pours,
At whose wide base the thundering ocean roars,
In conscious pride its huge gigantic form
Surveys imperious and defies the storm."

This is one of the strongest instances of unconscious plagiarism—for it must have been unconscious—that we remember.

In the parody, "the imps of murder" are busily employed in building ships for the invasion of England, whilst to another troop is assigned an equally congenial and appropriate duty:

"Ye Sylphs of DEATH! on demon pinions flit
Where the tall Guillotine is raised for PITT:
To the poised plank tie fast the monster's back,
Close the nice slider, ope the expectant sack;
Then twitch, with fairy hands, the frolic pin—
Down falls the impatient axe with deafening din;
The liberated head rolls off below,
And sinpering Freedom hails the happy blow!"

Lord Jeffrey, as we are reminded by Mr. Edmonds, terms "The Loves of the Triangles," the perfection of parody. "All the peculiarities," he remarks, "of the original poet are here brought together and crowded into a little space, where they can be compared and estimated with ease."

Darwin thus addresses the gnomes:

"Gnomes, as you now dissect, with hammers fine,
The granite rock, the noduled flint calcine;

Grind with strong arm the circling Chertz betwixt,
Your pure Ka—o—lins and Pe—tunt—ses mixt."

The authors have certainly placed in broad relief the essential error of Dr. Darwin's poetic theory, his mania for personification, his wearisome and laughter-moving trick of investing with the qualities of sentient beings the entire vegetable creation, as well as every abstract notion, and almost every noun-substantive that crossed his mind. The tendency of the political and social doctrines with which he seasoned his verse, is also justly and pointedly exposed. But, considered merely as a parody, Canning's part is open to the objection that it occasionally strikes too high a key, and awakens finer and more elevated associations than were, or could have been, evoked by the original. The cherub crew who "their mimic task pursue," in "The Loves of the Triangles," bear a much closer resemblance to the sylphs who kept watch and ward around Belinda's toilet-table, than to the gnomes at work on "noduled flint." They recall the "Rape of the Lock," rather than the "Loves of the Plants;" and we can not accept as a perfect caricature of Dr. Darwin a production which, in so short a space, anticipates Byron, paraphrases Goldsmith, and employs, without tarnishing, the delicate machinery of Pope.

"New Morality" is commonly regarded as the masterpiece of the *Anti-Jacobin*; and, with the exception of a few lines, the whole of it is by Canning.

It appeared in the last Number, and he is said to have concentrated all his energies for a parting blow. The reader who comes from fresh from Dryden or Pope, or even Churchill, will be disappointed on finding far less variety of images, sparkling antithesis, or condensed brilliancy of expression. The author exhibits abundant humor and eloquence, but comparatively little wit; if there be any truth in Sydney Smith's doctrine "that the feeling of wit is occasioned by those relations of ideas which excite surprise, and surprise *alone*." We are commonly prepared for what is coming, and our admiration is excited rather by the justness of the observations, the elevation of the thoughts, and the vigor of the style, than by a startling succession of flashes of fancy. If, as we believe, the same might be said of Juvenal, and the best of his

English imitators, Johnson, we leave ample scope for praise; and "New Morality" contains passages which have been preserved to our time, and bid fair to reach posterity, by their poetry and truth. How often are the lines on Candor quoted in entire ignorance or forgetfulness of their author:

"Much may be said on both sides."—Hark, I hear

A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear—
The voice of CANDOR. Hail! most solemn sage,
Thou driveling virtue of this moral age,
CANDOR, which softens party's headlong rage.
CANDOR, which spares its foes; nor e'er descends
With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
CANDOR, which loves in see-saw strain to tell
Of acting foolishly, but meaning well;
Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
Convinced that all men's motives are the same;
And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
BLACK's not so black—nor WHITE so very white.

"Fox, to be sure, was vehement and wrong:
But then, PITT's words, you'll own, were rather strong.

Both must be blamed, both pardoned; 'twas just
so

With Fox and PITT full forty years ago!
So WALPOLE, PULTENEY; factions in all times
Have had their follies, ministers their crimes.'

"Give me th' avowed, th' erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,

Save, save, oh! save me from the *Candid Friend*!"

After reading these lines, we readily make up our minds, at the author's bidding, to distrust the next person who attempts to mitigate our censure or our praise; although we may be really giving full indulgence to a prejudice, which a very small allowance of Christian charity, self-examination, or genuine unsophisticated candor, would correct. The dangerous tendency of the doctrine is immediately afterwards shown by its application:

"I love the bold uncompromising mind,
Whose principles are fixed, whose views defined:

Who owns, when Traitors feel th' avenging rod,
Just retribution, and the hand of God;
Who hears the groans through Olmütz' roofs that ring,
Of him who mocked, misled, betrayed his king—
Hears unappalled, though Faction's zealots preach,
Unmoved, unsoftened by FITZPATRICK'S Speech."

So, to show defiance of canting candor, we are required to hear unmoved the groans of a pure-minded and well-inten-

tioned, however mistaken, patriot in a foreign prison. According to M. Guizot, (in his Memoirs,) Charles X. observed after his accession to the throne, that the only two persons who had not changed since 1789 were Lafayette and himself. Early in his revolutionary career, the general was nicknamed the Grandison Cromwell. Brave, honest, consistent, but vain, weak, and credulous, he was little better than a puppet in the hands of the principal actors of the scenes in which he played so conspicuous a part. We can, therefore, understand the refusal of sympathy to such a man when he is punished by exile for having been an instrument in the hands of the enemies of social order and rational freedom. But to exult in his imprisonment and separation from his wife, is to prove how easily party prejudice may be confounded with "innate sense of right," and how necessary it is for the best of us to probe our likings and dislikings to their source.

Ten lines on the British oak have been traditionally attributed to Pitt:

"So thine own oak, by some fair streamlet's side
Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride,
Towers from the earth, and rearing to the skies
Its conscious strength, the tempest's wrath defies:
Its ample branches shield the fowls of air,
To its cool shade the panting herds repair.
The treacherous current works its noiseless way,
The fibres loosen, and the roots decay;
Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all
That shared its shelter, perish in its fall."

It seems to have been a fixed maxim with the controversialists of those days to consider all who were not with them as against them, and this satire denounces with indiscriminating severity all who, at home or abroad, on the political or literary arena, had manifested the slightest leaning towards the new philosophy, or were even in habits of friendly intercourse with its votaries. It is also rather startling, contrasted with modern amenities, to find "Neckar's fair daughter," who said she would give all her fame for the power of fascinating, introduced as—

"Staal, the Epicene!
Bright o'er whose flaming cheek and purple nose
The bloom of young desire unceasing glows."

Nor, much as Talleyrand's reputation has declined of late years, and low as his political honesty stood at all times, would any thing be now thought to justify such a diatribe as—

"Where at the blood-stained board expert he plies,
The lame artificer of fraud and lies;
He with the mitred head and cloven heel—
Doomed the coarse edge of REWBELL's jests to feel;
To stand the playful buffet, and to hear
The frequent ink-stand whizzing past his ear;
While all the five Directors laugh to see
'The limping priest so deft at his new ministry.'"

According to a current story, Rewbell, exasperated by Talleyrand's opposition at council, flung an inkstand at his head, exclaiming: "*Vil Emigré, tu n'as pas le sens plus droit que le pied.*" In the center of the troop who are introduced singing the praises of Lepaux, were inconsiderately placed a group of writers, who, with equal disregard of their respective peculiarities and opinions, were subsequently lumped together as the Lake School:

"And ye five other wandering bards, that move
In sweet accord of harmony and love,
COLERIDGE and SOUTHEY, LLOYD, and LAMB & Co.,
Tune all your mystic harps to praise LEPAUX!"

Talfourd, in his *Life of Lamb*, justly complains of Elia's being accused of new theories in morality, which he detested, or represented as offering homage to "a French charlatan of whose existence he had never heard." In allusion to the same passage, Southey writes to the late Mr. Charles Wynn, August 15th, 1798:

"I know not what poor Lamb has done to be croaking there. What I think the worst part of the *Anti-Jacobin* abuse is the lumping together men of such opposite principles; this was stupid. We should have all been welcoming the Director, not the Theophilanthrope. The conductors of the *Anti-Jacobin* will have much to answer for in thus inflaming the animosities of this country. They are laboring to produce the deadly hatred of Irish faction; perhaps to produce the same end."

The drama of "The Rovers," or "Double Arrangement," was written to ridicule the German Drama, then hardly known in this country, except through the medium of bad translations of some of the least meritorious of Schiller's, Goethe's, and Kotzebue's productions. The parody is now principally remembered by Rogero's song, of which, Mr. Edmonds states, the first five stanzas were by Mr. Canning. "Having been accidentally seen, previously to its publication, by Mr. Pitt, he was so amused with it that he took a pen and composed the last stanza on the spot." To save our readers the trouble of reference, we quote it entire:

I.

"Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen."

II.

"Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!
Alas! Matilda *then* was true!
At least I thought so at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen."

III.

"Barbs! Barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen."

IV.

"This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen."

V.

"There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu—
—tor, law professor at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen."

VI.

"Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doomed to starve on water gru—
—el, never shall I see the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen."

Canning's reputed hares in "The Rovers" excited the unreasoning indignation, and provoked the exaggerated censure, of a man who has obtained a world-wide reputation by his historical researches, most especially by his alleged skill in separating the true from the fabulous, and in filling up chasms in national annals by a process near akin to that by which Cuvier inferred the entire form and structure of an extinct species from a bone. The following passage is taken from Niebuhr's *History of the Period of the Revolution*, (published from his Lectures, in two volumes, in 1845:)

"Canning was at that time (1807) at the head of foreign affairs in England. History will not form the same judgment of him as that formed by contemporaries. He had great talents, but was not a great statesman; he was one of those persons who distinguish themselves as the squires of political heroes. He was highly accomplished in the two classical languages, but without being a learned scholar. He was especially conversant with Greek writers. He had likewise poetical talent, but only for satire. At first he had joined the leaders of opposition against Pitt's ministry; Lord Grey, who perceived his ambition, advised him, half in joke, to join the ministers, as he would make his fortune. He did so, and was employed to write articles for the newspapers, and satirical verses, which were often directed against his former benefactors.

"Through the influence of the ministers he came into Parliament. So long as the great eloquence of former times lasted, and the great men were alive, his talent was admired; but older persons had no great pleasure in his petulant epigrammatic eloquence and his jokes, which were often in bad taste. He joined the Society of the Anti-Jacobins, which defended every thing connected with existing institutions. This society published a journal, in which the most honored names of foreign countries were attacked in the most scandalous manner. German literature was at that time little known in England, and it was associated there with the ideas of Jacobinism and revolution. Canning then published in the *Anti-Jacobin* the most shameful pasquinade which was ever written against Germany, under the title of 'Matilda Pottingen.' Göttingen is described in it as the sink of all infamy; professors and students as a gang of miscreants; licentiousness, incest, and atheism as the character of the German people. Such was Canning's beginning; he was at all events useful; a sort of political Cossack."—*Geschichte des Zeitalters der Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 242.

"Here am I," exclaimed Raleigh, after vainly trying to get at the rights of a squabble in the courtyard of the Tower, "employed in writing a true history of the world, when I can not ascertain the truth of what happens under my own window." Here is the great restorer of Roman history—who, by the way, prided himself on his knowledge of England—hurrying into the strangest misconception of contemporary events and personages, and giving vent to a series of depreciatory misstatements without pausing to verify the assumed groundwork of his patriotic wrath. His description of "the most shameful pasquinade," and his ignorance of the very title, prove that he had never seen it. If he had, he would also have known that the scene is laid at Weimar, not at Göttingen; and that the satire is

almost exclusively directed against a portion of the dramatic literature of his country, which all rational admirers must admit to be indefensible. The scene in "The Rovers," in which the rival heroines, meeting for the first time at an inn, swear eternal friendship and embrace, is positively a feeble reflection of a scene in Goethe's *Stella* and no anachronism can exceed that in Schiller's *Cabal und Liebe*, when Lady Milford, after declaring herself the daughter of the Duke of Norfolk who rebelled against Queen Elizabeth, is horrified on finding that the jewels sent her by the Grand Duke have been purchased by the sale of 7000 of his subjects, to be employed in the American war.*

Amongst the prose contributions to the *Anti-Jacobin*, there is one in which, independently of direct evidence, the peculiar humor of Canning is discernible—the pretended report of the meeting of the Friends of Freedom at the Crown and Anchor Tavern. The plan was evidently suggested by Tickell's "Anticipation," in which the debate on the Address at the opening of the Session was reported beforehand with such surprising foresight, that some of the speakers, who were thus forestalled, declined to deliver their meditated orations.

At the meeting of the Friends of Freedom, Erskine, whose habitual egotism could hardly be caricatured, is made to perorate as follows:

"MR. ERSKINE concluded by recapitulating, in a strain of agonizing and impressive eloquence, the several more prominent heads of his speech: He had been a soldier and a sailor, and had a son at Winchester School—he had been called by special retainers, during the summer, into many different and distant parts of the country—travel-

* It is surprising that the satirist's attention was not attracted to the scene in *Stella*, in which one of the heroines describes the rapid growth of her passion to its object: "I know not if you observed that you had enchained my interest from the first moment of our first meeting. I at least soon became aware that your eyes sought mine. Ah! Fernando, then my uncle brought the music, you took your violin, and, as you played, my eyes rested upon you free from care. I studied every feature of your face; and, during an unexpected pause, you fixed your eyes upon—upon me! They met mine! How I blushed, how I looked away! You observed it, Fernando; for from that moment I felt that you looked oftener over your music-book, often played out of tune, to the disturbance of my uncle. Every false note, Fernando, went to my heart. It was the sweetest confusion I ever felt in my life."

ing chiefly in post-chaises—he felt himself called upon to declare that his poor faculties were at the service of his country—of the free and enlightened part of it at least—he stood here as a man—he stood in the eye, indeed in the hand, of God—to whom (in the presence of the company and waiters) he solemnly appealed—he was of noble, perhaps, Royal Blood—he had a house at Hampstead—was convinced of the necessity of a thorough and radical Reform—his pamphlet had gone through thirty editions skipping alternately the odd and even numbers—he loved the Constitution, to which he would cling and grapple—and he was clothed with the infirmities of man's nature—he would apply to the present French rulers (particularly BARRAS and REUBEL) the words of the poet :

' Be to their faults a little blind ;
Be to their virtues very kind,
Let all their ways be unconfined,
And clap the padlock on their mind :'

And for these reasons, thanking the gentlemen who had done him the honor to drink his health, he should propose 'MERLIN, the late Minister of Justice, and Trial by Jury.'

A long speech is given to Mackintosh, who, under the name of Macfungus, after a fervid sketch of the Temple of Freedom which he proposes to construct on the ruins of ancient establishments, proceeds with kindling animation :

" There our infants shall be taught to lisp in tender accents the Revolutionary Hymn—there with wreaths of myrtle, and oak, and poplar, and vine, and olive, and cypress, and ivy ; with violets and roses, and daffodils and dandelions in our hands, we will swear respect to childhood, and manhood, and old age, and virginity, and womanhood, and widowhood ; but above all, to the Supreme Being.

" These prospects, fellow-citizens, may possibly be deferred. The Machiavellism of Governments may for the time prevail, and this unnatural and execrable contest may not be prolonged ; but the hour is not far distant. Persecution will only serve to accelerate it, and the blood of martyrs streaming from the severing axe, will call down vengeance on our oppressors in a voice of thunder. I expect the ordered, and I am prepared for it. I hope I shall never strike, nor receive, nor start aside, wherever duty and reason may may place me. My arrival, my life itself, are at your disposal—whether to act or to suffer, I am yours—with Heaven in the Field, or with Spenser on the Southfield. My example may be more useful to you than my talents, and this head may perhaps serve your cause more effectively if it is placed in a pole upon Pompey's Hill, than if it was accepted by you as your committee, or becoming your revolutionary expounder and conducting your correspondence.

The wit and fun of these imitations are undeniable ; and their injustice is equally so. Erskine, with all his egotism, was and remains the greatest of English advocates. He stemmed and turned the tide which threatened to sweep away the most valued of our free institutions in 1794 ; and (we say with Lord Brougham) " before such a precious service as this, well may the lustre of statesmen and orators grow pale." Mackintosh was preëminently distinguished by the comprehensiveness and moderation of his views ; nor could any man be less disposed by temper, habits, or pursuits towards revolutionary courses. His Lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations were especially directed against the new morality in general, and Godwin's Political Justice in particular.

At a long subsequent period, (1807,) Canning, when attacked in Parliament for his share in the *Anti-Jacobin*, declared that " he felt no shame for its character or principles, nor any other sorrow for the share he had had in it, than that which the imperfection of his pieces was calculated to inspire." Still, it is one of the inevitable inconveniences of a connection with the press, that the best known writers should be made answerable for the errors of their associates ; and the license of the *Anti-Jacobin* gave serious and well-founded offense to many who shared its opinions and wished well to its professed object. In Wilberforce's Diary for May 18, 1799, we find : " Pitt, Canning, and Pepper Arden came in late to dinner. I attacked Canning on indecency of *Anti-Jacobin*. Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria* complains bitterly of the calumnious accounts given by the *Anti-Jacobin* of his early life, and asks with reason, " Is it surprising that many good men remained longer than perhaps they otherwise would have done, adverse to a party which encouraged and openly rewarded the authors of such atrocious calumnies ?"

Mr. Edmunds says that Pitt got frightened, and that the publication was discontinued at the suggestion of the Prime Minister. It is not unlikely that Canning, now a member of the House of Commons and Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, found his connection with it embarrassing, as his hopes rose and his political prospects expanded. Indeed, it may be questioned whether a parliament-

ary career can ever be united with that of the daily or weekley journalist, without compromising one or both. At all events, the original *Anti-Jacobin* closed with the number containing "New Morality," and Canning had nothing to do with the monthly review started under the same name.

During the Addington administration, his muse was more than ordinarily fertile, as we had recently occasion to remark in commenting on the part taken by Mr. Pitt and his friends in the transactions of that period. Besides the celebrated song of "the Pilot that weathered the Storm," composed for the first meeting of the Pitt Club, he poured forth squib after squib against "The Doctor," interspersed with an occasional hit at the indifference, real or assumed, of Pitt. The extreme eagerness displayed by Canning for the restoration of the heaven-born minister, as well as the independent tone he assumed in his remonstrances with his chief, may be learned from *Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs*. The best of his satirical effusions against Addington appeared in a newspaper called *The Oracle*, which is alluded to by Lord Grenville in a letter of June 14, 1803, as showing a disposition to go go over to the Government side. "You will see that *The Oracle Philipizes*, and probably for the same reasons that produced that effect of old." They are reprinted in the *Spirit of the Public Journals* for 1803 and 1804. As this has become a scarce and not easily accessible compilation, we shall extract a portion of the less known squibs which the concurrent voices of contemporaries assign to Canning. To him undoubtedly belongs the song:

"How blest, how firm the statesman stands,
(Him no low intrigue shall move,)
Circled by faithful kindred bands,
And propped by fond fraternal love!

"When his speeches hobble vilely,
What 'Hear him!' burst from Brother Hiley;
When his faltering periods lag,
Hark to the cheers of Brother Brag!"

His delicate play of fancy may be traced in the concluding lines of "Good Intentions:"

"'Twere best, no doubt, the truth to tell,
But still, good soul, he means so well!
Others, with necromantic skill,
May bend men's passions to their will,

Raise with dark spells the tardy loan,
To shake the vaunting *Consult's* throne;
In thee no magic arts surprise,
No tricks to cheat our wondering eyes;
On thee shall no suspicion fall,
Of slight of hand, or cup and ball;
E'en foes must own thy spotless fame,
Unbranded with a conjurer's name!

Ne'er shall thy virtuous thoughts conspire
To wrap majestic *Thames* in fire!

And if that black and nitrous grain,
Which strews the fields with thousands slain,
Slept undiscovered yet in earth—
Thou ne'er hadst caused the monstrous birth,
Nor aided (such thy pure intention)
That diabolical invention!

Hail then—on whom our State is leaning!
O Minister of mildest meaning!
Blest with such virtues to talk big on,
With such a head, (to bang a wig on.)
Head of wisdom—soul of candor—
Happy Britain's guardian gander,
To rescue from th' invading *Gaul*
Her 'commerce, credit, capital!'—
While Rome's great gooses could save alone
One Capitol—of senseless stone."

Was it possible to say more courteously of a statesman that he was no conjuror, and that he would never have set the Thames on fire, nor have discovered the invention of gunpowder, although quite competent to rival the feathered saviors of the Capitol? The changes are rung on the Doctor with inexhaustible versatility, as in the happy parody of Douglas:

"My name's the Doctor: on the Berkshire hills
My father purged his patients—a wise man;
Whose constant care was to increase his store
And keep his eldest son—myself—at home.
But I had heard of politics, and longed
To sit within the Commons' House, and get
A place: and luck gave what my sire denied."

"Ridicule," writes Lord Chesterfield, "though not founded upon truth, will stick for some time, and if thrown by a skillful hand, perhaps forever." Nicknames are serious matters, even in a grave country like England. In the correspondence of the time, Addington is almost invariably mentioned as the Doctor; and, as we stated in a recent Number, Lord Holland quotes the old Lord Liverpool as having "justly observed that Addington was laughed out of power and place by the *beau monde*." Prior to the Reform Bill, what old Lord Liverpool must have meant by the *beau monde*, namely, the fine gentlemen (including the leading wits and orators) who congregated at the clubs in St. James's Street, exercised a degree

of influence which may sound strange to politicians of our day. Yet a far more powerful and better sustained fire than was brought to bear on Addington, had been directed against Pitt by the wits of the *Rolliad*, without any perceptible effect; and the inherent weakness of Addington's government from its formation, sufficiently explains its fate, quite independently of the laughter it provoked.

When (May 7, 1804) Pitt had made up his mind to resume the Premiership, Canning was one of the first to whom he communicated his intention, and had his choice of two offices, the Treasurership of the Navy and the Secretaryship of War. He chose the former, and was thereby led to take a prominent part in defending Lord Melville. Whitbread, in moving the impeachment, happened to let fall some expressions which struck Canning in so ludicrous a light, that before the oration was well ended he had completed a report in rhyme.

"I'm like Archimedes for science and skill;
I'm like a young prince going straight up a hill;
I'm like (with respect to the fair be it said)—
I'm like a young lady just bringing to bed.
If you ask why the first of July I remember
More than April, or May, or June, or November;
'Twas on that day, my lords, with truth I assure
ye,
My sainted progenitor set up his brewery.
On that day, in the morn, he began brewing
beer;
On that day, too, commenced his connubial career;
On that day he renewed and he issued his bills;
On that day he cleared out all the cash from his tills.
On that day too he died, having finished his summing,
And the angels all cried: Here's old Whitbread
a-coming.
So that day still I hail with a smile and a sigh
For his bear with an ē, and his bier with an i.
And still on that day in the hottest of weather,
The whole Whitbread family dine all together.
So long as the beams of this house shall support
The roof which o'ershades this respectable court—
As long as the light shall pour into these windows,
Where Hastings was tried for oppressing the
Hindoos,
My name shall shine bright, as my ancestor's
shines—
Mine recorded in journals, his blazoned on signs."

Useful as Canning's talent for satire had proved to his party, it tended rather

to retard than accelerate his advancement to high office. Thus Lord Malmesbury (March 14, 1807) writes: "He is unquestionably very clever, very essential to Government, but he is *hardly yet a statesman*, and his dangerous habit of *quizzing* (which he can not restrain) would be most unpopular in any department which required pliancy, tact, or conciliatory behavior." In the very next month after this was written, however, Canning was made Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the administration formed by the Duke of Portland. Henceforth his contributions to the press became less frequent, and at length closed altogether, except when he was tempted by some especially congenial topic. He was one of the three or four persons who were first consulted about the institution of the *Quarterly Review*, suggested by Sir Walter Scott for the purpose of counteracting what he was pleased to call the wide-spread and dangerous influence of this Journal. In a letter to Mr. George Ellis, dated Nov. 2, 1808, he says: "Canning is, I have good reason to know, very anxious about the plan." On the 18th he writes to the same correspondent: "As our start is of such immense consequence, don't you think Mr. Canning, though unquestionably our Atlas, might for a day find a Hercules on whom to devolve the burden of the globe, while he writes us a review? I know what an audacious request this is; but suppose he should, as great statesmen sometimes do, take a political fit of the gout, and absent himself from a large ministerial dinner, which might give it him in good earnest—dine at three on a chicken and pint of wine, and lay the foundation of at least one good article. Let us but once get afloat, and our labor is not worth talking of; but, till then, all hands must work hard."*

The request was not made, or not granted, or no Hercules could be found to bear the burden of the globe whilst Atlas was composing an article for the *Quarterly*. But we learn from the same authority, that two articles on Sir John Sinclair and his Bullion Treatises, which appeared in the numbers for November, 1810, and February, 1811, were the joint production of Canning and Frere; and it was understood at the time that the popu-

* Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. ii. p. 214.

larity of an article headed "Mr. Brougham—Education Committee," which appeared in the same Review for December, 1818, was mainly owing to the additions and finishing touches of the accomplished statesman. This article was professedly by Dr. Monck, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, who merely supplied the coarse cloth on which the gold lace and spangles were to be sewn—the pudding for the reception of the plums—and made himself ridiculous by subsequently taking credit for the wit.*

The articles on Sir John Sinclair probably owed much of their success to the popular impression of that highly respectable and rather laughable personage. They are fair specimens of the art of "abating and dissolving pompous gentlemen." But the humor is spun out to tediousness; and the consequence is, that not a single passage, condensed and pointed enough for quotation, could be selected from either of them. The same remark applies to the lighter passages interspersed amongst the weighty and solid lucubrations of Dr. Monck. That, for example, in which the proposed Commission is quizzed in Canning's peculiar manner, occupies more than a page, but we can only find room for the concluding sentences :

"It is even affirmed, we know not how truly, that with the help of the gentlemen of the British Museum, the learned institutor had actually constructed the statutes of his foundation in that language of which his late researches have made him so absolute a master; and the oath to be taken by each candidate for a fellowship, and by each fellow on his admission, ran in something like the following terms: the first, *Se nunquam duo vel plura Brevia intra Biennium accepisse*; the second, of a more awful import, *Se nullas prorsus habere possessiones praterquam unam Purpuream Baggam flaccescentem omnino inanitatis causâ.*"

The last of Canning's political squibs that has fallen in our way, is the following :

* In his third letter to Archdeacon Singleton, Sydney Smith says: "I was afraid the Bishop would attribute my promotion to the *Edinburgh Review*; but upon the subject of promotion by reviews he preserves an impenetrable silence. If my excellent patron, Earl Grey, had any reasons of this kind, he may at least be sure that the reviews commonly attributed to me were really written by me. I should have considered myself as the lowest of created beings to have disguised myself in another man's wit and sense, and to have received a reward to which I was not entitled." The late Mr. Croker laid claim to the credit of having aided Canning in polishing and pointing this article.

LETTER FROM A CAMBRIDGE TUTOR TO HIS FORMER PUPIL, BECOME A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT: WRITTEN IN THE YEAR (1824) IN WHICH THE RIGHT HONORABLE FREDERICK ROBINSON, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, REPEALED HALF THE DUTY ON SEABORNE COALS IMPORTED INTO THE PORT OF LONDON.

"Yes! fallen on times of wickedness and woe,
We have a Popish ministry, you know!
Prepared to light, I humbly do conceive,
New fires in Smithfield, with Dick Martin's
leave.

Canning for this with Robinson conspires—
The victim, this provides—and that, the fire.
Already they, with purpose ill-concealed,
The tax on coals have partially repealed;
While Huskisson, with computation keen,
Can tell how many pecks will burn a dean.
Yes! deans shall burn! and at the funeral pyre,
With eyes averted from the unhallowed fire—
Irreverent posture!—Harrowby shall stand,
And hold his coat-flaps up, with either hand."

It may be doubted whether any of the very clever squibs collected in *The New Whig Guide*, are by Canning, but he has been traditionally credited with the parody of Moore's beautiful song, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms;" the gentleman addressed being a distinguished commoner, afterwards ennobled, who was far from meriting the character thereby fastened on him:

"Believe me, if all those ridiculous airs,
Which you practice so pretty to-day,
Should vanish by age, and your well-twisted
hairs,
Like my own, be both scanty and gray:

"Thou would'st still be a goose, as a goose thou
hast been,
Though a fop and a fribble no more,
And the world that has laughed at the fool of
eighteen,
Would laugh at the fool of threescore.

"Tis not whilst you wear that short coat of light
brown,
Tight breeches, and neckcloth so full,
That the absolute void of a mind can be shown,
Which time will but render more dull.

"Oh! the fool that is truly so, never forgets,
But as truly fools on to the close,
As P * * * leaves the debate when he sits,
Just as dark as it was when he rose."

Most of the families with whom Canning lived on terms of cordial intimacy have retained one or more specimens of his occasional verses. These playful lines were addressed to Mrs. Leigh on her wedding-day, *apropos* of a present from her to him of a piece of stuff to be made into a pair of shooting-breeches:

"While all to this auspicious day,
Well pleased their grateful homage pay,
And sweetly smile, and softly say
A thousand pretty speeches ;

"My muse shall touch her tuneful strings,
Nor scorn the lay her duty brings,
Though humble be the theme she sings—
A pair of shooting-breeches.

"Soon shall the tailor's subtle art
Have fashioned them in every part—
Have made them tight and spruce and smart,
With twenty thousand stitches.

"Mark then the moral of my song—
Oh ! may your loves but prove as strong,
And wear as well, and last as long,
As these my shooting-breeches.

"And when to ease this load of life,
Of private care and public strife,
My lot shall give to me a wife,
I ask not rank or riches.

"Temper, like thine, alone I pray,
Temper, like thine, serenely gay,
Inclined, like thee, to give away,
Not wear herself—the breeches !"

The best of his verses of the serious and pathetic kind are the epitaph to his son, who died in 1820 :

"Though short thy span, God's unimpeached decrees,
Which made that shortened span one long disease,
Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild, redeeming virtues, faith and hope ;
Meek resignation ; pious charity :
And, since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare,
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fixed on heaven thine unreverted eye !

"Oh ! marked from birth, and nurtured for the
skies !
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom, wise !

As sainted martyrs, patient to endure !
Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure !
Pure from all stain, (save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed away !)
By mortal sufferings now no more oppressed,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest !
While I, reversed our nature's kindlier doom,
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb."

It would be both instructive and entertaining to trace the influence of Canning's literary taste and talents, with their peculiar cultivation and application, upon his oratory. To his confirmed habit of quizzing might be owing that quality of his speeches which led to their being occasionally mentioned as mere effusions of questionable facetiousness ; whilst to the glowing fancy which gave birth to the graceful poetry reproduced in these pages, might be traced those ornate specimens of his eloquence which have caused him to be by many inconsiderately set down as a rhetorician. We refer, for humor, to the speech on the Indemnity Bill, in which occurs the unlucky allusion to the "revered and ruptured Ogden ;" for imagination and beauty of expression, to the description of the ships in Plymouth harbor ; to the comparison of Pitt's mistaken worshipers to savages who only adore the sun when under an eclipse ; and to the fine illustration of the old continental system recovering after the revolutionary deluge, as "the spires and turrets of ancient establishments beginning to reappear above the subsiding waves." Yet, surely even the chastest and severest school must admit that fancy and humor add point and strength to knowledge and truth. Nor, looking to modern examples, will it be denied, that literary acquirements and accomplishments may form the Corinthian capital of a parliamentary reputation, and indefinitely exalt the vocation and character of statesmanship.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ASTRONOMIC FANCIES.

BY W. CHARLES KENT.

COMETS.

ALL comets slung through space abroad
Are weaving Heaven's eternal praise,
While threading all the starry maze—
The shuttles of the loom of God.

PLANETS.

The lustrous velvet of a ripening plum
Is but the sign of Earth's minutest life;
So may heaven's orbs, with vital beauty rife,
Seen by God's eye, like blooming fruit become.

CONSTELLATIONS.

As on revolving discs responsive sand
Wreathes into lovely shapes—a mystic dance!
So o'er the circling plains of heaven may
glance
God's golden star-dust strown with affluent
hand.

SATELLITES.

In antique feasts 'mid wine-cups trailed with
bloom
The grimly skull gleamed o'er the Sybarite
board;
Lo! like a death's-head, where the Moon
(dread Lord!)
Smiles o'er Earth's flowery banquet-hall her
doom.

SUNS.

As God, an atom once blind man adored
Yon solar symbol of creative might;
Systems and suns struck out, mere showers
of light,
Sparks from the glowing anvil of the Lord.

SYSTEMS.

Heaven's golden spheres Earth's purpling grapes
recall,
So mellowing hang till time their lot fulfill—
When shaken by the fiat of his will
The ripened clusters of God's vintage fall.

PLANETARY ELLIPSES.

Concentric circles whirled together round
Another, grander, central orb of light:

May not those rings be lengthened by their
flight,
And thus the key of the ellipse be found?*

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

Inaudible to aught save heavenly ears
As round the honeyed hive the bee-swarm
burns,
So from yon golden maze that wheels and
turns
Resounds through space the Music of the
Spheres.

* This little fanciful hypothesis of mine I would respectfully submit to the consideration of our astronomers. It may be briefly resolved into the query: Whether M. Mädler's discovery of a central sun round which our whole solar system is revolving with scarcely conceivable rapidity, may afford an instant explanation of the planetary ellipse?

Every one acquainted with the mere alphabet of astronomy, is of course perfectly aware that the ever memorable problem propounded by Sir Isaac Newton in relation to the planetary orbits, expressed itself literally in these *ipsissima verba*—"To determine the nature of the curve which a body would describe in its revolution about a fixed center to which it was attracted by a force proportional to the mass of the attracting body, and decreasing with the distance according to the law of gravitation;" Copernicus having previously surmised that the planetary orbits were circular, while Kepler, on the contrary, had suggested that they were elliptical. Every one of us, moreover, delights to recall to mind Newton's almost rapturous amazement when he found that the answer to that problem was the general algebraic expression embracing all the conic sections—the planets revolving in ellipses, the satellites of Jupiter in circles, the comets in orbits both parabolic and hyperbolic.

Accepting with the reverence due to it every iota of that sublime demonstration, and bearing in recollection, with all homage for Sir Isaac, every thing he has written thereupon about the centrifugal and centripetal forces, may we not now ask ourselves anew—now that we are studying the phenomenon of the planetary ellipse by the light of that newly-discovered grander central sun of suns, opened to view so very recently by the researches of M. Mädler, of Dorpat—whether there may not lie near at hand, already within our grasp, a much less recondite and far more easily comprehensible solution?

Granting, as astronomical science does grant nowadays, that the whole solar system, sun, comets,

planets, satellites, are moving, whirling through space at the rate, it is computed, of 150,000,000 miles in a year—wheeling outwards in the direction of a particular point in the heavens, namely: the star π in Hercules, speeding on in a circuit of such gigantic dimensions about that mighty central orb (Alcyone, the principal star in the Pleiades) that it requires for the completion of its stupendous orbit the lapse of no less astounding a cycle of years, than 18,200,000—is it not readily conceivable, that in the whirling of those concentric rings, the planetary orbits, along the path of that marvelous circumference, the circles would by the very swiftness of their flight be lengthened—that from being circular they

become elliptical? Precisely as the revolution of the earth upon its axis causes it to be flattened at the poles while it increases its diameter at the equator, rendering its form no longer a perfect sphere, but rather what is geometrically designated an oblate spheroid. If what may be called with the strictest accuracy the eternal law of celestial dynamics manifests itself thus distinctly by its operation upon solid inert matter, how much more comprehensible that it should be *as* distinctly evidenced through a more elastic medium—not upon an orb, but on an orbit!

—W. C. K.

Astronomers may pronounce whether for these humble and valueless initials there may be substituted three others, grandly symbolical—Q. E. D.

From the Westminster Review.

OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION, AND THE OCEAN POST.

REGARDING the progress, prosperity, and power of civilized nations as dependent on the magical agencies of steam, and pronouncing foreign commerce to be a necessity of the large and redundant agricultural production of the United States, Dr. Rainey invites the Federal Government to provide the people with rapid steam-mails and liberal postal facilities. In reviewing the present position of steam navigation,* he shows the indispensableness of fast ocean communication, explains the commercial capabilities, and calculates the cost of steam, and proves that individual enterprise can not furnish a fast mail and passenger marine. Denouncing the slavish dependence of America on Great Britain for rapid ocean transport, Dr. Rainey urges the Presidential Government to adopt the same wise and comprehensive steam system as that already established by the British Government. Americans, while sympathizing in the triumphs of their Transatlantic brethren, must, he contends, blush at their own dereliction in this enriching and civilizing service. The United States need such a service, not to control the world, but to control its commerce. The trade with Brazil, and other parts of South-America, demands a direct steam post. To carry a letter four thousand miles, a distance of eight thousand miles must be traversed. Alike for foreign

diplomacy, consular service, correspondence with Europe, and purposes of naval direction, America requires an independent, effective, and systematic transmarine service. At present, while Great Britain has 1670 ocean steamers with 666,330 aggregate tons, the United States have but 57, with 94,795 aggregate tons. In a separate section, the mail steam system, inaugurated by Great Britain, is sketched historically, and its operation succinctly indicated, from the first contract, in 1833, with the Mona Isle Steam Company, to that recently completed by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. The ocean mail steamers of Great Britain run 2,532,231 miles per year, at a cost to the Admiralty of £1,062,797. Those of the United States run 735,732 miles per year, at a total charge on the post-office department of \$1,329,733. In the progress of his work, Dr. Rainey gives us much useful information of a scientific and technical kind; the natural laws of resistance, power and speed, are discussed, authorities cited, and tables supplied. The supplementary papers furnish valuable tabular statements on the ocean mail service of America and Great Britain, of the French and English navies,* the ocean steam lines of the world, and contain numerous extracts from the Senate reports and other documents.

* *Ocean Steam Navigation, and the Ocean Post.* By Thomas Rainey. Second Edition. New-York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1858.

* July, 1856. Great Britain.—Total of steam and sailing vessels, 527; 13,880 guns. France.—Total of steam and sailing vessels, 537; 14,077 guns. United States.—Total of steam and sailing vessels, 73.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DAVID GARRICK AND HIS WIFE.

To add variety and interest to the artistic embellishments of the *ECLECTIC*, we present to our readers, this month, a pleasant domestic scene in the life of Garrick, so renowned for his histrionic displays. Both Garrick and his wife are historic characters, which imparts additional interest to the print, which seems to tell its own pleasant story of playful affection in a retired scene of connubial life. We fancy Garrick as here represented, is musing in deep thought, and mentally arranging "his favorite scheme of the jubilee in honor of Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon;" and that some of his brilliant thoughts have thrilled down to the end of his fingers, which are striving for utterance in expressive gesture, at the moment when his loving and beautiful wife trips silently along in playful mood to interrupt his thoughts in the manner so graphically presented by Mr. Sartain, in the print. We only offer a brief outline biographical sketch, containing a few historic facts in addition to those to be found on pages 137-8 of our last volume, and from a different source. David Garrick was descended from a French Protestant family of the name of Garric, or Garrigue, and was born on the 20th of February, 1716, at the Angel Inn, Hereford. His father was Captain Peter Garrick, of the Old Buffs, then recruiting in that city, and his mother, whose maiden name was Arabella Clough, was the daughter of one of the vicars of Lichfield Cathedral. At ten years of age he was placed under the care of Mr. Hunter, master of the grammar-school of Lichfield. Afterwards he went to Lisbon on a visit to his uncle, a wine-merchant there, and by his agreeable manners became a great favorite not only with the English residents, but amongst the young Portuguese nobility. In the following year he returned to school at Lichfield, and during occasional visits to London encouraged his growing passion for theatricals. In 1735 he became the pupil of Dr. (then Mr.) Samuel Johnson, with whom, on the 2d of March, 1736, he set out for the metropolis, and on the 9th of the same month entered himself in the

Society of Lincoln's Inn. In 1737 he commenced a course of studies under Mr. Colson, the mathematician, at Rochester.

Shortly afterwards, on the death of his father, he commenced business as a wine-merchant, in partnership with his elder brother, Peter Garrick. This partnership was however soon dissolved, and in 1741 David Garrick finally resolved upon the profession of the stage, and made his first appearance at Ipswich under the name of Lyddal, and in part of Aboan, in the tragedy of *Oroonoko*. In the autumn he returned to London with the manager of the Ipswich company, who was also proprietor of the theater in Goodman's Fields; and on the boards of that establishment Mr. Garrick made his first appearance as Richard III., October 19th, 1741. The fame of the young actor, then only in his twenty-sixth year, spread in a few weeks throughout the metropolis; and from the time of his first benefit, December 2d, on which occasion he performed Lothario, in *The Fair Penitent*, persons of every condition flocked from all parts of the town to see him, and entirely deserted the theaters at the West-End. In 1745 he became joint manager, with Mr. Sheridan, of the Theater Royal in Dublin. In 1746 he returned to England. On the 22d of June, 1749, Mr. Garrick married Eva-Maria Violette, the daughter of a respectable citizen of Vienna. Her real family name was Veigel, which in the Viennese patois signifies Violet, and she assumed the name of Violette by command of the Empress Maria Theresa.

On the 7th of September, 1769, Garrick put into execution his favorite scheme of the Jubilee in honor of Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, and produced a pageant on the subject at Drury Lane in the following October. On the 10th of June, 1776, having managed Drury Lane Theater for twenty-nine years (with the exception of two passed abroad, 1763 and 1764,) Garrick took his leave of the stage in the character of Don Felix, in the *Wonder*, the performances being for the benefit of the fund for decayed actors. In

1777 Mr. Garrick was honored by the command of their majesties King George III. and Queen Charlotte, to read a play at Buckingham House. He selected his own farce of *Lethe*, introducing for the occasion the character of an ungrateful Jew; but having been so long accustomed to the thunders of applause in a theater, the refined approbation of the royal party threw, to use his own expression, "a wet blanket" over him. In the same year he was put into the Commission of the Peace.

At Christmas, 1778, while on a visit to Lord Spencer, at Althorpe, he had a severe fit, from which he only recovered sufficiently to enable him to return to town, and expired January 20th, 1779, at his own house in the Adelphi, having nearly completed his 63d year. He was

buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey on the 1st of February.

As an actor, Mr. Garrick's merits may be considered as summed up in the forcible words of Pope to Lord Orrery on witnessing the performance of Richard: "That young man never had his equal as an actor, and will never have a rival." As yet the prophecy is unshaken. Garrick was an excellent husband, a kind master, and a matchless companion.

Mrs. Garrick survived her husband forty-three years, and expired suddenly in her chair after a short indisposition, at her house in the Adelphi, on the 16th of October, 1822, in the 98th year of her age, having retained her faculties to the last.

Garrick's private correspondence, with a new biographical memoir, was published in 2 volumes quarto, London, 1831.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

As we have several times published reviews of the works of this talented man, and have more to appear in our columns in future, we deem it courteous to show his face to our numerous readers who have become our patrons since its former appearance. We reproduce it in this number that they may read his productions with the more interest.

Rev. Charles Kingsley, rector of Eversley, Hants, and canon of Middleham, was born at Holne Vicarage, Devonshire, on the 12th of June, 1819. His father, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, senior, is at present rector of Chelsea. The Kingsleys are an old Cheshire family, tracing their descent from before the Conquest. They served with distinction on the parliamentary side during the civil wars, and suffered in consequence; and a younger branch of the family emigrated to America, and has left descendants there. After being educated at home till the age of fourteen, Mr. Kingsley became a pupil of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, the son of the poet; from under whose care he removed to Magdalen College, Cambridge. Here he held a scholarship, and obtained distinc-

tion both in classics and mathematics; and took his B.A. degree, but did not proceed to that of M.A. For a time his intended profession was the law, but he ultimately decided for the church. He was appointed curate of Eversley, a moorland parish in Hampshire; and the rectory of this parish falling vacant in the second year of his curacy, (1844,) he was appointed to the living by the patron. In the same year he married the daughter of Pascoe Grenfell, Esq., many years M.P. for Truro and Great Marlow; another of whose daughters has since become the wife of another eminent man of letters of the present day, the historian and essayist, J. A. Froude. Mr. Kingsley, as a clergyman, belongs neither to the "High" Church nor to the "Low" Church, but to what has been called the "Broad" Church party; that is, his name is associated in theological and ecclesiastical matters with those of Mr. Maurice, Archdeacon Hare, and others of the same order of thought.

Meanwhile, full of the facts and of the feelings of the movement, Mr. Kingsley had published his *Alton Locke: Tailor*

and *Poet*, a novel of which a tailor was the hero, and which, from the earnestness with which it treated social and political questions, (the earnestness it was said of a "Chartist clergyman,") as well as from its power as a work of imagination, at once made the author's name known over the country. *Alton Locke* was followed in 1851 by a second fiction, philosophical rather than political, entitled *Yeast: a Problem*, reprinted from *Frazer's Magazine*; this in 1853 by a powerful historical and philosophical romance, also collected in two volumes from *Frazer's Magazine*, and entitled *Hypatia, or New Foes with an Old Face*; and this again in 1855 by *Westward Ho! or the Voyages and Adventures of Sir A. Leigh, Knt., in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, a three-volume novel. In all these novels, while there is a singular blending of imaginative and descriptive power with philosophical thought, and also a remarkable liberality of sentiment, there is a uniform presence

of the argument for the intellectual and social omnipotence of Christianity. Mr. Kingsley's last publications are—*Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore*, 1855, (an expansion of an article on the study of natural history which appeared originally in the *North-British Review*;) and *The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales*, (an adaptation of some of the Greek myths for Children,) 1856. Mr. Kingsley has contributed largely to *Frazer's Magazine* and to the *North-British Review*, and more recently to the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He has also delivered many lectures, some of which, in addition to those mentioned above, have been published separately or as parts of collections of lectures. Altogether, as he is one of the most popular writers of the day, (as is proved by the sale of his writings,) so he is certainly one of the most independent and influential; and being still young, much more is to be hoped from his farther life.

HOPE THE ANGEL OF LIFE.

BY F. L. JAQUEROD.

"THE miserable have no other medicine
But only hope." SHAKSPEARE.

"Come and cradle my sorrows into rest."
BOWRING.

"Angel of life! thy flitting wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore."
T. CAMPBELL.

I HAIL thee, fairest child of heaven!
Bright Hope, with angel-charms arrayed;
Kindly to sorrowing mortals given,
Their path to light, their toil to aid!

When on thy breast we find repose,
How lightly glides the favoring hour!
If Pleasure may be deemed a rose,
Hope is the bud of that sweet flower.

Thy anchor the frail bark sustains,
Of him who battles with the storm;
Where blighted friendship fate arraigns,
Thy breath the stricken heart doth warm.

Nay, unrepelled by bolt or chain,
Thou even seek'st the dungeon drear;
If Hades mourns its cureless pain,
'Tis that thou hast not entered there.

I see thy seraph-form repel
The plaint, the sigh, the vain despair,
O'er the dark future throw a spell,
And show thy rainbow mildly fair.

When wasting griefs o'erweigh the soul,
And chimes the hour that sets it free,
Thou point'st afar th' Elysian goal,
And Death is welcome—blest by thee.

SMILES THE SUNBEAMS OF THE SOUL.

BY ADA TREVANION.

SMILES can melt the hearts of foemen,
Smiles can change their hate to love ;
Smiles on every brow are written
'Mongst the white-robed throngs above.

In our world of care and sorrow,
Where regret and pain are rife,
Tender smiles are the soul's sunbeams ;
Without them, how dark were life !

Yet some wear a kind smile seldom
To those who joy or grieve ;
Others, whose cold hearts are callous,
But smile where they would deceive.

As an angel's radiant presence
Lightens dull and common ground ;
So the smiles of soul and feeling
Shed a heaven-born halo round.

L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

A DISTINGUISHED archæologist among the Jesuits, now resident here. Raffaele Garrucci, announces as forthcoming from the Roman press a work entitled "Remains of Glass ornamented with Figures, in the Cemeteries of Rome, Illustrated." (*Vetri ornati di Figure*, etc.) his original intention having been, as he informs us in the prospectus, to supply amplification of a work published in 1716 by F. Buonarruoti, with explanations, and engravings of seventy-two glass fragments found among the Christian antiquities of Rome.

THE COMET.—The long-expected comet of Charles V. is beginning to enter an appearance at last. It has been detected in a faint and dim, but this time unmistakable, presence below the horizon, at the Paris Observatory. It is but fair to add that, so early as the 2d of June, Professor Donati, at Florence, had cried "Eureka," and indicated the point at which it was about to emerge.

A BERLIN letter says that the clerical authorities of that city have been informed of the period at which to offer up prayers for the happy delivery of the Princess Frederick William. The Prince and Princess live in perfect seclusion, at the Prince of Prussia's pretty summer residence, Babelsburg, near Potsdam.

THE PROTESTANTS OF HUNGARY.—The Protestants of Hungary are about to make another attempt to obtain from the Austrian government the regularization of their spiritual affairs. A deputation is about to proceed to the capital of the Empire, but it will probably have no greater success than the other, for the address which they were to deliver to the Emperor, and which was printed in order to be delivered to the pastors of the different Protestant churches, has been seized by the police. This address, which was couched in terms full of devotedness to the Emperor, was intended only for private circulation.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GERMANY.—The French papers publish a letter from Berlin, stating that it is believed, in court circles, that Queen Victoria will arrive at Babelsburg, the residence of the Prince and Princess Frederick William, on the 12th of August, and remain about a fortnight. Owing to the absence of the King, there will be no fêtes nor public reception.

THE fashion of crinoline has received a severe check in Vienna, where the actresses of the Carl Theater have been prohibited from wearing it. This measure was rendered necessary by the fact that an actress, who in the character of an orphan, was to have fainted away and fallen to the ground, found it impossible to realize the latter idea with any thing like nature, from being so strongly cased in her steel-bound framework.

THE Ottoman Government, besides the punishment it is to inflict on the authors of the massacre of Jeddah, offers, it is said, a sum of 150,000*l.* to the families of the English and French Consuls who have been assassinated.

AN old inhabitant of Cherbourg, who was captain of the vessel in which the Emperor Napoleon I. made his first cruise, when Sub-lieutenant of Artillery, has preserved the log-book, which he intends to present to his Majesty at his approaching visit. The name of this officer is Langcoin, formerly sub-inspector of the works in the port.

A NEW East-India Company is in course of formation for trading, the formation of works for irrigation, the holding of lands, the cultivation of tea, etc.; in fact, to do all which the East-India Company was originally constituted to do, but which it ceased to carry out on assuming the functions of political authority.

REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.—One of the most beautiful works which have lately been published, is a series of photographs from objects magnified in the microscope. The last number is devoted to the bee; whose sting excels the lancet in the elaboration, care, and finish of its manufacture; whose hairy tongue is like a living hair glove, most elaborately designed to collect the materials for honey; and whose powerful wing is aided by a mechanical contrivance of the most beautiful ingenuity. Every one knows, or may know, that the bee has two wings on each side. At the edge of one wing runs a stiff nerve, which in the microscope is a bar. Along this bar at frequent intervals are ranged semicircular barbed hooks, like the half of a ring, so placed that the edge of the other wing lies within the semicircles which clasp it, and at the same time permit it to play freely, as the rings of a window- curtain move along the long brass bar. By this contrivance the two wings become united as one, yet freely play upon different hinges. "Design" is a human word, implying in its very nature human imperfection, yet it is the only term which we can apply to the purpose which runs through formations like that of a bee's wing. It is the microscope with its minute search that enables us to discover this design in every thing that we can dissect—in all living creatures and the parts thereof, to millions upon millions, always tending to life and happiness. Who can examine these illustrations of the power of the Creator and of the law which rules over his work, and not feel an impulse to sing in his soul, "Gloria in excelsis"?—*Spectator*.

ANTIQUITY OF PLACING THE BIBLE IN CHURCHES.—In the register of wills at York, it is recorded that Thomas de Farnylaw, Chancellor of the Church at York, bequeathed at his death, in 1378, a Bible and Concordance to the Church of St. Nicholas, at Newcastle, "there to be chained for a common use for the use of his soul." Ceoffrith, Abbot of Wearmouth, having caused three copies to be made of the entire Bible, sent one as a present to the Pope, and placed the others in two different churches, "to the end that all who desired to read any chapter in either Testament might be able to find at once what they desired." And King Edgar transmitted to every county in his kingdom, copies of the Holy Scriptures for the instruction of the people.

THE POISON OF THE COBRA DI CAPELLO.—In dissecting a rat which had been killed by the side of a cobra, anxious to see if the skin itself was affected, I scraped away parts of it with my fingernail. Finding nothing but the punctures, I threw the rat away, and put the knife and skin in my pocket, and started to go away. I had not walked a hundred yards, before all of a sudden I felt just as if some body had come behind me and struck me a severe blow on the head and neck, and at the same time I experienced a most acute pain and sense of oppression at the chest, as if hot iron had been run in and a hundred-weight had been put on the top of it. I knew instantly, from what I had read, that I was poisoned; I said as much to my friend, a most intelligent gentleman, who happened to be with me, and told him if I fell to give me brandy and eau-de-luce, words which he kept repeating in case he might forget them. At the same time I enjoined him to keep me going, and not on any account to allow me lie down. I then forgot every thing for several minutes, and my friend tells me I rolled about as if very faint and weak. He

also informs me that the first thing I did was to fall against him, asking if I looked seedy. He answered: "No, you look very well." I don't think he thought so, for his own face was as white as a ghost; I recollect this much. He tells me my face was a greenish yellow color. After walking or rather staggering along for some minutes, I gradually recovered my senses, and steered for the nearest chemist's shop. Rushing in, I asked for eau-de-luce. Of course he had none, but my eye caught the words, "Spirit ammon. co.," or hartshorn, on a bottle. I reached it down myself, and pouring a large quantity into a tumbler with a little water, both of which articles I found on a soda-water stand in the shop, drank it off, thought it burnt my mouth and lips very much. Instantly I felt relief from the pain at the chest and head. The chemist stood aghast, and on my telling him what was the matter, recommended a warm bath. If I had then followed his advice, these words would never have been placed on record. After a second draught at the hartshorn bottle, I proceeded on my way, feeling very stupid and confused. On arriving at my friend's residence close by, he kindly procured me a bottle of brandy, of which I drank four large wine-glasses one after the other, but did not feel the least tipsy after the operation. Feeling nearly well, I started on my way home, and then, for the first time perceived a most acute pain under the nail of the left thumb; this pain also ran up the arm. I set to work to suck the wound, and then found out how the poison had got into the system. About an hour before I examined the dead rat, I had been cleaning the nail with a penknife, and had slightly separated the nail from the skin beneath. Into this little crack the poison had got when I was scraping the rat's skin to examine the wound. How virulent, therefore, must the poison of the cobra be! It already had been circulated in the body of the rat, from which I had imbibed it second-hand.—*Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History*.

ICELAND FROM THE SEA.—The north-west division of Iceland consists of one huge peninsula, spread out upon the sea like a human hand, the fingers just reaching over the Arctic circle; while up between them run the gloomy fiords, sometimes to the length of twenty, thirty, and even forty miles. Any thing more grand and mysterious than the appearance of their solemn portals, as we passed across from bluff to bluff, it is impossible to conceive.—*Letters from High Latitudes*.

JENNY LIND IN LONDON.—*The London Critic* says: Jenny Lind has come to live amongst us. It was announced that she had resolved a long time ago, after she had given up her projected journey to Russia, to leave her present residence, Dresden, and settle in England. This intention she has now carried out. After all her furniture in Dresden had been disposed of, no inconsiderable number of packages, with articles of value, etc., were forwarded last week, *via* Hamburg, to England, where Jenny Lind will repose in retirement on her laurels at a villa near London. Since the appearance of that paragraph, the great *cantatrice* has arrived with her husband and two children. The whole family have taken possession of a neat villa, called Roehampton Lodge, situated near to the south side of Barnes Common, and about a mile from Putney. The house is in a retired position, and in the immediate vicinity of Putney Common and the picturesque village of Roehampton.

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE.—Lieut. Gilliss, U.S.N., sailed in the steamer *Moses Taylor*, for the Isthmus, and thence proceeds to Payta, in Peru, to observe the solar eclipse which is to come off on the 7th of September, and which will there nearly be total. No portion of the eclipse will be visible in any part of the United States to the northward of Florida. Says the *National Intelligencer*:

"The station which Lieut. G. will probably select is an eminence of the Andes, about one hundred miles to the south-east of Payta, and from whence the earliest phase of the eclipse will be visible.

"Mr. C. Raymond, a son of S. W. Raymond, Esq., of New-York, will accompany him as assistant, and goes provided by the Smithsonian Institution with every essential for the preservation of specimens of natural history intended to form a part of its already magnificent cabinet. The field offered to Mr. Raymond has never been explored by naturalists.

"M. Liais, of Paris, in the only astronomer of whose departure from Europe information has been received at the Smithsonian Institution. Lieut. Gilliss will meet him at Payta, and confer with him upon the most advantageous plan for securing all the facts sought."

PHOTOGRAPH OF SATURN.—At the Roman Observatory, M. Secchi has obtained a good photograph of Saturn, which shows not only the dark spaces between the planet and ring, but the shadow of the planet upon the ring. It also establishes two points of considerable interest: First, that the planet is darker than the ring; and second, that the light of the planet is more powerful than that of our moon. The proof of this is that it requires 20 seconds to produce a photographic image of the moon, while that of Saturn is produced in eight minutes, or four-hundred and eighty seconds. But Saturn is at least 80 times further from us than the moon, and instead of requiring 80 times the number of seconds to produce his image, he requires only 24 times. Mr. Secchi infers from the planet's superior photographic power that he is surrounded by a reflecting atmosphere, while the moon is destitute of such, and entirely black.—*Scotsman*.

A RAINBOW.

MEANTIME, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Beastriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion, running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.

—THOMSON.

AN INVOCATION TO BIRDS.

COME, all ye feathery people of mid-air,
Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
Your homes amidst green leaves by grottos cool;
And ye, who on the flat sands board your eggs
For suns to ripen, come! O phoenix rare!
If death hath spared, or philosophic search
Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest,
Perfect Arabian—lonely nightingale!
Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, lookest
Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs,
Until they waken; and thou, cuckoo-bird,
Who art the ghost of sound, having no shape
Material, but dost wander far and near,
Like untouched echo whom the woods deny

Sight of her love, come all to my slow charm!
Come thou, sky-climbing bird, waker of morn,
Who springest like a thought unto the sun,
And from his golden flood dost gather wealth
(Epithalamium and Pindarique song.)
And with it enrich our ears: come all to me,
Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
And, in your several musics, whisper—Love!

—PROCTOR.

THE medical attendant of the Princess of Gothland asserts that crinoline is the reason that accouchments have lately become so dangerous and difficult. He adds that this fashion is the source of a vast number of chills, the consequence of which are always almost mortal. If this gentleman is to be credited, crinoline has as many deaths to answer for in Sweden as the cholera.

A CRIMINAL court of Mecklenburgh Schwerin has just concluded the trial of fifteen men of superior intellectual and social position for a conspiracy that expired in 1851, and was only discovered two years after its demise. The culprits were a committee in correspondence with some secret society of Berlin, which proposed to upset the princes and monarchs of Germany, and to establish a united republic on their ruins. The sentences of eleven of the accused varied from four months to three years; three were acquitted; and one having died, escaped the judgment of this slow tribunal.

THE human heart has, of course, its pouting fits; it determines to live alone; to flee into desert places; to have no employment—that is, to love nothing; but to keep on sullenly beating, beating, until death lays his little finger on the sulky thing, and all is still. It goes away from the world, and straightway, shut from human company, it falls in love with a plant, a stone—yea, it dandles cat or dog, and calls the creature darling. Yes, it is the beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.—*Jerrold*.

ON the 16th there was a heavy thunder-storm at Duckenfield England. The rain fell in torrents, and the ground was covered with thousands of toads which were supposed to have fallen with the rain.

A MUSICAL festival on a monster scale, such being a biennial custom in Switzerland, is about to come off at Zurich. Ten thousand musicians, vocal and instrumental, are this time to swell the choral anthem and deepen the rich diapason. There are various patriot hymns on the programme. A banquet where 12,000 Switzers and their guests to fraternize under the canopy of the Helvetic sky, is part of the announced performance.

MR. KAVANAGH, who took the letter from Lucknow, during the siege, to Sir Colin Campbell, has been rewarded with a sum of £2000, and an appointment in Oude, worth £700 a year.

THE Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons has been enlarged, either to meet the prevailing fashion in the matter of skirts, or to accommodate a larger number of female politicians.

MR. JAMES BROWN, a London chemist, has patented an invention for the manufacture of paper which will not require damping previous to being printed upon.

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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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and social life. The philosopher who looks from a higher level, and upon a more distant horizon, discerns in these changes a wider and more lasting influence. He sees that they involve the relations of races and communities of men over the whole face of the globe; and that they are destined, sooner or later, to obliterate many of those diversities and lines of demarkation, which, however originally produced, seemed almost to disserve the species, in the contrasts of human existence they afford. He takes further note of what is the great agent in this and other changes, that wonderful progress in physical philosophy, which has placed new powers in the hands of man—powers transcending in their strangeness and grandeur the wildest fables and dreams of antiquity; and the effects of which are already felt in every part of the habitable earth. He sees the march of discovery continually going on; new paths opened; new instruments and methods of research brought into action; and new laws evolved, giving connection and combination to the facts and phenomena which unceasingly accumulate around us.

Closely, or even necessarily, connected with the changes last denoted, is the topic to which, as suggested by the works before us, we would especially invite the attention of our readers. We allude to the concurrent changes taking place in the spirit and scope of physical philosophy at large; scarcely less remarkable in their nature and influence than the discoveries in which they originate, and by which they are sanctioned. Modern science, in its dealings with the great physical powers or elementary forces which pervade and govern the material world, has been led, or even forced, into a bolder form and method of inquiry. Inductions of a higher class have been reached, and generalizations attained, going far beyond those subordinate laws in which science was formerly satisfied to rest. Experiment and observation, as the agents in acquiring knowledge, must always to a certain extent be alike in their objects and methods of pursuit. But the precision and refinements of modern experimental research—partly due to greater perfection of instruments, partly to the higher principles of inquiry pursued—strikingly distinguish it from that of any anterior time. With every allowance for illus-

trious exceptions, it is impossible to make the comparison, and not to see that the physical researches of our own day have a larger scope and more connected aim—that experiment is no longer tentative merely, but suggested by views which stretch beyond the immediate result, and hold in constant prospect those general laws which work in the universe at large. Nor is the power so gained ever now permitted to be dormant or inert. If thought suggests experiment, experiment ministers fresh materials to thought; and the philosopher working bodily with the new forces at his command, and under the guidance of hypotheses, which extend to the very confines of human intelligence, obtains results which almost startle the imagination by the inroads they seem to make on the mysteries beyond. When flying along the railroad at forty or fifty miles an hour, with a slender wire beside us, conveying with speed scarcely measurable, the news of nations, the demands of commerce, or the fates of war, we have an example (though few care to estimate it fully) of those mighty attainments which bind, to do our bidding, elements before unknown or uncontrolled by man; and which give certainty of other and similar attainments in time yet to come.

Admitting that hypothesis, and this often of very adventurous kind—the “*animi jactus liber*”—blends itself largely with the recent progress of physical science, we would in no way impugn this powerful instrument and aid of research; the use of which, under due limitation, is justified equally by reason and experience. In all inquiries of this nature, except those of strictly mathematical kind, certainty and conjecture necessarily and closely commingle. The speculation or bare analogy of one day becomes the scientific induction of the next; and even where hypothesis is not thus happily fated, it still has often high value as a partial interpreter and provisional guide to the truths sought for. All sciences, and very especially those of optics, of chemistry, of electricity, furnish notable instance to this effect; and have rescued hypothesis, in the philosophical sense of the term, from the vague reproach which it was once the fashion to cast upon it. Such vindication, however, affords no sanction to that spirit, which pushes mere speculation far in advance of experiment and observation, and adventures rashly into fields not prepared

for human culture, if indeed ever accessible to it. Eccentric theories of this kind, the produce of imperfect knowledge or illogical understanding, will ever be found in the path of science; perplexing, it may be, to those who loosely follow it; but disappearing one after another, as truth pursues its steady course amidst them. The mysteries of organic life, approached with caution by the true philosopher, are an especial seduction to these framers of new systems—systems which it becomes easy to coin, under shelter of a vague phraseology, and aided by the very obscurity of the subject.

While speaking thus generally on the spirit and methods of modern science, we may notice the fact, that there is scarcely one of the legitimate hypotheses of our own time, or even any great law founded on the soundest inductions from experiment, which is not prefigured in some way, more or less distinctly, in the philosophy of former ages. We might, had we space for it, give many curious instances of these anticipations; and assign reasons why they should especially be found in the more recondite parts of philosophy, such as the origin of matter, the qualities and combinations of atoms, the theories of space, ether, forces, etc.—transcendental questions which press themselves upon the thought of the metaphysician, as well as of the naturalist and mathematician, in contemplating the phenomena of the universe. Through these avenues of thought and speculation, little aided by experiment or systematic observation, the subtlety of a few rare spirits in each early age came upon the traces of physical truths, which modern science has approached by more certain roads, and made the lawful prize of inductive research. What were then hasty and transient glances into these profound parts of philosophy, have now become a steady insight into the great physical laws under which are embodied all the phenomena of the natural world.

We have placed at the head of this article the titles of several recent works, well fitted, by their various merits and by the eminence of their authors, to illustrate the view we have briefly given of the present aspects of physical philosophy, as well as to indicate those future prospects of science, which may fairly be inferred from the spirit in which it is now pursued—the

attainments still possible to human reason or human power. These are the points to which we now seek especially to direct attention. We might easily double or treble the number of the volumes thus referred to, were we to include even a small proportion of the systematic or elementary works; the lectures, memoirs, or addresses to scientific bodies; or the articles in reviews and other periodicals, which, under the influence of this new vigor of inquiry, and the practical popularity of many of its topics, have opened their pages to meet the demand for more familiar information than scientific treatises can afford. These topics, in fact, include not only the sciences treating of the simpler inorganic conditions of matter, and the elementary forces—heat, light, electricity, gravitation, chemical affinity, which act upon the material world—but also animal and vegetable physiology in their whole extent, and those wonderful laws of organic life, connecting matter with vitality, instincts and intellect, under the numberless forms and species which are placed before us for our contemplation. In surveying this vast field of natural knowledge, for the purposes just indicated, we must of necessity limit ourselves to a broad outline; thereby forfeiting in some part the interest which belongs to the familiar details and illustrations of each particular science; but gaining in compensation a more connected and comprehensive view of the relation between the different sciences; and of those great discoveries in all, which are ever tending to bring them into closer approximation and subjection to common laws. We need scarcely dwell on the importance of such general views, and their influence on the spirit and progress of physical philosophy. We shall have occasion immediately to illustrate it, in speaking of the efforts made by some of the most eminent men of science of our day, to give concentration and unity to parts of physical knowledge, and to classes of phenomena, hitherto regarded as having no co-relation or common principle of action.

We do not undertake to analyze in detail, or even to notice, all the works before us. To some of them, however, and especially to those placed first on the list, we must separately refer, inasmuch as they furnish the most able exposition of those doctrines and methods of modern science which it is our object to examine.

And under this view we must first notice the volume of the Rev. Baden Powell, Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford; not merely from the high scientific reputation of the author, but as embodying, and vindicating in great part, all the boldest conclusions derived from recent research. Approaching our subject through this work as the threshold, we enter at once on the highest debatable ground, amidst questions which have more or less perplexed the reason of man in all ages; formerly, as intellectual problems or paradoxes only—now, as the natural or necessary result of those experimental inquiries which have been carried through every part of the material creation.

Professor Powell's work includes three separate essays: one on the "Spirit of Inductive Philosophy," another on the "Unity of Worlds," the last on the "Philosophy of Creation." The second of these essays, though containing much other valuable matter, is mainly an answer to that remarkable volume entitled the *Plurality of Worlds*, which, despite its anonymous form and paradoxical argument, has gained credit and weight in the public mind from the eminent name attached to its probable authorship. The curious question raised, or rather revived, by this work—one destined from its very nature to be answered by *presumption* only—has already elicited so much active controversy, in which we have ourselves taken part, that we refrain from touching upon it, here; though we might fairly do so as an example of the altered method in which such controversies are now carried on, and of the new class of proofs brought forward for their solution. But of the first and third of these essays of Professor Powell we must speak more in detail, in their bearing upon the subject before us.

They are written, we may first remark, with great vigor and ability of thought; with much of happy illustration, derived from the very large scientific resources of the author; and in a style singularly fitted to these subjects by its clearness and precision. Of the boldness of the work, in advocating doctrines and hypotheses not yet fully matured by research, we have just spoken. It would not be a harsh criticism to say that Professor Powell shows a marked fondness for what is new and arduous in philosophy; and takes pleasure in stigmatizing, as hindrances to truth in physical science, all such opinions as are

fostered by ancient and popular belief, including those which assume Scriptural authority for their foundation. In his just zeal against dogmatical authority, he sometimes falls into the opposite rashness of lending his authority and favor to hasty and partial experimental deductions; or to doctrines still in their infancy, and checked or controverted by opposite opinions of equal weight. To this temperament of mind, as we venture to describe it, we may attribute his somewhat eager adoption of the doctrines of "Transmutation of Species;" of "the Unity of Composition" as a principle in physiology; of the principle of "Continuity and immutability of physical laws in geology;" and of the Correlation or community of vital and physical forces in all the automatic acts of life, and even in many mental acts which may be thus regarded. His reasonings on the doctrine of Final Causes or *Teleology*, as it is now the fashion to call it, have the same character and bearing. All these are broad questions, and fairly open to argument and evidence. But we have the constant feeling in the volume before us, that the leaning is too much to one and the same side of these questions: we might fairly call it the *paradoxical side*; while admitting, at the same time, that paradoxes are often raised into the class of recognized truths; and, in a certain sense of the term, may even be deemed instruments of science, though instruments ever to be used with caution and forbearance. As a more special instance of what we have just mentioned, we might quote the sort of sanction our author gives to the crude experiments of Messrs. Crosse and Wickes on the seeming creation of animalcule life under certain conditions of the galvanic current; a conclusion loosely drawn in its origin, without any known analogy, and not justified by any later research. On this point, as on many others in his third Essay on the "Philosophy of Creation," we find a close approximation to the doctrines of the *Vestiges of Creation*, another well-known work of our own time, which by its ability has contributed greatly to diffuse a taste for these transcendental inquiries in science—a dangerous effect, were it not corrected by the contemporaneous activity of those philosophers who make experiment and strict induction the sole measure and guides of their progress.

To the question stated above we may especially refer, as examples of the class of profound problems on which modern science exercises itself; seeking their solution by experiments and observations far more refined and exact than have ever before been applied to these inquiries. But there is another question largely discussed in Mr. Baden Powell's work, to which we would advert, as expounding better than any other the present spirit and scope of physical philosophy. This is the doctrine described by our author in his first essay, under the titles of "Unity of Sciences," and "Uniformity of Nature"—terms meant to express, but expressing too strongly, those admirable generalizations which have connected under common laws phenomena seemingly the most remote and unlike, and are continually tending still further so to combine and concentrate them. Taking the subject in this general sense, we can not hesitate to regard it as one of the very highest which can be submitted to the human understanding. The unfulfilled objects of science, as well as its ultimate end and aim, evidently lie in this direction; and none can be indifferent to the wonderful results which every year is disclosing to researches pursued on this principle. Among those who have labored most successfully for this especial object are the eminent men whose discoveries in particular branches of science have given them merited fame in the world. If out of many contemporaries we were to select a few who have done most to elevate physical science by generalization of its phenomena and laws, the names of Arago, Faraday, Herschel, and Humboldt occur at once as first and most illustrious in this career. These philosophers have looked upon the world of nature in its largest aspects, and made their several discoveries subservient to this great object; thereby widening the circle of facts and phenomena, and at the same time drawing them more closely towards that center in which we find so many sciences to converge.

Nevertheless we must not allow these terms of "Unity of Science," "Unity of Principle," and "Unity of Law," to usurp too much on the understanding. Professor Powell seems to us to give undue force to such phrases; which, strictly examined, have no counterpart or reality in our actual knowledge. It is true that

there is various high authority for their use, as for that of language analogous in effect. Humboldt, in several passages of his *Cosmos*, and, at an earlier period, D'Alembert and Laplace, have sanctioned the general conception, though not defining it sufficiently for any application beyond that attempt at generalization just noticed; and which would have existed, even if no such mysterious word as "Unity" had been used to signify the ultimate end in view. We readily admit it as probable or certain, that numerous facts, hitherto insulated or anomalous, and even whole classes of phenomena unexplained by science, will hereafter be submitted to common and known laws. And we further believe that many laws themselves, now of partial application, will hereafter merge in others of higher scope and generality. We shall speedily have to notice certain cases where this amalgamation has so far advanced as to furnish an entirely new basis for research, scarcely seen or anticipated before. But admitting what we have full right and reason to presume, that this concentration may be carried yet much further, still the attainment or even the conception of unity, in any strict sense of the word, lies indefinitely beyond, shrouded by an obscurity which words may seek to penetrate, but which human intellect can reach only in that one sublime sense of the unity of the Divine Creating Power. We may reduce to a small number the many forms of matter which are elementary to our present knowledge; we may show the identity of certain forces hitherto deemed elementary by their mutual convertibility; we may accept the phrase of Laplace, "*Les phénomènes de la Nature ne sont que les résultats mathématiques d'un petit nombre de lois immuables*;" and yet we shall never prove that there is but one kind of matter, or one nature of force, or that a single law governs all the phenomena around us. To put forward, therefore, the phrase and conception of the "Unity of Science," as the final term of our labors, is to inflict a metaphysical issue upon them for which there is no warrant either in reason or practical use. Bishop Berkeley has somewhere spoken of ultimate ratios in mathematics as the "ghosts of departed quantities." With like reason we might call the unity of some of our modern philosophers the "ghost of departed pluralities;" having this quality of

ghosthood, moreover that there is nothing truly tangible or substantial about it.

We have dwelt thus much on these preliminary topics because, while they indicate what may be considered the exaggerations and excesses of theory, they show at the same time that spirit and propensity of modern science of which we have before spoken; and which, duly regulated, has been the source of all its high attainments. We now proceed to such details as may best illustrate this spirit in its application to different branches of science; selecting amidst the multitude of examples those especially which involve either some new physical principle or some new method of physical inquiry. It has been said by one who could well estimate the value of the latter, "*La connoissance de la methode, qui a guidé l'homme de génie, n'est pas moins utile au progrès de la science que ses découvertes.*" A new method is often indeed in itself the greatest discovery, and betokening the highest genius in him to whom it is due.

In dealing with this wide subject, the first and most material division is that between the forces acting *on* or *in* matter; and the various forms of matter, inorganic or organic, so acted upon. With full admission of the difficulty of defining the abstract nature of matter and force, and their mutual relations in the universe, this distinction is still the only one which our intelligence can apprehend, or practically apply to the objective phenomena ever present and active around us.

In regard to matter and force it may undoubtedly be affirmed, that all questions as to their nature become more difficult and abstruse in proportion as we generalize and reduce them to their simplest terms. With respect to force, more especially, the most eminent philosophers of our time, while declining any metaphysical definition, have been constrained to adopt new methods of regarding and describing it, in those various actions upon or through matter which testify to its presence and energy. Centers of force, (an expression due to Boscovich in its scientific use,) lines of force, polar force, etc., are terms found necessary to express the several modes of force in action, irrespectively of all questions as to its abstract nature, or especial relations to matter. Under the gradual adoption of this new language, there has

been a corresponding abandonment of phrases, more hypothetical in themselves, and far less fitted to aid the progress of scientific inquiry. As such we may denote that expression, current even in some of our best systematic works, of the "imponderable substances or forms of matter;" which, in including heat, light, and electricity, makes assumptions wholly unproved; while in excluding gravitation, chemical, mechanical, and vital forces from the same category, it affirms a distinction which we do not absolutely know to exist in any of these cases, and which certainly does not exist in some of them. For the notion of an *imponderable element* (if notion it can be called) that of a *mode of motion of matter* might probably in each case be more truly as well as advantageously substituted. Science, it may fairly be said, is constantly tending to a better and closer form of logic in these matters; and simple induction from facts, unfettered by names and prior notions, is here as elsewhere the best guide to all ulterior discovery.

The great problem respecting force, in the most general conception of it as a motive power on matter, is involved in the question, Whether it can ever be really lost or extinguished? whether the seeming cessation and limits to its action are not merely conversions or translations of power, testified in other forms and effects of material change? Most persons, seemingly justified by experience, would answer at once that any force has ceased to exist, when the motions or other effects it induces on matter are no longer present. The question, however, is one which rises far above the mere evidence of the senses. Vaguely suggested at different periods, it has been adopted in a definite shape by the philosophers of our own time; forced upon them, we may say, by the course and character of recent discovery. It is the question which forms the main topic of Mr. Faraday's lecture, just referred to, on the "Conservation of Force;" and we willingly quote a few lines, both from the intrinsic weight of all that comes from this source, and as expressing what we consider to be the growing conviction of all who have grappled with this great problem of modern science:

"To admit that force may be destructible or can altogether disappear, would be to admit that matter could be uncreated, for we know matter only by its forces." "Agreeing

with those who admit the conservation of force to be a principle in physics as large and sure as that of the indestructibility of matter, or the invariability of gravity, I think that no particular idea of force has a right to unlimited or unqualified acceptance, that does not include *assent* to it; and also, to *definite amount* and *definite disposition of the force*, either in one effect or another, for these are necessary consequences. Therefore I urge, that the conservation of force ought to be admitted as a physical principle in all our hypotheses, whether partial or general, regarding the actions of matter."

This question was forced upon the attention of men of science by the very nature of their recent researches, and the remarkable doctrine based upon them, which is now developing itself under the title of the "Correlation of Physical Forces;" a description modest as well as apposite of a theory, which, if matured, as we think it likely to be, into full truth, will give new foundation and guidance to the whole course of physical inquiry. In the work of Mr. Grove, bearing this title, and prefixed to our article, we have the first and most able exposition of this doctrine. Partial suggestions of it, both in England and Germany, had already been derived from the results of experiment; but we owe to Mr. Grove its distinct enunciation as a physical principle, and the illustration of this principle by instances drawn from his own researches and those of others, which give it all the characters of a new physical law. Eminent in his own profession, he has made to himself a high and merited reputation in science, by his acute application of experiment to some of its most profound problems, and by the bold but precise logic with which he draws his inductions. His work, of which the third edition is before us, is remarkable for its clearness and simplicity of style—qualities valuable in all scientific writings, and essential on subjects like those here treated of.

By the term correlation, as applied to physical forces, Mr. Grove means to convey the general idea of *reciprocal production*—that is, that any force capable of producing another, may reciprocally be produced by it. But the principle here involved, as well as the wide scope of the doctrine conveyed by these terms, will be better understood by taking correlation to express generally those relations of forces which render them mutually and constantly convertible—one form or manifestation of force generating another, so

as to bring together into the same series of effects, physical actions and changes seemingly the most remote and dissimilar. Thus, to take a familiar but striking instance—the same single electrical current from a voltaic battery is capable in its circuit of evolving heat and light, of creating magnets, of producing mechanical force, of violently affecting the nervous and muscular organization, and of inducing, by decomposition or combination, the most powerful chemical changes, simply according to the nature of the different material objects which the experimentalist interposes in the circuit, so as to subject them to this current of power. Here then (gravitation excepted) we find all the great natural forces, of which we have present knowledge, evolved from a single source; and that source, be it remarked, a chemical change of affinities, giving origin to the electrical current, and thereby affording fresh proof of the reciprocity of actions alluded to above. One form of force disappears as another is evolved.

We might give, had we space for them, many other curious instances of this reciprocity of relation, as manifested by the several forces of heat, electricity, magnetism, mechanical power, and chemical affinity. One we may select, as an example of beautiful contrivance as well as striking results. By a certain combination of apparatus, in which light, acting through the daguerreotype, was the initiating force, Mr. Grove obtained, first the *chemical action* upon the plate; thence a current of *electricity* circulating through wires; next *magnetism* by a coil of these wires; then the production of *heat*, testified by the delicate helix of Bregnet; and finally, of *motion*, shown by the needles of the galvanometer. Instances of this kind, indeed, are rapidly multiplying, since the correlation and convertibility of forces has been recognized as a principle and applied to research. They are derived not solely from recent experiment, but even more frequently and fruitfully from phenomena already familiar to us as facts, but waiting for their illustration the happy induction now at length attained.

The beauty of this principle, however, is not limited to the expression of the reciprocity or mutual convertibility of the physical forces with which we are dealing. There is much reason to believe in a further correlation as regards their equiva-

lents of power, or measurable quantitative effects. Though this generalization is still far from complete, numerous cases occur where it is attested by the results of very exact experiment. The discoveries of Faraday have furnished some of the most striking examples of constant quantitative relation between electrical power and chemical actions and changes. The researches of Dulong, Petit, and Neumann show very remarkable relations between chemical affinity and heat, in proving that the specific heats of certain substances, compound as well as simple, when multiplied by their chemical equivalents, give a constant quantity as the product. And again, the experiments recently made by Mr. Joule and Professor W. Thomson, on the mutual convertibility of heat and dynamical force, go far to demonstrate the remarkable fact that, in whatever way mechanical force is employed to produce heat, the same amount of heat is produced by the same amount of force. We doubt not that the progress of science will so multiply the number of these instances of quantitative relation, as ultimately to submit them to some general law, as well as to that practical application which is the most certain test of truth.

It will be noticed that we have not hitherto spoken of gravitation as a physical force; though it is the one with which we are most familiar in every incident of life, and to which we look as the most universal agent upon matter, as well in the globe we inhabit, as in the innumerable words surrounding us in space. We place it apart from other physical forces, because, while thus familiar to our senses in its effects, it is to our deeper meditation the most mysterious as well as vast and sublime of the powers which act in the universe. Human genius has discovered and mathematically defined its laws. By knowledge of these laws, human science has been carried, and is ever penetrating further, beyond our own planetary system; while within this system, they have enabled us to predict events in time and space, and to define physical conditions of the planets and their satellites, seemingly inapproachable by man. With all this knowledge and perpetual application of the power, of its nature and essence we are utterly ignorant. Science has dealt with its effects only, without really approaching a step nearer to the

cause, than when Newton declared that he must leave to the consideration of his readers the question whether the agent producing gravity was material or not. Hypotheses have grown up—such as that of *gravific atoms* permeating all space, of Le Sage—or the *residual force* theory of Mosotti, connecting gravity with cohesive attractions—but none which satisfy fully the exigencies of the case. The research is even made more difficult by the simplicity and invariability of the power in question. It controls or modifies the other forces acting on matter, but has no such relations to them as they have to one another—no reciprocal production or mutual convertibility; nor the *duality of action* belonging peculiarly to the electrical and magnetic forces; nor lines of propagation and polarization, such as we recognize in light and heat; nor those molecular changes manifested in acts of chemical affinity. Whether any—or if any, through what avenues—closer approach may hereafter be made to the solution of this great problem of gravity, we can not here inquire. But in speaking of the forces which act upon matter, it was impossible to omit this the most universal of all—innate and incorporate, we might almost say, in matter itself.

Nor can we rightly avoid in this place some allusion to the equally abstruse subject (though rendered so by very different causes) of the mutual relations of the physical and vital forces—a topic handled with great ability by Dr. Carpenter, in a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* a few years ago, and more recently in the systematic works of this physiologist. Without plunging into the depths of this question, we may say that the tendency of all recent research has been to impugn the doctrine of vitality, both in animal or vegetable life, as a distinct force or power; and to merge its alleged functions, whether of organization, maintenance, or reproduction, in those same physical forces which act on the inorganic matter of the world around us. That this is true to a certain extent can not indeed be doubted. That heat and light, and more especially the former, are intimately concerned in all the phenomena of vital organization, is a fact familiar to us from a thousand examples. The researches of Liebig and others have shown how very closely chemical processes are engaged—even under the strict law of definite proportions—in all the great pro-

cesses of the highest animal life, assimilation, secretion, respiration, animal heat, etc.; while the discoveries of Matteucci and Du Bois Raymond have demonstrated the curious and exquisitely subtle relations which exist between electricity and the nervous and muscular functions; not indeed proving the absolute identity of electricity with the nervous element of force, but countenancing this view beyond all prior expectation.

In thus discussing the relation of the physical and vital forces as applied especially to man, we continually approach that line, hard indeed to discriminate or define, which separates the mere vital or automatic acts from the proper functions of mind, consciousness, thought, feeling, and volition. On this debatable land we encounter at once the old questions, so long the subject of philosophical speculation, and destined, as far as we can see, ever so to remain. Human science on this point is as feeble as it was two thousand years ago, and beset by exactly the same difficulties. We have just been speaking of forces which are correlated and measurable in their effects. We come here to powers and functions *wholly incommensurable* either with material qualities or physical forces; yet so linked with both under the present conditions of existence, that not even personal consciousness, the best and surest of all teachers, can mark any certain boundary line. Those who have sought to decipher or define these proximate relations of matter and mind have but substituted barren words for the realities of knowledge. Mr. Baden Powell himself, while stretching the domain of physical causes to the total phenomena of animal life, yet finds a limit here; and somewhat abruptly closes his argument by observing that the assertion of a moral and spiritual nature in man refers essentially to "a *different order of things*, apart from and transcending any material ideas whatsoever." To some such conclusion, however expressed, all must come who honestly and rationally approach this question.

We have dwelt thus long on the subject of the physical forces—the "imponderables" of former systems—as illustrating at once a great doctrine of modern science, and the general spirit of philosophy at the present time. We are far, however, from having exhausted the subject. Questions crowd round and con-

verge upon it from every side; some of them so subtle in kind that we might well call them metaphysical, had we not in some sort repudiated this term. Such are, to state briefly a few of them, the question whether forces can exist, except in absolute connection with matter? whether they may, intelligibly and consistently with phenomena, be regarded as molecular actions, or modes of motion in matter? whether (to revert to a question urged before) they can ever by possibility be annulled or even rendered latent? whether, in admitting this constant combination of forces, we do not virtually admit a *constant amount* of force, variously manifested, to be always present in the universe? and whether, in such cases, we can ever rightly speak of an *initial force*, otherwise in the sense of those acts of creation which are the beginning of all things? All these and other like questions belong to the philosophy of our day; some of them shadowed out in the hypotheses of antiquity; now approached through the safer avenues of experiment and sound induction. How far these may carry us to the future solution of the problems suggested, we can not here stop to inquire.

In passing from the province of forces acting on matter, to that of matter thus acted on, we have yet to traverse another debatable ground, on which science is seeking to find some firm footing, as well as in explanation of known phenomena as for purposes of further research. We allude here to the question regarding the *physical condition of space itself*—of those inter-planetary and inter-sidereal distances, some of them hardly measurable by numbers, and such as no efforts of mind can compass or conceive. Are we to regard this vastness of space as void of matter—a mere vacuum, through which the numberless worlds we see as stars or planets, are dispersed? Or may we better contemplate it, as pervaded throughout by some material medium, though so rare and attenuated, that no form of matter of which our senses are cognizant, can rightly interpret it to our reason? The question can no longer be argued in that mystical language of "nature abhorring a vacuum," which satisfied the demands of an earlier philosophy; nor can we evade it by the adoption of terms such as *ether*, *ethereal medium*, etc., which, though sanctioned by some great names,

go little further than to shelter a vague and incomplete solution. Modern science seeks urgently for proof that matter, in some condition, does exist throughout space; and in such continuity, however rare it be, that forces may be transmitted *by or through* the medium thus afforded. Two great powers, gravitation and light, undoubtedly reach us from the most remote regions of space. There is presumption, though not certainty, that heat is associated with light in its origin, as a concomitant, if not convertible force. More doubt exists as to the transmission through space of the electric or magnetic powers; but many facts of recent observation tend to authenticate this belief. How then are these forces, or any of them, transmitted to and fro in the universe? If we say that the tides of the ocean are raised, or the perturbations of a planet produced, without any intervening medium between the bodies affected and those affecting them, we quit the domain of physics altogether, and put an abrupt end to inquiry. Newton has expressed himself strongly on this matter, in saying: "To suppose that one body may act upon another at a distance, through a vacuum, without the mediation of any thing else, by and through which their action and force may be conveyed from one to another, is to me so great an absurdity that I believe no man who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it." The conviction which his conception of gravity impressed thus strongly on Newton's mind, is enforced upon us not less cogently by the undulating theory of light. This theory—based on mathematical proof, and capable not merely of explaining phenomena before known, but of *predicting* others evolved by later research—presumes of necessity the existence of an elastic medium, whatever its nature, through which these undulations are transmitted. We say *of necessity*, because it is logically thus to our reason. Not solely on the analogy of air and other elastic media, but as the only conception we can form to the mind of undulation singly considered, the presence of a medium is essential to its existence and effects. And this fully recognized, the inferences become of magnificent kind. The progressive retardation of Encke's comet, and the aspects of the zodiacal light, afford presumption of such material media

existing within our own solar system; but the argument we have just stated, carries us far beyond this limit, to every part of that sidereal and nebular space from which light ever reaches the eye of man.

In coming finally to those several sciences which deal with matter in its more recognized forms, we must once again repeat that our object is simply that of indicating the spirit and scope of modern science, as illustrated by its new objects and methods, and by the high attainments at which it has arrived. Volumes would be needed to give even an approximate idea of the particular discoveries, whether from experiment or observation, which have conducted to these attainments. In the hasty view we are taking, we can but notice such as are most striking in character and results. Nor are we called upon to do this methodically; since, as we have before mentioned, one of the most eminent successes of our time is that of having brought all the branches of physical science into closer connection and subordination to more general laws; and in illustrating these new connections, examples converge and crowd upon us from sources seemingly the most remote.

Humboldt, in his *Cosmos*, has rightly given to astronomy—"the science of the universe without"—the first place in his great picture of physical knowledge. So much has lately been written on this science—the highest glory, it may well be deemed, of the human intellect—that we need only allude to a few of its more recent attainments; not surpassing indeed those discoveries which we owe to the genius of an anterior time, yet so extending the doctrine of universal gravitation in the variety and refinement of its applications, that new grandeur is given to this great law of nature. We may take one or two examples, among many that offer themselves, from our own planetary system; where this power is more within our cognizance, both in its simple effects and in those complex perturbations of orbits, which have taxed, but not overcome the efforts of our most illustrious mathematicians. The first instance—one of those familiar to the world for the moment, but speedily forgotten—is a discovery made by means of these very perturbations. The movements of Uranus, then (1846)

supposed the most remote planet of our system, were found to be disturbed by some external influence not referable to causes *within* its orbit, as could be shown, but due to some material attraction from without. Another planet alone could answer these conditions. Science set itself to work in the persons of two eminent mathematicians, Adams and Leverrier—the position of the disturbing body was determined by them simultaneously, but independently—telescopes followed their guidance, and Neptune was added to the number of our planets. The method of discovery here has higher interest than the fact itself; though now but one of numerous instances in science, where results can be predicted with hardly less certainty than if attained and present to the senses.

A second example we may cite, in proof of the exactness, or even *delicate minuteness*, with which modern astronomy pursues the vast objects of its science. The complex irregularities of the moon's motions have long put to test all the resources of analysis, and are scarcely even yet fully submitted to our knowledge. Chiefly, of course, they depend on the relative position and distances of the sun and earth; and Laplace had shown not only the secular acceleration of mean motion, produced by the increasing eccentricity of the earth's orbit, but also a small irregularity depending on the spheroidal figure of the earth itself. His suggestion that the oblateness of the earth's spheroid might reciprocally be determined by this irregularity of the moon's motion, led Burg to a calculation, the results of which closely tallied with the best measurements and pendulum observations. Very recently new and more delicate causes of lunar disturbance have been indicated, as depending on the action of the planet Venus; first, indirectly, by perturbing the motion of the earth, altering its distance from the sun, and thereby affecting the motion and position of the moon during periods of 120 years; secondly, by a minute disturbance arising from the *direct* action of Venus on the moon itself. In all these cases the theory accords with the phenomena observed, and this accordance well illustrates the perfection of use which the great law of gravitation has now attained.

In passing the bounds of our own system—*narrow*, we may call them in rela-

tion to what lies beyond—we lose in great part the guidance of this law; though retaining such proof of its equal and probably similar operation in the most distant regions of space, as almost to force upon us the conclusion (warranted indeed by other considerations) that motion is universal and constant in all matter—that nothing in the universe around us is at absolute rest. To prove the continuous movement of the solar system in space, with the direction and rate of its motion—to confirm this wonderful fact by the discovery of the proper and absolute motions of other stars—to determine, by parallaxic observations of incredible delicacy, the distances of certain of the fixed stars, and to measure these distances by the *years* which light takes to traverse them—to demonstrate, among the many thousand double or multiple stars now discovered, those orbits and periods of revolution which obey the same law that brought Newton's apple to the ground—to *gauge* by refined processes our own nebula of the Milky-Way—to discover and assign the place of more than 3000 other nebulae, resolving many of them into systems of stars, and by admirable methods obtaining some approximate idea of their distances—these have been among the undertakings of modern sidereal astronomy; admirably fulfilled by the eminent men who have devoted themselves to this science, the two Herschels, Struve, Bessel, Airy, Argelander, Peters, etc. Sublime even in their simplest enunciation, these problems will be seen to involve results as to space and time which border on infinity; and as such illustrate well those arduous efforts and aspirations of modern science which it is our especial object to indicate.

Though not easy in a science like this to set limits to its future scope, yet is it difficult to suppose any ulterior discovery which can do more than aid in filling up this vast outline. If any new law is discovered in our own system, we might perhaps presume it to be one relating to the rotation of the planets on their axes—an important series of acts arbitrary to our present knowledge, but doubtless due to determinate physical causes, and therefore fairly open to physical research. It is *possible*, seeing the distances which some comets reach in their aphelia, that another planet may exist even beyond Neptune: the discovery, if ever made,

would probably be so through the observed perturbations of Neptune itself. In the sidereal system of which we are a part, much yet remains for future completion. Nothing is more wonderful than the phenomena, periodical, or otherwise, of the variable stars, which are now largely catalogued in our books. Ages may be required to gather any certain induction from our observations upon them. But ages are the field in which the astronomer works; and each present fact, duly recorded, ministers to the higher knowledge which is the harvest of the future. The research into the proper motions of the stars, already noticed, is sure to be greatly extended, and may possibly connect itself in the end (as Mädler has already sought to connect it) with the discovery of some center of attraction and movement to the whole sidereal system. If such central body or point in space were ever ascertained, it would still be simply an expression of the law of universal gravitation; but how sublime an expression, and how wonderful as a result of the genius and labors of man!

But the limit does not lie even here. The telescope of the astronomer, enlarged in its powers and more perfect in all its appliances, is continually engaged amongst those other sidereal or nebular systems, the remoteness of which goes far to express all that man can ever understand of the infinite in space. In a former article, already referred to, we have spoken more at large on this subject. Whoever has inspected those admirable *portraits* of nebulae, as seen through Lord Rosse's great reflector, will comprehend in part the magnitude of this research, and of the problems it puts before us. The aspects and multiplicity of the spiral nebulae, though hardly sanctioning the notion of any new law of matter, yet will warrant the belief in some common but unknown cause conducing to this singular effect. A matter of still higher interest is suggested to us in the question, Whether there exist in these nebulous lights, or elsewhere in space, matter not yet condensed or shapen into forms—the material, it may be, of future worlds, and in different stages of progressive concentration, but still not aggregated as such? The resolution into clusters of stars, by high telescopic power, of many nebulae before thought irresolvable, alters the degree of presumption, but does not settle the ques-

tion. The comparison of different nebulae, as they now exist, and of their several relations to centers or points of greatest condensation, would seem the sole probable avenue to further knowledge; since any changes in the figure, condensation, luminousness, or other aspects of these nebular systems must, upon every analogy of the more proximate parts of the heavens, occupy such immense periods of time as to place them beyond all present reach; and we know too little of the duration of our own species on the earth to venture on any assumption thus remote in its fulfillment.

These questions as to nebulous matter in space are deeply interesting, *retrospectively*, as well as *prospectively*, in time. Few subjects have so keenly exercised speculation of late as the hypothesis, first sanctioned by Laplace, that our own solar system, with its central sun, planets, moons, and comets, has its origin in the concentration of the matter of a nebulous sphere in successive zones; each several planet being formed by the condensation of vapor at these successive limits in the plane of a common equator; and the satellites being similarly formed from the atmospheres of the planets. It does not annul this theory to admit that there are great difficulties in conceiving the cause of such aggregation of matter at certain points, and of the permanent movements impressed on the bodies thus formed. These difficulties, whatever they be, have not prevented its eager appropriation by philosophers who hold the doctrine of progressive development according to certain determinate laws, in the creation both of the inorganic and organic world. They find a basis for the evolution or transmutations they suppose, in this hypothesis of the nebular origin of suns and planets; and their argument would be plausible were the hypothesis itself capable of being verified. How far presumptive evidence may reach in future towards such verification we do not venture to say; but the sources of fresh knowledge are ever opening in this as in other directions of research. The more careful study of cometary phenomena; of the numerous planetoids revolving in eccentric orbits between Mars and Jupiter; of those meteors, some of which have lately been recognized as periodical in occurrence; and of the aërolites, which impinge in mass upon the earth, can hardly fail to settle

some questions as to the occupation of planetary space. How curious, for example, the inference to be drawn from the composition of these falling stones, brought to us undoubtedly from far beyond our own atmosphere, or, as Laplace boldly phrases his belief, "*des profondeurs de l'espace céleste!*" Of the various ingredients they are found to contain, every one is familiar to us upon the surface of the earth we inhabit. They represent, indeed, fully one third of those forms of matter which are still simple or elementary to our knowledge; though under different aspects and forms of combination. Here then we have a sort of *material ingress* into the regions of inter-planetary space; and presumption as to a common origin, though under different modes of aggregation, not merely of those fragmentary masses which casually reach us, but of the great planets also, which move with ourselves in orderly and ordered course around the sun.

We are tempted to add one or two other instances here, illustrating the manner in which modern science—resting upon the uniformity of laws, whatever the scale of their operation—has brought evidence to bear upon these vast astronomical questions from the most minute manipulations with matter here below. The happy idea occurred to M. Plateau of Ghent of suspending globules of oil within water, rendered exactly of the same specific gravity by addition of alcohol, so that the globules should be wholly exempt from the action of gravity, or other extrinsic force, and free to take any position or motions impressed upon them. By means of a small metallic disk and wires, rotatory movements of various velocity and direction were produced in the spherical globules of oil, thus suspended in water; making them to assume many conditions closely allied to planetary configuration—to become spheroids flattened at the poles—to throw off smaller globules having movements both of revolution and rotation—and even rings like those which Saturn shows to our telescopes. These experiments, repeated by Faraday and others, are as valid in the way of inference as they would be were the scale of operation a thousand times greater. And the same may be said of the second instance we have before us, in those beautiful instruments and inventions of Foucault, Piazzi Smyth, Wheatstone,

etc., illustrating the principle of the stability and composition of rotatory motions, and thereby expounding with admirable simplicity the great phenomena of the precession of the equinoxes, and of the earth's rotation on its axis. The *gyroscope* of Foucault, set in action, and placed on a table, shows even in a few minutes, by the angular deviation from its plane of rotation, the movement the earth has made in this short space of time—a demonstration almost startling from its simplicity and grandeur. The instrument is one of consummate beauty in its other applications; and in the more compound form which Professor Smyth has recently given to it, well indicates the perfection such means have attained in furtherance of scientific research.

We have lingered somewhat long on the subject of astronomy, partly from the striking exemplification it affords of the spirit and aims of modern science; partly from the specialty of its objects, as detached by distance from those relations which so closely connect the sciences treating of matter on our own globe. But though thus distant in space, the vast masses moving in the heavens, and especially the Sun, are variously associated with the matter of the earth, through the elementary forces, of which we have already so largely spoken. Here indeed we come again into contact with those arduous questions, where mathematical aids are scantily supplied, and few certainties yet attained; but where new facts and presumptions unceasingly offer themselves, the foundation and materials of more exact knowledge. Omitting gravitation, of which we have sufficiently spoken as a power apart from the rest, there comes that wonderful element of light; blending itself, as we have seen, with heat, electricity, magnetism, and chemical affinity, in such close correlation of action that we can scarcely dis sever its continuity, or detach these physical forces from connection with that great source whence light itself chiefly emanates. The solar beam, as unfolded and analyzed in the spectrum, is in truth the most marvelous and mysterious object of the physical world; comprising in itself whole volumes of science, and problems that might put to trial the boldest theorist. The poetry of Milton, sublime though it be, fails to reach the reality of these great attributes of light, as evolved from a single beam, by simple re-

fraction in passing through a glass prism. It is an analysis of exquisite order and perfection; in which not only are the several colors separated in the same constant proportions, with the intervention of numerous dark lines equally constant in their character; but rays of heat and of chemical power appear severally also at opposite extremities of the spectrum, partially interblended with those of color, but in greatest intensity beyond the visible colored limits of the spectrum. We are now speaking only of the simplest relations of the solar light to terrestrial matter; and without any immediate reference to the astonishing phenomena included under the undulatory theory of light, which, though attested by mathematicians, and interpreted by numbers, wholly transcend the powers of human conception. We allude, but can not here do more than allude, to those formulæ of space and time expressing the amplitude and frequency of the undulations, and their variations for the several colors and rays of the spectrum; and the whole series of phenomena of interference, polarization, diffraction, etc.—discoveries which have given or added lustre to the names of Young, Fresnel, Arago, Brewster, Cauchy, Herschel, Hamilton, and other philosophers scarcely less eminent in this great inquiry.

A word or two we must add here as to one relation—simple in fact, but not familiar to thought—which light establishes between man and the universe around. The total science of astronomy belongs in origin to this element alone. Extinguish those vivid points or bright surfaces of light, which give splendor to the midnight sky—deprive the astronomer of the feeble rays and fainter gleams which stars and nebulae, invisible to the eye, bring before his telescope—and you annihilate at once that science which can predict eclipses centuries beforehand; determine the orbits and return of comets; measure the distances of the fixed stars, and the motion of our own sun and solar system in the universe of space; and penetrate into systems of worlds beyond, where relative degrees of light become the solitary evidence of form and distance. No where are these relations of astronomy to light so admirably illustrated as in Arago's *Analysis of the Life and Labors of the elder Herschel*, recently re-published in the collection of his works.

The evidences connecting electricity and

magnetism, as forces, with the Sun and other bodies of our system, are of course different and inferior to those which establish the relations of light. Yet they are now continually becoming more numerous and significant. Whoever has seen the star of pure and intense light which bursts forth on the approach of the charcoal points completing the circuit of a voltaic battery; or the *flood of light* thence poured by reflection over wide and distant spaces, can not but suspect that the new "fountain" thus opened to the eyes of men (and certainly not destined to remain an idle and valueless gift of science) may be the same in source and qualities as that higher fountain which diffuses light and heat over the whole planetary system. Sir J. Herschel, who ever makes his highest speculations subordinate to cautious induction, has assigned strong reasons for believing the sun to be in a permanently excited electrical state. The various phenomena of the tails of comets he considers as not to be explained, but by supposing a *repulsive force*, acting from the central body, which electricity alone could furnish. "The sun electrically charged would induce opposite states in the two hemispheres of day and night on the earth," is the expression applied to the effect of this solar condition upon our own globe;* and if we suppose, as may fairly be done, variations in the intensity of this electrical state, we acquire a probable cause for many periodical or secular variations which have hitherto embarrassed science. We allude especially here, to changes in the intensity, declination, and inclination of the magnetic force—that extraordinary power which we are now led to refer to particular conditions of electricity, in its connection with material media. General Sabine, whom the labors of a life have rendered our highest authority on magnetic phenomena, has recently, through his papers to the Royal Society, furnished full evidences, from the exact coincidence in time of magnetic changes or disturbances at remote parts of the globe, that these are due to *causes from without*, irrespect-

* These passages, with others equally remarkable, will be found in Sir J. Herschel's volume on the *Nebulae and Double Stars of the Southern Hemisphere*; a volume in which the tabular results of his vast labors of observation are intermingled with some of the highest speculations to which the human mind has yet legitimately reached.

ive of any local conditions of the earth or atmosphere; while in pointing out the correspondence of such periodical variations with the several conditions of the sun, he has shown a direct relation of these phenomena, which we can not refuse to admit. Diurnal or annual changes, subject to this relation, we may indeed in part comprehend; but it needs new elements of knowledge to link together in theory, as General Sabine and Schwabe have seemingly done in fact, the maxima and minima of diurnal magnetic variation, with the greater or smaller number of dark spots present on the sun's surface; a coincidence expressed, as far as the proof now goes, by periods of ten to eleven years; but one so extraordinary in character, that we are bound still to await other similar recurrences before finally admitting it into the records of discovery.

Meanwhile the Moon also has been found, by delicate observations and averages carefully collected, to exercise a magnetic influence on the earth—the needle expressing to human eye certain small variations which strictly correspond with the lunar hour angle. The fact has its peculiar interest in indicating, and this not vaguely, a similar influence throughout the whole planetary system, and possibly far beyond. The magnetic conditions and changes of the earth itself come into direct testimony here; so general and strictly coincident over its surface, as to give us assurance that the total globe is in a definite magnetic state; and capable through this state of affecting other worlds, as well as the little needle which man makes his index here of this mysterious force.

From these vast and remote actions in space around us, we come to those affecting the matter, whether inorganic or living, of the earth on which we dwell. The same great physical forces are still in unceasing action here; with more diversity of effect from the differences of the material acted upon, and from the reflected influence of organic life upon the matter from which it is engendered. We have already spoken of the impossibility of giving more than a glance over this wide field; but such cursory view will suffice to show the magnitude of the objects attained in each science, and the energy which is ever active to forward the work—

τα ἡμέτερα ἐς τέλος ἐξεργάζεσθαι. On one subject, indeed, that of Electricity, though beyond any other prolific of great discoveries, we need say very little, having in a recent review of M. De la Rive's admirable work described its progress, and the wonderful results thence obtained, as well for pure science, as for the practical uses of man. Yet even amidst these marvels of human attainment, it must needs be avowed that we are still at the very alphabet of electrical science. The terms of *positive* and *negative*, though required for practical use and illustration, are little better than barren phrases as respects any real explanation of the phenomena; while the whole subject of *induction* and *conduction*, so essential to a perfect theory of electrical action, is still awaiting more certain and complete conclusions than have yet been obtained. Some single and simple observation may, perchance, furnish the truth desired; and in the very beautiful experiments recently recorded in the Bakerian Lecture of Mr. Gassiot, we willingly recognize one of those various avenues through which research may reasonably be directed towards this object. Nor can we do more here than allude to the discoveries, scarcely less remarkable than those of electricity, which concern the material phenomena of heat. Some of them we have already noticed in their connection or correlation with the functions of the other elementary forces. But there are many besides, due to the various labors of Melloni, Forbes, Herschel, Seebeck, Clausius, Tyndall, etc., which singularly tend to confirm this connection, and to offer other modes of access to those higher laws of force and motion, which we have denoted as the ultimate aim of all philosophy.

If seeking to denote in a few words the most striking characteristic of modern science as directed to matter, we should come at once to the principle of Molecular action, in its present application to physical research. Through this doctrine has been made man's deepest inroad into the secrets of the natural world. No single principle is so variously applicable to every branch of knowledge; none has done so much to promote discovery, or to authenticate and give the form and force of law to the results obtained. And yet it may be said to have had a lawless origin, and to have been long a play of human

fantasy under the garb of science. We can not here travel back to those early speculations on atoms which entered so largely into the staple of the ancient philosophy; and which the poetry of Lucretius has better consecrated to later times than the most subtle prose of the Greek philosophers. In every intermediate age, even the darkest, the atomic doctrine, in one form or other, has kept a certain hold on the minds of learned or speculative men; a natural effect of the facility with which it lends itself to any hypothesis, however crude, regarding matter and material phenomena. It was reserved for our own time to render it at once the subject and instrument of legitimate science; the foundation of laws next to mathematical in scope and exactness, and the most powerful of all aids to ulterior research.

This great achievement, for such it is, we owe mainly to Chemistry; and to John Dalton, the Quaker chemist, more appropriately than to any one besides. Close approaches had been made before to the doctrine of *definite proportions*, as represented by the molecules of matter in their combinations. Such anticipations are recorded in the case of every great discovery. But Dalton (speedily seconded indeed by other great chemists) first gave clear declaration to the principle; and illustrated its applications, mighty in their universality, with a simple sagacity belonging to the genius and habits of the man. The simplicity of his early experiments is, indeed, characteristic also of the manner in which many of the highest truths in science have been reached. Facts the most familiar to common observation, and thence disregarded by common intellects, have furnished better materials and suggestions for discovery than the most recondite theories.

It has been justly said by Sir J. Herschel that *number, weight, and measure* are the foundations of all exact science. The atomic doctrine has acquired from chemistry these conditions, which give it substance and certainty as a physical truth. When analysis and synthesis, carefully applied to compound bodies, disclosed a constant and definite proportion of the combining elements, and an equivalent or multiple ratio of parts in every chemical change, the requirements of number and weight and measure were all met by the discovery. Numbers became needful to

express the proportion of the combining molecules; and in every case, even of the most complex chemical compounds, they have been found to fulfill this object so exactly, that combinations, yet unknown, may be predicted with assurance as the results of future research. The *absolute weight* of these elementary molecules is unresolved, and will probably ever remain so; but their *relative weight* is known to us through the proportions in which they severally combine; and this method is checked and counter-checked through such vast variety of compounds, that every chance of error is done away. Measure, the third condition proposed, is expressed chiefly in the combining volumes of gases—invariable always, whether under the simplest proportions shown by analysis, or the multiple measures of other chemical compounds.

Here then we have a great law, or group of laws, thoroughly attested; of high generality; and proving, because based upon, that atomic or molecular constitution of matter which alone could afford such results. Whatever name we give to them, these atomic parts exist in all bodies, and determine by their own nature or arrangement the properties and functions of each. That they are minute beyond all human measure is proved, not only by the chemical relations just denoted, but also by those relations to heat, light, electricity, and mechanical force which experiment has demonstrated to us.

No hindrance to belief need exist on this score. When, even in organic or compound material structure, the microscope tells us, by computation, that two cubic feet of the Tripoli slate of Billin contain 140 billions of fossil infusoria—that there are some millions of distinct fibres in the crystalline lens of the cod-fish—and that a single fungus (*Bovista Giganteum*) is composed of cellules far exceeding this number—we infer in reason, though not by comprehension, what the elementary molecules must be, so organized into living forms. Looking to simple inorganic matter, or what we suppose such, we have before us a recent memoir of Faraday's, on the "Optical phenomena of thin Gold Films and Gold Fluids," where in one experiment a ruby tint, equal to that of a red rose, was given to a fluid by a quantity of gold not exceeding $\frac{1}{100,000}$ part of its weight. We quote another instance

from this paper, as well expounding the spirit which prompts and guides these bold incursions into the atomic world. In seeking to procure the thinnest film of gold, *retaining continuity*, for the purpose of noting its effects on light passing through it, he obtained by a chemical action on gold leaf, films not exceeding $\frac{1}{37,640}$ of an inch in thickness. The number of vibrations in an inch of the red ray being 37,640, it follows that each such film can not occupy more than a hundredth part of the vibration of light—a deduction derived in such way from the premises as to compel belief, hard though it be for the imagination to follow it. But if in these, and other cases, the imagination fails, yet reason accepts this next to infinite divisibility of matter, and the conception of polarities and mutual relations of atoms so constituted, as the sole method of expounding the phenomena ever present around us.

Had we room here, we might fairly dwell on the astonishing results already derived from this new method of chemical inquiry, through the atomical combinations of matter; and those especially which bring new laws of action and combination into view; such as the doctrines of *isomorphism*, *atomic substitution*, *homologous series of compounds*, *compound radicals*, *catalysis*, etc., which we owe to the genius and labors of Berzelius, Mitscherlich, Dumas, Liebig, Hoffman, and other chemists. Each one of these laws, thus based on the atomic doctrine, is a special example of that spirit of profound research which we are seeking to denote in the science of our day; while the growth of organic chemistry, in sequel to labors pursued on this principle, is perhaps the most wonderful of the results thence attained. No surer test of truth in any law than its power of predicting events or effects yet unknown. When, for instance, we find in the different series of organic acids, where every step of change is made in multiple ratios of arithmetic exactness, that certain void places left in the first construction of the series are afterward filled up by the discovery of compounds answering *precisely* to the numerical conditions required, we see at once how much has been done towards the deciphering of this secret scroll of nature's innermost workings. Nor is the advancement limited to the simple discovery of what actually exists. The chemistry of our time, bold in all its aims, has succeeded, through this same law of

quantitative proportions, not solely in filling up, by the *creation of new compounds*, the gaps thus deserted, but even yet further, in producing, by the processes of the laboratory, numerous substances absolutely identical with organic compounds, hitherto known to us only as the products of animal or vegetable life. A vast step we must admit it to be; yet subject to the remark, that whereas nature works primarily with the simple or inorganic material elements, the chemist can only elaborate these "counterfeit presentments" from the dissolution and changes of organic compounds already in his hands. The difference here is greater than may appear at first sight; but there is no reason in theory why science should not eventually pass beyond the line and obliterate it.

While especially demonstrated in chemical force and affinities, the atomic theory is far from being limited in application to this single science. We have seen that the other great forces are known to us by their actions on and through matter—such actions and changes, whether from light, heat, electricity, or dynamic force, giving foundation to the several physical sciences which bear these names. Correlated as they all are with chemical phenomena, we might expect some corresponding relation to that atomic constitution of bodies, from which modern chemistry has drawn its greatest discoveries. And accordingly we find numerous and striking proofs to this effect, furnished by those who are seeking to solve experimentally these high problems, and thereby to establish new connections in the sciences, and laws common to all. We might take, as a most instructive example, the various and beautiful phenomena of crystalline bodies in their relation to heat, light, and electricity. The crystal itself, whatever the matter composing it, must be regarded as a substance, the component molecules of which are compelled by a force or affinity (which we may *provisionally* call polarity) to assume certain definite positions, determining both the inner structure and outer form. The three forces just named all affect most curiously this molecular arrangement. Mitscherlich has shown that while octædral crystals expand equally in all directions from heat, other crystals, not in this group, change the measure of their angles with every change of temperature. He has further shown that great alterations may be effected by heat in the internal structure

of crystals, (as in the case of certain prismatic crystals evolving octædrons under exposure to the sun's heat,) without affecting their solidity or altering their external form.

This latter fact, now attested in various ways, that molecular changes, transient or permanent, may occur within bodies while retaining what we call their solid state, is one of high interest, and scarcely enough regarded in its various applications to every part of physics. The familiarity of some of the instances disguises what is most curious and important in the inferences from them. The simple expansion of a metallic bar by heat involves an atomic change through its every part; less complex it may be than those changes of molecular arrangement within crystals, however produced, which affect the passage of light through them; but analogous in the main fact of the mobility of atoms, and their power of assuming new and definite position within a solid body. We know from recent experiments that an iron bar is sensibly elongated; and the elasticity of iron transiently, of steel permanently, altered by magnetization. We know further that the capacity of iron to conduct heat is variously modified under the electro-magnetic action. We have the certainty, from the effects manifested at its extremities, that every molecule in the wire of an electric telegraph, whatever its length, undergoes change at the moments of transmission or cessation of the electric force. Without stopping to inquire whether such changes may or may not be interpreted as a *tendency* to what we term fluidity, we clearly see in them a proof of the *individuality of atoms*; and very strong evidence that these molecules of matter, minute beyond conception though they be, are endowed individually with axes of motion or polarities, determining their mutual relations, and the changes they undergo when submitted to forces from without. Such conclusions, forced upon us by the simplest view of the subject, are strikingly corroborated by the whole course of modern inquiry; and very especially in those sciences to which the actions of light, and of electricity or magnetism, upon matter give foundation. We might in truth affirm that the highest speculations and most arduous questions and researches in modern physics concentrate themselves upon this point. The most eminent discoveries of our own day involve these qualities and

conditions of the elementary molecules of matter; while the number of problems yet unsolved render this the most fertile and capacious field for future labor. The time may come when molecular forces or affinities, now represented chiefly in chemical actions, may be reduced to a common principle with what we term *mechanical forces*. And if gravitation be ever submitted to some common law with other powers, such law will probably be founded on the nature and functions of these ultimate particles — the *σώματα ἀδιαίρετα* of ancient philosophy — the elements through which modern science works amidst the most profound mysteries of the natural world.

Our limits prohibit any details as to those numerous discoveries which illustrate this particular inquiry, or the more general progress of those sciences of optics, heat, and electricity which so variously and wonderfully interpret the relations of matter to the forces acting through or upon it. Some of these discoveries, simple and limited in their origin, have become volumes of new knowledge in their progress. Such are, for instance the discovery of Oersted, on which depends the whole science of electro-magnetism; the doctrine of electrolysis, as established by Faraday in strict fulfillment of the law of definite proportions and equivalents; the still greater discovery of Faraday, that all matter, whatsoever its nature, solid, fluid, or gaseous, is affected in a determinate manner when placed within the sphere or lines of magnetic force; the contemporaneous discovery by the same philosopher of the rotation of a beam of polarized light under the influence of magnetic force directed through glass of a certain texture, followed by those larger researches which establish relations between magnetic force and the intimate structure of crystalline bodies; the whole science and exquisite art of photography; and the beautiful and still more recent experiments of Grove and Neipce, founded upon it, showing the direct action of light upon the molecules of matter to be far more universal, as well as more definite and lasting, than was before dreamt of in our philosophy; and the discovery of *allotropic states* in various substances, as phosphorus, oxygen, etc., where (as in the earlier instance of the diamond and carbon) a total change of physical prospects is produced, the

matter so changed retaining its exact identity of nature.

We name these few instances out of many equally remarkable; all expounding, in one form or other, the great principle of molecular action and relation, to the clear conception of which modern science owes so much of its success. Even the points still open to controversy—such as the true nature of the distinction between pure magnetic and diamagnetic bodies, those which take position parallel to the line of magnetic force, or transversely to it—are clearly seen to depend for solution on more exact knowledge of the modes of molecular aggregation, and their influence on the forces which traverse them. Again, we have the question, before noticed, as to the phenomena of electrical induction through air, glass, and other media—whether these are due to some unknown physical causes, or to molecular polarities and motions, far removed from all cognizance of the senses, but interpreted to our reason by the closest experimental analogies? Faraday has given the sanction of his opinion to this molecular view of the phenomena; and Grove has done much to strengthen and extend this important conclusion.

We have hitherto been speaking of matter generally, without regard to the various aspects under which it is known to us. For with all the refinements of modern analysis, there still remain about sixty substances *undecomposed*, and which must therefore be deemed simple or elementary to our present knowledge. Of these the largest proportion are what we term metallic bodies, and most of the additions recently made to the list of simple substances belong to this class; with the further curious specialty pertaining to several of them, that while perfectly distinct from all others in physical characters, they are hitherto known to exist in a few rare specimens only. Almost we might be tempted to surmise that they belong to the number of those materials of which aerolites seem to tell us that other worlds are made; and that they are present there much more largely than in the feeble representation of their existence on our own globe. Such suggestion, however, must be received simply as illustrating the manner in which modern science attaches facts already attained to problems yet unresolved; concentrating them as it were

around common *foci*, towards which they ever more closely converge.

The great problem regarding these many modes or kinds of matter on our earth lies in the question, whether and how they may be lessened in number by reduction to certain elements, common to several or all? Whether, in other words, bodies simple to our present knowledge are actually compound in their nature? Chemistry, it must be owned, has hitherto done little directly towards solving this question; the vast resources of analysis having tended to multiply elements upon us rather than to abridge their number. Some approach in this direction has, however, been made through the law of isomorphism; which, in showing relations of mutual substitution between certain elementary bodies, having other curious resemblance of physical properties, has led to their arrangement in groups; preparatory, it may be hoped, to some future discovery which will give a common basis to all the bodies thus related. The most remarkable of these groups is that comprising chlorine, iodine, and bromine. Arsenic and phosphorus, selenium and sulphur, are other examples of these combinations; to all which, in connection with the law of definite proportions, the labors of the chemist are sedulously directed; not solely for instant results, but with the prospect continually before him of those higher truths, to which some one single discovery may perchance open the way. The present methods of chemical inquiry are peculiarly fitted to this *critical examination* of the simple bodies. Electricity, equally powerful and delicate as an instrument of analysis, has been, and must ever be, an especial aid—probably the most effective of all—in the prosecution of an object worthy of all the labor and genius that can be given to its attainment.

Oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen are the three elements which furnish what we may fairly call the *crucial problem* in this part of science. Embodying themselves with all other forms of matter by the most complex affinities, and in compounds of infinite variety, no art or force has yet succeeded in showing them to us singly otherwise than in the gaseous form. The powers of analysis, whether chemical or electrolytic, utterly fail when put to trial upon them. A recent discovery, indeed, has shown us oxygen under the new or

allotropic form of ozone; but no analogous transformation has hitherto been effected on the two kindred elements. Mighty though the power and efficiency of this one is in every part of the natural world, we must avow a still deeper interest in the scientific fortunes of nitrogen, and a belief that it is fated to disclose still more to future discovery. Its history down to the present time has been one of paradox throughout. Known as a simple gas chiefly by its negative qualities, and in this state capable of direct union with only one or two bodies, (as titanium and boron,) nitrogen shows itself in combinations, otherwise effected, as one of the most strange and powerful elements with which chemistry has made us acquainted. We inhale it largely with every breath, seemingly but as a diluent to the oxygen, with which it is mixed in our atmosphere. We take it into the system as a constituent of food, and find it forming an integral and essential part of the animal textures; while to compounds differing but in slight proportion of their elements, it imparts the character of the most virulent poisons. These incongruities, which might seem to render research more difficult, do in truth afford more ample materials and room for discovery. Certain approaches have already been made in this direction of inquiry; and we should wrong the spirit and resources of modern science were we to doubt its reaching yet much nearer towards the ultimate truth.

In passing thus cursorily over the sciences which deal with the various forms of matter in our globe, and the forces affecting them, we have said nothing of that science now become so vast in its objects and methods, which takes as its province the outer structure of the globe itself; and the changes, organic as well as merely material, succeeding one another for ages on that surface which is now the dwelling place of man. Such seeming omission we may explain by reference to a previous article in this Number, in which

the present aspect of geological science, and the questions it involves, have been considered at some length. We may remark further that Geology has (within the last thirty years more especially) undergone a change which raises it far above the mere history of the location or dislocation of strata, and connects it inseparably with other branches of science still more fruitful of discovery. Fossil Geology, the creation of our own time, is allied in every part with the history and physiology of animal and vegetable life—that great domain of knowledge which, though closely encircled round by physical laws and phenomena, and approached only through these, has still a secret region within, the law and principle of life, hitherto inaccessible by any method of human inquiry. It was our original design to have included this latter subject in the present article; as illustrating, not less than other branches of science, the advances made in actual knowledge, and the spirit which impels and animates to further research. While admitting that this spirit has sometimes run riot upon questions the very mystery of which invites and emboldens speculation, we find true inductive science moving steadily onwards, amidst these more erratic courses, to those truths—the *κτῆμα ἐς δεῖ*—which are the certain reward of all legitimate inquiry. So much however, has recently been attained in animal and vegetable physiology, that not even the briefest summary could bring it within our present limits; and we must postpone till some future occasion, if such should occur, our notice of these eminent discoveries, and of the works which best describe and illustrate them. What we have just drawn from other branches of physical science will, we trust, adequately fulfill our intention of showing in what spirit such science has been recently pursued; and with what signal success in compassing and expounding the great phenomena of the natural world.

From Fraser's Magazine.

TELEGRAPH CABLE LAYING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN,

WITH AN EXCURSION IN ALGERIA.

CROSSING the ferry from Birkenhead to Liverpool on a sultry morning towards the end of last August, just at the hour when mercantile men were passing from their snug retreats on the Cheshire side to their places of business on the other, general attention was directed to a screw-steamship of considerable burthen, then lying in the stream of the Mersey. She appeared to be outward bound, for her steam was getting up, and the last but not the least important operation of hoisting on deck an abundant supply of bleating, grunting, and cackling live-stock, besides hampers of all sorts, promising good cheer, was going on. Practiced eyes easily discerned that the queer-looking, long, black-sided vessel, so heavily laden and deep in the water, was not one of those employed in the ordinary traffic of the port of Liverpool; but no one even conjectured what was her cargo, or what her destination. An hour afterwards she was steaming down the Mersey, with the writer of these pages on board.

Few indeed among the enterprising and intelligent inhabitants of this busy place had any idea that there was coiled in the hold of the Elba—for that is the ship's name—thus unostentatiously leaving their port, the first of a series of submarine telegraph cables, extending in the aggregate over nine hundred nautical miles, which before the year's end were safely laid in the depths of the Mediterranean. These lines connect the continents of Europe and Africa as well as other important points; one of them, Malta, being a step in advance towards communication with India. No public notices announced the preparations for, or the departure of, the expedition. The contracts for these great operations, equal in extent to considerably more than one third of the Transatlantic line, were undertaken by a single firm at their own risk; and they set about it and completed it like men of business.

If few turned their attention to the departure of the Elba with its important freight, fewer still would have been disposed to augur well on the success of the enterprise on which she was employed, had they been aware that the difficulties to be encountered were of the same character as those to which the then recent failure in the operations of the Transatlantic Company was attributed, namely, the great depth of water in which the cable had to be submerged. Perhaps it is not generally known that the soundings in the Mediterranean, for considerable portions of the lines laid in that sea, give the same results as those on part of the Atlantic line; showing a maximum depth of 1700 fathoms, or two and a quarter miles. Those also who knew that three previous attempts to lay the African cable had already proved abortive, might have been still more incredulous as to its accomplishment.

At the present moment, when public attention is so much turned to the renewal of the enterprise of the Transatlantic Telegraph Company, as well as to similar undertakings contemplated in the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, a narrative in some detail of the operations connected with the submersion of the African cable, the first successful enterprise in deep-sea telegraphy, may not be uninteresting. Its practical results solved the problem, whether submarine cables could be laid in certain great depths of water, a question surrounded with many difficulties. Such operations must, indeed, be always attended with serious risks; but after the experience gained, and the note of preparation sounded for many months, it may be reasonably hoped that ere these pages issue from the press the powers of science and mechanical skill will have proved as triumphant in the Atlantic as they have been in the Mediterranean. The narrative will show how such triumphs

are achieved; nor can there be any want of incidents in an expedition of so novel a character, having the glorious shores of the Mediterranean for its field, to add interest to the story.

The passage to the Mediterranean on the route eastward has now become so familiar, that the narrative might well commence with the scene of action on the coast of Algeria. Often, however, as it had been the fortune of the writer to visit the shores of that glorious inland sea—glorious in the physical features of its islands and coasts, as well as in the historical reminiscences with which it is associated—he had always approached it by land routes. The voyage therefore, from the Mersey through the Straits of Gibraltar, formed an additional attraction in his plan of joining the present expedition. Though sometimes delayed by contrary winds, when the vessel rolled and pitched heavily from the great weight of the coil of cable, the voyage was highly enjoyable and full of interest. Every Englishman must view with a just pride the rock-fortress commanding the passage into the Mediterranean; but St. Vincent and Trafalgar might perhaps be objects of keener interest to one who had watched the course of events from the earliest years of the present century, than they can be to the men of this generation. Swept through the Straits by that equable current which, ceaselessly flowing, *labitur et labetur*, from the Atlantic, replenishes, without either reflux or overflow, the great Mediterranean basin, doubts not unreasonable suggest themselves to the curious observer as to the theories proposed by science respecting this strange phenomenon. Nor can the memorable “pillars,” which he sees rearing their hoary summits on either shore, fail of recalling to the scholar’s mind the traditions of early times, when Phœnician and Libyan navigators, boldly penetrating these mysterious barriers, carried with them to the shores of the ocean those arts of civilization which, step by step, their colonies had introduced along the coasts of the Mediterranean. After a long course westward, the mighty stream of human progress, controlled by other, but not less wisely organized, laws than those which direct the ocean currents, has now become refluxent. It bears back towards its source the matured fruits of a cultivation planted in the earliest ages in lands

then almost beyond the pale of humanity, but now yielding a rich return to the countries from which it sprung. Among numerous recent proofs of this reaction, none could more forcibly strike a thoughtful mind than that afforded by an enterprise such as the present, intended to link by a chain of rapid communications the northern coast of Africa and the adjacent islands, the chief seats of the first colonization from the East, with the continent of Europe.

But not dwelling on such recollections, the interval of the voyage to the scene of action may be usefully employed in giving some account of the project, finally accomplished, after repeated failures, by the submersion of the African cable. We may conclude with a rapid sketch of the other lines of submarine telegraphs in the Mediterranean already completed, or still in embryo, but bidding fair to be carried into execution.

The history of the project of which the African cable was the final accomplishment may be shortly told. The object was to connect the French island of Corsica and their province of Algeria, as well as the intermediate island of Sardinia, with the continental lines of telegraph. The project was originated in 1853 by Mr. W. Brett, and a company was formed *en commandite* to carry it out, composed of French and Italian shareholders, and of which he was the *gérant*. A concession was obtained from the French and Sardinian Governments, with a guarantee of certain rates of interest proportionably to the advantages they would derive from the undertaking, provided the works were completed within a limited time. The line started from a point in the Gulf of Spezzia, whence, crossing the Tuscan Sea by a submarine cable about ninety miles in length, it landed in Corsica at a point of Capo-Corso, its northern extremity. The wires were then conducted through the island, partly by subterranean channels, to Bonifacio. Thence, submerged in a cable crossing the Straits, about ten miles in length, they were brought to land at Capo Falcone, on the northern coast of Sardinia. The wires were run through this island, still in a direction almost due south from the original starting-point, to Cagliari, the capital.

Nothing now remained for the completion of the project but to lay a submarine cable across the Mediterranean from the

island of Sardinia to the nearest point of land on the African coast, which is found in the neighborhood of Bona, a town in the eastern district of the French possessions in Algeria. This was of course the most arduous part of the undertaking, from the great depth of water in the line between the two points, it ranging for a considerable distance from 1500 to 1700 fathoms. Mr. Brett contracted for the execution of this work, and personally directed the operations, but unfortunately three successive attempts to lay the cable failed.

These disasters exhausted the Company's finances, and occasioned great dismay among the shareholders, and the time limited for finishing the works had nearly expired when, in the summer of 1857, Mr. Brett, as that Company's *gérant*, applied to Messrs. R. S. Newall and Co. to undertake the manufacturing and laying down the cable. The members of that firm had gained more experience and achieved greater success in such works than had fallen to the lot of any other persons engaged in similar operations, having during the Crimean war laid down between four and five hundred miles of submarine telegraph cable in the Black Sea. After, no doubt, duly weighing the difficulties of the undertaking, the overtures made by Mr. Brett ended in their contracting with the "Mediterranean Telegraph Company"—such being the title assumed by the Sardo-French Company—to manufacture and lay the African cable at their own risk for a fixed price.

About the same time they also entered into engagements on similar terms with the "Mediterranean Extension Telegraph Company," established, we believe, by a body of Austrian shareholders, for laying down submarine cables between Cagliari and Malta, and Malta and Corfu, wires extending over 795 nautical miles, and making, with the African cable, a total length of 920 miles.

It may not be out of place here to say a word about the depths of the Mediterranean, a subject intimately connected with these submarine enterprises. In its physical aspect this midland sea may be considered as divided into two great basins, intersected by the lower extremity of the Italian peninsula, which, with the island of Sicily at its base, blocks up the channel between Europe and Africa to a strait not exceeding eighty miles in

breadth. For at this point Cape Bon, protruding northward, forms the extremity of that part of the African coast, the Tunisian territory, which, changing its usual direction, stretches out its arm, as it were, to meet the advances of Europe towards it. Admiral Smyth observes in his valuable *Memoir on the Mediterranean*, that "perhaps its most remarkable feature is the perfect hydrographic division into two great basins by the form of its bottom; thus confirming the allotment made by geographers from a study of the form of its shores." The Admiral remarks that "the barrier at the entrance of the Straits [of Gibraltar] marks the commencement of the western basin, which descends to an abysmal profundity, and extends as far as the central part of the sea, where it flows over another barrier, and again falls into the yet unfathomed depths of the Levant basin."

The greatest depth of water is found in some parts of this, the eastern and largest of the basins. It is reported that soundings have been taken about 90 miles east of Malta to the amazing depth of 15,000 feet; and between Cyprus and Egypt 6000 feet of line have been run out without reaching the bottom. These are the results of single experiments; but it appears from a regular series of soundings lately made from Egypt to the Archipelago, that between Alexandria and Rhodes the bottom was only found at the depth of 9000 feet, and between Alexandria and Candia the soundings were upwards of 10,000. The western basin of the Mediterranean, having the beautiful islands of Corsica and Sardinia nearly in its center, has been the focus of an extensive volcanic action, both submarine and subterranean, of which *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* are existing witnesses. The course of the Phlægrean fires may be traced from the Lipari Islands to the Campagna of Rome. In the Island of Sardinia they have been especially active, a large tract of the vast Campidano being studded with round-topped hills, the craters of extinct volcanoes, and the Plutonic formations appearing in many parts of the southern and western coasts. Whatever may have been the disruptions caused in ages long remote by this extensive and violent igneous action, to which probably these coasts and islands owe much of their present configuration, it does not appear that the depths of the Mediterranean, as far

as they have been plumbed, are any thing like so great in this western as in the eastern basin. But we find that even in the Straits, between Gibraltar and Ceuta, nearly 6000 feet of line have been run out without meeting the bottom; and further to the westward no soundings have been obtained. Fortunately, in the lines of telegraph cable already laid in this basin, the depths, though opposing serious obstacles to the enterprise, have not been found so great as to preclude its success. They appear, however, to be only just within the compass of the machinery and the structure of the cables at present used in these undertakings, as Mr. W. Siemens, C.E., remarked in a paper lately read before the Society of Arts, that "upon calculations of the strain of the cable in leaving the vessel, an iron-sheathed cable can not, under the most favorable circumstances, be laid in water more than three miles in depth."

After passing the Straits we ran along the coast of Spain, enjoying a delightful day, during which the snow-clad summits of the Sierra Nevada were full in sight; and a still more delicious evening, walking the deck to a late hour, till the planet Jupiter set over the mountains, and the land-wind wafted fragrant airs from the Andalusian shore, and a lustrous moon sparkled in the ripples of the tranquil sea, silvering every jutting rock and cape on that romantic coast. The vessel's course for Bona was then laid nearer the African shore than the usual route of ships bound to Malta and the eastward. As she steamed along this coast, Algiers spread out its white glistening terraces, rising on the slope of a hill and backed by the chain of the Little-Atlas. Further eastward the mountain-chain approaches the shore, to which its broken ridges formed a bold frontage during the rest of our course. We neared it between the Capes Matafou and Bougaroni, having been out of sight of land while crossing the mouth of the deep bight in which the town of Bougia stands. It was a sultry evening after a day of intense heat, and a dense steamy vapor, white as snow, hung round the bases of the mountains. All this coast has a wild and desolate aspect. It consists of rugged cliffs washed by the sea, and hills covered by dwarf scrub, with occasional patches of cultivated land; and the ferocity of the neighboring tribes of

Arabs, or rather Kabyles, is said to be in character with this savage scenery.

Rounding the Cape de Garde, the Ras-el-Hamrah of the natives, the scene suddenly changed to one of lively interest. Gayly-painted boats engaged in fishing for coral, each with a dark Moor in her stern, were scudding under the fresh breeze which just curled the blue water of the sheltered bay, in the curve of which stood a solitary marabout's domed cell, the fisherman's house of prayer. A French steam-frigate, with two other war steamships under the Sardinian flag, lay at anchor waiting the Elba's arrival, the little squadron being under orders from the respective Governments to attend on and assist in the operations. Facing the harbor we see the old Arab town of Bona rising from the water's edge to the Casbah or citadel, which, with the minaret of the principal mosque, crowns the fortified heights. These are backed by the lofty chain of Mount-Edough, and the eye rests with pleasure on its green slopes, when weary of gazing on the arid coast where no verdure appears but patches of cactus defying the burning heat. On the shore are the tents of the Bedouin salt-merchants, with their camels lying on the sand, and their small lean horses picketed to the ground. To the left spreads a vast plain bordering the sea and extending far inland along the course of the Seybouse; and you see a green hillock rising out of the plain, where stood the ancient city of Hippo-Regius, from the ruins of which Bona was built.

Though a picturesque object from the sea or the mountains, the interior of this place, like most other southern and eastern towns, is a labyrinth of dark narrow streets. The French have made some clearings, particularly in forming the street leading to the Constantine Gate. But their main improvements are concentrated in a square, the Place Rovigo, three sides of which consist of lofty houses, with balconies and arcades, and shops and cafés on the ground floor, in the true Parisian style. The fourth is occupied by an old mosque with its slender minaret. Here we find some antique pillars, relics perhaps of the Basilica of Peace at Hippo, or of the Temple of Venus at Aphrodisium, the Roman town on the site of which the modern Bona is built. You see no furniture in the

mosque but the Imaum's wooden pulpit facing towards Mecca, and the mats on which the slipperless worshipers kneel at their devotions. The French have built a large church outside the town, a fantastic building in no regular style of architecture, but pretending to the Romanesque. Though still unfinished, it has already cost £8000. It is said that Bona is more backward in civilization than any other town occupied by the French in Algeria, though the Government has laid out large sums in its improvement, the expenditure from 1834 to 1850 having been nearly £140,000. More than one half of this has been devoted to fortifications and barracks; the civil works consisting of sewers, water-conduits, a douane, prison and tribunal of justice, a school and cemetery, squares and promenades. The population is about 12,000, of whom one third are French and the rest natives or foreign immigrants, the Maltese forming by far the largest class of the latter.

The Moorish houses, crowded in narrow streets, are generally low buildings surrounding an interior court, with a gallery above opening to a number of small chambers. The house in which the writer lodged while the ships were at anchor in the bay, had the Oriental terraced roof common to almost all the houses at Bona. One side of the court contained baths; and round it vines, entwined on the pillars supporting the gallery, ran up to the flat roof, where these and flowering shrubs were trained on bamboo canes. In the corner of this terrace, and resting on it, stood the small apartment assigned to the stranger — the very counterpart of the "little chamber on the wall," lightly constructed, and furnished with "a bed and a table, a stool and a candlestick," in which the prophet Elisha was lodged by the Shunamite woman. Every one has heard of the share these terraces occupy in scenes of Eastern life, and may imagine the delight of escaping to their freshness from the close chambers below, in the cool of the evening, and during the warm clear nights of such countries. Delicious was the hour spent on that terrace, at Bona, when long before the dawn of day, the "stranger," starting from his bed, stepped out on the solitary platform. All was still in the variously peopled town beneath, till the muezzin called the faithful to prayer from the gallery of the minaret just opposite, which, silvered by the

pale moonlight, raised its slender spire to the blue vault of heaven. On the other hand, the towering heights of Mount-Edough seemed to hang over the sleeping town in a mass of deep shade. Presently the cathedral bell tolled for the first mass. The religious sentiment was mingled in the reveries of the silent hour. It found utterance in the summonses to early prayer, however various their forms; but perhaps drew its deepest inspirations from the contemplation of the starry heavens and the primeval mountains, on the solitary "house-top."

A slight stir in the vine-trellised court below recalled the thoughts to earthly things. Looking over the parapet a form, almost as lightly clad as the sojourner, in flowing white, was seen fitting about. Our "Shunamite woman" was preparing to light the stove of her baths — delicious idea in such a climate, and after even a fortnight's voyage, though buckets of sea-water had lent a very salutary aid to the usual ablutions! Then, after the customary small cup of hot coffee, it was not too early for a visit to the market, always an attractive scene to the curious traveler. That of Bona is held on a sort of boulevard outside the walls. What heaps of fruit — melons, pears, apples, peaches, figs, pomegranates, oranges, grapes! What loads of vegetables, with earthen vessels containing curdled milk and butter, spread out for sale! And what striking groups; the country Arabs in their white bournouses, or even sheepskins; and the Maltese gardeners, who seem here to fill the same place as the Malays at the Cape colony and throughout the Indian seas; and with much the same character. In each case all the petty trade is in the hands of the immigrant race. They are porters and coolies; they thrive alike in the market and the shop, being keen, thrifty, and industrious, but roguish and irascible.

Let us mount the Arab steed provided by the kindness of the British Vice-Consul, and ride over to the ruins of Hippo-Regius, the worthy Consul being courteously our guide. Just out of the town we meet an Arab sheikh dashing on at full speed, richly accoutred, and followed by a ragged retinue, bare-legged, with the naked toe in the stirrup. Commend us to flowing robes, except on horseback! The bournouse hangs and folds as gracefully as the toga; and a Moor of rank, in

an attitude of repose, is as grave and sententious as a Roman senator. We ride slowly through olive grounds and groves of fruit trees, affording a grateful shade; for though the sun is descending towards the west, the heat is still great. The ancient city of Hippo stood on and encircled two mamelons rising out of the plain, in full view of what is now called the Gulf of Bona. It was a considerable city, the ruins extending over nearly a hundred and fifty acres, the soil of which is said to be full of foundations of houses, of tombs, and fragments of statues. We ascend the highest mamelon, about two hundred and sixty feet above the level of the plain, or the sea—which is the same thing here—winding through tangled brakes, among wild olives, fig-trees, and jujubes. No trace of the once opulent and powerful Hippo-Regius is seen above ground. Underneath lie open some vast cisterns of solid masonry, supposed to have been supplied with water from Mount-Edough by an aqueduct, five arcades of which still exist. But little known as a favorite residence of the Numidian kings, or as the seat of a Roman prætor, Hippo-Regius derives its celebrity from being associated with the name of the great St. Augustine. Here he labored as priest or bishop for forty years. In the shade of the now ruined porticoes he applied his acute mind to the solution of those deep problems which involve the mysteries of man's nature and the Divine attributes. Here he wrote his *Confessions*, the *City of God*, and his *Book of Recantations*; and, on the invasion of the Vandals, here he penned that last of his Epistles, addressed to Pope Honoratus, which displays a humility, patience, and courage becoming a Christian bishop, and worthy of his great name. To use the words of an eloquent traveler, "The wind sighs through those now deserted courts from which the venerable St. Augustine so nobly combated the ruinous march of Roman luxury, and those various heresies which then tore the Christian Church in Africa. And was it not within those walls that, borne down by the evils which assailed the Empire and the Church, he died? Vandal shouts ringing in his ears, as, in pursuit of the unhappy Boniface, they filled the courts of Hippona with their Arian hordes." St. Augustine died August 28th, 429; and the city being taken by Genseric in De-

cember of the following year, most part of it was sacked and burnt; but the Bishop's house, and his library in the Basilica of Peace, were spared. His remains were afterwards snatched from the violence of the Vandals by the two hundred orthodox African bishops who found a refuge at Cagliari, in Sardinia. Thence Liutprand, King of Lombardy, removed them to Pavia; and the relics rested under the roof of its magnificent duomo, till a few years ago the French Government restored them with great pomp and ceremony to Hippo. On the side of the ruined aqueduct, near the top of the hill, stands an altar of white marble, which serves for the pedestal of a diminutive statue of St. Augustine in his episcopal robes. It is surrounded by a circular fence of light iron pales, the ring being planted with lilacs and honeysuckles. At the time we saw it, wreaths of *immortelles*, hanging on the rail, had succeeded these flowering shrubs; the whole affair being, to our apprehension, in the worst possible taste.

The summit of the highest of the twin mamelons, the Bounah hill, commands a wide view of the vast alluvial plain bordering the Mediterranean, and extending as far as and beyond the river Mafrag, which also runs through it in a course parallel with the Seybouse. Though now parched by the great heats, its rich verdure after the rains could be easily conceived. The immense ricks of hay we saw in riding out of Bona proved the abundance of its produce; and its splendid pastures are said to have afforded to Ahmed, the bey of this province, the means of paying his annual tribute to Algiers, and of pocketing 100,000 francs. Being once in difficulties from immediate want of money, the plain of Bona alone gave him 500,000 francs in the space of a few days. There are 70 square leagues of this vast level, with a surface of 110,000 *hectares* (275,000 acres,) most of it cultivable land; a fine field for colonization, were it not that the climate is very unhealthy, like all the neighborhood of Bona, from the exhalations of the marshes and lagunes. A good system of drainage and judicious planting would be the best sanitary remedies; but in general the French have no genius for extensive agricultural operations, and this fine country, which in ancient times contributed largely to supply the granaries of Rome, is likely to continue a desert. Even the

agricultural colonies planted about Bona and on the road to Philipville—Penthièvre, and others—are represented as being in a doleful condition. The present province of Constantine, with part of Tunis, as far as the river Leptis, near Cyrene, formed part of the ancient Numidia. The solitary mounds of Hippo overlook the classic soil of the kingdoms of Massinissa and Jugurtha. We cantered up the rich valley of the Seybouse in the very track along which the bold and crafty Numidian led his fiery Massylian cavalry, restraining their ardor by a feigned retreat until he drew a pro-consular army, thirsting for the royal treasure he had deposited in a mountain fortress, into the defiles of the upper valley of the Seybouse, and compelled it to pass under the yoke.

Let us change the scene. In another excursion we turn our backs on the pestiferous marshes of the Seybouse and the Mafrag, and climbing the Djebel-Edough, inhale the pure mountain breezes. The road leads among the gardens surrounding the town with a luxuriant growth of fruit-trees and vegetables, sedulously irrigated by that most industrious class of colonists, the very refuse of Spain and Malta, who, never idle, "cultivate the land by day and cut throats by night." My friend, the vice-consul, said that the Maltese give him a great deal of trouble. But for them his office would be nearly a sinecure; they are almost the only British subjects with whom he has to do, there being little or no commerce between English ports and Bona. So it is with the Ionian Greeks in the East; and it may be truly said that the Union Jack has to cover a multitude of sins. The pass over the Djebel-Edough is gained by a well-engineered road, winding through the shaggy brakes with which the slopes and hollows of the mountain are overspread. This stunted vegetation consists of the cistus, the lentiscus, and a score of other hardy shrubs, which, in spite of the heat, carpet also the verdure-clad islands of the Mediterranean lying nearest the African coast. Others prevail still more fitted to endure the scorching heat; such as the dwarf-palm, *Chamærops humilis*, issuing from a large bulbous root, said to be edible, and which the sailors of our squadron, while it was anchored near the shore, carried off, mistaking them for a species of onion. The industrious inhabitants of the mountain make a sort of broom, as well

as baskets, of their fibrous and fan-like leaves, carrying them to the town for sale.

We visited one of their settlements; it was not an encampment, but more like a Kaffir kraal, such as one sees at the other extremity of the African continent. The poor tribe dwelling in the recesses of Mount-Edough are Kabyles; and according to French writers, the Kabyles differ in all things from the Arabs. The first live under roofs; the last under tents. The Arabs are a nomad race; the Kabyles delight in a settled life, and have fixed habitations. The Arab detests work, he is essentially idle; he tends his flocks, but tills the ground only from necessity. The Kabyles are great cultivators, growing lentiles, peas, beans, onions, and many other vegetables, making their own implements, and even arms, and planting fruit-trees of various sorts. The Arab shuns the towns, the Kabyles seek work in them, and labor as masons and gardeners; yet they are very unsociable, and hostile to the Arabs as well as the French. They differ also in their physical characteristics—the Kabyles being generally fairer than the Arabs—and in their language; for, as M. Carette observes, "the Arabs correspond to the French families who speak the *langue d'oc*," and most of the colonists come from Provence, "with southern imaginations personifying material forms; while the Kabyles have a northern precision of thought and expression, confining themselves to an exact and critical statement of facts." The Kabyles or Berbers are probably descendants of the aboriginal race which inhabited the whole of northern Africa before the Phœnicians colonized the coast. In a word, they are the conquered, the Arabs the conquering race. The Kabyles of the Djebel-Edough appeared to be part of a broken and impoverished tribe. The settlement we visited consisted of about a dozen huts, constructed of bamboos watted with twigs and covered with straw. About twenty small cows and a herd of goats, guarded by fierce dogs which resented the approach of strangers, were browsing among the stunted bushes, and a few patches of cultivated ground had been snatched from the surrounding waste. The women were at work in the huts, neatly making the brooms already mentioned; the men were sullen. No milk was to be had. The interior of the huts was wretched and dirty, without furni-

ture of any kind, or even mats, and with scarcely the most necessary utensils. A Kafir kraal on the banks of the Keiskamma is a palace compared to these Kabyle huts. We have often slept with the greatest comfort in the one; we could not venture to sit down in the other.

About a league and a half west of Bona, the lofty promontory of Cape de Garde, well called by the natives, from its deep red color, the Ras-el-Hamrah, surmounted by a lighthouse, juts out towards the coast of Sardinia. A little to the eastward of the cape we find a little cove with a sandy beach, the appointed rendezvous of the squadron employed in the service of laying the submarine cable. The cove is surrounded by shelving cliffs of a friable schistose and micaceous granite. There is a gradual ascent of about half a mile from it to Fort Génois, the spot fixed upon for a temporary electro-telegraph station during the operations. The fort, a strong square building of solid masonry, the walls being of a dazzling whiteness, stands on the edge of the cliffs, the base of which is washed by the sea. This desolate post, surrounded on three sides by the scrubby waste, is occupied by a small detachment of French infantry under the command of a sous-officier, who courteously invited a rare visitor to share his frugal meal of potage and haricots; and observing that the stranger's light Maltese basket contained specimens chipped from the rocks below, as well as tools, a ship's biscuit and a bunch of grapes, the obliging Frenchman added to the collection some corals and shells gathered on the shore. The foundation of the fort, as its name implies, is attributed to the Genoese. It is stated that having obtained a monopoly of the coral-fishery on the coast, while Bona was subject to the kings of Tunis, they built this fort for the protection of the fisheries; but an Arabic inscription on the wall over the gate seems to indicate another and an earlier origin.

While the ships were detained at anchor in the roads off Bona, the telegraph cable and machinery became objects of great interest, the authorities, both civil and military, with people of all classes, flocking on board to indulge their curiosity. It was whispered, however, that the officials viewed with no very favorable feelings proceedings tending to abridge the discretionary powers hitherto, it is supposed,

rather freely exercised by Algerine functionaries, and placing them directly under the eye and at the beck of the home government. The electric telegraph is a wonderful instrument for promoting the centralization of authority; and in the new arrangements for the administration of affairs in Algeria, the Imperial government appears to have speedily availed itself of the facilities afforded by the African cable.

The wind having changed, with a promise of fair weather, the squadron ran up the coast, and dropped their anchors in the cove just mentioned. The Elba's stern being brought round to the land, and a kedge and hawser carried out, she was warped in and moored within a cable's length of the sandy beach. While preparations were making for landing the shore-end of the submarine cable and connecting the wires with Fort Génois, the little cove presented a gay and busy but thoughtful scene from the rocks above. It was a calm, bright day, and only a light ripple stirred the sparkling surface of the blue sea across which our path lay to the Sardinian coast. Below were seen floating in the breeze, as one after another the French and Sardinian frigates took up their stations outside the English ship, the flags of the three Christian States recently allied in bridling by force of arms the arrogant encroachments of a semi-barbarous Power in the East of Europe, and opening the commerce of the Black Sea and the Danube to the enterprise of the western nations. They were now united in the peaceable operation of linking Africa to Europe by that wonderful machinery which may prove an important step towards extending civilizing influences into the heart of the continent most needing them.

But presently the frigates' eight-oared boats are seen dashing off, in neat trim, to assist in the operations, and at intervals some of the party on shore found leisure to bathe under shelter of the rocks and in the cool caverns into which they were worn. Meanwhile, Maltese laborers were indolently digging a channel in the sand for the shore-end of the cable, and fixing the posts for the wires to Fort Génois. During the heat of the day they had lounged in the shade, and towards sunset they threw down their tools, though their task was yet unfinished. The Englishmen on shore, of all ranks, labored with a will to complete the excavation, and then some

of them, wading into the sea, vied with each other to be the first in the long line which landed it on the shore of Africa.

An hour after sunset the squadron weighed anchor and steamed out of the cove, the engineers commencing the operation of paying out the submarine cable. The Elba was towed by one of the Sardinian steamships, the other going ahead, and the French frigate taking her station on the English ship's starboard bow. It being now dark, the cable was paid out cautiously till the machinery had got into working trim, the speed at first being only three knots per hour. By midnight we had made about 17 miles, the speed having been latterly increased to four or five knots per hour. At this time only $21\frac{1}{2}$ miles of cable were run out, the slack being much less than the average allowed. The light on Cape de Garde was still seen twinkling astern. The ships carried bright lanterns at their mast-heads, and thus the squadron swept on in the darkness, the French frigate, the Brandon, steadily keeping her place on the Elba's quarter, the Monzambano towing, and the Ichneusa, a Sardinian corvette, flitting about, now here, now there, like a phantom ship, and occasionally throwing up signal rockets. On board the Elba the service was conducted with perfect order, Mr. R. S. Newall and Mr. C. Liddell directing all the movements, but taking their post at the brake, which they seldom quitted for a moment. M. Werner Siemens of Berlin, the first telegraphic engineer in Europe, engaged by the contractors to superintend the instrumental operations, was now on board with a staff of German telegraphists, employed in testing the insulation from time to time by communicating with the station at Fort Géniois. There were also the Chevalier Bonelli, Director-General of the Sardinian telegraphs, with M. Delamarch, a distinguished French engineer *decoré* with the Legion, commissioned by their respective Governments to watch the operations. All this while the strain on the cable was gradually increasing, as it fell into deeper and still deeper water; the cable whirling its sinuous folds from the coil in the hold, and tearing through the iron rings and along the confining channels on deck till it plunged into the depths beneath with an unceasing roar which may well be compared to that of a cataract rushing over its rocky bottom.

At two A.M. the soundings had reached

1500 fathoms, and the ship was going steadily at four knots an hour, with a loss on the cable by slack of twenty or twenty-five per cent more than the distance run. At day-break Galita Island was in sight about thirty-five miles S. E. of our course, the African mountains being still visible. The sunrise was exquisitely beautiful, the sea perfectly calm, and all promised well, except that apprehensions began to be entertained that in the depths of waters still to be crossed, the maximum being 1750 fathoms or $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles, the loss on the cable would be so great that it might not hold out. The strain on it was therefore increased to four tons per mile, and the speed of the vessel kept to five knots per hour, while a deluge of water raised by the "donkey engine" to cool the regulating-wheel, drenched those who were stationed at the brake like a constant shower-bath. Soon after sunrise, the attending ships closed in, and their evolutions during the day, sometimes nearing the Elba, at others starting off towards vessels crossing her track, and acting the part of a protecting convoy, were full of interest.

About noon one of those accidents occurred, inevitable probably in such operations, and the fatal consequences of which can only be averted by well-directed action. It is absurd to talk of automatic machinery: the less cumbrous and complicated it is the better, and the simplest has been found equal to meet all exigencies in practiced hands. Very much depends upon nice and wary manipulation of the brake. Length and weight are surely ingredients in the question not too difficult to be solved by mechanical skill. A submarine cable plays unaccountable freaks in running out, according to the weather and other circumstances, and its giant strength requires to be carefully handled. By one of these strange whims, just when all was going smoothly, the African cable, suddenly whipping out of the bights, damaged the machinery in the hold. The cable fouled but did not kink, and whirling at random, carried away the upper tier of rings, went flying through the hatchway, tore every thing away, so that there was a perfect hurricane of fragments of iron and timber scattered in all directions, not without some marvelous escapes. The men in the hold, inured to the risks of cable-laying by former practice in the Black Sea, kept clear of the wreck, but stood firmly to their posts.

At the lever-brake all was jammed hard down in an instant; putting, it appeared by the indicator, at least seven and a half tons' strain on the cable, which stood this immense strain without breaking, as many on board thought inevitable. It stopped the run of the cable, though with very considerable loss, the depth of water being so great. The cable was, however, saved; and in less than an hour, all being made right, there was a fresh start. Experience had been gained which served good purpose. At the time the accident occurred the ship's speed was five and a half to six knots, while the cable, with even five tons' strain on it, ran out at eight; so great was the depth of water. At this rate it would never have reached the land; but now weight after weight was boldly added till the strain was increased to six or six and a half tons per mile, the ship being kept to her former speed; and thus the waste of the back-slip was effectually prevented for the future.

An hour or two after noon, the land of Sardinia was sighted about fifty miles ahead, all going right. Thus the squadron carried on till sunset, when it was within ten or twelve miles of the coast of Sardinia, the course being steered for Cape Teulada, the southernmost point of the island, about seven leagues eastward of Cape Spartivento. Here the *Elba* lay to for the night, a kedge being carried out and dropped in eighty fathoms of water, by which and the cable she held on. The frigate towing cast off the hawsers, and the other ships closing in, the squadron came to anchor. It was a charming evening, the sun setting in a flood of glory, reflected as in a mirror on the placid surface of the Mediterranean, and bringing out in strong relief the bold promontories and rocky islets of the Sardinian coast. After a while lights gleamed cheerfully from the cabin-windows of the squadron grouped around, and soon all was still as the sleeping waters, and every one sought the rest that was needed.

Next morning, the bearings of the position having been carefully taken, and a piece of the Malta cable, with another smaller coil, being spliced on, as the African cable was now expended, the paying out again commenced; Cape Teulada, for which the course was laid, being, as already mentioned, from eleven to twelve miles distant. All went right, and ten miles of cable were run out without any loss. And

now, as the vessel drew nearer and nearer the land, some on board not engaged in the operations, intense as was the interest with which they were watched, turned from counting the rapidly decreasing coils to mark the outlines of shores with the main features of which they were already familiar. On either hand projected the bold and lofty promontories of Teulada and Spartivento, commanding the entrances of the noble Gulfs of Palmas on the one side, and Cagliari on the other, the coast between them being formed by long lines of precipitous cliffs. Far away to the northward, the faint outline of the central chain of Sardinian mountains was presented to the eye in aerial tints; while to the eastward, the islands of San Pietro and San Antiocho, with some rocky islets, rose apparently right out of the sea to great elevations. The whole of this coast of a fertile island, rich in various natural products, but whose resources are undeveloped, has a barren and desolate aspect. Not a fisherman's skiff was seen skirting the shore; not a sail on the Mediterranean plowing the way to the entrances of two of the finest harbors it offers in all its vast outline.

The smaller coil of cable was now running out, being handled with great care—the more as the preceding night's calm had been succeeded by a stiff breeze from the south-east, and the sea had become rough. But in spite of all precautions, when within a mile and three quarters of the shore, a sudden gust of wind having canted the *Elba's* stern round, the cable broke. This happening in only forty fathoms water, with a sandy bottom, and so near the shore, there could be no difficulty in picking up the cable's end, and connecting it with a short length reaching to the land. But from the state of the weather, and other circumstances, it was thought advisable to defer the operation till a fresh piece of cable was procured from England. Telegraphic communication between the continent of Europe and Algeria was therefore deferred for a few weeks, at the expiration of which its last link was supplied. The bearings of the position were accurately taken when the cable parted, so that it was grappled at the first haul on the operations being resumed; but the real difficulties of the undertaking had been surmounted when the cable was laid in the depths of the Mediterranean.

After completing the African line, the

cables between Cagliari and Malta, and from Malta to Corfu, were immediately laid; the whole operations being accomplished before the end of December with entire success, though there was a heavy sea in the Malta channel while the last cable was paid out. Much very deep water was passed on the Malta and Corfu line, the depth between Cape Passaro, the south-eastern point of Sicily and Corfu, varying from 500 to 1400 fathoms. In one place the line approached soundings of 1800, and they were seldom less than 500, fathoms. In the line from Cagliari to Malta, and from that island to Cape Passaro, the water is much shoaler, the greater part of the line being laid in less than 300 fathoms. For a short length the depth reached 1000 fathoms. It appears from the soundings made during these operations, that the whole bottom of the Mediterranean, in the lines traversed, is composed of fine sand, such samples being brought up from the greatest depths; an important fact as regards the duration of the cables, since, when once laid in such bottoms, it is difficult to conceive what can injure them. In the shoal water, where the bottom was found in general to be sand and shells, there can be no great difficulty in picking up the cables, and repairing any damage they may receive. The direct length of the Cagliari and Malta line is 375 nautical miles; that of the Malta and Corfu, 420; the average waste having not exceeded from twenty to twenty-two per cent. The ship's speed averaged about five knots per hour.

The objects for which the united squadron assembled on the coast of Algeria having been so far accomplished, it parted off Cape Teulada, the writer being courteously afforded a passage on board the Sardinian frigate to Cagliari, and afterwards to Genoa. He found on board General Alberto della Marmora, whose Topographical Survey and other works on Sardinia are well known. The General has long devoted himself with indefatigable zeal, not only to the physical description, but to the promotion of the social and material interests, of the island of Sardinia, and this led him, though in advanced years and feeble health, to undertake the voyage for the purpose of witnessing an operation to the combination of which, with other projects, he attached considerable importance.

Cagliari, a fine city occupying a com-

manding position, has acquired some notoriety from its having been for a time the first telegraph station reached from India. During the writer's stay there, he was standing in the balcony of our excellent Consul-General's house late one evening, when the lights of a steamboat from Malta were seen in the gulf, and he witnessed the anxiety with which an important telegram, in the very crisis of Indian affairs, was transmitted to London. Since the line has been extended to Malta, the station at Cagliari has lost its importance as regards Indian news. But General della Marmora prognosticates that, from its central position in the great highway to the east, from its noble harbor, and the abundant resources of the fertile island of which it is the capital and principal seaport, Cagliari will not only rival the barren rock of Malta as a place for telegraphic communications to ports in northern and western oceans, but will draw to itself a share of the commercial enterprise which is now enlarging its bounds; especially as an *entrepôt* for the corn-trade of the Black Sea.

It having been now shown how far and to what points the electric wires have been successfully laid in the western basin of the Mediterranean, let us in conclusion just glance at their probable extension eastward by submarine cables. The natural point from which further progress should be made towards telegraphic communication with India, would seem to be Malta. But though the importance of having the line as far as possible under the control of British authorities is unquestionable, and we should even like to see Gibraltar made the first Mediterranean station, the plan of continuing the present line from Malta to Alexandria by a submarine cable does not appear to have received much favor. Whether the depth of water in that part of the eastern basin of the Mediterranean be an obstacle to the undertaking, we have not before us at present sufficient data to determine; it can hardly be insurmountable. But the project most likely to be immediately accomplished, consists of a submarine cable from Ragusa to Alexandria, in connection with the Austrian continental lines. Though open to objections on political grounds, it is a very feasible plan, and the preliminary measures for carrying it out are said to be complete.

Passing over other projects afloat for

Mediterranean lines of submarine telegraphs, we will only remark, that since Captain Pullen's recent report on the soundings in the Red Sea, there can be no reason to doubt that those who successfully laid submarine cables in the great depths of the Mediterranean, will easily accomplish the operation in the Red Sea, and continue the line in the Indian Ocean, so as to perfect telegraph communication with India. Nor, from private information on which we can rely, have we much apprehension of failure in the speedy establishment and subsequent maintenance of the overland line of telegraph wires from Constantinople, by Bagdad and Bussorah, to the Persian Gulf, undertaken by the Turkish Government. Thus the great desideratum of a double line of telegraphs to India bids fair of being attained, and that speedily; it being calculated that all the operations connected with both of what may be called the Indian lines can be completed

in the course of two years. Should the Transatlantic line be safely laid, as, after the experience gained by successes as well as by failures, may be fairly expected, there will then be direct telegraphic communication between Calcutta and New-York, more than one third of the circumference of the globe being encircled by a magic ring, the medium of conveying winged words with the rapidity of thought and the lightning's flash. Additional Transatlantic and other lines must necessarily be struck out in the course of things; and with the experience now gained of the practicability of laying submarine conductors of the electric current, and with the growing demands for rapid international communication, it is difficult to conceive any limits to its extension, until *there be no speech nor language where its voice is not heard; their "lines" being gone out into all lands, and their words unto the end of the world.*

From the Westminster Review.

RECENT ASTRONOMY AND THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER, PAGE 87.)

[Saturn's Rings—Densities of Sun and Planets—The Earth once liquid—An exploded Planet—Temperatures of the Sun and Planets—Hurricanes in the Sun.]

THE most significant fact of all, however, is that presented by the rings of Saturn. As Laplace remarks, they are, as it were, still extant witnesses of the genetic process he propounded. Here we have, continuing permanently, forms of matter like those through which each planet and satellite once passed; and their movements are just what, in conformity with the hypothesis, they should be. "La durée de la rotation d'une planète doit donc être, d'après cette hypothèse, plus petite que la durée de la révolution du corps le plus voisin qui circule autour d'elle," says Laplace. And he then points out that the time of Saturn's

rotations is to that of his rings as 427 to 438—an amount of difference such as was to be expected. But besides the existence of these rings, and their movement in the required manner, there is a highly suggestive circumstance which Laplace has not remarked—namely, the place of their occurrence. If the solar system was produced after the manner popularly supposed, then there is no reason why the rings of Saturn should not have encircled him at a comparatively great distance. Or, instead of being given to Saturn, who in their absence would still have had eight satellites, such rings might have been given to Mars, by way of compensation for a

moon. Or they might have been given to Uranus, who, for purposes of illumination, has far greater need of them. On the common hypothesis, we repeat, no reason can be assigned for their existence in the place where we find them. But on the hypothesis of evolution, the arrangement, so far from offering a difficulty, offers another confirmation. These rings are found where alone they could have been produced—close to the body of a planet whose centrifugal force bears a great proportion to his gravitative force. That permanent rings should exist at any great distance from a planet's body, is, on the nebular hypothesis, manifestly impossible. Rings detached early in the process of concentration, and therefore consisting of gaseous matter having extremely little power of cohesion, can have no ability to resist the disrupting forces due to imperfect homogeneity, and must, therefore collapse into satellites. A liquid ring is the only one admitting of permanence. But a liquid ring can be produced only when the aggregation is approaching its extreme—only when gaseous matter is passing into liquid, and the mass is about to assume the planetary form. And even then it can not be produced save under special conditions. Gaining a rapidly increasing preponderance, as the gravitative force does during the closing stages of concentration, the centrifugal force can not in ordinary cases cause the detachment of rings when the mass has become very dense. Only where the centrifugal force has all along been very great, and remains powerful to the last, as in Saturn, can liquid rings be formed.

Thus the nebular hypothesis shows us why such appendages surround Saturn, but exist no where else. And then, to

crown all, let us not forget the fact, discovered within these few years, that Saturn possesses a nebulous ring, through which his body is seen as through a thick veil. In a position where alone such a thing seems preservable—suspended, as it were, between the denser rings and the planet—there still continues one of these annual masses of diffused matter from which satellites and planets are believed to have originated.

We find, then, that besides those most conspicuous peculiarities of the solar system which first suggested the theory of its evolution, there are many minor ones clearly pointing in the same direction. Were there no other evidence, these mechanical arrangements would, considered in their totality, go far to establish the nebular hypothesis. From the mechanical arrangements of the solar system, turn we now to its physical characters; and, first, let us consider the inferences deducible from relative specific gravities.

The fact that, speaking generally, the denser planets are the nearer to the Sun, has been by some considered as adding another to the many indications of nebular origin. Legitimately assuming that the outermost parts of a rotating nebulous spheroid, in its earlier stages of concentration, will be comparatively rare; and that the increasing density which the whole mass acquires as it contracts, must hold of the outermost parts as well as the rest; it is argued that the rings successively detached will be more and more dense, and will form planets of higher and higher specific gravities. That this may be, and perhaps is, one element in the explanation, we admit; but, taken alone, it is quite inadequate to account for the facts. Using the Earth as the standard of comparison, the relative densities run thus:

Neptune.	Uranus.	Saturn.	Jupiter.	Mars.	Earth.	Venus.	Mercury.	Sun.
0.14	0.24	0.14	0.24	0.95	1.00	0.92	1.12	0.24

Two seemingly insurmountable objections are presented by this series. The first is, that the progression is but a broken one. Neptune is as dense as Saturn, which, by the hypothesis, it ought not to be. Uranus is as dense as Jupiter, which it ought not to be. Uranus is denser than Saturn, and the Earth is denser than Venus—facts which not only give no countenance to, but directly contradict, the alleged explanation. The second objec-

tion, still more manifestly fatal, is the low specific gravity of the Sun. If, when the matter of the Sun filled the orbit of Mercury, its state of aggregation was such that the detached ring formed a planet having a specific gravity equal to that of iron; then the Sun itself, now that it has concentrated, should have a specific gravity much greater than that of iron; whereas its specific gravity is not much above that of water. Instead of being far denser

than the nearest planet, it is not one fourth as dense. And a parallel relation holds between Jupiter and his smallest satellite.

While these anomalies render untenable the position that the relative specific gravities of the planets are direct indications of nebular condensation, it by no means follows that they negative it. On the contrary, we believe that the facts admit of an interpretation perfectly consistent with the hypothesis of Laplace; nay, more—that this hypothesis gives us a key to the irregularities.

There are three conceivable causes of unlike specific gravities in the members of our solar system: 1. Difference in the nature of the matter or matters composing them. 2. Difference in the quantities of matter; for, other things equal, the mutual gravitation of atoms will make a large mass denser than a small one. 3. Difference in their structures, as being either solid or liquid throughout, or as having central cavities filled with elastic æriform fluid. Of these three conceivable causes, that commonly assigned is the first, more or less modified by the second. The extremely low specific gravity of Saturn, which but little exceeds that of cork—and, on this hypothesis, must at his surface be considerably less than that of cork—is supposed to arise from the intrinsic lightness of his substance. That the Sun weighs not much more than an equal bulk of water, is taken as evidence that the matter he consists of is but little heavier than water; although, considering his enormous gravitative force, which at his surface is twenty-eight times the gravitative force at the surface of the Earth, and considering his enormous mass, which is 390,000 times that of the Earth, the matter he is made of can have no analogy to the fluids or solids we know. However, spite of these difficulties, the current hypothesis is, that the Sun and planets, inclusive of the Earth, are masses either solid or liquid, or having solid crusts with liquid nuclei: their unlike specific gravities resulting from unlikenesses of substance. And indeed, at first sight, this would seem to be the only tenable supposition; seeing that, unless prevented by some immense resisting force, gravitation must obliterate any internal cavity by collapsing the surrounding fluid or solid matter.

Nevertheless, that the Earth, in com-

mon with other members of the solar system, consists of a solid shell whose cavity is entirely filled with molten matter, is not an established fact; it is nothing but a supposition. We must not let its familiarity and apparent feasibility delude us into an uncritical acceptance of it. If we find an alternative supposition which, physically considered, is equally possible, and which is also the one indicated by the nebular hypothesis, we are bound to consider it. And if it not only avoids the difficulties above pointed out, but many others hereafter to be mentioned, while it explains anomalies otherwise unaccountable, we must give it the preference.

Before proceeding to consider what the nebular hypothesis indicates respecting the internal structure of the Sun and planets, we may state that our reasonings, though of a kind not admitting of direct verification, are nothing more than deductions from the established principles of physics. We have submitted them to an authority than whom we believe none is higher; and while not prepared fully to commit himself to them, he yet sees nothing to object.

Starting, then, with a rotating spheroid of æriform matter, in the latter stages of its concentration, but before it has begun to take a liquid or solid form, let us inquire what must be the actions going on in it. Mutual gravitation continually aggregates its atoms into a smaller, and denser mass; and the aggregating force goes on increasing, as the common center of gravity is approached. An obstacle to concentration, however, exists in the centrifugal force, which, at this stage, bears a far higher ratio to gravity than afterwards, and in a gaseous spheroid must produce a very oblate form. At the same time, the approximation of the atoms is resisted by a force which, in being overcome, is evolved as heat. This heat must be greatest where the atoms are subject to the highest pressure—namely, about the central parts. And as fast as it escapes into space, further approximation and further generation of heat must take place. But in a gaseous spheroid, whose internal parts are hotter than its external ones, there must be some circulation taking place. The currents must set from the hottest region to the coolest by some particular route; and from the coolest to the hottest by some other route. In a very oblate spheroid, the coolest region must be that

about the equator; the surface there bearing so large a ratio to the mass. Hence there will be currents from the center to the equator, and others from the equator to the center. What will be the special courses of these currents? From the center they will follow the lines of most rapidly-decreasing density; seeing that the inertia will be least in those directions. That is to say, there will be a current from the center towards each pole, along the axis of rotation; and the space thus continually left vacant will be filled by the collapse of matter coming in at right angles to the axis. The process can not end here, however. If there are constant currents from the center towards the poles, there must be a constant accumulation at the poles: the spheroid will be ever becoming more protuberant about the poles than the conditions of mechanical equilibrium permit. If, however, the mass at the poles is thus ever in excess, it must, by the forces acting upon it, be constantly moved over the outer surface of the spheroid from the poles towards the equator: thus only can that form which rotation necessitates be maintained. And a further result of this transfer of matter from the center, by way of the poles, to the equator, must be the establishment of counter-currents from the equator in diametrical lines, to the center.

Mark now the changes of temperature that must occur in these currents. An æriform mass ascending from the center towards either pole, will expand as it approaches the surface, in consequence of the diminution of pressure. But expansion, involving an absorption of heat, will entail a diminished temperature; and the temperature will be further lowered by the greater freedom of radiation into space. This rarefied and cooled mass must be still more rarefied and cooled in its progress over the surface of the spheroid to the equator. Continually thrust further from the pole by the ceaseless accumulation there, it must acquire an ever-increasing rotatory motion and an ever-increasing centrifugal force; whence must follow expansion and absorption of heat. To the refrigeration thus caused must be added that resulting from radiation, which at each advance towards the equator will be less hindered. And when the equator is arrived at, the mass we have thus followed will have reached its max-

imum rarity and maximum coolness. Conversely, every portion of a current proceeding in a diametrical direction from the equator to the center, must progressively rise in temperature; in virtue alike of the increasing pressure, the gradual arrest of motion, and the diminished rate of radiation. Note, lastly, that this circulation will go on with extreme slowness. As the matter proceeding from the equator towards the center must have its rotatory motion destroyed in the process, while that proceeding from the poles to the equator must have motion given to it, it follows that an enormous amount of inertia has to be overcome; and this must make the currents so slow as to prevent them from producing any thing like an equalization of temperature.

And now, such being the constitution of a concentrating spheroid of gaseous matter, where will it begin to condense into liquid? The common assumption has been, that in a nebulous mass approaching towards the planetary form, the liquefaction will first occur at the center. We believe that, on examination, this assumption will prove to be inconsistent with established physical principles.

THE EARTH ONCE LIQUID.

Observe first that it is contrary to analogy. It is admitted on all hands that the matter of the Earth was liquid before any of it became solid. Where has it first solidified? Not at the center, but at the surface. Now the same general principles apply to the condensation of gaseous matter into liquid, which apply to the condensation of liquid matter into solid. Hence if the once liquid substance of the earth first solidified at the surface, the implication is that its once æriform substance first liquefied at the surface.

But we have no need to rest in analogy. On considering what must happen in a rotating nebulous spheroid having currents moving as we have shown they must move, we shall see that external condensation is a corollary. In conformity with reasonings and facts already given, the presumption is that a nebulous mass, when it has arrived at this stage, will consist of an æriform mixture of various matters; the heavier and more condensible matters being contained in the rarer or less condensible ones, in the same way that water is contained in air. And the inference

must be, that at a certain stage some of these denser matters will be precipitated in the shape of vapor.* Now, what are the laws of precipitation from gases? If a gas, holding some substance in suspension, expands in consequence of the removal of pressure, it will, when the rarefaction and consequent cooling reach a certain point, begin to let fall the suspended substance. Conversely, if a gas, saturated even with some substance, is subject to increased pressure, and is allowed to retain the additional heat which that pressure generates, so far from letting fall what it contains, it will gain the power to take up more. See, then, the inference respecting condensation in a nebulous spheroid. The currents proceeding from the equator to the center, subject to increasing pressure, and acquiring the heat due not only to this increasing pressure but to arrested motion, will have no tendency to deposit their suspended substances, but rather the reverse: the formation of liquid matter at the center of the mass will be impossible. Contrariwise, the currents moving from the center to the poles and thence to the equator, expanding as they go, first from diminished pressure and afterwards from increased centrifugal force; and losing heat, not only by expansion, but by more rapid radiation; will have less and less power to retain their contained matter. The earliest precipitation will therefore take place in the region of extremest rarefaction; namely, about the equator. An equatorial belt of vapor will be first formed, and, widening into a zone, will by and by begin to condense into fluid.† Gradually this fluid film will extend itself on each side the equator, and, encroaching upon the two hemispheres, will eventually close over at the poles: thus forming a thin hollow globe, or rather spheroid, filled with gaseous matter. We do not mean that this condensation will take place at the very outermost surface; for probably round the denser gases forming the principal mass, there will extend strata of gases too rare to be entangled in these processes. It is the surface of this inner spheroid of denser gases to which our rea-

soning points as the place of earliest condensation.

The internal circulation we have described, continuing, as it must, after the formation of this liquid film, there will still go on the radiation of heat, and the progressive aggregation. The film will thicken at the expense of the internal gaseous substances precipitated upon it. As it thickens, as the globe contracts, and as the gravitative force augments, the pressure will increase; and the evolution and radiation of heat will go on more rapidly. Eventually, however, when the liquid shall become very thick, and the internal cavity relatively small, the obstacle put to the escape of heat by this thick liquid shell, with its slowly circulating currents, will turn the scale; the temperature of the outer surface will begin to diminish, and a solid crust will form while the internal cavity is yet unobliterated.

"But what," it may be asked, "will become of this gaseous nucleus when exposed to the enormous gravitative pressure of a shell some thousands of miles thick? How can æriform matter withstand such a pressure?" Very readily. It has been proved that even when the heat generated by their compression is allowed to escape, some gases remain uncondensable by any force we can produce. An unsuccessful attempt lately made at Vienna to liquefy oxygen, clearly shows this enormous resistance. The steel piston employed was literally shortened by the pressure used; and yet the gas remained unliquefied! If, then, the expansive force is thus immense when the heat evolved is dissipated, what must it be when that heat is detained, as in the case we are considering? In such a case, every addition to the heat is an addition to the repulsive power of the atoms: the increased pressure itself generates an increased ability to resist; and this remains true to whatever extent the compression is carried. Indeed, it is an obvious corollary from the law of the conservation of force, that if, under increasing pressure, a gas retains the accumulating heat evolved, its resisting force is *absolutely unlimited*. Hence, the internal planetary structure we have described is as physically stable a one as that commonly assumed.

And now let us see how this hypothesis tallies with the facts. One inference from it must be, that large masses will progress towards final consolidation more slowly

* The reader will perhaps say that this process is the one described as having taken place early in the history of nebular evolution; and this is true. But the same actions will be repeated in media of different densities.

† The formation of Saturn's rings is thus rendered quite comprehensible.

than small masses. Though a large concentrating spheroid will, from its superior aggregative force, generate heat more rapidly than a small one; yet, having relatively to its surface, a much greater quantity of heat to get rid of, it will be longer than a small one in going through the changes we have described. Hence, at a time when the smaller members of our solar system have arrived at so advanced a stage of aggregation as almost to have obliterated their central cavities, and so reached high specific gravity, the larger members will still be in that comparatively early stage in which the central cavity bears a great ratio to the surrounding shell, and will therefore have low specific gravities. This contrast is just what we find. The small planets, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars, differing from each other comparatively little in density as in size, are about four times as dense as Jupiter and Uranus, and seven times as dense as Saturn and Neptune—planets exceeding them in size as oranges exceed peas; add to which, that they are four times as dense as the Sun, which in mass exceeds the smallest of them nearly 5,000,000 times. The objection which will at once occur to some, that this hypothesis does not explain the minor differences, serves but to introduce a further confirmation. It may be urged that Jupiter is of greater specific gravity than Saturn, though, considering his superior mass, his specific gravity should be less; and that still more anomalous is the case of the Sun, which, though containing a thousand times the matter that Jupiter does, is nearly of the same specific gravity. The solution of these difficulties lies in the modifying effects of centrifugal force. Had the various masses to be compared been all along in a state of rest, then the larger should have been uniformly the less dense. But during the concentrating process they have been rotating with various velocities. The consequent centrifugal force has in each case been in antagonism with gravitation; and, according to its amount, has hindered the concentration to a greater or less degree. The really effective aggregative force which has determined the rate of evolution and radiation of heat, has in each case been the excess of the centripetal tendency over the centrifugal. Whence we may infer that wherever this excess has been the least, the consolidation must have been

the most hindered, and the specific gravity will be the smallest. This, too, we find to be the fact. Saturn, at whose equator the centrifugal force is even now almost one sixth of gravity, and who, by the great number of his satellites, shows us how strong an antagonist to concentration it was in earlier stages of his evolution, is little more than half as dense as Jupiter, whose concentration has been hindered by a centrifugal force bearing a much smaller ratio to the centripetal. On the other hand, the Sun, whose latter stages of aggregation have met with comparatively little of this opposition, and whose atoms tend towards their common center with a force ten times as great as that which Jupiter's atoms are subject to, has, notwithstanding his immense bulk, reached a specific gravity as great as that of Jupiter; and he has done this partly for the reason assigned, and partly because the process of consolidation has been and still is actively going on, while that of Jupiter has long since almost ceased.

Before pointing out further harmonies let us meet an objection. Laplace, taking for data Jupiter's mass, diameter, and rate of rotation, calculated the degree of compression at the poles which his centrifugal force should produce, supposing his substance was homogeneous; and finding that the calculated amount of oblateness was greater than the actual amount, inferred that his substance must be denser towards the center. The inference seems unavoidable; is diametrically opposed to the hypothesis of a shell of a denser matter with a gaseous nucleus; and we confess that on first meeting with this fact we were inclined to think it fatal. But there is a consideration, apt at first to be overlooked, which completely disposes of it. A compressed elastic medium tends ever with great energy to give a spherical figure to the chamber in which it is confined. This is a fact alike mathematically demonstrable, and recognized in practice by every engineer. In the case before us, the expansive power of the gaseous nucleus is such as to balance the gravitation of the shell of the planet; and this power perpetually strives to make the planet a perfect sphere. Thus the centrifugal force is opposed not only by that of gravity but by another of great intensity; and hence the degree of oblateness assumed is relatively small.

AN EXPLODED PLANET.

This difficulty being, as we think, satisfactorily met, we go on to name some indirect but highly significant facts bearing upon our hypothesis. And first with respect to the asteroids, or planetoids, as they are otherwise called. Not that these have proved to be so numerous—now that it has become probable that beyond some fifty already discovered there are many more—the supposition of Olbers that they are the fragments of an exploded planet which once occupied the vacant region they fill, has gained increased probability. The alternative supposition of Laplace, that they are the products of a nebulous ring which separated into many fragments instead of collapsing into a single mass, seems inconsistent with the extremely various, and in some cases extremely great, inclinations of their orbits; as well as with their similarly various and great eccentricities. For these the theory of Olbers completely accounts—indeed, it necessarily involves them; while at the same time it affords us a feasible explanation of meteors, and especially the periodic swarms of them, which would else be inexplicable. The fact, inferred from the present derangement of their orbits, that if the planetoids once formed parts of one mass, it must have exploded myriads of years ago, is no difficulty, but rather the reverse. Taking Olbers' supposition, then, as the most tenable one, let us ask how such an explosion could have occurred. If planets are internally constituted as is commonly assumed, no conceivable cause of it can be named. A solid mass may crack and fly to pieces, but it can not violently explode. So, too, with a liquid mass covered by a crust. Though, if contained in an unyielding shell and artificially raised to a very high temperature, a liquid may so expand as to burst the shell and simultaneously flash into vapor; yet if contained in a yielding crust, like that of a planet, it would not do so, even were the requisite increase of temperature given: it would crack the crust, and give off its expansive force gradually. But the planetary structure above supposed, supplies us with all the requisite conditions to an explosion, and an adequate cause for it. We have in the interior of the mass a cavity serving as a sufficient reservoir of force. We have this cavity filled with gaseous mat-

ters of high tension. We have in the chemical affinities of these matters a source of enormous expansive power capable of being quite suddenly brought into existence. And we have in the increasing heat of the shell, consequent upon progressing concentration, a cause of such instantaneous chemical change and the resulting explosion. The explanation thus supplied, of an event which there can be little doubt has occurred, and which is not otherwise accounted for, adds to the probability of the hypothesis.

One further evidence, and that not the least important, is deducible from geology. From the known rate at which the temperature rises as we pierce deeper into the substance of the Earth, it has been inferred that its solid crust is some forty miles thick. And if this be its thickness, we have a feasible explanation of volcanic phenomena, and of the elevation of mountain chains, etc. But proceeding upon the current supposition that the Earth's interior is wholly filled with molten matter, Professor Hopkins has calculated that to cause the observed amount of precession of the equinoxes, the Earth's crust must be at least eight hundred miles thick. Here is an immense discrepancy. However imperfect may be the data from which it is calculated that the Earth is molten at forty miles deep, it seems very unlikely that this conclusion differs from the truth so widely as forty miles does from eight hundred. It seems scarcely conceivable that if the crust is thus thick, it should, by its contraction and corrugation, produce mountain chains, as it has done during quite modern geological epochs. It is not easy on this supposition to explain elevations and subsidences of small area. Neither do the phenomena of volcanoes appear comprehensible: indeed, to account for these, Professor Hopkins has been obliged to make the gratuitous and extremely improbable assumption, that there are isolated lakes of molten matter inclosed in this thick crust, and situated, as they must be, not far from its outer surface. But irreconcilable as appear the astronomical with the geological facts, if we take for granted that the Earth consists wholly of solid and liquid substances, they become at once reconcilable if we adopt the conclusion that the Earth has a gaseous nucleus. If there be an internal cavity of considerable diameter occupied only by æriform mat-

ter—if the density of the surrounding shell is, as it must in that case be, greater than the current supposition implies; then there will be a larger quantity of matter contained in the equatorial protuberance, and an adequate cause for the precession. Manifestly there may be found some proportion between the central space and its envelope, which will satisfy the mechanical requirements without involving a thicker crust than geological phenomena indicate.

We conceive then that the hypothesis we have set forth, is in many respects preferable to that ordinarily received. We can know nothing by direct observation concerning the central parts either of our own planet or any other: indirect methods are alone possible. The idea which has been tacitly adopted is just as speculative as that we have opposed to it; and the only question is, Which harmonizes best with established facts. Thus compared, the advantage is greatly on the side of the new one. It disposes of sundry anomalies, and explains things that seem else incomprehensible. We are no longer obliged to assume such wide differences in the substances of the various planets: we need not think of any of them as like cork or water. We are shown how it happens that the larger planets have so much lower specific gravities than the smaller, instead of having higher ones, as might naturally have been expected; and we are further shown why Saturn is the lightest of all. That Mercury should be relatively so much heavier than the Sun; that Jupiter should be specifically lighter than his smallest satellite; that Saturn's rings should be more than half as dense again as himself; are no longer mysteries. A feasible cause is assigned for the catastrophe which produced the asteroids. And some apparently incongruous peculiarities in the Earth's structure are brought to an agreement. May we not say, then, that being deducible by strict reasoning from the nebular hypothesis, this alleged planetary structure gives further indirect support to that hypothesis?

In considering the specific gravities of the heavenly bodies, we have been obliged to speak of the heat evolved by them. But we have yet to point out the fact that in their present conditions with respect to temperature, we find additional materials for building up our argument;

and these too of the most substantial character.

It is an inevitable deduction from established physical principles, that heat must be generated by the aggregation of diffused matter into a concrete form; and throughout our reasonings we have assumed that such generation of heat has been an accompaniment of nebular condensation. If then the nebular hypothesis be true, we ought to find in all the heavenly bodies either present high temperature, or marks of past high temperature.

As far as observation can reach, the facts prove to be exactly what theory requires. Various orders of evidence conspire to demonstrate that, below a certain depth, the Earth is still molten. And that it was once wholly molten, is implied by the circumstance that the rate at which the temperature increases as we descend below its surface, is just that which would be found in a mass that had been cooling for an indefinite period. The Moon, too, shows us, by its corrugations and its conspicuous volcanoes, that in it there has been a process of refrigeration and contraction like that which had gone on in the Earth. And in Venus, the existence of mountains similarly indicates an igneous reaction of the interior upon a solidifying crust.

On the common theory of creation, these phenomena are inexplicable. To what end the Earth should have existed for myriads of years at a white-heat, incapable of supporting not only human life, but any life, it can not say. To satisfy this supposition, the Earth should have been originally created in a state fit for the assumed purpose of creation; and similarly with the other planets. While, therefore, to the nebular hypothesis the evidence of original incandescence and still continued internal heat furnish strong confirmation, they are, to the antagonist hypothesis, insurmountable difficulties.

TEMPERATURES OF THE SUN AND PLANETS.

But the argument from temperature does not end here. There remains to be noticed a still more conspicuous and still more significant fact. If the Solar System resulted from the concentration of diffused matter which evolved heat while gravitating into its present dense form, then there are certain obvious corollaries respecting the relative temperatures of the

resulting bodies. Other things equal, the latest-formed mass will be the latest in cooling—will, for an almost infinite time, possess a greater heat than the earlier formed ones. Other things equal, the largest mass will, in virtue of its superior aggregative force, become hotter than the others, and radiate more intensely. Other things equal, the largest mass, notwithstanding the higher temperature it reaches, will, in consequence of its relatively small surface, be the slowest in parting with its evolved heat. And hence, if there is one mass which was not only formed after the rest, but exceeds them enormously in size, it follows that this one will reach an intensity of incandescence much beyond that reached by the rest, and will continue in this state of intense incandescence long after the rest have cooled. Such a mass we have in the Sun. It is a corollary from the nebular hypothesis, that the matter forming the Sun assumed its present concrete form at a period much more recent than that at which the planets became definite bodies. The quantity of matter contained in the Sun is nearly five million times that contained in the smallest planet, and above a thousand times that contained in the largest. And while, from the enormous gravitative force of the atoms, the evolution of heat has been intense, the facilities of radiation have been relatively small. Hence the still-continued high temperature. Just that condition of the central body which is a necessary inference from the nebular hypothesis, we find actually existing in the Sun.

We are aware that in arguing thus we are ignoring the generally received theory respecting the Sun's constitution. Partly with the view of explaining the solar spots, partly, perhaps, from the wish to regard the Sun as habitable, and partly, also, from the difficulty of accounting for a perennial supply of light and heat, certain assumptions have been made respecting the nature of the Sun's surface which, in the absence of antagonism, have gained wide acceptance. We believe it may be shown, however, that these assumptions are illegitimate; that they do not account for the appearances; and that the appearances may be satisfactorily accounted for in a much simpler manner, and without making gratuitous suppositions.

Had space permitted, we should first have stated and criticised the view commonly held; but, as it is, we must con-

tent ourselves with explaining the alternative view, and this with greater brevity than is required to do justice to it.

We shall assume, then, that the Sun is, as it appears, incandescent. We shall further assume that the incandescence is of the kind implied not only by the nebular hypothesis, but by the known habitudes of matter when exposed to extreme heat—namely, the incandescence of molten substances. Round this globe of incandescent molten substances, thus conceived to form the visible body of the Sun, there is known to exist a voluminous atmosphere: the inferior brilliancy of the Sun's border, and the appearances during a total eclipse, alike show this.* What now must be the constitution of this atmosphere? At a temperature approaching a thousand times that of molten iron, which is the calculated temperature of the solar surface, very many, if not all of the substances we know as solid would become gaseous; and though the Sun's enormous attractive force must be a powerful check upon this tendency to assume the form of vapor, yet it can not be questioned, that if the body of the Sun consists of molten substances, some of them must be constantly undergoing evaporation. That the dense gases thus continually being generated will form the entire mass of the solar atmosphere is not probable. If any thing is to be inferred, either from the nebular hypothesis, or from the analogies supplied by the planets, it must be concluded that the outermost part of the solar atmosphere consists of what are called permanent gases—gases that are not condensable into fluid even at low temperatures. If we consider what must have been the state of things here when the surface of the Earth was molten, we shall see that round the still molten surface of the Sun there probably exists a stratum of dense æriform matter, made up of sublimed metals and metallic compounds, and above this a stratum of comparatively rare medium analogous to air. What now will happen with these two strata? Did they both consist of permanent gases, they could not remain separate; according to a well-known law, they would eventually form a homogeneous mixture. But this will by no means happen when the lower stratum consists of matters that are gaseous only at excessively high tempera-

* See Herschel's *Outlines of Astronomy*.

tures. Given off from a molten surface, ascending, expanding, and cooling, these will presently reach a limit of elevation above which they can not exist as vapor, but must condense and precipitate. Meanwhile the upper stratum, habitually charged with its quantum of these denser matters, as our air with its quantum of water, and ready to deposit them on any depression of temperature, must be habitually unable to take up any more of the lower stratum; and therefore this lower stratum will remain quite distinct from it. We conclude, then, that there will be two concentric atmospheres having a definite limit of separation. And however problematical this structure may be thought, it is at any rate far less so than that *gratuitously* assumed in the current hypothesis, which involves *five* atmospheric strata.

HURRICANES IN THE SUN.

Now, Sir John Herschel has shown that the disturbances which produce the solar spots, are in sundry respects analogous to the hurricanes of our own tropics. He has further shown that there must be conflicting currents in the solar atmosphere which will produce them as they are produced here. And, adhering as he does to the favorite supposition of a "photosphere," or light-generating envelope at a distance from the Sun's body, he argues that a spot results when the vortex of one of the hurricanes temporarily disperses the "photosphere," and makes visible the dark surface of the Sun.

Accepting the conclusion, for which there is very strong evidence, that hurricanes or cyclones are the active causes of the solar spots, but assuming that the supposed "photosphere" is the actual incandescent body of the Sun, let us ask, what will be the optical appearance resulting from a cyclone? The conflict of aerial currents which occasions one of these enormous whirlwinds necessarily generates a vortex; and on the upper surface of the atmosphere this vortex must show itself as a depression, shaped like a whirlpool in water. One of these cyclones, then, occurring in the dense aerial stratum which we have described as immediately surrounding the Sun's body, will produce a funnel-shaped vortex upon the surface of this dense stratum. It

needs but a moderate knowledge of optics to see that there must result from this an appearance like that of a solar spot. When rays of light passing out of one medium into another, make with the limiting surface a tolerably large angle, some of them are reflected from it, and some of them, going through it, are refracted; but when they strike it at an acute angle, varying according to the medium, they are *all* reflected—no light at all passes through the surface. Now, against the highly inclined side of one of these funnel-shaped vortices, the light radiating from the body of the Sun underneath will strike at a very acute angle, and will not penetrate it; and therefore the central part of the cyclone will appear to us as a black spot. The change from entire reflection of the light, to partial reflection and partial transmission, taking place suddenly at a particular angle, this central black spot will have a perfectly sharp outline. This inference, too, corresponds exactly with observation. The surface of the vortex being smooth in its interior, it follows that light will pass through it more freely close to the central spot than elsewhere; and the fact is, that the part of the penumbra immediately surrounding the central spot is brighter than the rest; while the outer part of the penumbra, answering to the agitated margin of the vortex, is comparatively dark. "But," it may be said, "according to this hypothesis one of these maculæ should be quite circular, whereas they are extremely irregular." Very true: and we may add that their irregularities are of a kind totally inexplicable on the current hypothesis. Here, however, the explanation is easy. These cyclones occurring in the dense lower atmosphere, are seen by us through the rarer upper atmosphere, which is a distorting medium. It is necessarily full of currents of different densities, and covered with waves; and the refractions produced by these irregularities of surface and substance must greatly complicate the appearances. Space permitting, it might be shown that the mottled penumbra, its reëntrant angles, the bridges of light, the lateral repetitions of the spots, etc., are thus fully accounted for, as well as the faculæ and pores. But without going into details, we think we have shown that, assuming the Sun to have that constitution which the nebular hypothesis implies, and taking for granted

nothing beyond the established principles of physics, we are supplied with an explanation of the solar spots, which, to say the least of it, is quite as tenable as the one ordinarily given.

Had there been a few pages to spare, we should here have entered upon yet another class of facts of great significance; but we must forbear. However, we think that, considered in their *ensemble*, the several groups of evidences already assigned are tolerably conclusive. We have seen that, when critically examined, the rash speculations of late years current respecting the nature of the nebulae, commit their promulgators to sundry gross absurdities; while, on the other hand, we see that the various appearances these nebulae present are clearly explicable as different stages in the precipitation and aggregation of diffused matter. We find that comets, alike by their physical constitution, their immensely elongated and variously-directed orbits, the distribution of those orbits, and their manifest structural relation to the solar system, bear testimony to the past existence of that system in a nebulous form. Not only do those obvious peculiarities in the motions of the planets which first suggested the nebular hypothesis supply proofs of it, but on closer examination we discover, in the slightly diverging inclinations of their orbits, in their various rates of rotation, and their differently-directed axes of rotation, that the planets yield us yet further testimony; while the satellites, by sundry traits, and especially by their occurrence in greater or less abundance where the hypothesis implies, confirm this testimony. By carefully tracing out the process of planetary condensation, we are led to conclusions respecting the internal structure of planets which at once explain their anomalous specific gravities, and at the same time reconcile various seemingly contradictory facts. Once more, it turns out that what is *a priori* inferable from the nebular hypothesis respecting the temperatures of the resulting bodies, is just what observation establishes; and

that not only the absolute, but also the relative temperatures of the sun and planets are thus accounted for. When we contemplate these various evidences in their totality—when we observe that, by the nebular hypothesis, all the leading phenomena of the solar system, and the heavens in general, are explicable; and when, on the other hand, we consider that the common cosmogony is not only without a single fact to stand upon, but is at variance with all our positive knowledge of Nature; we see that the proof becomes overwhelming—approaches as near demonstration as indirect proof can do.

It remains only to point out, that while the genesis of the solar system, and of countless other systems like it, is thus rendered comprehensible, the ultimate mystery continues as great as ever. The problem of existence is not solved; it is simply removed further back. The nebular hypothesis throws no light upon the origin of diffused matter; and diffused matter as much needs accounting for as concrete matter. The genesis of an atom is not easier to conceive than the genesis of a planet. Nay, indeed, so far from making the Universe less wonderful than before, it makes it more wonderful. Creation by manufacture is a much lower thing than creation by evolution. A man can put together a machine; but he can not make a machine develop itself. The ingenious artisan, able as some have been, so far to imitate vitality as to produce a mechanical piano-forte-player, may in some sort conceive how, by greater skill, a complete man might be artificially produced; but he is totally unable to conceive how such a complex organism gradually arises out of a minute structureless germ. That our harmonious universe once existed potentially as formless diffused matter, and has slowly grown into its present organized state, is a far more astonishing fact than would have been its formation after the artificial method vulgarly supposed. The nebular hypothesis implies a First Cause as much transcending "the mechanical God of Paley," as this does the fetish of the savage.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A LADY IN SPITZBERGEN.*

It is not every day that a lady goes to Spitzbergen. A group of islands which extend to within ten degrees of the Pole, are the greater part of the year wrapped in darkness or fog, have only one day of four months, and a summer of a month or six weeks' duration, are not exactly the place for the less hardy sex. It will be necessary, then, to explain, in the words of Madam Léonie d'Aunet, how it was that she came to go to Spitzbergen :

"A few friends were at my house. Among them was M. Gaimard, the celebrated traveler. M. Gaimard has been twice round the world, and has been engaged in I don't know how many expeditions to the Pole; on that day he was relating to us, in his characteristic southern and picturesque style, the shipwreck of the *Uranie*, and he took especial pleasure in dwelling in his narrative upon the evidences of coolness and courage manifested under the circumstances by Madam Freycinet, who accompanied her husband, the commander of the *Uranie*.

"When he had finished, some one said: 'Poor woman, she must have suffered a great deal!'

"'You pity her?' I said; 'I—I envy her!'

"M. Gaimard looked at me.

"'Are you speaking seriously, madam?'

"'Very seriously.'

"'Would you like to go round the world?'

"'That is my dream.'

"'And do more?'

"I do not understand; I thought M. Gaimard was quizzing me.

"'Yes, more,' he continued; 'many have been round the world, but no one has yet penetrated sufficiently into the Polar regions to determine if one can pass that way from Europe to America.'

"'Well, you know the way?'

"'No, we are going to seek for it; I start three weeks hence, with a scientific commission, of which I am the president, to explore the Arctic Ocean in the neighborhood of Spitzbergen and Greenland.'

"'How lucky you are!'

"'I should be still more so if this expedition would tempt your husband, and if he would give to it the aid of his talent.'

"'I think such a proposition might be made to him.'

"'Will you undertake to do it, madam?'

"'Yes, on one condition.'

"'What is that?'

"'It is that I shall accompany him.'

"'To the end?'

"'Yes, to the end.'

"'That will present difficulties, because ladies are not received on board of men-of-war, and——'

"'Then I shall not say a word in favor of the journey: on the contrary.'

"'Well, speak about it, and we will see if the difficulty can be got over.'

"The same evening the project was discussed by my husband and myself, and obtained both our consents. The next day we announced our departure to our friends. There was a unanimous outcry against it.

"'What madness!' exclaimed one: 'you will come back ugly.'

"'Why so?'

"'Horrible climate! and besides, you are too young and too delicate for so fatiguing a journey: at least, wait a little.'

"'No; in the first place, I might not have another opportunity; then again, at a later period, I may have children, and should no longer have a right to expose my life in adventures.'

"'At your age,' exclaimed another, 'people go to balls, and not to the Pole.'

"'One does not prevent the other; if I come back, I shall have plenty of time to go to balls.'

"'And if you do not come back?'

"'You will have the pleasure of saying: 'Well, I told her so.''"

And so it was that Madam Léonie d'Aunet made up her mind to go to Spitzbergen. The scientific expedition was to go by sea; she and her husband were to join it at Hammerfest. On her way there, her carriage, which was not a Norwegian one, was precipitated into the ravine of the Lougen. In this extremity a young Norwegian officer passed by in his cariole, wrapped up in his water-proof, and smoking a long pipe with amber mouth-piece, on his way to Drontheim. The servant ran up to inform him of the sad accident; the carriage being suspended by the pines half-way down the ravine, its inmates had with difficulty extricated themselves from their dangerous position. Madam d'Au-

* *Voyage d'une Femme au Spitzberg.* Par Mme. LÉONIE D'AUNET.

net had thus reached the top of the precipice. The officer stopped for a moment, listened to the story patiently but coldly, and then whipped his horse, and continued his way, after, Madam d'Aunet relates, "having looked at me with more curiosity than interest. I must have been horrible; my face was swollen by contusions, blanched with fear, and my clothes were crumpled, wet, muddy; altogether, I must have presented *un ensemble peu gracieux*. On me le prouva bien !"

The first of the ill-omened prophecies had already come to pass!

The expedition sailed from Hammerfest on the 17th of July, and gained the open sea, after nearly carrying off the ship's bowsprit by missing stays when on too close a tack, and afterwards nearly smashing the pilot's boat. Our fair traveler excuses herself from saying much concerning the first portion of the journey, for she acknowledges that she found it *à propos d'être très-malade*. But on the fourth day she had so far recovered as to make her appearance on deck, when the corvette was making good way in a heavy sea, but with a favorable breeze. The next day they fetched Cherry Island, but which, she tells us, ought, from its original discoverers, to be called Beeren Eiland, or Bear Island. This island presented in the interior an almost continuous snowy mass, but its outskirts seemed like a place fortified by giants; its formidable rocks, incessantly mined by the waves, having assumed monumental forms, advancing at times in immense arches like antediluvian bridges into the ocean, their parapets enlivened by the presence of an infinite multitude and variety of sea-fowl. A landing was effected, and the geologist discovered fossil corals, while the astronomers determined its geographical position to be in 76 deg. 30 min. north longitude instead of 74 deg. 30 min., as had been before assumed!

The same evening a dense fog came on, and the weather became unfavorable; the sea was very heavy, and the snow accumulated on the decks so as to impede exercise. With some trifling exceptions, this same untoward weather continued for upwards of a fortnight, till at length, on the 30th, they fetched Prince Charles Island, and the next day entered into Magdalena Bay.

"We had then arrived at the end of our long and adventurous voyage: at Spitzbergen!

"Spitzbergen is a country that lies farther to the north than the country of the Samoeds, than Siberia or Nova Zembla; it is an island veritably placed at the confines of the earth; it is a strange place, of which very little is, in truth, known; for when I was in Denmark and Sweden, several persons, hearing that I was going to Spitzberg, asked me if I really intended ascending to the summit. The word Spitzberg, which means pointed mountain, led them into error, and they were thus induced to imitate the monkey of La Fontaine, who mistook the name of a port for that of a man.

"Little as it is known, Spitzbergen has a master; it belongs to the Emperor of Russia, who has not yet made use of it as a place of relief to Siberia. Such an act would, at all events, be one of mercy, as here the exile would be sure to perish the first winter. In November quicksilver freezes, brandy is broken with a hatchet, and from 45 to 50 degrees of cold may be noted."

The greater island of Spitzbergen is in the form of the letter N, being penetrated by two deep gulfs, one to the north and another to the south. It has even been supposed that it really consists of two islands soldered together by a glacier, but the fact has never yet been ascertained. The bay of Magdalena is on the western side, confronting Greenland; it is surrounded on all sides by mountains of granite from fifteen to eighteen hundred feet high. Immense glaciers nearly fill up the spaces between the mountains, and they are said to have a convex form, whereas those of the Alps are said to be concave.

At the epoch when the French expedition arrived at Magdalena Bay, the brief summer of the Arctic regions had just commenced, and where our fair traveler expected in nothing but gloom and silence, there was, on the contrary, a very great commotion, tumult, and noise. The ship was surrounded by floating ice, whose various forms and hues she dilates upon with a woman's prolixity. If we are to believe her, there were "clochers, colonnes, minarets, ogives, pyramides, tourelles, coupoles, crâneaux, volutes, arcades, frontons, assises colossales," and "sculptures délicates," all in ice—a glossary of architecture ready illustrated.

"The sea, bristling with sharp-pointed icebergs, was loudly agitated; the elevated peaks of the coast slipped away, detached themselves, and fell into the gulf with a frightful noise; mountains cracked and split open; waves beat furiously against the capes of granite; islands of ice broke up with reports which resembled

the discharge of musketry; the wind raised up columns of snow with hoarse moanings; altogether it was terrible, yet magnificent; one fancies one's self listening to a choir from the abyss of the old world, prelude to a new chaos."

If the aspect of Magdalena Bay was not very inviting, that of the shore was not much more so. There was indeed no land visible at that time—nothing but snow, save where the beach was seawashed, and the scene there exhibited was not that which was most agreeable to a lady.

"On all sides the soil was covered with the bones of walruses and seals, left there by Norwegian or Russian fishermen who used to come to manufacture oil in these remote regions, but for some years past they have ceased to do so, the profits not counterbalancing the perils of such an expedition. These great fish-bones, whitened by time and preserved by cold, seemed like the skeletons of giants, the inhabitants of the city which had just foundered close by. The long, fleshless fingers of the seals, so like those of the human hand, rendered the illusion striking, and caused feelings of terror. I left this charnel-house, and, making my way over the slippery soil with precaution, I went on towards the interior. I soon found myself in the midst of a kind of cemetery; this time it was really relics of humanity that lay upon the snow. Several coffins, half open and empty, had contained bodies which had been profaned by the teeth of bears. In the impossibility there was to dig graves, on account of the thickness of the ice, a number of enormous stones had been primitively piled upon the coffin-lids and around, so as to serve as a rampart against wild beasts; but the sturdy arms of the *gros homme en pelisse*—the fat man in a furred robe—as Norwegian fishermen picturesquely designate the Polar bear, had displaced the stones and devastated the tombs; several bones were scattered about, half-broken and gnawed, sad relics of ursine repasts. I gathered them together with care, and piously replaced them in the coffins. Some of the tombs had been spared, and they contained skeletons in various degrees of preservation; most of the coffins bore no inscriptions. On one, however, a friendly hand had cut, with a knife, these words: *Dortrecht, Hollande, 1788*. A name had preceded the date, but it was no longer legible. Another sailor had come from Bremen; his death dated 1697. Two coffins placed in the hollow of a rock were in excellent keeping; the bodies which they inclosed had not only their flesh on, but even their clothes, but no inscription recorded either the name or the country of the dead. I counted fifty-two tombs disseminated in this cemetery, more frightful than any other, without epitaphs, without monuments, without flowers; without reminiscences, without tears, without regrets, without prayers; most desolate ceme-

tery, where it seems as if forgetfulness twice enshrouds the dead, where a sigh, or a voice, or even a footfall is never heard; most fearful solitude; deep, icy silence, only broken by the howl of the white bear or the roaring of the tempest!

"I was seized with an inexpressible horror amidst these sepultures; the thought that I had come to take my place among them suddenly came upon me in fearful distinctness. I had been forewarned as to the dangers of our expedition; I had accepted, and thought that I understood its risks, yet did the sight of these tombs make me shudder, and for the first time I cast a thought of regret at France, my family, my friends, the fine sky, and the quiet, easy life which I had left, to confront the chances of such a dangerous pilgrimage! As to the poor dead men now around me, their history was the same for all. They were neither learned men who had been led thither by the love of discovery, nor curious men urged thither by the attraction of the unknown; they were honest Norwegian, Russian, or Dutch fishermen, who had come there to seek by hard toil, and amidst great dangers, a subsistence for their family. At first all might go on well; the walruses might be plentiful, the seals easy of capture; they were successfully hunted; oil was made on the coast itself; the great green ivory teeth of the walruses, so esteemed in Sweden, were shipped; they were talking of the value of their cargo, and of the profits and the pleasures of their anticipated return. And then suddenly an unexpected cold would come on; winter would seize upon them when least expected, the sea would become firm and motionless around their little ship, and the way to their country would be closed for nine, perhaps for ten, months; ten months in such a place is condemnation to death! They would be thus exposed to undergo forty-five degrees of cold in the midst of a perpetual night! What tragedies have not these solitudes seen! What must have been the agonies they suffered? By what prodigies of courage and perseverance did man keep off from day to day that death which he yet knew to be inevitable? In what manner did he sustain that supreme struggle? At first they would keep to the ship, economizing provisions, warming themselves with bear's grease, fish-bones, oil, and every thing on board that could be destroyed without affecting the safety of the ship, for that was a sacred thing; man thinks of the future even under the most desperate circumstances, and no doubt each of these poor fishermen expected to see accomplished in his person that rare miracle, a return from wintering in Spitzbergen. As the provisions became exhausted, privations would become also greater, and the Polar bear and blue fox, the only inhabitants of the islands, would be hunted with renewed zeal. Then one day, a terrible day, after the death of one of their number, after fearful sufferings, they would decide upon warming themselves with the ship; holes would be dug in the ice, a kind of hut constructed on shore, and they

would get into it and make themselves as comfortable as possible. At least they would have the satisfaction of warming themselves; but whilst the body was deriving a temporary satisfaction from the genial warmth, alas! the mind would be icy in despair; that very fire was consuming their last hope—that fire was destroying the greatest force that Heaven has given to man. What remained would be the last struggle of the instinct of preservation against death, death being always victorious; one by one the little crew would diminish in numbers, and each of these obscure martyrs would be laid down in his turn in the icy cemetery where I found them. All, thus, to the last: he, more robust and more unfortunate than the others, would have no friendly hand to tend him in his last hour and to preserve his remains by pious precautions; he would become the prey of bears as soon as he had breathed the last sigh, or even indeed so soon as he could no longer defend himself."

Pleasant contemplations these among the sublimities of Spitzbergen! The only excuse is, that they were of a nature fully calculated to awaken such. Every thing was alike austere and repulsive: the climate was severe, the heavens were overcast, the land buried in snow and fog, the mountains were crumbling, the ice was breaking up, and sea and air were either sullenly or rudely agitated. Then as to what remained of life, it was naught but relics. Bones of the slain walrus and seal, and the tombs of the benighted slayers!

The thought of a possible detention during a winter in Spitzbergen filled our fair traveler's mind, according to her own confession, for several days after these meditations among the tombs, and she soon discovered that she was not the only one who indulged in such gloomy anticipations, but which had really no foundation whatsoever, except in the timid apprehensions of those who entertained them. It was not likely that a French scientific expedition was going to winter in the Arctic regions. One morning she was seated on a gun, buried in a vast fur cloak, looking now at the heavens, and then at the sea and the strange forms that floated on its surface, when she heard her name pronounced by one among a group of melancholy French tars. Listening, she made out the following sentences:

"What an idea to have brought a lady with us! Are voyages like this *des courses de femme*?"

"Too true," remarked another; "and if we are caught by those fine crystals as you have

just explained to me, one may be quite sure that she will be the first to go."

"Well, old one!" replied the first, "she will only show the way; we should soon follow her. True, we have a year's provisions on board, but we have no firing, and here there is not wood to light a pipe, whilst in winter the wind must blow pretty sharp, to judge by the dogdays!"

"And what a woman!" joined in another, in a tone of contempt; "*une femme pâlotte, menue, maigre*, with feet like finger-cakes, and hands that could not lift up an oar; a woman whom one could break on one's knee, and put the bits into one's pocket. If even she had been a woman from our parts. (He was a Breton.) At Ponant we have some *commères* who think nothing of hoisting a sail or rowing a boat; our women are nearly as good as the men; but this one, with her peaky Parisian face, she is as chilly as a Senegal parrot. If we are caught by the ice, she will die of the first frost, that is quite certain."

"There was an interval of silence, during which each man relit his pipe; then the one who had spoken first resumed the conversation by way of summary.

"Well, at the best, it does not concern us; it is for those who were stupid enough to bring her here to get anxious. If we do winter here she must do as she can—she will have to do as all the rest do."

"An old quarter-master now broke in upon the conversation, in which he had not hitherto taken part.

"Boys," said he, "I am sorry for you, but there is no common-sense in what you say; what you, four of the best and eldest sailors on board, you have no more nous, can't see further than that? Upon one point I agree with you, they were perhaps wrong in bringing this little lady along with us, but the misfortune is for her rather than for us; for us it is, on the contrary most fortunate, and it will even be still more fortunate if we have to winter in this cursed country than if we get out of it."

"How is that?" exclaimed the sailors.

"It is very simple, and I will explain it to you. She is very weak, very delicate, is she not? Well, so much the better. It would be she who would go first if we were caught on the ice? Well, so much the better. These are only so many reasons for making her precious to us. The most dangerous things, you see, in wintering in the ice, the most difficult thing to avoid, is the demoralization of the crew. Captain Parry relates that it was especially against the discouragement of his men that he had to struggle; he describes in his narrative how much more he dreaded the effects of panic than the rigors of the climate. Well, we shall have nothing to apprehend from such demoralization if we succeed in preserving the life of this young lady; it will be said to those who exhibit signs of weakness: "Come, are you not ashamed? the cold is not so intense since a woman can bear it." So I tell you we must do every thing in our power to preserve the life of this little

lady; her presence in the midst of us will insure alike the courage and the health of the crew; and I know that the captain thinks just like me on that subject; he said as much to the first lieutenant the other day when walking with him.'

"Oh! if the captain has said so,' unanimous-ly joined in the group, 'then it must be right.'"

Our fair adventurer was consoled after overhearing this conversation by the feeling that the egotism of her companions in travel would insure such attentions as would retard her death as long as possible. Yet did she nevertheless look upon such a catastrophe as certain in case they were caught by the ice, in consequence of the indisposition which she felt, notwithstanding all the anxious care that was bestowed upon her. She was allowed the captain's berth, and, when giving it up to her, he had done every thing to insure its being warm and comfortable; all the holes had been hermetically sealed, the ceiling had been covered with reindeer-skins, the bed had been heaped with eider-down; it was really more of a nest than a cabin, and yet, notwithstanding all these considerate attentions, she suffered from cold and could not sleep. The latter she, however, attributed not so much to the cold as to the peculiar circumstances under which she was placed, and more especially to what she designates as an "ultra-tonic diet!"

Our fair adventurer, it is also to be noticed, wore a garb which she declares to have been *très-commode et parfaitement disgracieux*—men's trowsers, a middy's shirt of thick blue stuff, a neckerchief of red wool, a black leather belt, boots lined with felt, and a sailor's cap, with no end of flannel underneath all. She had cut her hair, which she had found it impossible to keep in order during the passage, and when she went on deck she added to the mountain of flannel and other garments a heavy mantle with a hood, so as to reduce her altogether into a great packet without form or shape, except, perhaps, its rotundity: "additions and subtractions concurred," she intimates, "to render her very ugly; but in such a place one only thinks of how to suffer the least possible from the cold, and all coquetting is misplaced."

The recreation to be derived from researches in natural history at Spitzbergen were naturally very limited, and still more so to a lady to whom a search for marine

animals would be next to impossible in such a climate. One of the most interesting points that presented itself to her contemplation was the colored snow, which she describes as being at times of a pale green, or a pale roseate color. This coloration, which is produced by the presence of minute cryptogamous plants, is the most striking vegetation in Spitzbergen, and it is vegetation in truly its most elementary state, even more so than in the form of lichens, because nature in her prolificacy develops it even on a transient surface. A few lichens were also to be met with on bare rocks, and a tuft of black moss occurred here and there in the valleys, like bits of dark moist sponge. There were also to be found, by dint of careful search in certain sheltered crevices, a few spare, blanched, struggling plants, their flowers bending sorrowfully to the soil. These were the saxifrage, the yellow ranunculus, and a white poppy. They grew to about the size of lucifer matches.

Polar bears and reindeer are said to abound in Spitzbergen, but whether it was not the season, or our lady traveler did not venture far enough away from the ship, she did not see any. Seals, however, were in great numbers; their quiet, confiding manners soon awoke an interest, and their look, so like that of rational beings, made it seem a crime to slay them. Only one walrus was seen, but they were said to be common on the southern shores. A few blue foxes were killed by the sportsmen: they were small, spare, and ugly. Their fur was massed and entangled, and their flesh was not relished.

A considerable number of sea-birds tenanted both the rocks and ice around, but our lady traveler asserts that, instead of enlivening the scene, they only made it more melancholy. These plumed denizens of the Arctic regions were, in her eyes, voracious, ferocious, quarrelsome, and noisy. Their cries were offensive, varying from a croak to something even more dismal. Some of the gulls complained like children crying, whilst others indulged in a kind of sardonic laughter. "There is nothing in this sinister country," she adds, "for the eye to repose upon; nothing charms the ear; every thing is gloomy and miserable—every thing, even to the birds!"

Thus is outward nature made the re-

flection of a petted, spoiled, diseased imagination. To those who study the resources of a kind Providence, as manifested in its various creations, the razor-bills and foolish guillemots, the black-billed auks and lesser guillemots, with their silky plumage and strange habits, congregating on ledges of high marine precipices, sitting closely together, tier above tier and row above row, depositing their single large egg on the bare rock, yet without confusion, or the egg ever rolling off in a gale of wind or a rush of birds, alike present much that is at once interesting and instructive to contemplate. The black guillemot, known to sailors as the Greenland dove, is not only a pretty, but it is a sprightly and active bird. If the great divers make at intervals a disagreeable croaking, their swiftness on and underneath the water is curious to watch; and they live in pairs, as old Bewick has it, "with inconceivable affection." We never yet met the individual who did not say that the straggling, mixed flocks of gulls, consisting, as they almost always do, of various kinds, enlivened the rocks by their irregular movements and shrill cries, even when the latter were deadened by the noise of the waves or nearly drowned in the roarings of the surge. Michelet, we have lately seen in his admirable work on *L'Oiseau*, takes a precisely opposite view of nature in the Polar regions to that adopted by our lady traveler. "Admirable, fruitful seas," he exclaims, "replete with life in an elementary state, (zoöphytes and medusæ;) they are sought for in the favorable season by all kinds and descriptions of animal life—whales, fish, and birds—in pursuit of their daily food. It is there that they procreate each short summer in peace, and hence are the Poles the great, the happy rendezvous of love and peace to these innocent crowds." But perhaps the lady may retort, M. Mignet has not been to the Polar regions—has not passed a summer at Spitzbergen!

With her, one great idea prevailed over all others—one morbid fancy alone filled her mind, to the exclusion of all other thoughts; it was the chance of wintering in that region of which she had manifestly seen more than enough the first day she arrived there. At last she was almost on the point of seeing her fearful anticipations converted into sad realities.

"In any other part of the world except in these Polar regions, a ship is safe when in harbor; but in Spitzbergen, as I have before said, the event most to be dreaded is not shipwreck, it is a forced wintering; from one day to another, from one hour to another, the bay that shelters you may be changed into a prison—and what a prison! No dungeon can inspire a similar amount of terror! One day I was enabled to realize the fact—it was on the 7th of August. Several members of the expedition, seeing that the weather was clear and the snow being swept away by a strong easterly breeze, made a boat-excursion to Hakluyt Point the most northerly cape in Spitzbergen. The excursion was to last a day. I was not allowed to make one of it, so I remained on board with the captain, who, you are aware, never quits his ship. The early part of the day went off well enough, and I envied the lot of those who were going to get a few leagues nearer to the Pole—perchance to reach the limits of the great *banquise* of ice—the aim of all our ambitions.

"I reasoned with myself so as to calm my regrets, and finished by finding my position to be in a sufficiently elevated latitude. I said to myself that I ought not to be jealous of these poor men, whose pride had only exacted some twelve or fifteen leagues over me.

"In order to pass away the long hours when the ship, deprived of its passengers, appeared to me so deserted, I set to work writing letters, and thus filling up my solitude with all the beings so dear to me whom I had left behind. Towards four in the afternoon I was obliged to leave off, it was so dark; a dense fog would no longer permit any light to pass through the bulls'-eyes, which took the place of windows. I ascended on deck, and there I found the captain busy, looking through his telescope at a fleet of great icebergs, which were taking up their position at the entrance of the bay—a spectacle that filled me with inexpressible anguish.

"'Captain,' I said, 'what is taking place? The bay will soon be closed up by all those icebergs.'

"'Do not make yourself anxious,' the commander replied to me; 'it is not yet cold enough to solder the icebergs together. Besides, I am going to send a boat to see if a bar has formed itself there.'

"'And if the bar is formed, what shall we do?'

"The captain did not vouchsafe an answer, but busied himself giving orders to the boat to go. My eyes followed it with deep anxiety; I saw the men row zealously, turn round the great masses of ice and pass between the smaller; till at last they disappeared in the great field of floating ice. At the expiration of an hour's time they came back; it was in vain that they had endeavored to make their way out of the bay—no open passage remained; the cold which no one had mistrusted, had been sufficient to solder the icebergs and to convert them into an impassable wall of rock. Although sailors make

a rule of keeping untoward impressions 'and events to themselves. I saw that the captain looked anxious as he listened to the report of the sailors. As to me, my heart quite misgave me, and terror filled my whole soul.

"And our expeditionists!" I exclaimed; "how are they to get back?"

"That is just what puzzles me," said the captain; "they have only two days' provisions. It was very imprudent."

"And they are in open boats, exposed to the cold and snow. O Heaven! captain, it may become frightful. What will you do?"

"I will fire two or three great guns over all this to-morrow, and try and make a hole in it. As to the rest, we will wait and see what the wind will do to-night."

"The captain remained silent, walking to and fro on the quarter-deck, his glass in his hand, looking alternately at the sky and sea. For several hours no change was observable; the sharp points of the ice broke here and there the thick fog by which we were enveloped, but they remained motionless. My heart was even more sorrowful than this lugubrious horizon, and I reflected gloomily on our rashness in having come to expose our lives in those frightful regions, where every incident is a catastrophe, and where a mere change in the wind or a lowering of the thermometer may entail death!

"Towards midnight a wind sprang up, which gradually increased in violence to a hurricane; the old ocean shook her mane of foam with fury, enormous waves struck the ice, the barrier broke with a loud noise, and never did a more terrible tumult give rise to happier impressions; the bay was opened—the boats could come in! They arrived, in fact, a few hours later, and the danger they had run insured them a cordial reception."

The day after this warning a number of men were employed in engraving the name of the ship, the date of her arrival, and a list of her men and officers on the rock. "They did me the honor," the lady tells us, "to place my name at the head of the list, and if it was not the most remarkable, it was most assuredly the most strange to meet with in such a place." It was now manifest that the delay in Magdalena Bay could not be prolonged much further. Excursions into the interior multiplied themselves accordingly, and our lady often took part in them. She would, however, on these occasions separate herself from her companions. "She took a pleasure," she says, "in feeling herself alone with this grandiose and terrible nature. Deserts have every where their own poetry: deserts of sand or deserts of ice, still it is always the infinity of solitude, and no

voice speaks a more moving language to the soul!" What an interruption the appearance of a Polar bear would have occasioned to these solitary meditations among the ices!

"One day, however—and only one day—it was permitted to us to see Spitzbergen enlivened; it was the 10th of August. Early in the morning the great curtains of fog, which incessantly veiled the horizon, were withdrawn as if by an invisible hand, and wonderful to relate! the sun—a real, beautiful, shining sun—appeared; under its influence the bay assumed a new aspect! Clouds chased one another across the heavens, carried away like fleecy things, the great rocks let their mantles of snow fall off, the sea trembled and shook with the glittering ices that sank into it on all sides; it seemed as if the sun's rays had suddenly conferred life upon this dead and gloomy country, and that the earth was unrobing itself for the labors of spring. It was a thaw—a genuine thaw—noisy and joyous—a thaw every where welcomed as the end of the bad season. Alas! in Spitzbergen, thaw, spring, and summer only last a few hours! The very day that followed upon this fine one, the fog once more darkened the heavens, a gloomy atmosphere took the place of a brilliant day, the cold became more intense, gusts of wind moaned lugubriously, the icebergs remained stationary, once more soldering themselves to the rocks, and every thing began to sleep again in that icy and funereal sleep which lasts upwards of eleven months."

So brief a summer and the sudden return of winter obliged the expedition to set out on its return at once. "Toute tentative pour pénétrer plus au nord devenait impraticable," we are told: but we do not gather—at least from the lady's narrative—that there ever was any more intention of proceeding farther north than there was of wintering in the Arctic regions. In these respects, the late French expeditions, as that in the *Reine Hortense*, under Prince Napoleon, and that of which *Madam Léonie d'Aunet* formed a part, present a truly remarkable contrast to the navigations and winterings, and to the boat and sledge expeditions carried out by our gallant countrymen in the same regions. As voyages of discovery, although made in the nineteenth century, they are only fit to take place by the roving of the three sons of the Red-handed Eirek, or the early pioneering efforts of a Butten, a Hawkbridge, or a Fox.

It is almost needless to say how deluged our fair adventurer was at being

rowed by vigorous arms on the 14th of August out of that fearful bay.

"I saw (she says) with a feeling of deep relief the torn mountains, the sharp points, the immense glaciers of Magdalena Bay disappear successively from my eyes. I felt that I was saved from imminent danger, the greatest that, I feel assured, could ever be run, that of being imprisoned in these horrible ices, and of dying there, as our predecessors did, in the frightful tortures of cold; add to which, the contemplation of the sinister beauties of Spitzbergen had cast a veil of insurmountable melancholy over my spirits. This country is indeed strange and frightful, and if one is not seized with an absolute panic on first nearing it, it is because one has been prepared by degrees for the lamentable aspect that it presents. The islands of Norway and the North Cape are stations, the sight of which gradually initiates the eye to scenes of

desolation; but if it was possible to be transported without transition from our cheerful Paris to those icy latitudes, I have no doubt but that the most courageous would be seized with serious fright."

So much for an expedition the proposed objects of which were, according to the statement made by Madame d'Annet of what M. Gaimard expounded to her at the onset, to penetrate sufficiently into the Polar regions to determine if one can pass that way from Europe to America! However, if M. Gaimard was not a Collinson or a M'Clure, the experiences of a lady at the *gates* of the Polar regions (and Spitzbergen can not be designated as any thing more, as compared with Melville Island or Banks Land) are, at all events, exceedingly amusing.

From the British Quarterly.

THE ATOMIC THEORY—ESSAYS SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY.*

AMONG our chemical acquaintances there are some who are walking cyclopædias of the science, who can tell you off-hand the formula of malachite, or the average per centage of nitrogen in Canadian flour; but there is no enthusiasm about these men, they care little for general laws, and will certainly never discover any. On the other hand, there are chemists whose aspect and language breathe an intense love of science, and a fitness for seizing the latent analogies and significance of natural phenomena; yet their memory of particular facts is often treacherous, and in experimenting they may omit most necessary precautions. It is astonishing, too, how different science is to different votaries:

"To some she is the goddess great,
To some the milch-cow of the field,
Whose business is to calculate
The butter she will yield,"

—whether that butter come in the form of what is understood by *bread and butter*, or that less substantial commodity which gives the flavor to after-dinner speeches and other laudatory effusions. Some men take up chemistry because it is a gentlemanly profession, others because they are impelled to it by an irresistible love; some delight in building up the facts of the science, others in evolving its doctrines. Again, there are chemists of an inquisitive and contemplative turn, to whom nature reveals her secrets, while there are others who at once apply this knowledge to some practical end with material advantage to themselves and their fellows; and as these belong to two opposite types of intellect, it rarely happens that either is capable of success in the department of the other. To this theoretical class, animated by an intense love of science, and caring little either for minute detail or for material profit, belonged the subject of our present sketch.

In the quaint old country town of Had-

* *Lectures on the Atomic Theory, and Essays Scientific and Literary.* By SAMUEL BROWN. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1858.

dington, some half century ago, lived a man of great energy and moral worth, who was known by his neighbors as a kindly and industrious citizen, and by Scotland at large as the founder of the system of itinerating libraries. His name was Samuel Brown, and he was the eighth son of John Brown, also a notable man in his day and generation, the author of the *Self-interpreting Bible*. Around the table of Samuel sprang up a family of children, and it is to the fourth son, born in 1817, and on whom was bestowed the paternal name, that we are about to introduce the reader. Samuel the younger, as he grew up, entered with spirit into those chemical experiments in which his father sometimes dabbled; and the souls of both were moved by the rhetoric of Chalmers as he discoursed of the mighty genius and childlike purity of Newton. Throughout his life the son exhibited many of his father's and grandfather's estimable qualities; whilst to them he added one derived apparently from his maternal grandmother, who had caught "the rare and ill-beloved trick of thinking for herself, and of trusting her thoughts."

Unless in a certain enthusiasm of action, his boyhood was in no way remarkable. At fourteen years of age he left the school of his native town for the High School in Edinburgh, and in the session of 1832-3 he entered the University as a student of medicine. To medicine, however, he seems not to have paid any greater attention than barely sufficed to procure his doctor's degree, for by this time chemical science had taken full possession of his soul, and already in his brain was born that great idea which it was his life-purpose to prove and elucidate.

In June, 1849, he married, but the joys brought by this new relation were sadly interfered with by a marked deterioration of his health, and for seven years he was afflicted with a painful disorder. Yet he continued his literary labors, and solaced his mind with the friendship of some of the choice spirits of the age. He planned and partly executed a poetic history of all the sciences, and a prose work that was to embrace the entire mutual relation of God, man, and nature. During this time his spiritual being had made no little progress. From youth the religious sentiment had been strong within him, but the independent and antagonistic character of his mind had alienated him from every

form and embodiment of Christianity, and he found himself at home in contributing to the *Westminster Review*. In his discipline of suffering, however, he was gradually led to a humble trust in Christ, his writings breathed more of the spirit of piety, and when drawing near his end we find him using such language as: "Pray for me; often I can little command my own thoughts now: pray for me; not for cure or alleviation—these are mean things to ask from a Father in heaven—but that his perfect will may be accomplished in me." He died on the 20th of September, 1856, in his thirty-ninth year.

Shortly after his death there appeared in the *North-British Review* a biographical notice of Samuel Brown, written by a loving friend, and it is mainly from this that we have drawn the materials for the above sketch of his life. His miscellaneous writings have now been collected together, and published in two octavo volumes, and this is the book to which we wish to draw the reader's notice. It contains the development of his chemical views in several lectures, many essays on scientific and literary subjects, and reprints of his best articles in various Reviews.

In these volumes, will be found something to suit almost every taste; there is hard reasoning and beautiful imagery, and their author is by turns philosopher, historian, theologian, and poet.

We give some specimens of his style. We select the following as worthy of extract, on account of the thought as well as the language. This is from a description of a solar eclipse:

"The day at length arrived—it was a Sunday. The churches were closed on purpose. The street swarmed awhile, as if it were some judgment-day, and they were then left empty of every thing but fiery heat and dust. The Calton Hill was covered, as with a flight of bees. So were Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat. The castle, the tops of monuments, the roofs of great buildings, the spires of churches, were all heavy with holiday star-gazers. The hum of the clustering crowds thickened the air. The cry of 'One minute more' ran through the multitude, and all were hushed; but as soon as the shadow commenced to stalk across the glorious orb, the hum began again, smoked glasses were handled, small science was talked, and the people went their ways glad that they had seen and understood the mysterious apparition. Ignorant savages would have thought it was the finger of God, but the inhabitants of Edinburgh knew it was no such thing!"

Here is another extract :

"Sciences grow like trees. The purely speculative are endogenous, and swell outwards from within, like the palm, stretching the fingers of its leaves to heaven ; the unmixed practical are exogenous, and ring succeeds and embraces ring every propitious year, like the spreading oak which shades the land and furnishes timber for the sea ; and the applied combine the nature of both."

The following extract closes Dr. Brown's review of George Herbert :

"The constellation of the Lyre, and the birth-place reminiscences of an early life, under the roof of godly parents, combined to draw our thoughts into high Bible tracks. Yielding to the soft and almost paternal guidance of the place and of the hour, we flew aloft on the imaginative wing of faith to those argent fields of industrious peace, where 'the spirits of just men made perfect' shall 'summer high in bliss' forever. There was David the royal singer, sitting apart upon a pleasant height before our willing eye. Bending over his harp in wonder and in love, and sweeping his prophetic fingers over the wakeful and awaiting chords, he interpreted the hieroglyphics of nature as they rose on his view, and rolled away 'in silent magnanimity' before him ; he interpreted them into the living voice of song, and the nations of heaven gave ear. 'Hark !' we whispered to the listening night, 'how he thunders out the glories of our own magnificent firmament in full diapason : a worthy overture to all that is to follow. Listen again : he comes to the system of the sun, a majestic interlude, but also big with a tenderer meaning to the sovereign lyrist himself ; for what a soft, melancholy, home-toned bar is floating from about him now ! It is his own dear old world, where he struggled, and fell, and rose again a thousand times and more. Notice how his eye glistens, and his hand trembles, and his voice falters and wails, while he utters in intelligible strains the other meaning of the pale reflective moon, and the cool just sky, and the heaving true-hearted sea, and the bountiful green earth ; ay, and Kedar's monotonous wilderness afar, and the skipping hills of Judah, and the muttering brook of Kedron, and the holy city of Jerusalem, and the ever-fragrant Temple of Solomon his son !' But he might not tarry. There lay an out-spread universe before him, and away he sped, climbing a thousand times ten thousand milky ways with his regal eye, and pouring forth an unending flood of music, meaning more than the ear can understand.

"Alas ! we are now many years older than then, and find such rapturous apprehensions or deliriums only in the house of memory, when some voice like Herbert's approves itself a spell, and opens the chambers that are haunted by those ghosts of the past."

In considering the different subjects treated of in these *Essays*, our attention is first arrested by that great idea which held Dr. Brown enchained throughout his life, the central conception round which the whole of his scientific teaching revolved, which has been indissolubly associated with his name, and which, in the recesses of his laboratory, he ever strove to demonstrate—that laboratory which he himself has called

"Study, rest-room, place of toil,
Temple too where I have lent
All my days to noble toil,
Shifting, homeless, blessed tent,
Here to-day, to-morrow there,
Where my impassioned life is spent
Still in burning hope and prayer."

But how shall we initiate the unscientific reader into this atomic theory ? We will do our best ; and should we not perfectly succeed, we must still crave his permission to explain it for the benefit of those whose studies have already furnished them with some preliminary knowledge.

THE ATOMIC THEORY.

These words carry us back at once among the ancient Greek philosophers, and into the very presence of skeptical, laughing Democritus, who sought out truth though she lay, as he himself said, at the bottom of a well ; and turning his eyes to the milky way, conceived that it was no extended band of light, but a vast congeries of independent stars ; and having climbed thus high, showed little reverence for the struggles of poor humanity. His notion was, that each piece of solid matter was not a uniformly extended substance, but an agglomeration of vast multitudes of atoms, particles incapable of subdivision, not perhaps in contact with each other, but separated by interspaces far too minute for any mortal eye to recognize.

Like many a beautiful theory of Grecian birth, this idea of atoms slept the sleep of oblivion during the middle ages, till resuscitated by the Cartesians, it had at once to wage a war for very existence. There rose up an army of mathematicians, who battled the finite divisibility of matter with such arguments as these : "Whatsoever possesses length, breadth, and thickness, whatsoever has dimensions, in short,

is essentially and mathematically divisible, that is to say, can be supposed to be halved, the halves halved again, and so forth forever;" which would have been a very conclusive argument had the matter in question related to human conception, and not to actual fact. The atomicians, with Newton at their head, argued that, were the invisible particles of matter not adamant and perdurable, they must, in process of time, wax old, and crumble; and the matter (say the water or air) must change in properties with time, which it does not—an argument more satisfactory to the one party than convincing to the other. On the scene now appeared that independent Quaker of Manchester, John Dalton, with a new philosophy of chemistry, for which the theory of Democritus served as an admirable framework; yet the laws of Dalton are equally true, and equally conceivable, whether the ultimate particles of matter occupy a determinate and never changing space or not; and chemists now, whether their minds incline to the conception of definitive indivisible particles, or of mere centers of force, are constrained to think of chemical atoms, simple ones, like the sun, or the planet Venus, or compound atoms, like the system of Jupiter and his satellites. Whether there be physical atoms or not, there exist unquestionably groups of particles which no mechanical operations are capable of dividing. Thus Brown concludes in a passage which we quote, mainly because it so felicitously expresses an important truth, the bearing of which extends far beyond the limits of natural philosophy:

"Atoms are not essentially indivisible, but they are never divided; both the old parties were wrong, and both of them were right. They were severally right in what they affirmed, and wrong in what they denied—an immensely frequent, if not an unfailing double circumstance in the controversies of mankind. Enucleate the affirmation of almost any sect in any science, including theology and politics, and you have truth so far as it goes: winnow and catch its negations, and you have error. The process of elimination is often difficult, but it is infallible; and hence it is the deniers that are the do-nothings, marplots, and hinderers in this world; happily as impotent a folk, in the long run, as they are evil-eyed and maleficent for a time. For heaven's sake, now that Christ has come, and exemplified the blessed art once for all, let us see that we do not waste breath, heart, and brain in mere denying any longer.

Save every spark of the vital fire for your affirmations rather, that they may be strong and clear. But do not merely put your negatives in an affirmative form, and cheat yourself obstructing us. Never assert that Napoleon the Grand was the Emperor of France, if you thereby mean at the same time to deny that France ever had, has now, or ever shall have another as grand! Do not swear to the infallibility of the Spirit of God in the Pope, Pius, Impius, or whom you will, if your oath mainly intends to deny the infallibility of that Spirit in any other Christian man. To come down from such high and mighty specialities to the neighborhood whence we lifted ourselves up to them, do not affirm that your own experiments are right, if your purpose is just to deny that mine were as right as yours. It therefore behooves the true and completed man of science to lay down no exclusive propositions. On the other hand, he may withhold belief from the affirmations of another; but he will do well to trample nothing affirmative under foot, to reject nothing with an empty—No."

Dr. Brown's idea of atoms is this:

"Each sensible form, or part of sensible nature, is hypothetized as being made up of individually insensible particles, by no means essentially or even potentially indivisible, but indivisible by such forces as divide their aggregates, and consequently never divided in the mechanical any more than stars are in the astronomical operations of Nature."

By this language he conceives himself not committed either to agree with, or to oppose, the materialistic or the idealistic philosophers, the mathematicians who hold the infinite divisibility, or the physicists who deny it; he avoids, too, the error of calling the ultimate particles "solid nuclei," while it is evident that, as they constitute a substance in its gaseous and liquid as well as solid state, and are themselves unchangeable, no one of these three conditions can be predicated of them—conditions which entirely depend on the manner of aggregation. In his definition he refers to that sublime analogy between the firmament and every bit of brute matter, which Democritus first seized, and which, in one of his lectures, our author has elaborately worked out. In the sun, his planets, their satellites, comets, the fixed stars, the milky way, and the most distant nebulae, he sees systems of atoms, variously compounded; or rather, in each stone he finds astral systems and "sermons" too. Indeed, he is so taken with the analogy, that he sometimes seems to think that it proves his

point, and demonstrates, too, that the ultimate particles are not near together, but far distant in proportion to their size, as the heavenly bodies themselves.

To this idea of the nature of atoms, Brown added the further notion, that "a particle is a molecular nucleus, surrounded by five polar spheres of force," five at least, and the function of each he particularizes! But into this transcendental philosophy we care not to enter, especially as he confesses that it is no essential part of his theory. We shall come presently to ideas more capable of proof or disproof.

"In the art of experiment, and in trying to find his way with untripped step among details, the Greek was as feeble as a child: whereas, in the sphere of ideas and vast general conceptions, as well as in the fine art of embodying such universals and generalities in beautiful and appropriate symbols, it is not a paradox to say, that he was sometimes stronger than a man."

So says our author, and most truly does he say so. Let us with his introduction, visit two or three more of these Grecian sages. First, Thales of Miletus: we find him watching the mighty ocean in its quietude or its wrath, the spray, or the silent exhalations rising to the sky, the clouds and the fructifying showers; watching, too, the mountain rills and larger streams, and the moisture permeating every substance, water the life of the landscape, and the life, too, of every flower, and of those countless tribes of animated beings; and we wonder not that there arose in his mind the grand conception that water is the first principle of things, the prime matter, the underlying essence, of which the whole of nature is but the manifold expression. From Thales we pass to Anaximenes, and marvel not, that with the simplicity of a child before the mysteries of nature, he saw in the all-prevailing invisible wind "blowing where it listeth," the very symbol and impersonation of spirit, and thus discoursed of air as the prime intelligence, the soul of all things, which manifested itself to man under all the varied forms of the visible universe. Samuel Brown seems not to care about introducing us to the misanthropic, mournful Heraclitus, but we must, at least, remember that he transferred the idea of the fundamental element to fire, and found in it the god of his pantheistic philosophy. Empedocles, the man of station and law-giver, turned his poetic mind to the in-

vestigation of science, divine and natural; and though millions before him had seen a stick burn, to him first it was a philosophical experiment; and as the heat resolved the wood into ascending flames, and smoke, and moisture, and residuary ashes, he conceived the notable idea that fire, air, earth, and water, were the elements of which it was composed; and with the looseness of Greek generalization, he taught that these four constituted the whole universe. Yet the four seem sometimes to have been thought of as only the first unfolded forms of the *πρωτη ύλη*, the primal matter.

After a long interval, we find Geber teaching in his *Summa Perfectionis* that arsenic, mercury, and sulphur, are the real elements; and that all metals are compounded of the two last in different proportions, and are consequently transmutable, or ought to be—and so through the mystic period of Arabian and European alchemists, till Bombastes Paracelsus, in the might of his incomparable vanity, did his best or worst to overthrow them and the Greeks; believing, however, himself, all the while, in the existence of one only principle. We next find Lefevre repeating with more practical notions the old experiment of burning wood, and demonstrating that the deduction of Empedocles was no adequate expression of the truth of nature. Following his scent, succeeding chemists took to analyzing, not only the water, vinegar, wood-spirit, smoke, flame, and ashes which he obtained from wood; but every thing else that they could bring under the power of their solvents, alembics, and crucibles; till Lavoisier, in his *Traité Élémentaire*, could write: "Chemistry then marches towards its goal, and towards its perfection, by dividing, subdividing, and subdividing yet again; and we know not what shall be the termination of its success. We can not then be assured that what we regard as simple to-day, is so in reality; all that we can say is, that such or such a substance is the actual termination of chemical analysis, so far as it goes; and that it can not be subdivided any further in the present state of our knowledge." Though Davy resolved into compound bodies the earths which Lavoisier only conjectured might contain oxygen, we have made little progress in subdivision since his day. For half a century the metals, and other so-called elements, have resisted

the attempts of chemists to win from them the secrets of their composition, though fresh ones are being constantly added; and the list which when Brown lectured amounted to fifty-five, now numbers upwards of sixty.

To show the composite nature of these "elements," was our author's great ambition, as indeed it has been the ambition of many another chemist; but he had, moreover, a notable hypothesis, in favor of which he conceived himself able to advance strong analogical arguments, a hypothesis which he has expressed under these four heads:

"I. The fifty-five elemental forms are all compound. II. They are compounds of equal and similar atoms, so that it is within the scope of natural possibility that they may all be derived from *one* generic atom. III. The fifty-five are the interrupted links of a chain which is not straight, but probably a network wrought into the form of a cone. IV. These links, even as they are, naturally fall into isomeric groups, like the following: oxygen, sulphur, selenium, tellurium; carbon, boron, and silicon; fluorine, chlorine, bromine, and iodine; and so on."

The last of these propositions is recognized as true by every chemist. The self-involving matter is what Paracelsus calls—

"The Great Mystery which no certain essence and prefigured or formed idea could comprehend, nor could it comply with any property, it being altogether void of color and elementary nature. The scope of this Great Mystery is as large as the firmament. And this Great Mystery was the mother of all the elements, and the grandmother of all the stars, trees, and carnal creatures."

Of course if this "Great Mystery" be x , her children, the elements, will be $2x$, $3x$, $4x$, $5x$, and so on, and her grandchildren, the stars, etc., will be only compounds of these after the fashion of $3x + 5x$.

This idea that all the elements may be isomeric compounds, and hence indecomposable, is doubtless an ingenious one, but its author evidently thinks it more than a hypothesis. Yet, can he prove it? Here unfortunately he fails, fails utterly. It is true he thought he had effected a transmutation which lent great weight to his view; but this, the conversion of carbon into silicon, has been shown to be a mistake.

But it is in his historical sketches that

Dr. Brown excels, when he traces the history not so much of men or of nations as of philosophical ideas. From the nature of the case, no extract of reasonable length would give a fair indication of his powers in this respect. We shall not, therefore, revert again to the Greeks, "who had to discover the art of discovering chemistry;" nor shall we visit the Arabian polypharmists nor the European alchemists, though our author revels in describing these men, from Roger Bacon to Paracelsus, "a race of brawny inquisitors, inspired by ideas great enough to enable them to live aside from the world, if not above it, on the one hand, and to do a good day's work for the world on the other"—a description that is far too honorable for their degenerate successors, weak visionaries, who tortured nature for gold, and printed mystical trash. Well does Brown trace the rise of the phantom Phlogiston, first evoked by Joachim Becher, "a man of an eccentric and keen spirit, a scholar of liberal cultivation, and a wanderer upon the surface of the earth," and the elaboration of the hypothesis by the systematic Stahl, who wrote his five folios on the "foundations of chemistry," in a language concocted, according to the receipt, "three parts of good dog Latin, two of German, one of etceteras, and a dash of new Greek, to say nothing particular about a pinch of Arabic."

These *Essays* are full of brief biographies, and a longer one is given of Sir Humphry Davy in a distinct paper. Would that there were more such, or that Brown had perfected his idea of tracing the historical development of each of the sciences in a series of sonnets descriptive of the different nations or men who have wrought it out. Of these series one only is completed, that pertaining to astronomy, and only one of these metrical portraits will we transcribe, hoping it may incite the reader to warm his imagination with the whole.

KEPLER.

"Teutonic Kepler, spurning due control,
Pythagorean wild, harmonious soul!
To what strange conch didst thou apply thine
ear,
And catch the music of the solar sphere?
Or, was the sphere itself that mystic shell,
Brought hither from the ocean shore divine,

Still crooning o'er its secret like a spell,
 To other ears a hum, a song to thine?
 Rapt in harmonic ratios, laws and rhymes,
 Thou couldst not watch the turns, nor keep
 the times
 Of life prosaic, and therefore thou wert
 poor;
 Thy bread uncertain, thine ambrosia sure:
 This low-lived world might lift her head
 again,
 Could she but rear a race of such poor men!"

We must find space for

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

"There's no repose within this optic sphere;
 The world is like the soul, though not so
 fair.

The young moon waxes, wanes, and follows
 where

Dear Earth is hastened in her fond career;
 Unresting planets run with love and fear;
 Tormented comets leave their distant lair;
 Imperial Sol himself is glad to share
 The common fate: he wanders wide, I hear,
 Within the Milky Way. It might appear
 That all the firmaments revolve afar,
 Circling the Throne of Him, whose only bar
 Is his own making; nay, that Heaven is
 near:

God is the present soul of every star,
 His central home is here as well as there!"

In his essay on the *The History of Science*, Samuel Brown endeavors to show the desirableness of presenting science "clothed with its own biography;" and he points out a desideratum in this age when so many men of general culture wish to become acquainted with what is best in each of the sciences, and how it may be met.

"Facts are the body of science, and the idea of those facts is its spirit. In order that the poet, the artist, the man of letters, the politician, the professional person, or the man of general culture should become possessed of essential science, and crown himself with the very flower and fruitage of the long year of investigation, it is not necessary to enter the observatory, the laboratory, the museum, or the dissecting-room. Nor must he peruse the best text-books. The superficial volumes of popular science will not serve his purpose. It is another and a new class of works that is wanted. These must be brief and sculptural. They must at once lay bare the spirit of science after science; they must exhibit the ideas of the sciences and illustrate these ideas by as few and as principal facts as possible, containing shapely principles, and not a huddle of elementary observations. They must be metaphysical, rather than physical treatises. Their authors must have the

same kind of ends in view as the wiser teachers of the mathematics. It is not the mathematics, but a mathematical way of thinking, not natural history, but a classic way of thinking, and not natural philosophy, but an inductive way of thinking, that are to be shed into the mind of the general student."

Entering upon the consideration of the manner in which a knowledge of nature has been gradually acquired, our author gives a full and critical exposition of the view propounded by Auguste Comte in *La Philosophie Positive*, of which the following is an epitome, not taken, however from the same, but from a later essay:

"According to that vivacious, far-sighted, and muscular critic, there are, and in a manner must be, three principal epochs in the growth of each science, and of all the sciences together: the childish religious, the boyish metaphysical, and the manly positive epochs of development.

"It need scarcely be added that this great writer considers the positive or Baconian era as the consummation of all inquiry, and thinks the method of discovery by observation and induction the perfection of philosophy, destined one day to carry humanity to the heights of attainable bliss. It must be avowed in passing, and merely avowed, that this appears to be at once an error of fact and a breach of the very methodology which is exalted. There is surely a fourth epoch of scientific method beginning every where to dawn upon the world. It is preparing as we have been accustomed to think, to combine the descendentalism of Plato and the idealists with the ascendental processes of Bacon and the sensationists, and likewise to render the long-awaited union worthy of mankind, by shedding into it the spirit of Christ and his disciples. As a fine generalization of the past history of the purely ascendental sciences, however, the doctrine of Comte is most important and interesting, and it will always well repay the private labors of the task, to trace the evolutions of the law in the genesis of any science in particular, or of the sciences considered as an organic whole. To be brief, since the subject is really beyond our present bounds, this historical speculator's three ages might have been distinguished by a more reverent and affectionate critic, as the superstitious, the fictitious, and the real."

THE FINITE AND THE INFINITE.

Errors appear to us to run through his metaphysical treatise, *The Finite and the Infinite*, though we have there the fruits of more matured and more reverent thinking. He starts with the assertion—"It is the inalienable prerogative of man to pray

to God. It is the royal condition on which he wears the crown of nature; although the condition is ill-fulfilled, and his glory is therefore dim. In every clime and in every age, however, he builds himself an altar; nor is there any man, be his metaphysical creed what it may, or be he ever so far from God in the spirit of his mind, but sometimes utters himself in willing or involuntary prayers." Believing that man perceives the Almighty directly, and not through any conscious or unconscious demonstration, he attempts to solve the metaphysical problem of how this comes to pass. Starting with the idea of Me, he inquires what is the opposite of this idea; for each idea involves its antithesis, as beauty supposes deformity, unity multiplicity, and so on; and this he conceives not to be the *non ego* of the Germans, for, says he, "Non-me is no more the logical antithesis of Me, than non-beauty is that of beauty, or than non-unity is that of unity. The opposite involved in Me is Thou. The idea of Me is grounded in being, and doing; and its true antithesis must also be grounded in being, and doing;" in fact, must be like Me, a person. And Me is finite; Thou, therefore, must be infinite. Such our author surmises to be "an analysis of the genuine and unfallen self-consciousness of man," exhibiting "the rational ground and secret process of that sacred intuition, whereby he beholds Him whom no man hath seen, or can see, with the eye of sense, or that of the finite understanding." After showing that the mere sensationalist and the mere idealist are alike liable to forget God, and to disbelieve in prayer, he enters on the controversy as to the perception of matter. Into this we shall not follow him, nor yet into his attempt at elucidation of the reason why man intuitively sees and believes in the world of sensation, and that he immediately refers that world to God as its continual Creator. We think there is some obscurity of terms, if not of ideas, though we admire the attempt, and heartily accept the conclusion which he has expressed by the metaphor: "Nature is the spontaneous word of God, being spoken, and that according to rhythmical law like the speech of poets."

Without feeling disrespectfully towards the *Bridgewater Treatises*, or despising the study of natural theology, we do believe that science has offerings in store

richer far than any which she has yet presented in the temple of Divine Truth. The book of Nature and the volume of Revelation are inscribed by the same hand; they are different thoughts of the same Supreme Intelligence. The honest and reverential study of the one can not be opposed to the honest and reverential study of the other. Yet a foolish antagonism has often sprung up between the cultivators of these two great departments of knowledge; the theologian, as though he secretly mistrusted the Bible, has often looked with suspicion on the advance of natural science; and many a philosopher, as some science began to shape itself from the chaos of early observations, has hurled it against the statements of divine Revelation; but those redoubtable buttresses have remained unshaken by the puerile attack, while not unfrequently the weapon has recoiled upon that infidelity which exultingly flung it. Where, moreover, science has been recognized as a handmaid of religion, its only province has been generally thought to be that of lifting the soul "from nature up to nature's God," by demonstrating the power, wisdom, and beneficence of that Being who (as we believe on totally different grounds) spake by prophets and apostles and the incarnate Word; or, perhaps natural science has been valued as sometimes affording a beautiful illustration, or a striking simile, whereby to enforce some revealed truth. Now, beyond this province, we believe there lies one as yet scarcely trodden by human footsteps, but which when cultivated may yield rich harvests to the glory of God as well as the service of man. The two books of nature and of revelation are not merely written by the same hand, they are to a certain extent written in the same style; both are marked by a wondrous variety yet with a certain unity pervading it, in both we observe the frequent repetition of typical ideas, in both we note the same absence of scientific arrangement. Any department of nature will illustrate our meaning. We select the group of the Mammalia. We find the earth covered with different species of animals resembling one another in their way of nourishing their young, but we do not find them classified in nature. One Continent is not inhabited by those that ruminate and another by those that gnaw. The tiger in an Indian jungle is allied to the cat on our hearth-rug; the antelopes

of South-Africa to the Persian gazelle, or the Alpine chamois. The ox, the weasel, and the rabbit take up their abode in the same field. Or, to look at the subject in reference to time instead of space, the mammalian type first meets our eye at Swanage or Stonesfield among the *débris* of the oolitic period, then come mammoths and elephants, and megatheria of all sorts, now extinct, and the rich zoölogical treasures of Kirkdale or Montmartre, till among the luxuriance of a recent fauna, man himself, the noblest of the mammalia, appears on the stage of this world's history. Placed in the midst of all this apparent confusion of animals, the zoölogist has carefully to collect his facts, before he can hope to generalize, or to discern typical resemblances, and build up a system; and then he meets with the whale and the bat to show how untrue to nature are the sharp lines of his classification. Just so in God's word, we have here a promise, there a tender exhortation, a doctrine lies embedded in a narrative or an argument, a precept is conveyed in a burst of poetry or a group of proverbs. But in vain do we search the Bible for any body of divinity; for any theological system; we do not find one part devoted to the office of God in the scheme of Redemption, another part to what is necessary on the side of man; we do not find a definition of original sin, or an exposition of the Trinity. The materials are all there, from which the student may frame his own classification, and draw his own lines of definition, which after all will be but a faulty mapping out of divine truth. The method of God in the two books of nature and revelation being the same, our methods of investigation must be similar. The canons of interpretation

applied to the one must stand in close relationship to those suitable for the other. There must be the same careful collation of facts, the same distrust of our own hypotheses, the same humble tracing of the Divine plan, the same perception that a name is not an explanation, and that a good theory must embrace every known instance and be susceptible of modification so as to embrace any which further research may bring to light. The dangers to which the students of nature and of the Bible are exposed are almost identical, as any one may see to an extent that will probably surprise him, if he will write out, as we once did, the second chapter of Bacon's *Novum Organum*, that on *Idols*, changing every word that relates to natural philosophy to an analogous one belonging to divinity, and substituting some theological error in place of each scientific one adduced by way of illustration. It will be advantageous, therefore, for the student of natural science to know the canons most fitted for interpreting Scripture, and for the student of the revealed Word to know the canons best fitted for interpreting nature. Indeed, as the deductions of physical science are for the most part less liable to be affected by the prejudices and feelings, the hopes and fears of their investigator, and are more susceptible of direct proof, it is to be anticipated that the true methods of discovery will be more accurately, or, at any rate, more generally recognized in that direction; and that through understanding the manifestation of God in external objects, a man will become doubly prepared to read aright the incomparably superior manifestation of Himself in his written word. But as yet this is an almost untried path.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE CELTS AND THE GERMANS.*

IN attempting to reproduce a distinct and precise impression of the social and intellectual life of the ancient Greeks and Romans, it is necessary to keep steadily in view the narrowness of their geographical horizon, and the slow rate at which it was enlarged by commerce, conquest, and scientific discovery. At the time of Herodotus, the Greeks had, in Asia, become acquainted with a considerable part of the Persian empire; and, in Africa, the Nile had carried them into the interior of Egypt; but to the west and north their knowledge did not reach much beyond the shores of the Mediterranean. With the chief part of Europe, the Greeks of that period were wholly unacquainted; they had never sailed beyond the Straits of Gibraltar; the western shores of Spain and France, Britain, Germany, and Scandinavia, were as unknown to them as America or Australia.

The great hero, Hercules, who was conceived in the light of a civilizer and benefactor of mankind; as destroying wild beasts, as punishing tyrant, as opening roads over impassable regions, was believed to have made the Straits of Gibraltar the term of his expedition to the far west, and to have there erected two columns, as memorials of his extreme course. These pillars, beyond which, according to Pindar, every thing was inaccessible and unknown, were converted, by the rationalizing tendencies of the later Greeks, into natural objects; into rocks, promontories, or islands. The early Greeks, however, understood the Pillars of Hercules in a literal sense, as they are represented on the pillar dollars of old and new Spain. The same hero was supposed to have erected similar columns on

the shores of the Pontus; and thus Euripides speaks of the Black Sea and Mount Atlas, as the proverbial extremities of the known world to the east and west. Even the cautious and skeptical Aristotle believed that the sea beyond the Pillars of Hercules was unfit for navigation. Practically, the ancients regarded the Mediterranean as a lake, and their navigation would not have been perceptibly affected if its western, like its eastern, extremity had been closed by an isthmus.

The voyage of the Argonauts is purely fabulous, and no inferences can be drawn from it respecting the history of commerce or geographical discovery; but it is certain that the Greeks of Asia Minor had, at an early period, sailed into the Black Sea, and Hellenic colonies had begun to be planted on its coasts so early as the seventh century before Christ. The Cimmerian Bosphorus and the Palus Mæotis are mentioned by Æschylus; and an epigram, attributed to Simonides, alludes to the distant Tanais. Herodotus was well acquainted with this river, (the Don,) which he describes as flowing into the Lake Mæotis, and as dividing Europe from Asia. But the Caspian Sea lay beyond the range of the distinct vision of the Greeks. Artemidorus, of Ephesus, a geographer who lived about 100 B.C., declared that the country east of the Tanais was unexplored. Even after the expedition of Alexander, the Caspian was believed to be a gulf of the Northern Ocean, with which it communicated by a long narrow channel. The Greeks were ignorant of the Volga: this river first occurs under the name of the Rha, in the writings of geographers and historians who lived under the Roman empire. Pliny, indeed, informs us that, with regard to the Palus Mæotis, his contemporaries believed it to be connected with the Great Northern Sea. Some thought that it was a gulf of the ocean, while others held it to be a lagoon, separated from the sea by a narrow strip of land. So imperfectly acquainted were the Greeks

* *Kelten und Germanen, eine historische Untersuchung.* Von ADOLF HOLTZMANN. Stuttgart: 1855. One vol. 8vo.

Das ethnographische Verhältniss der Kelten und Germanen, nach den Ansichten der Alten und den sprachlichen Ueberresten dargelegt von Dr. H. B. C. BRANDES. Leipzig: 1857. One vol. 8vo.

with the geography of the lands to the north of their own country, that in the reign of Philip the Fifth, of Macedon, (181 B.C.) it was generally believed that the Black Sea and the Adriatic, the Danube and the Alps, could be seen simultaneously from the top of Hæmus.*

Herodotus is ignorant of the Alps as a chain of mountains: he calls the Alpīs a river flowing northwards from Upper Italy, and falling into the Danube; he likewise describes Pyrene as a town near the sources of the Danube. It was, he says, unknown, in his time, whether Europe was bounded by sea on the west; he expressly states that he had been unable to ascertain this fact from the testimony of any eye-witness, notwithstanding his endeavors to obtain information on the subject. Polybius, the consistent enemy of exaggeration and imposture, declares that, in his time, (about 150 B.C.) nothing was known of the northern parts of Europe, lying between Narbo, in Gaul, to the west, and the river Tanais, to the east. The prevailing belief of that period was that the ocean stretched across the north of Europe, from the neighborhood of the Caspian and the Sea of Azoff, to the Straits of Gibraltar. That the belief in a circumfluous ocean, connecting the northern shores of India with Germany, continued to hold its ground for some time longer, appears from a curious anecdote preserved by Pliny and Mela. Q. Metellus Celer, when pro-consul of Cisalpine Gaul, in 62 B.C., received as a present from the king of the Suevi, some Indians, who were said to have sailed from India for purposes of trade, and to have been carried by contrary winds to Germany. The Suevi dwelt on the eastern bank of the Rhine; and their donation must have been sent to Metellus across the Alps.

The name of Britain seems to have been first made known to the Greeks by Pytheas, a Massilian navigator, who lived at or soon after the time of Alexander the Great. Pytheas published an account of a voyage which he declared himself to have made along the north-western coasts of Europe. He stated that he had visited Britain, and traversed the whole of it by land; he likewise gave an account of a marvellous island named Thule, situated six days' sail to the north of Britain, near

the frozen sea; he did not profess to have reached this island; he stated, however, that it was composed of a substance which was neither earth, air, nor water, but was something compounded of all three, and resembled the *pulmo marinus*, a mollusca found in the Mediterranean. Of this substance, he asserted that he had seen a specimen. He likewise gave an account of amber being found in a northern island, opposite a shore of the ocean inhabited by the Guttones. He added that, on his return, he had sailed along the whole coast of northern Europe, between Gadeira and the Tanais.

The criticisms of Polybius and Strabo prove conclusively that Pytheas was to a great extent an impostor, and that the account of his voyage to these remote regions is entitled to little or no credit. The name and existence of Thule were equally the invention of Pytheas; they represented nothing real, although attempts were made in later times to invest Thule with a geographical character; and his statement that he had coasted along the north of Europe from the river Don to Cadiz, shows that his accounts rested not on fact, but on the fanciful errors received in his own day. It can not be considered as certain that he even sailed as far as Britain. Gosselin, indeed, after a careful analysis of the supposed facts reported by Pytheas, comes to the conclusion that he never visited that island, but that he collected either at Gades, or at some other port frequented by the Carthaginians, some vague notions on the northern seas and regions of Europe, and that he passed them off upon his countrymen for his own discoveries.

Herodotus declares that he has no knowledge of the northern river Eridanus, or of the Cassiterid Islands, from which amber and tin were imported into Greece. He believes, nevertheless, that the two articles in question came from the extremities of the earth. These extremities of the earth were, doubtless, the southern shore of the Baltic and Cornwall; from which places the Greeks were supplied with these commodities, through the agency of some intermediate trade. Timæus, the historian, who wrote about 250 B.C., stated that tin was brought from an island within six days' sail of Britain; Polybius knew that tin was produced in the Britannic Islands; and Posidonius, about fifty years after him, stated that it

* See Livy, xl. 21, Mela, ii. 2.

was transported from those islands to Massilia. The most probable supposition is, that Greece and Italy were exclusively supplied with amber by an overland trade, across Central Europe, from the shores of the Baltic to the head of the Adriatic; and that the Britannic tin was for the most part carried across Gaul to Massilia.

Before about the year 700 B.C., the entire carrying trade of the Mediterranean seems to have been in the hands of the Tyrians; and they had, at periods antecedent to authentic history, established colonies at Carthage, Utica, and Gades. The northern coast of Africa was, to a great extent, Phœnician; the coasting voyage from the Nile to the Pillars of Hercules, (which Scylax reckons at seventy-four days,) could therefore be safely performed by a Tyrian merchant vessel. In this manner Tyre was able to carry on a regular trade with Gades and the wealthy Tartessus, the favored region upon the Bætis; but neither the Phœnicians nor the Carthaginians appear to have advanced their permanent settlements far to the west of Gades; and if their trade to the north did not extend further than their trade to the south, along the western shore of Africa, so far was it from reaching the amber coast of the Baltic, or the tin mines of Cornwall, that it could scarcely have ascended as high as the mouth of the Tagus. The traces of Phœnician establishments on the southern coast of Spain have been carefully collected and investigated by Movers, in his learned work on the Phœnicians: they extend along the whole of the ancient Bætica, from Murgis to the river Anas or Guadiana: but although Ulysippo, the modern Lisbon, fabled to be the foundation of Ulysses, is conjectured by Movers, on etymological grounds, to have been a Phœnician name, there is no clear historical record of the existence of any Phœnician factory on the western or Lusitanian face of the peninsula.

The enterprise of the Carthaginians, in the way both of colonization and discovery, seems to have been directed rather along the African than along the European shore of the Atlantic. There were many Carthaginian settlements on the western coast of Africa, beginning with Tingis, the modern Tangier; and the Punic mariners had, probably before 300 B.C., become acquainted with some of the Canary Islands. It may, however, be confidently

asserted, that the views of those who, like Heeren, maintain that the Carthaginians sailed to the Prussian coast for amber, and even hint at their having reached America, are opposed both to evidence and probability.

By the expedition of Cæsar the Romans were made acquainted with the northern shores of Gaul, and with Britain, situated at the extremity of the world.* It was Cæsar's boast that he had been not only the invader, but the discoverer, of this remote island. The German ocean was first navigated by Drusus, in 12 B.C.; and in A.D. 4, Tiberius sent a flotilla down the Rhine, with orders to follow the coast eastwards and to sail up the mouth of the Elbe, an operation which was accomplished with success. These waters were, however, considered so distant from the Roman world, that Pseudo-Albinovanus, a contemporary poet, could represent one of the companions of Drusus as describing the terrors of the voyage in the following terms:

"Quo ferimur? ruit ipse dies, orbemque relictum
Ultima perpetuis claudit natura tenebris.
Anne alio positas ultra sub cardine gentes,
Atque alium libris intactum quærimus orbem?
Di revocant, rerumque vetant cognoscere finem
Mortales oculos."

But although Roman discovery at this period advanced as far as the Elbe, it advanced no farther. "Every thing," says Strabo, "beyond the Elbe is unknown;" "and," he adds, in the belief of a continuous northern sea, "no one has navigated along the coast as far as the mouths of the Caspian." At the time of this geographer, however, the Romans had heard of the peninsula of Jutland, which they called the Cimbric Chersonese; and by the time of Pliny they had become acquainted with the Vistula. We learn, indeed, from the same writer, that, during the reign of Nero, a Roman knight was employed to buy amber in the north of Germany; that he reached the northern coast—which must have been the southern coast of the Baltic—by way of Caruntum, a town on the Danube between the modern Vienna and Presburg, and

* Virgil (*Æn.* viii. 727) speaks of "extremi hominum Morini." The Morini inhabited Northern Gaul, the country where Calais and Boulogne now stand.

that he returned to Rome with a large supply of the article which he was commissioned to purchase.

At this period the Romans likewise heard of the existence of the Scandinavian peninsula; but they conceived it to be a collection of large islands, and not a peninsula; so that by this hypothesis (which seems to have retained its currency for a long time, since even Jornandes, who lived in the sixth century, mentions the island of Scanzia) they were able to reconcile the existence of land in this direction with an open sea reaching to the north of the Caspian.

In this imperfect state of geographical knowledge respecting Central and Northern Europe, it is not likely that the Greeks should have possessed any distinct ideas respecting the population of the countries beyond the Danube and the Alps. The news of the capture of Rome by the Gauls in the year 390 B.C., reached Athens in the form of a story that an army of Hyperboreans had taken a Hellenic city named Rome, situated near the *Great Sea*. All that Herodotus seems to know of the Celts is, that they dwell near the sources of the Danube, that their country is beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and that they lie furthest to the west, with the exception of the Cynetes. Strabo states that Timosthenes and Eratosthenes, both writers on geography about 280–200 B.C., and their predecessors, were without positive information respecting Iberia and Celtica, and still more concerning Germany and Britain. Indeed (he adds) their knowledge of Italy, the Adriatic, the Black Sea, and the regions immediately to the north, was extremely imperfect. The prevailing opinion among the Greeks, until the campaigns of Cæsar had opened Central Europe, was, that the whole region west of Scythia was inhabited by a Celtic population; and it was comprised under the general appellation of Celtica.

The vague and fluctuating language of the ancients respecting the ethnographical relations of Central and Northern Europe, has induced Dr. Holtzmann to question the received opinion as to the Gauls, Germans, and Britons, and to propound, in the treatise named at the head of this article, the theory which we now proceed to state.

The two propositions which he seeks to establish, are—1, that the Germans are

Celts; 2, that the Kymri and the Gaels are not Celts. And he denies the truth of the received propositions—1, that the Germans are not Celts; 2, that the Kymri and the Gaels are Celts. He shows that the writers who treated this subject after the revival of letters, maintained the national identity of the ancient Celts and Germans, and that the now received opinion was first promulgated by Dom Bonquet in 1738. It was adopted by many writers in the last century, but its universal acceptance was (according to Dr. Holtzmann) owing to the passions excited by the wars of the French Revolution and Empire. At that period of mutual aversion, both parties were glad to affirm that Germans and Gauls had always been distinct nations. The finely organized Gallic nation (it was said by the French) had nothing in common with the rough northern barbarians, who first under Ariovistus, afterwards under the Vandal king, Crocus, Chlodio the Frank and others, and, lastly, under Blücher, had devastated the plains of France. On the other hand, the Germans appealed to the description of the people in the *Germania* of Tacitus, and dwelt on the passages of the ancients which spoke of the instability, the frivolity, and the vices of the Gauls. Hence both nations, Dr. Holtzmann thinks, rejoiced in repudiating all community of language and affinity of blood, and gladly adopted the historical theory which coincided with their feelings of animosity. With regard to the Gaels and the Welsh, their national vanity was gratified by a system which represented them as the primitive people of Western Europe, and found in their language etymologies of ancient Gallic words. Dr. Holtzmann considers it as certain that the British races (under which name he includes the Kymri of Wales and Brittany, and the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland) and the Germans are of different national origins. Hence, as he truly says, it follows that if the Germans are Celts, the British races are not Celts.

Dr. Holtzmann begins by laying it down that all Central Europe was inhabited by Celtic tribes, such as the Cimbri and the Teutones, who are expressly called Celts by the ancient writers; and that the belief in large immigrations of Germans from Scandinavia is groundless. He maintains that Scandinavia was a barren and nearly uninhabited country, and

that its reputation of being a cradle of nations is fabulous. Hence he draws the conclusion that if Central Europe was occupied by Celtic tribes, and Scandinavia was nearly uninhabited, no space is left where the Germans could have resided. He next proceeds to collect the testimonies of the ancients, which support the identity of the Germans and the Celts; but these, when correctly interpreted, are in fact mere adoptions and repetitions of the old vague phraseology by which all Central Europe west of Scythia was assigned to the Celts and was called *Celtica*. With regard to the Britons, he shows that their affinity with the Gauls is first affirmed by Tacitus in the *Agricola*; but his attempt to weaken this testimony is not successful. He seeks further to support his views by adducing those statements of the ancients by which similar physical characteristics (such as light hair, blue eyes, and height of body) are attributed to both Celts and Germans, and by pointing out the rude and barbarous state of the Britons, as compared with the more civilized manners of the Gauls. The explanation of Tacitus, that "*Britanni manent, quales Galli fuerunt*," is rejected by him as contrary to probability.

The passages respecting the resemblance of the Gallic and British religions, cause Dr. Holtzmann greater difficulty. The presence of Druids in the island of Mona, (Anglesey,) when it was invaded by the Romans in 61 A.D., is distinctly attested by Tacitus in the 14th book of the *Annale*; but this testimony he removes by a conjectural alteration of the text. Having cleared away this obstacle, he denies the existence of Druids in Britain. The positive testimony of Cæsar that the Druidical discipline was invented in Britain, and introduced from that country into Gaul, and that those who wish to make themselves perfect masters of the system, generally repair to Britain in order to learn it, is again set aside by substituting

Germania for Britannia. The resort to such extreme measures in support of a historical theory, must be regarded as presumptive evidence that its state is desperate.*

Dr. Holtzmann concludes his proofs by an investigation of the words preserved from the ancient Celtic tongue, which he identifies with words in the Teutonic languages, and not with Gaelic, Welsh, or Breton forms.

The arguments and conclusions of Dr. Holtzmann are examined and confuted by Dr. Brandes, in the essay whose title we have prefixed to this article. We consider the system of the former as unsound. Whatever may be the inconsistency or obscurity in the language used by the ancients, we can not but think that Cæsar and Tacitus regarded the Gauls and the Germans as forming distinct races, and that both considered the Britons as allied to their Gallic neighbors. Nevertheless, the boldness of his assertions attracts attention, and he will render an useful service to history if, by putting the advocates of the received opinion upon their defense, he causes the evidence respecting the ethnological relations of the Germans, Gauls, and Britons to be examined more critically than heretofore.

We ought, in conclusion, to remind our readers that the critical investigation of the modern Celtic languages was originated by our countryman, Dr. Prichard, twenty-five years ago, whose treatise on the subject, with the addition of a large store of illustrative notes, has recently been republished under the competent editorship of Dr. Latham.

* Mr. C. Merivale, in his recently published volume (vol vi.) of the *History of the Romans under the Empire*, devotes a chapter to the reduction of Britain by Claudius, and the subsequent operations of the Roman officers. In connection with this subject, he mentions the proscription of Druidism in Gaul by this Emperor (Suct. Claud. 25. ;) he recognizes the affinity of the Gallic and British religions, and considers British Druidism to have been extirpated by Suetonius Paullinus, in 61 B.C.

From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

MADAME DE MONTMORENCY.*

MADemoiselle DE MONTpensier relates in her *Memoirs*, that the court having rested awhile at Moulins, when on a journey, the King, Louis XIV., Anne of Austria, and the princes, went to the Convent of the Visitation to see a nun, their relative, who had immured herself in that place, and who had suffered so cruelly that she had no wish remaining but to die. This nun was the widow of Marshal Duke of Montmorency, whom Richelieu had beheaded at Toulouse. An Italian by birth, she was born in Rome in 1600, a descendant of that great house of Orsini which gave so many saints, pontiffs, and cardinals to the Church. Niece on her mother's side to Pope Sixte-Quint, she was brought up at Florence, for she also belonged, on the side of her grandmother, to the Medici. The Duke of Bracciano, her father, had distinguished himself in the maritime wars of Tuscany against the Turks and the corsairs, and having retired to Rome, he had wedded there a niece of the Pope, who had by him ten children, seven sons and three daughters. The Grand-Duchess of Tuscany took charge of the education of the latter, and Mary, the youngest of the three, accompanied her sisters at Florence. Mary of Medici was on the point of leaving for France at the very epoch of her birth, and, wishing to be her godmother, she gave to her her name. In after times, her eldest sister having married the Duke of Gaustalla, and her second sister Prince Borghese, Mary of Medici felt desirous of establishing her namesake, the youngest, in France, and she asked her hand for Henry of Montmorency.

Mary, who was of a very loving disposition, took greatly to heart being separated from her relatives and the friends of her youth, but Mary of Medici did all in her power to assuage her grief—gave her a home in the Louvre, and acted towards

her as a mother would have done. Her introduction to De Montmorency was characteristic of the times. When the latter entered into the Queen's apartment, Louis XIII. took the princess by the hand, and presented her to him, saying: Here is my cousin, the illustrious Italian; is she not worthy of you—are you not pleased with her?" The courtly De Montmorency did all in his power to show that he was sensible of the merits of the lady who was presented to him.

"Without being strikingly beautiful (say M. Amédée Renée) Marie des Ursins (Orisini) had the seductions of youth, a fair skin, a rare shape, and the still more powerful charms of a superior nature. Her eyes, of Roman beauty, expressed in their depths reflection and love. Her bearing and her manners alike attested modesty as well as nobility. Brought up in a convent at Florence, she found herself at fourteen years of age thrown into the midst of a world to which she was a stranger, and the intrigues of a most dissipated court: yet did she so conduct herself as to avoid all its shoals. The queen, her aunt, who was not so fortunate, at least knew how to appreciate those merits in her niece, of which she could not set her the example; nay, she was even proud of the credit reflected by her on her family, and she plumed herself on the perfections of her relative. 'Que de vertus j'aime à la fois,' she used to say: 'dans ma niece des Ursins!'"

This amiable and virtuous young princess loved her husband, her marriage with whom had been celebrated at the Louvre by festivals at which almost all the nobility of the country were present, with deep affection—"d'un inconceivable amour," as M. Renée has it. A prelate of austere piety, who knew her well, has left on record "that she loved M. de Montmorency with all the love that one can have in this world, for she never loved another but him. This excessive love was the only thing that could be reproached (le seul désordre) in the life of Madame de Montmorency, for it can not be denied that this great love of the creature was not an obstacle to internal worship." Poor

* *Madame de Montmorency: Mœurs et Caractères au XVII^e Siècle.* Par AMÉDÉE RENÉE.

erring thing! if she sinned in her chastity and her constancy to her chivalrous husband, what would she have done had she imitated other courtly ladies, beginning at the Queen herself?

"The object of such devotion appeared to justify it; to a brilliant exterior, known bravery, and a chivalrous heart, the Duke of Montmorency added the most distinguished qualities; all his sentiments were allied to grandeur. He still further distinguished himself by a mind more cultivated than that of his peers. The constable, his father, who could not read, and signed his name with difficulty, had made a resolution that his heir should be able to read his own dispatches, and even, in case of necessity, to write them, so that he paid unusual attention to his education; add to this, Henri IV. had his eyes upon the child whom he loved, and whom he had made his godson. He had given him his name, and called him his son. 'See,' he said one day to his minister Villeroy—'see my son Montmorency, how handsome he is! If ever the house of Bourbon should fail, there is no family in Europe that would deserve the crown of France so much as his.'"

The precedents of the Duke of Montmorency were not, however, precisely so favorable to matrimonial felicity as might have been hoped for. He could, it would appear, throw off a lady, when it so suited his purposes, with an indifference but too characteristic of the times he lived in.

"Henri IV. wished to marry his godson to one of his natural daughters, but the parents could not agree in the choice: the constable wished for Mademoiselle de Vendôme; the King had promised her to the house of Longueville, and he offered in exchange to the Montmorencys Mademoiselle de Verneuil. The old Duke, very obstinate in all matters, would not consent to this compromise; Henri IV., who had the affair at heart, exiled his *compère*, as he designated the constable, to Chantilly, and kept the youth under his hand. But the obstinate father played him a trick: he secretly negotiated the marriage of his son with an heiress of Brittany, Mademoiselle de Chemillé; and the matter once concluded, young Montmorency was carried away from the Louvre, and flying with his uncle D'Amville, they made such expedition as not to be overtaken. The King wrote to Plessy-Mornay, governor of Saumur, to arrest them on their passage, but they managed to escape his vigilance. M. de Soubise, dispatched with two companies of light horse to carry off the young lady, met with no better success. 'The marriage was carried into effect, and it is said consummated,' when M. de Soubise arrived. It seemed that there only remained to the King to

put up with it; but cost what it might, he was determined to have his dear Montmorency for a son-in-law. He offered then to his *compère* Mademoiselle de Vendôme, proposing, at the same time, to indemnify the Longuevilles; and thus the matter was arranged. Whether the marriage had been consummated or not, the King had it broken under pretext that his godson was not nubile. He was, indeed, only fifteen years of age, but any one would have given him twenty; and the adventure caused many a smile 'at court.'"

No sooner one marriage over and broken, than Montmorency, affianced to Mademoiselle de Vendôme, was about to taste of the pleasures of a second marriage, when the King's death upset the project. It was then that the Queen-regent, desiring for herself an alliance with the same powerful house, married him unreluctantly to her niece, Mary Orsini.

Mademoiselle de Chemillé had in the mean time wedded the Duke of Retz, and the marriage of Madame de Montmorency was interrupted by a serious incident, for Montmorency having permitted himself to remark upon his former relations with Mademoiselle de Chemillé in presence of the Duke of Retz in a manner that was any thing but worthy of his gallant and chivalrous character, the Duke called him out, and they fought at the Porte Saint-Antoine, De Montmorency, according to one authority, (Desormeaux,) disarming his antagonist, but according to another,* he was himself disarmed.

A new career was opened for the young Duke, now that he was at last really married. He was sent to take possession of the government of Languedoc, and to visit the different towns of that great province. The Duchess wished to withdraw during his absence to Chantilly, but the Queen would not let her leave the court. The separation lasted for a year, and was the first of Mary's life of incessant cares and anxieties. She, indeed, took her young husband's absence so much to heart, that both the King Louis XIII. and the Queen were affected by it. "We have only the half of Madame de Montmorency with us," the latter used to observe; "her body is with us, but her mind is in Languedoc." The King himself, thoughtful and silent, used to hide himself in the recess of a window in order to watch his melancholy cousin. Mary

* *Histoire de la Maison de Montmorency.* Par DESORMEAUX. T. iii. p. 191.

* *Vie de Madame de Montmorency.* Par J. C. GARREAU. T. i. p. 47.

Orsini had not learnt French in Italy, and she now set to work at it with all the assiduity that could be inspired by an ardent affection. M. de Montmorency had left her a secretary to facilitate her epistolary correspondence, but the idea of dictating to a woman her letters to a husband! It was too cruel, and it gave to the noble stranger the courage to express herself in French. M. de Montmorency encouraged her, and told her in future to have no other secretary but her own heart. And thus the French language soon became as familiar to her as Italian.

Madame de Montmorency, although so young, was much esteemed at court for her wisdom and prudence, as well as for her modesty. Nor was she even wanting in repartee. As she always wore gloves, the prince, her brother-in-law, tried one day playfully to take them off. She permitted him to do so, but saying, at the same time, that she would not suffer another to do as much. The King having overheard her, said, laughing: "I will take off your gloves, cousin, whenever it shall please me to do so." "Sire," she replied, with a serious look, "I would not permit it." Then, perceiving that the King was annoyed, she added: "Your Majesty knows full well that I would not give him the trouble."

At length the young wife was permitted to join her husband in the south, and so great was her delight at seeing him again, that she fainted away. Her presence added to the already immense popularity of the Duke. Her charity was unbounded, and when she had exhausted her means, she would weep for the distress which she witnessed around her. Although only sixteen years of age, she was placed at the head of the Duke's household, and she had to receive and reply to deputations. The Duke kept up a state even more brilliant than that of royalty itself. His ordinary suite consisted of one hundred gentlemen; he had thirty pages, officers, and guards of all kinds, and livery servants in proportion. It is difficult to form an idea of the hospitality of such a house at those times; it was one continuous festival, the extravagance of which was further enhanced by an unbounded license and a magnificent charity. This "magnificent seigneur" was, in the words of his biographers, "*la providence des lieux où il passait.*"

Madame de Montmorency, young as she

was, felt that such a state of things could not last forever. It would exhaust the revenue of a state. But her attempts at reform were signal failures. Not a man of his household would the Duke dismiss; if the Duchess insisted that such or such a person was useless, he would answer that some day or other a use might be found for him. If the Duchess, by way of example or beginning, dismissed some of her own pages, the Duke would immediately take them into his service.

"Such was this Montmorency, the most magnificent of men! When people expressed their surprise at his bounty, he would reply: 'Oh! that I was an emperor, that I might do more! This fine soul, ever open to sympathy and to generous emotions, was reflected in his manners, and added a chivalrous brilliancy to his beauty. It is related that a Spanish nobleman, the Duke d'Ossuna, passing through Languedoc, paid a visit to the governor. On being shown into his presence, he looked at him some time without speaking; Montmorency, surprised, asked him if he saw any defects in his person. 'Sir,' replied the Spaniard, with gravity, 'what I remark is that nature has made a mistake; for thinking to make a great king of you, it only made a duke.' Contemporaneous writers assure us that he caused a kind of intoxication wherever he went; soldiers followed in his train, and refused to leave him. One day a company that he had dismissed persisted in following him, stopping at all the houses where he stopped. He thought that they wanted bounty, and threw his purse out of the window to them; but they disdained to pick it up, shouting out, at the same time, that it was not money but their general that they wanted. The example of the chief was contagious: Montmorency spread his greatness around and abroad as he did his gold. When any one reproached him with extravagance, he would relate this story of the disinterestedness of his soldiers."

Such is the man as depicted to us by his contemporaries. Noble, chivalrous, brave, hospitable, bounteous, and handsome, he was most undoubtedly a model for a hero of romance; but there was a reverse to the picture. This love of feudal independence and extravagance, this delight in vast numbers of followers and retainers, ill associated with true patriotism or even steadfast loyalty. Then, again, there were corruptions in the heart of this court in the south, in which De Montmorency, following the example of the constable his father—the old Sultan of Languedoc, as he was designated—indulged like those around him, and rendered himself thereby little worthy of the

deep devotion of his young and loving wife. Henry of Montmorency had been brought up in the court of Henri IV.; he had played on the knees of Gabrielle, he had grown up amid those intrigues of a court whose dissipation had only become further corrupted by the Italian favorites of Mary of Medicis. It was not so surprising, then, that he should give himself up to those sensual pleasures which he was never able to entirely cast off.

"The princess finished, alas! by knowing the fact. 'With silence you will come to the end of all things,' she said to a lady who suffered like her; 'such things ought not to be spoken of to any one save God.' She thus kept her grief to herself, but her altered looks betrayed her. 'Are you unwell, dear?' the Duke said to her one day; 'how changed you are!' 'It is true,' she replied, 'that my face is changed, but my heart is not so.' He understood her, and, touched by her resignation, he made vows of reform at her feet which it was not in his power to keep. She loved him, nevertheless, with a most pure and disinterested love; her passion filled her whole soul; love with her was raised to the dignity of a sacrifice, and could live even upon the sentiments of her husband. She did not feel herself utterly abandoned, for she felt that his heart belonged to her in its better impulses, and more than one contemporary assures us that she even experienced a secret sympathy for the women whom the Duke favored. Her own heart impelled her so to do; she saw in her rivals, as it were, a part of herself. Such was the prodigy of her passion."

Sometimes, however, the Duchess, who was much beloved by her attendants, found vindicators where she little expected it. A young Italian of her suite, who sang exquisitely, having won the Duke's regards, she became so haughty in consequence as to forget all respect to her mistress. One day, passing through Lyons, the attendants were about to take advantage of the opportunity to cast the young lady into the Rhône, and would have done so, had not the Duchess herself interfered to save her rival.

Other troubles soon came to add to these domestic afflictions. The life of a great lady of the seventeenth century was not all roses. Religious troubles broke out in Languedoc, and M. de Montmorency was called upon to play an important part. These troubles had their origin in a marriage. The lady of Privas, a Protestant town, where mass had not been performed for sixty years, took it into her head, although a widow, to wed a Roman

Catholic gentleman, to the great scandal of the people, who manifested their annoyance in every possible way. But previous to this incident, which only accidentally brought a latent irritation into open hostilities, the Reformers of Bearn had been in a state of slumbering insurrection. They had been ordered by an edict of council to reestablish the Roman Catholic worship, and to restore its goods. The states of Bearn protested against such an edict, and their resistance found an echo throughout the south. It was at the moment when the war of Thirty Years was breaking out in Germany, and the same spark had lighted up the two countries. France itself was also otherwise disturbed interiorly. Mary of Medicis, imprisoned at Blois, had made her escape, and a levy of bucklers had ensued. The position the Duke and Duchess of Montmorency were placed in was a painful one. They loved and grieved for the Queen who had united them, but their fidelity to the King did not on this occasion permit them to waver. Reason and loyalty came to calm down the impulse of feeling.

These sentiments were perhaps further upheld by the presence of Louis XIII., who came in person to the south to reestablish the Roman Catholic worship. The King laid siege at the onset to Montauban, which was, after La Rochelle, the strongest place in the hands of the Protestants. Montmorency raised a brigade at his own expense, formed it into regiments, and effected a junction with the King, reducing on his way the fortress of Val, where a cannon-ball carried off the feathers from his hat. At Montauban he took the most exposed and perilous position, but plague broke out in the besieging army; the Duke himself was struck down, and the Duchess had to hasten to his bedside, from which he did not rise for weeks. The siege was in consequence raised, and the Duke, on his recovery, went to Toulouse, where he was appointed to the command of the army of Languedoc.

The Protestant cause had lost many gallant leaders, more especially Lesdiguières, Caumont la Force, and Chatillon; but there remained to it the Duke of Rohan, with whom De Montmorency could not for a moment bear comparison. The latter was a brave, chivalrous, rash, and foolhardy captain; the former, a clever, thoughtful, profound, and valiant leader. De Rohan at this time held the

Cévennes. The King laid siege to Montpelier, where Montmorency joined him with his reinforcements. Here, by an act of rashness characteristic of one so pre-eminently heedless, he received two dangerous wounds, and would, if we are to believe Simon du Cros, (*Vie du Duc de Montmorency*, p. 87-89,) have been killed, had it not been for D'Argencourt, who commanded the Protestant sortie, and who knew him and saved his life. Once more the poor suffering wife was called to the disabled warrior's bedside, and luckily a truce was at the same time brought about among the religious belligerents.

After a brief interval of peace, however, the oppressed Protestants took up arms again, Catholic Spain giving its support to Rohan, whose brother, the Duke of Soubise, issuing forth from La Rochelle, captured the royal fleet in Port Louis. Richelieu sought a remedy to this desperate state of affairs by bribing the English and the Dutch to send a fleet against their co-religionaries. De Montmorency, who held the appointment of Admiral of France as well as that of Commander-in-chief of the army of Languedoc, is described as taking on this occasion a very extraordinary step. Not a single ship remaining to the King of France, he threw himself, with six other gentlemen, into a fishing-boat, and in it sought out during four stormy days the Dutch fleet. Charming the Protestant captains, who had hitherto held aloof from active hostilities, by his "military graces and heroic fascination," he induced them—reinforced by a few English ships—to give Soubise battle, and that with such success that the islands of Ré and Oléron, on which the defense of La Rochelle mainly depended, were forced to surrender. The first incidents of this achievement are not alluded to by other historians, and may, in their details, be justly considered as apocryphal as the other statement of a contemporary, that in the engagement the Dutch Admiral, Houtstain, and the other captains who were near him, "were rather his admirers than his counselors, and admitted that the men whom God destines for extraordinary deeds, come into the world with all the knowledge and virtues necessary to their accomplishment." What Montmorency did, is perhaps more characteristically depicted, when it is said that he had the signal made which it is customary to practice when the admiral runs

a-muck, and which consists in exhibiting naked swords to those who can not understand any other hints. Our author tells us, however, that—

"Nothing was spoken of throughout the kingdom, as well as abroad, but of this prodigious feat of arms. Nothing of the kind had ever yet been seen: a great admiral, without a vessel to carry his pennant, putting out to sea in an open boat, pursuing a fleet for four long days, imposing himself as chief on strangers, forcing rigid Protestants to fight against their faith—all this was scarcely credible. He became the idol of gentlemen, the people, and the army; every where the shouts greeted him of 'Vive le grand Montmorency!'. Nevertheless as perfect a knight as Bayard, he has not had the good fortune of obtaining so great a reputation; the prestige of his name has been effaced—the admirable fact which we have narrated has been forgotten. It may be said that Richelieu succeeded in decapitating even his glory."

De Montmorency having provided for the safety of his conquests, joined the court at Saint Germain, where he was coolly received. Richelieu exerted himself to the utmost to prevent a man already so popular becoming still more so. It was in vain that the Admiral urged upon the King that La Rochelle, blockaded by the fleet and deprived of the islands whence it drew its subsistence, could no longer resist for any length of time, Richelieu was resolved that so great an accession of honor should not accrue to the Duke. The Minister would not even grant to the victor the government of Ré, and he induced him to relinquish his title of Admiral. The policy of Richelieu, to whom the Bourbons were so much indebted, was to subdue a vassal and too powerful nobility to greater dependence on the crown.

De Montmorency was indemnified in part for the ingratitude of the court by his reception in Languedoc. There the people, who appreciated heroic deeds better than the policy of the statesman, gave to him a triumphal reception. But grievances of a different character awaited him there. The health of the Duchess had broken down under so many trials, and when the Duke arrived at his château of Beaucaire, he found her almost dying. M. de Montmorency's return and presence, however, worked wonders, and she in part regained her health. She had been reduced to such a state of weakness by anxiety for his welfare, that her stomach

refused all food. The Duke, it is said, invented every day some new dish to tempt her appetite; and he carried his attention so far as to dress himself as a fisherman, and bring her back a fish that he had caught, still hanging from the hook.

An event occurred at this time which seems to have been one amongst many that gradually undermined the loyalty of the chivalrous Montmorency. His relative François de Montmorency, Comte de Boutteville, was condemned to death and executed for a duel fought in public on the Place Royale. Edicts had certainly been issued against duelling, but no one had as yet been made to suffer the last penalty of the law for having been engaged in such. The Duke of Montmorency was hence persuaded that it was against his house that this great severity was directed. Yet did he not fail in his allegiance, although tampered with by Rohan when the Protestants, abetted by the English, once more rose up in revolt. He even levied troops in order to intercept Rohan, when that leader projected an assault on the King's troops, at that time laying siege to La Rochelle. For this, however, he only received blame, as he had acted without having received orders, and he was removed from his command of the army of Languedoc, and was replaced by the Prince of Condé. The state of parties may be best judged of at such an epoch by the words of Bassompierre: "Vous verrez que nous serons assez fous pour prendre La Rochelle!" It was, in fact, the interest of the great feudal lords to leave government with such embarrassments in its hands; the weakness of the state constituted their strength.

Montmorency did not, however, cease to wage war against the Protestants because he had been succeeded in the chief command by Condé; on the contrary, he pursued hostilities with greater activity and still more remarkable success, having successively reduced the châteaux of Chomeyras, Du Ponzin, De Mirabel, and others. In the midst of these warlike operations an incident of a different kind occurred:

"Since the death of his beloved cousin Boutteville, the Duke had been given to serious conversations, and his thoughts, even in the tent, often turned upon the mysteries of death and of a future destiny. One evening that he was discussing these subjects with his friends—more particularly in reference to the moment when

the soul escapes from its terrestrial prison—Montmorency and the Marquis de Portes, his relative, swore, that whichever of the two should die first, he should come and bid farewell to the other. A short time afterwards, the Marquis was struck with a musket-shot before Privas and killed on the spot. Montmorency, exhausted with work in the trenches, had just gone to sleep in his tent, when he awoke surprised, and heard, he said, quite distinctly, the voice of his friend bidding him a sorrowful farewell. He thought it was only a dream, the result of a disturbed imagination, and he once more resigned himself to sleep, but the same voice made itself heard, and woke him up again. He then arose, overcome with anxiety, and he dispatched a horseman to the quarter where the Marquis had the command. But at that very moment an officer from the King came into his tent to announce the death of the Marquis. The Duke used often to relate this strange adventure, with which his mind continued to be occupied for a long time after."

No sooner did the Protestant cause suffer a decisive blow by the fall of La Rochelle, than Richelieu removed the field of battle to its traditional country—the north of Italy—where the cisalpine and transalpine nations—mainly represented by France and Austria—have from all times decided their bickerings by force of arms. Richelieu himself took the command of the French, with three marshals of France as his lieutenants. The famous Spinosa commanded in the Milanais. Montmorency was in disgrace. He had in the excitement of his triumphs declared himself to be the Queen's *chevalier*, and had thereby aroused the jealousy of the King; but this did not prevent his serving as a volunteer in the new campaign, accompanied by the *élite* of the south. As to poor Madame de Montmorency, she lay prostrated by her husband's reckless life at the Château de la Grange, near Pezenas.

Richelieu, so astute as a statesman, was not quite so good a soldier, and he managed so badly, that Louis XIII. felt himself obliged to give a command to Montmorency, and the victory of Veillane, followed by the capture of Saluces, once more placed the Duke in the ascendant. Unfortunately, the plague raged amongst the troops; the King himself had contracted a bad fever in Savoy, and leaving the command to D'Effiat, Montmorency hurried away to the bedside of the sick monarch, and at this crisis, to his infinite credit, extended his influence and power to protect his inveterate enemy, the Car-

dinal, who, without such, would, in case of the King's death, have been sacrificed to the fury of the nobles. Louis, however, recovered, and Richelieu regained his old position, in what has been termed the famous "Journée des Dupes." As to Montmorency, at this turn in the state of affairs he went to the south, taking his wife on the way, who was still an invalid, to the waters of Balaruc. On the return of the Duke and Duchess to Paris, the winter was passed in fêtes held in commemoration of Richelieu's restoration to power; and none surpassed in brilliancy those given at the Hôtel de Montmorency. As the poet Théophile had sung "*La Maison de Sylvie*" (the Duchess under the name of Sylvia, at Chantilly,) so now Mairet had to tune his lyre in praise of "*Alcide et Sylvie*."

With summer, the Duke and Duchess returned to Chantilly, which both took equal delight in embellishing. The Duchess had now a moment's enjoyment of life in the company of her husband.

"The Duke talked of resting there awhile, and of withdrawing from the court and active life in this calm and delicious retreat. He also had extensive repairs carried on at the Hôtel de Montmorency. He appointed governors to the different towns of Languedoc, to preserve order during his absence, and he went so far as to promise the Duchess that his longest journeys would for the future be from Paris to Chantilly. When she was languishing in expectation of his presence, her chief happiness consisted in preparing for his return those magnificent garments, which he wore with so much grace and so great an air; doublets of Spanish cloth or of velvet with open sleeves, the long feathers that decorated his hat of felt, the scarfs with embroidered devices, and collars of Flanders lace, not to mention the fine lace that also trimmed the top of his boots. Indifferent in the matter of her own adornment, she had taken the finest diamonds from her jewel-case in order to decorate with them the order of marshal. As to the suit of armor—which bore the marks of many a combat—the hemlet and its plume, the breast-plate, the brassets or arm-pieces, and the gauntlets, they now hung up in the guard-room, and the Duchess hoped to see them remain their for a long time. She gave herself up to these delightful dreams with a joy that almost savored of intoxication; but events soon occurred which called the Duke away."

The province of Languedoc, although attached to the crown for near four centuries, still preserved its privileges, its local franchises and an administration almost independent of the state. Such a

condition of things ill assorted with the ideas of Richelieu, and he issued a royal edict suppressing these privileges; the consequence of which, in a country scarcely yet settled down from a war of religion, was the revival of animosities and insurrection. Montmorency was called upon at such a crisis to preserve order in his government. He accordingly went to Languedoc, but in a state of great personal irritation against both the King and his Minister. The former had banished him awhile from court on account of a duel he had fought with the Duke of Chevreuse, in the court-yard of the Château de Monceaux, whilst Richelieu had shielded the Duke from the King's justice; his own prerogatives were also affected by the proposed subversion of the old order of things in his province; and, worse than all, Richelieu set his old rival, D'Effiat, to annoy him by large pecuniary demands on account of his government.

It was at a moment when so many grievances had combined to irritate the Duke against the King and his haughty minister, that Gaston, the King's brother, for a third time left the country, and joining the Spainards, at that time in the Low Countries, launched a violent manifesto against the Cardinal. He at the same time dispatched an emissary, the Abbé d'Elbène, to the Duke of Montmorency. The Duke hesitated for a long time before he cast the die in allying his fortunes to those of Gaston; but when the latter, defeated in Lorraine, and driven by La Force and Schomberg out of Burgundy and the Bourbonnais, sought refuge in Languedoc, the chivalrous Montmorency armed in his favor, and got the states to join in the rebellion. The insurrection, however, confined to Languedoc and placed between two armies, did not embrace all the towns: Montmorency failed before the most important; Montpellier, Nîmes, Beaucaire, Narbonne, held out for the King. The gallant De l'Estrange had been captured in the Cévennes, and decapitated. Discord reigned in the camp of Gaston, and the Duke attempted to negotiate with Richelieu. The Minister had, however, now caught his powerful enemy in a trap, and was not the man to let him escape. The Duke of Montmorency was in open rebellion, and he would hold no compromise with him. Nothing remained, then, but to fight. The decisive contest took place near Castelnaudary.

Montmorency rushed madly into the ranks of Schomberg's close battalions, and his horse falling and himself wounded, he lay in his heavy armor incapable of raising himself, and unsupported by the troops of Gaston. On being at length carried away a prisoner to the Marshal's tent, and his armor removed—for he was nearly suffocated by the blood that flowed alike from his mouth and wounds—the portrait of Anne of Austria was found attached to his arm by a bracelet of diamonds. Montmorency had received seventeen wounds, five balls had remained in his body, and one had nearly severed his throat. He was not expected to live, and he was removed by the troops to Castelnau on a ladder covered with cloaks, the bearers weeping as if they had been attending a funeral. Thence he was taken in a litter, against the protestations of his surgeon, to the Château de Lectoure. Richelieu, who had arrived with the King at Lyons, dreaded nothing so much as that his prisoner should be carried away from him. He was preparing his master's mind for a tragic conclusion to the affair, and no argument that he used was so strong as that unfortunate discovery of the portrait. Yet was the Cardinal himself more jealous than the King, for he also had aspired to the favors of Anne of Austria.

A council was assembled, and the inquiry was so long that de Montmorency had got sufficiently well to rise up to receive the Marquis de Brèze, brother-in-law of Cardinal Richelieu, when that gentlemen came to remove him to Toulouse. He was perfectly prepared for his fate; he knew that to be put on trial was equivalent to a condemnation to death. He was conducted through the streets of Toulouse in a close carriage, surrounded by mousquetaires on foot and on horse, with a double row of Swiss, besides eight squadrons of light horse. The intervention of the most of the nobility of the country—of even Charles I. of England—was of no avail. His enemies were too powerful, and too deeply bent on his ruin.

"The day of his execution, the 30th of October, the Marshal woke at seven o'clock in the morning after a quiet night's rest. His surgeon presented himself as usual to dress his wounds. 'The hour is come,' he said, 'to cure all these wounds by one.' He took the scissors out of the surgeon's hands, and himself cut off

his long moustaches, handing them over to a priest to be burnt as a last vanity of this world.

"The Comte de Charlus then presented himself to conduct him to the scaffold. He was dressed as on the previous evening, in a white jacket, and he now cast over his shoulders a soldier's cloak of coarse cloth. He was first led to the chapel to hear the verdict. 'I thank you,' he said to the magistrates; 'I pray you assure all those of your company that I hold this verdict of the King's justice as a manifestation of God's clemency.' He was then handed over to the grand provost. The verdict ordered that the execution should be carried out on the Place de Salin; but, whether out of consideration for the Duke, or for motives of prudence, seeing the excitement that prevailed, the King allowed the scaffold to be erected in the interior court of the Capitole. This court, of limited dimensions, was filled with soldiers, charged to superintend the preparations for the execution. The men of justice and the 'capitouls' occupied the windows around, dressed in their ceremonial red cloaks. There was a statue of Henri IV. in the court which rose to the same height as the scaffold—that is to say, to the height of the first story—and the Duke, remaining on his entrance with his eyes fixed on the statue, the minister in attendance asked him if he wished for any thing? 'No, father,' he replied; 'I was looking at the statue of Henri IV.; he was a great and generous prince; I had the honor to be his godson.' He was advancing towards the scaffold when a last attempt to save his life was made: the lieutenant of the guards, De Launay, once more wended his way to the palace. In the interval the Marshal-duke sat down on a bench in the court, near a balustrade, and conversed in a low voice with his confessor. His last words were: 'What do I feel within myself, father? I can assure you before God, to whom I am about to answer, that I never went to a ball, nor to a feast, nor to battle, with greater satisfaction than I go to die. Promise me, father, that you will say nothing of this, for fear that it is thought that there is some vanity in it, which there is not; I only mention it to you for my comfort and for yours.'

"After a moment of terrible anxiety for all present, the messenger reappeared, and it was seen on his face that there was nothing to hope for. The executioner had then 'main levée,' and the Duke walked with a firm step to the scaffold. He assisted the executioner in baring his neck and shoulders, and presented his naked arms to be tied; he begged one of the priests on his ascent to see that his head did not bound off to the ground, but to prevent its doing so if it was possible; his friends say that nothing horrified him so much as to see the head of a person roll from off the scaffold. Once upon the scaffold, he kneeled down, made no further observation, but kissing the crucifix, and recommending himself to the prayers of the ministers, he placed his head on the block.

But finding this too low and badly fixed, he rose up again, and assumed another position. A groan of pain that he uttered, drawn from him by the wound in his throat, staid the arm of the executioner. He called out to him not to strike, and then he rose again and tried another position. This time he stretched out his arms, and, recommending his soul, his head fell near the block, as he had wished. His blood spurted out upon the statue of Henri IV., and if tradition is to be believed, left its traces there for a long time afterwards."

All this time the unfortunate Duchess could not approach her husband. Struck down by sickness at Béziers, when she was first informed of his having been made prisoner, she fainted away. When she came to herself, she at once sent off, ill as she was, her own medical man and her squire to bring back intelligence as to how he was. They found him at Villefranche, and the wounded man said to the squire: "Tell my wife the number and size of the wounds you have seen, and then assure her that that which I have made in her heart is far more painful to me than all the others."

Madame de Montmorency, although so reduced by care and sickness, roused herself, and made desperate efforts to save her husband. She wrote to all his relations, persuaded Gaston not to go over to Spain, caused many fortresses that were in the hands of her friends to be given up to the King, and asked permission to throw herself at his Majesty's feet; but it was all in vain. After the fearful tragedy had been enacted, commissioners presented themselves at the Château de la Grange to seize her goods, and to order her to quit Languedoc for Moulins, La Fère, or Montargis. She offered no resistance, nay, was totally indifferent to the act of spoliation and as to where she was to go; she said to Moulins to be near her husband's remains. She was so ill that she had to travel by short journeys, and so poor that she had to sell her carriage horses to enable her to finish her journey.

All she wished for was death as a relief to her sufferings. She was imprisoned at first in an old feudal castle that was falling into ruins. One day she saw a snake come forth from a crevice in the walls of her room, and glide towards her. A sudden gladness filled her soul; she held

out her arm towards it, but an attendant coming in at the time frightened the reptile, which fled away, the Duchess watching it with a look of grievous despair.

After two years' captivity, she was allowed to retire from the world in the convent of the Visitation at Moulins, where we found her at the commencement of this article. Here she devoted what remained to her of her worldly goods to enlarging and improving the convent, and to the construction of a monument to the memory of her husband. She received visits from Louis XIII. and Gaston, and afterwards from Louis XIV., from the widow of Charles I., and from Christina of Sweden. She lived to hear of the death of the implacable enemy of her husband—Cardinal Richelieu—and she ultimately sank into an eternal rest in perfect odor of sanctity. "Of all women," says her biographer, "who have earned celebrity by their devotion and love, none can surpass the widow of Montmorency; her virtue had no shady side, and was entombed in her perfection."

Sketches like these of a by-gone epoch and of an extinguished race of men and women, are not without their utility as well as their picturesque and romantic interest. M. de Montmorency, among the last of the great feudal vassals of the crown, was not the last of those who represented the "esprit gentilhomme" of a past generation, but he was among the last with whom, despite his faults and errors, which were as much those of the times he lived in as his own, that chivalrous spirit attained its highest perfection. Without going so far as a Capéfigue, who would have us ever regret the loss of the gallant gentleman who would go to battle in laced frills and scented kerchiefs, still it is impossible not to feel that they were a far more cultivated, more delicate-minded, and high-principled race than their descendants—the Montmorencys, the Liancourts, the Périgords, the Lafayettes, the Noailles, the Rochambeaus, and the Birones, who scratched their very escutcheons in times of revolution, adopted their family cognomens, Bouchard, Motier, and Guy, and "committed a stupid suicide which did not even profit to their pride."

From Colburn's New Monthly.

THE IMPROVISATRICE;*

OR, THE ITALIAN BANDIT'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

THE Italian tourist of the earlier part of this century doubtless still preserves a vivid recollection of the predatory habits familiar to some portion of the inhabitants of classic Italy, and of the time when it was an act of heroism, if not of insane foolhardiness, to travel without a strong escort through many of its loveliest scenes.

Not alone in Southern Italy, in the ill-governed States of the Church, and among the lawless semi-barbarians of Calabria; not alone amidst the deep solitudes of the Apennines, but even where civilization was more dominant, and where security should have been better established, had rapine fixed its strongholds. In the Venetian territories, at no very great distance from the beautiful and picturesque Lago di Garda, a troop of brigands had established their head-quarters, having found a safe retreat amidst that chain of the Alps which terminates near Chiusa. By these bandits many an unsuspecting traveler was adroitly eased of his luggage; and in some cases, especially if the robbers met with ineffectual resistance, scenes of violence were enacted. Yet a kind of wild generosity, a degree of cour-

teous bearing, not unfrequently characterized these daring outlaws; and rumor said, that this shadow of chivalric conduct was attributable to one of their chiefs, who was infinitely less ferocious than the desperate gang over whom he had found the means of acquiring influence.

Leonardo, or Il Leone—the Lion, as he was generally called—had not always followed such degrading courses. He was the younger son of an Italian nobleman; he had received a good education, and he had, at one time, mixed in good society. But his mind not having been imbued with those religious principles which alone can give strength to withstand the allurements of vice, he fell into evil habits, gambled away his small inheritance, and, having wound up his reckless career by entering into a political conspiracy against the government, was obliged to fly from the neighborhood of his paternal home, and to seek elsewhere the means of subsistence. It was at this juncture that, in a measure compelled by necessity, he sought concealment and shelter among the robber-band, who eventually elected him as one of their leaders; for even in that wild community talents and education commanded respect.

Time rolled on, and it may be that Il Leone would have pined to return to civilized society, and to exchange his almost savage freedom for the unforgotten advantages and pleasures which he had once enjoyed, had not a softer tie than that of fealty to his adventurous companions thrown its charm around his heart. He had seen, admired, and, with her own consent, carried off and married a beautiful peasant girl; and to embellish her mountain dwelling, to protect her from danger, and to cheer her solitude, now became the principal objects of his existence, although he did not relinquish

* "We should convey an exceedingly imperfect idea of the poetry of Italy, did we omit to say a few words of the *Improvvisatori*. Their talent, their inspiration, and the enthusiasm which they excite, are all most illustrative of the national character. In them we perceive how truly poetry is the immediate language of the soul, and the imagination. . . . The talent of an improvisatore is the gift of nature, and a talent which has frequently no relation to the other faculties. The improvisatore generally begs from the audience a subject for his verse. After having been informed of this subject, he remains a moment in meditation, to view it in its different lights, and to shape out the plan of the little poem he is about to compose. His eyes wander around, his features glow, and he struggles with the spirit which seems to animate him."—*Literature of the South of Europe*. By J. C. L. SIMONDE DE SISMONDI.

the wretched profession which circumstances, or, as *he* said, "fate," had driven him to follow.

But, as if Providence had determined to punish him for his evil deeds, the one ewe-lamb, the being whom he loved so much, was snatched from him by death, and Leonardo was left with one motherless child, a lovely little girl of about three years of age. The innocent Ninetta was a favorite with the whole rude community; the rough men, the coarse-minded women, the hardy, sun-burnt children, all loved *her*; and she looked among them like a little cherub who had strayed from her home in the skies, or had been sent on a mission of celestial love to mollify the iron hearts around her.

Il Leone devoted his spare time to the education of his daughter, who proved to be an extremely clever, intelligent child. He taught her to read and write, and to play on a guitar, of which one of the bandits had robbed an unwary traveler as a present for the little favorite. He recited to her passages from the best poets of Italy; from Tasso, Ariosto, Petrarca, and Metastasio; he related to her anecdotes and incidents from the histories of Greece and Rome, and from the scarcely less stirring annals of the early republics and petty sovereignties of her own romantic country; but that far more essential knowledge which is to be learned from the Holy Scriptures he did *not* impart to her, probably because he was ignorant of it himself. Did the opening floweret then grow up into a noxious weed? No; happily it was not so ordained.

One day, when Ninetta was about nine years of age, she had followed a pet goat, and with this companion had rambled to a great distance beyond her accustomed haunts; up hill and down dale, from crag to crag, the little mountaineer pursued her roving guide, till at last a tract of country burst on her view which she had never before beheld, and almost at the same moment she perceived, by the length of her own shadow, that day was on the decline. The goat was still skipping onwards, now browsing on the short grass which grew in patches here and there, now sniffing the mountain breeze, and bounding in joyous liberty from one projecting ledge of rock to another, regardless of the silver voice of its young mistress, whose clear, bell-like tones, repeated

by the echo of the hills, in vain called it to return.

"What shall I do?" said the little girl to herself; "it will soon become dark, and how am I to find my way home? Ah! naughty goat, to lead me so far! And what if there should be wolves prowling about!"

Fear and fatigue overcame poor Ninetta, and she sank down in hopeless lassitude on a mossy stone. At length a thought struck her. "I will sing—sing very loud—and perhaps some traveler by these mountain paths may hear me, and come to my aid."

She sang accordingly, and her liquid notes, floating on the evening breeze, *did* reach the ear of a kind-hearted being, who hastened in the direction of the voice. The person who heard her was Father Anselmo, a pious hermit, who had taken up his abode amidst the solitude of these lonely hills. Ninetta was looking round wistfully to see if she could discern any human creature approaching, when her eye fell on the figure of the hermit, just as he emerged from a projecting rock near her. His pale countenance and emaciated features, his thin, almost transparent hand, and the dark-gray cloak floating around him, almost the hue of the rock from which he seemed to her fancy to have issued, gave him quite an unearthly appearance, and, with a cry of terror, Ninetta hid her face in her lap.

The child had often heard, among the bandits' wives, tales of ghosts, and hobgoblins, and evil spirits who haunted lonely spots, and one of these immaterial beings she imagined the form at her side to be. But Father Anselmo, gently placing his hand on her head, and with kind words quieting her fears, led her to his hermitage, and giving her some bread and fruit, promised to show her the way towards her home.

"Rest here awhile, however," he said, "until the moon rises, and then you will pass more safely across the shorter sheep-track, by which I will take you."

The hermit lighted a lamp, for it was almost dark in the sort of cave or recess in the rocks which formed his cell, and, after gazing for a few moments on the interesting countenance of the little girl, he began to question her respecting her religious knowledge. Alas! on this subject crude and vague indeed were the child's

ideas. She knew there was a God who had made the hills and lakes, the trees and flowers she loved so much; she had heard of the Virgin Mary, and of three or four saints who were patronized by the banditti and their wives; and she entertained for a little ebony cross, which was suspended by a ribbon round her neck, a sort of innate reverence, because her mother had kissed it when dying, and because she had been told it was a symbol of something very holy; but all else was chaos in her young mind. Father Anselmo showed her a picture in which the infant Jesus was represented, spoke to her of his mission to this world, his career on earth, and his ascension to heaven; and told her of the resurrection of the dead, and of the life to come. Ninetta listened with wonder and delight; she drank in eagerly the hermit's words, and when, at length, she parted from her venerable guide, who had accompanied her to within a short distance of her home, she gladly accepted his invitation to visit him again. Often and often afterwards did she trip over the now familiar path to the solitary abode of her kind instructor, nor did Leonardo forbid these visits, for the retreat of the aged hermit was well known to the bandits, who never thought of molesting him.

But if Anselmo's lessons made Ninetta wiser, they also caused her much anxiety, for the truth was now apparent to her that her father and his companions were leading lives opposed to the laws of God and man. She grieved deeply for this, and as she grew older she became more intensely solicitous to withdraw her parent from his guilty associates and his own evil courses. Many were the consultations she held with the benevolent hermit on this subject; but her plans and wishes were alike vain, until a higher power was graciously pleased to interpose on her behalf.

One day a terrible storm broke out, the thunder rolled, and the lightning glared. It happened that Il Leone was returning from a predatory expedition with some of his band, when a fearful flash of lightning struck himself and one of his followers to the ground. For a few moments he lay, as it were, stunned, and when at length he slowly arose, all was dark around him. He had been struck blind by the same flash which had instantaneously deprived his companion of life.

Of what use could their blind chief be to the reckless banditti? His vigor of mind seemed to have fled with his sight. He was no longer the boldest in planning enterprises, the most daring in executing them; and at length, having become a burden to his companions, he lent a willing ear to his daughter's entreaties that they should go to some place where, by her industry, she might maintain him and herself. The youthful and inexperienced Ninetta little dreamed of the difficulties she might have to encounter; but even had she known them, her sense of duty, and the energy of her mind, would have induced her to try to overcome them. At this period Father Anselmo was of much use to Leonardo and his daughter. He advised them to go to Verona, where there was but little chance of Leonardo's being recognized, especially as his hair, since the lightning-stroke which had deprived him of sight, had gradually but rapidly become gray; and premature old age seemed to have crept alike over his body and his mind. For Ninetta's sake, the hermit gave them a letter to a respectable elderly female who resided in the suburbs of Verona, and who had been at one time a confidential servant in his sister's family; and as the bandits had not been so ungenerous as to let their former chief go from them in a state of destitution, Leonardo was able to pay for their humble lodgings in her quiet cottage on the banks of the Adige.

From the good old dame with whom she now resided, Ninetta speedily acquired some knowledge of those little feminine arts so useful in domestic life. But it was necessary to adopt some means of gaining a livelihood when their store should be exhausted. Ninetta bethought her of weaving baskets, in which occupation she could teach her father to assist her, and of selling them, together with flowers, in the streets of Verona. She succeeded beyond her utmost expectations. Few persons passed the beautiful flower-girl, leading her blind father carefully along, without purchasing a nosegay from her; and if at times the flower trade became dull, Ninetta found that to strike a few chords on her guitar, and to sing some of her wild mountain airs, never failed to attract a crowd around her, and to fill her father's hat with small coins. As she grew older her genius ripened, and she became noticed also as an impro-

visatrice. She never, however, forgot the lessons which she had received from her friend the hermit Anselmo; and it was her custom, as soon as she had gathered her flowers at early morn, to repair to the church of San Giorgio, generally accompanied by her father, who never seemed to be happy away from her, and there to spend some time in devotion before commencing the business of the day.

One morning, while she was kneeling in her accustomed place, and deeply engaged in prayer, a young man, tall in stature, and with a noble countenance, entered the church. While looking around for the picture of the martyrdom of Saint George, by Paul Veronese, which adorns that edifice, his eye fell upon the flower-girl and her father. What picture could be finer? The gray-headed old man stood leaning on his staff, his sightless eyeballs being raised to heaven; while at his feet knelt the beautiful and graceful girl, her dark ringlets escaping from beneath her simple head-dress, her hands clasped together, and her coral lips moving in earnest prayer. For a few moments the young man stood gazing upon them; then, seizing his pencil and tablets, he began to make a rapid sketch of the group. He had just caught the attitudes and outlines of the figures when Ninetta arose from her knees, and, turning to take up her basket of flowers from the marble floor, perceived the young artist, and encountered his earnest gaze. She started, and the stranger, approaching her, apologized in a low tone for the liberty he had taken, and at the same time begged a single rose-bud from her basket. In some confusion, Ninetta selected for him the finest rose and a sprig of myrtle; and then, taking her father's hand, she led him out of the church.

The stranger's first impulse was to follow her; his next thought was to ask the old sacristan, who was loitering about the aisles, if he knew any thing of her.

"Only," said the old man, "that she goes by the name of Ninetta, the Flower-girl and Improvisatrice. She lives somewhere in the suburbs, on the banks of the Adige. She sings charmingly, but no one can find out her history, or that of the blind man whom she calls her father."

"Where shall I be most likely to meet with her?" asked Ernesto.

"Well, when she has sold her flowers, or her baskets, she occasionally sings of an

evening, and her favorite stations are near the old Amphitheater,* or by the Porta dei Borsari."†

"At what hour?"

"Why, generally about sunset."

Long before the sun had set, Ernesto had paced at least a dozen times between the arch and the Amphitheater; then, hoping to meet on the way the fair subject of his morning's sketch, he started off towards the Adige. At length, being disappointed, he returned towards the Porta dei Borsari, and perceiving that a crowd had gathered near it, he hastened onwards. Presently he heard the sound of a guitar, and a melodious voice humming, rather than singing, an air to it. Advancing a few steps farther, he beheld her he sought standing on a slight elevation, her father reclining near her. Ninetta saw him, and colored, she knew not why, while he bowed respectfully to her.

"A subject—who will give a subject?" cried some one in the crowd. "La Ninetta seems inspired this evening."

"I will," said Ernesto. "I give—LOVE!"

Ninetta's cheek grew pale, but her eyes sparkled like the diamond dew-drop on the flower at early morn, as striking a few chords on her guitar, she half-sung, half-recited, the following lines:

"Love's like the desert-fountain, playing
Midst wastes — where the lone pilgrim's
straying—
Refreshing all, where'er 'tis found,
Till Eden seems to bloom around.
Love's like the faithful Polar star,
Guiding the wanderer from afar.
Ask ye—where is the home of Love?
The minstrel bids ye look—above!"

And the improvisatrice raised her slender finger, and smiling, pointed to the bright skies, now rich in the brilliant tints of an Italian sunset. "The lightning of that angel smile," much more than the impromptu lines she had just chanted, gained a tumult of applause from the bystanders, one of whom, however, as if in derision or jest, asked her to sing something about *inconstant love*, that being more common than the sentiment she had just portrayed. Preluding for one mo-

* Supposed to have been erected during the reign of Trajan. It is almost perfect, and is composed of large blocks of marble without cement.

† A triumphal arch, erected in the reign of Gallienus.

ment on her guitar, Ninetta exclaimed, in a kind of recitative:

"'Tis like the rainbow's vivid hue—
Bright—beautiful—but quickly past;
Or, like the calm sea's sparkling blue,
By every fleeting cloud o'ercast!"

"Brava! Brava!" exclaimed several voices; but a prosaic-looking stout burgher cried: "Let us have something better worth hearing than nonsense about love and rainbows; give us a stave about our own good town, Verona!"

"Ah! that is a dull theme; but you can not puzzle La Ninetta," said one of her admirers, as Ninetta, gazing for a moment on the triumphal arch near, and casting a rapid glance over the old city, sang:

"Amidst the richest of Italia's plains,
In beauty clad, our old Verona stands;
The halo of antiquity that reigns
Around its walls—still deep respect commands.

'Twas here that Pliny saw the light of day;
'Twas here Catullus sung—here Romeo
died,
The victim of his love——"

"At *love* again!" exclaimed the fat burgher, interrupting the improvisatrice; "I did not bargain for that, but girls' heads are always running on love and folly."

"Nay, amico mio," cried an old man, who was standing near him, "you should not chide La Ninetta thus, because you have forgotten your own youthful days. *Bella cantatrice*," he added, turning towards the fair musician, "try *THE MORN OF LIFE*; *that* subject will please every body."

"The morn of life?" said Ninetta; "ah! how can I do justice to that theme? But I will try it.

"Where shall we seek the softest bloom?
On childhood's rosy dimpled cheek;

That cheek which brightest smiles illumine,
The smiles which innocence bespeak.

"And where, on earth, dwell hope and truth?
In childhood's uncorrupted heart;
Alas! too soon to guileless youth
The world doth its dark code impart!

"Ah! then, before the opening mind
Become the prey of human strife,
While yet to earthly evil blind,
Blessed be the happy *Morn of Life*!"

"And now good night! felicissima notte!" cried Ninetta, drawing the string of her guitar tighter over her shoulder, and holding out her hand to raise her blind father. The crowd, on this, began to disperse; and in a few minutes more Ninetta was leading Leonardo towards their humble home. But the father and daughter were not, as usual, alone: Ernesto had joined them, and had begged leave to follow them, in order to finish his sketch. Ninetta felt a strong desire to have a likeness of her father, and as Ernesto promised to paint one for her, she obtained the old man's permission that he should accompany them to their cottage.

Need we say that his first visit was not also his last? Again and again he went to the cottage on the Adige. At dawn of day he was waiting to assist Ninetta in gathering her flowers for sale; he taught her to paint; he read to Leonardo; in short, he became as one of themselves. In process of time, Ninetta, the bandit's daughter, became the wife of the rising young artist, and fulfilled all the duties of her new position as faithfully and affectionately as she had fulfilled those which had devolved upon her as a daughter.

Her father died peacefully—a penitent man; and though her rich voice was no more heard near the Porta dei Borsari, nor her light figure seen tripping along with her basket of roses on her arm, it was long before the citizens of Verona forgot Ninetta, the Flower-girl and Improvisatrice.

From *Taff's Magazine*.

LEOLINE; OR, THE OBJECT OF GUARDIAN ANGELS.

IN a wild and dreary scene, which the rude wind made to seem more dreary still; for he raised his screeching voice and howled and roared, and then fled shrieking as if from his own turmoil; a crazy, lumbering old caravan sulkily dragged along the road and over the broken ground. A rut of greater depth than usual caused a heavy lounge to one side and threatened dislocation to the rickety vehicle; but it recovered its equilibrium, and amidst the curses of the driver, and the renewed screams of the wind, which seemed to have come back to look on the disaster, held on its way. At length it stopped, and a woman put her head out of the doorway and surveyed the scene around. "'Tis bitter cold, and bleak, and drear," she said; "yet how the wind gambols 'mid the leaves, and then chases leaves and twigs and all before him as he madly flies to yon black and gloomy hills, there to sing the requiem of himself and all else born to turmoil!"

There was a discrepancy between her tattered garb and the education of her words; but as her eyes, of almost superhuman brightness, glared into the distance whither in fancy the wind had already fled, she continued: "It is a foul and faulty life; now here, now there, wandering—wandering, from day to day, month to month, year to year—no rest, no hope of rest—on earth, at least—and the hereafter!—ay, there lies the darkest spot of all."

"Curses on your ceaseless growlings," and the man, her companion, for one moment stopped in unharnessing the horse to scowl on her. Curses on your ceaseless howlings; you'd scare away the little of life that is left in a man. In the devil's name, or that of any one of his ten thousand votaries, take to the bottle to stop these mummeries; or, on the life of me, I'll stop them as I stopped others long since." She shuddered for a moment as he continued his occupations and busied himself about the horse. "There," he said, "as he let the animal loose, and

bestowed a blow upon the flank; "there—off with you, and get thy fill of the brown heather. Drink, brute; thou hast the better lot of all, methinks." He threw himself down on the turf and lit his pipe. The evening deepened round him. Night came at last, and from her robe the diamond stars peeped out one by one; and the moon, naught but a silver line of crescent light, rose and glided through them in her appointed course.

"Herman!" the woman called, and put her head from the caravan. "Herman, do you spend the night thus? Come to the shelter, which will keep the cold dews of earth from racking thy limbs with rheumatism. Come, Herman, come." She came from the caravan and stood beside him. The wind blew aside her tattered garb, and played in the tangled masses of her uncombed hair; it cooled her heated brow, but the burning heat was not only skin deep; there was a fire raging in that brain which no mortal breath or earthly breeze could quench.

She knelt down beside him whom she called Herman, and in whispered words repeated her entreaties for him to return to the caravan. He continued obdurate, scowling at her in sullen wrath.

"Hence to you, puling drab," he cried, "hence to the milk-faced offspring of the scoffing noble. Ay, woman, you may tremble at the mention of him, at the memory of him, and all concerning him. Yet 'tis a thought that must and shall be borne; better meet it familiarly, and by familiarity gain indifference."

"Better forget, Herman, if forgetfulness there be for such a thought."

He turned sharply round and looked at her.

"If?" he said, in answer to her words. "If? 'Fore heaven and earth, thy words and actions are at strange battle with each other. Thou wouldst obtain forgetfulness, if such exists for such a thought; yet thou dost woo, nourish, feed that which destroys the very boon thou wouldst obtain; thou wilt have yonder

sickly child ever in thy sight, holding up the mirror of by-gone days, and bidding thee gaze in it. How canst *thou* wish forgetfulness when thou dost thus wantonly drive it from thee? Thou must be naught but a fool—a miserable fool—acting like one who longs for sunshine, and seeks it 'neath the deadly shade of the wide-spreading upas tree." He rose, and as he spoke wandered from her. She followed him, and quickening her steps, stood before him in his path.

"Herman—husband, friend, and foe—speak boldly, and say what thou wouldst have. I weary of thy hints, thy discontented words, thy jealousy, for it comes to that, of a poor helpless babe. Speak to me, who has a heart perhaps as valiant as thine own."

"As valiant as mine own!" A mocking sneer came on his face. "Then, by my troth, is mine own heart a coward to the core. As valiant! Poor wretch, to hug thyself in that delusion! Why, as I watch thee on thy restless slumbers, and mark the starts and muttered words, and grinding of the teeth, and all the other signs which speak of a fevered conscience, I wonder at the weakness of the soul, or spirit, or what it may be, which keeps the human frame agoing, yet can not meet unshrinkingly the empty shadow of unsubstantial thought."

She clung to his arm, for they had entered into the somber shelter of a great and gloomy wood, where owls screamed in the darkness, and bats whirled through the air, and mice ran their mad gambols on the decaying carpet of falling leaves.

"Herman, that which thou dost call unsubstantial becomes tangible and real to me; for, in my slumbers imps of darkest form and foul malevolence keep up their nightly dances round my bed, pluck at my flesh with pincers, drag my sinews from their lair, rack my racked nerves; and when I would escape, slumber stands their helper, and lulls me to their power again; once more to their torment, then comes the former course; then torment, then slumber once more. So do I pass through night, and now dost thou wonder at my starts and other signs of woe?" He laughed—a loud, sardonic laugh; and an echo caught it up; and another and another, till Elfried (so was the woman named) forgot its birth, and bestowed on it for parentage her tormentors of the night.

"Hist!" she cried; "hist! they are now abroad—this is their hour; didst thou not hear the loud and mocking chorus of their mirth—as of ten myriad dying voices—loud at first, and then gone in the distance?"

"Fool!" was his rejoinder; "thy fear begets its children; 'twas I who laughed at thy most foolish picture of the fancied terrors of the night. And now my merriment, shared by the very rocks and hills at thy expense, must conjure up fresh goblins to thy brain. But thou hast lost the question. I said thou wouldst have forgetfulness of the past, and of that belonging to the past. Murder—nay, shrink not, coward!—'tis the word which names the act; whisper it to thyself—shout it aloud, for none will hear it—none, save the bats and birds and vermin—and they tell no tales. So, out with the frightening word. Nay, by my soul, if thou dost show such senseless terror, I will brain thee with this stone. There, silly woman, there—I did but speak to quiet you, and still your foolish cries—there!" and he led her on.

"Now, we will sit on the knotted roots of this great tree, and darkness shall unloose my tongue, while I do thy bidding and speak boldly."

"To the old ground again. Thou wouldst have forgetfulness of that cursed day, when by foul chance—or say, rather, chance, without the foul—the noble baron—nay, his name matters not—crossed our path. Was it my fault that cards had played me false, and drawn poverty upon me? and can it be my fault that he was rich, and that I took his wealth, and life with wealth?"

"Herman," said Elfried, in a steadier voice than his own, "thou canst not boast of courage, for thou dost make excuses for thine act, and that does whisper coward. Thou didst kill the man—why avails not. The deed is done, and can not be undone; but the second victim of that deed, the helpless child, why should she be the subject of thy wrath?"

"Because I hate her! She brings the memory of the past to thee, therefore I hate her! She comes before me in thy love, therefore I hate her! I have watched you fondle her; and then she is the cause of all the grumbling thou dost give to me; for, were it not for her, thou wouldst forget the past, or seek forgetfulness in me. When I think of this, I have almost a mind to send the brat tramping

to the father, or bid thee onward with her, and leave me to my fate." His sullen mood came back to him, and he withdrew a few paces from his wife.

"Herman!" but he did not answer her. "Herman, where art thou? Speak, my husband, for I tremble with fear for thee. Herman, unsay thy hasty words; think on the helpless little face thou dost so hate; the little fragile form, the pleading voice, the warm and tender heart that longs to love even so rough a thing as thou art. O husband! crush these little, angry feelings, and seek to do some reparation for thy crime in showing mercy to that child, made orphan by thy hand. Where art thou, husband?"

She groped in that black darkness, but she could not touch him, for he had wandered on without her. Still she followed, for his footfall told the path he took. On, into the very center of that wood, creeping, crawling, things of guilt and sorrow, bound together by crime, thus they went—together, yet apart—on, into the very depth of that great gloomy wood.

And in the creaking caravan a baby slumbered; its little hands, crossed on its marble neck, the blue eyes closed and veiled with silken lashes, the golden hair falling in glossy ringlets over the rounded shoulders. A smile played o'er the dimpled features of the child, and a murmur, like dancing water in a summer's sun, fell from her opening lips.

"Father," she lisped; "Father and King of Heaven, think of a little child; take care of me; take care of little Leoline."

Good ministers watch such slumbers, and the sunshine of the infant's prayer fell on the outspread pinions, gilding them with its own brightness. But she spoke again.

"Great Lord, keep thou all harm from Leoline; hold her safe in thine own hand, and let her dare to love thee." Angels wafted soft slumbers to her, and the whispers of her guardians fell on her infant soul. She lay on that bleak common, in the old crazy carriage, with a body-guard of beings so glorious that earth's mightiest potentates, in their grandest robes of state, are but beggars to them. Yet danger hovered near her. Danger, death; for the two Cain-like wanderers had met again; the terror-shaken will of one had

yielded to the influence of the other; a second death had grown from the first, and the slumbering child was doomed. The symbol of their guilty purpose was read in their shrinking gait—in the nervous clutching of the sharpened blade which was to do the murderous work, and send the spirit of the sleeping child to a better world than theirs.

"Keep to thy purpose, wife; one stroke, and thou art mine in heart again, and I am thine—no more twain—no more cringing child to come between us. Now, give me a match, wife; kindle this brand, for the moon has turned sickly pale and will not light us. Softly, wife; I would not have thee waken her—in her sleep, wife—even in her sleep shall she die. 'Twill spare her fright, and 'twill spare her cries. Now, thine hand!"

Then the child murmured once more in her slumbers. "Father! keep all harm from Leoline! all harm from Leoline!" Shall the infant prayer fall worthless? The whisper of the tending seraph floated o'er her senses. Her blue eyes opened, and fixed with a loving smile on her whom she knew as mother.

"Mother! dear mother!" she said; "Leoline has slept, and dreamt, dear mother, of another happy land, where all is bright and good, mother;" and the little arms were twined round the neck of her who had come to slay.

The knife was ready, and the grasping hand was ready, but the base heart shrunk at the glance of those blue eyes. "One stroke—one," he uttered to himself; and as the child pressed her little cheek against the hand of Elfried, he raised the cruel weapon. But his arm fell nerveless, a film spread o'er his sight, his trembling limbs gave way, and fallen, helpless he lay, stricken with mortal sickness. The child crept near him; her little hand lay on his aching brow, whilst her baby-voice whispered words of comfort to the weeping Elfried.

"Weep not, dear," she said; "weep not, but pray; prayer is our strength, they say; ask that you may be well, and, if 'tis God's will, you will be well."

But prayer was not for the sin-stained woman. Guilt had cast its gloom around her like a dense and heavy fog, and her prayer was choked even in its very utterance.

Slowly the hours dragged through the weary night; and when morning came

Herman was quiet, for the violence of the fit had passed away, and life remained to him; his sand was not quite run; he had links in a chain of destiny still to forge. He recovered slowly, and with recovery a change came to him. He would sit for hours looking at the child, not speaking to but looking at her. She seemed to hold a strange position in his mind. He never spoke of injury to her now, and yet he did not love her; it was more fear than love which kept him silent towards her; he still would have her dead, but not by his hand. Days, weeks, months passed, and Leoline led the same wild, wandering life. It was a base one for a child—mid oaths and curses, and bad thoughts and words—yet all seemed to pass on without staining her pure mind.

She lived a dreary life, little heeding what passed around her; wandering by herself, speaking none but words of comfort to some sorrowing one, or hope to one cast down. And often as she wandered through the lanes and fields she would muse on the world and its sin, and sigh; and then again smile through the sigh and starting tears, and raise her blue eyes to the heaven from whence they seemed to draw their glorious hue, and whisper: "Thy will be done!" Then she would wander on, tended by those she saw not, and urged by them to good purposes and holy thoughts.

Yet other things crawled along her path, dark and luring beings—friends to guilt and crime; and they decked themselves with smiles, and tried to win her. They strewed flowers in her path, and bade her gather them, and told her to weave them into a garland for her golden locks, and place them in her bosom and cherish them. And she listened to these cheating words; for what could a poor weak child do against such cunning friends as those?

Once she stopped, for one of their whispers caught her ear. "Fair child," she heard, "thy little unclad feet send pity to my soul; I would save thee from the hardships of thy lot. I will give thee counsel; follow it, and thou shalt be rich, and clad in silken gear, and live with those of high estate, and gentle speech and bearing. Wouldst thou have it so?"

The voice was kind, the matter of the speech was also kind, and the heart of that friendless child pined for kindness.

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"What wouldst thou have me do, good friend?" she asked, "and where art thou? I can not see thee, yet I would fain behold the outward semblance of so good a friend."

"Say thou wilt follow me, and I will glad thine eyes with my fair presence. Promise to do my bidding, tender child."

How winning the voice sounded! there was no oath, or curse, or stern command mingled with those tones of gentle entreaty. She dwelt with pleasure on them for a moment, and then her cherry lips unclosed to give the promise he required; but one had watched the tempter's power.

"Leoline," the good spirit whispered, "thou poor, weak child, well for thee is it that thou art angels' care. Those cheating words had else won thee to thy ruin. Seek not to see the hideous shape of him who has sought to snare thee. Sin's blighting presence should be hidden from those of thy years. Thus I warn him off."

It was night, and a wild scene of mirth was spread before the eyes of the child; for their wandering life led those who had her in their keeping to the turmoil and the traffic of a great city's fair. Crowds of drunken men and bold-faced women laughed and swore. Bright lights blazed and burnt as if they were as reckless as the human crowd. And the giddy show, and the booths, and games of chance—all were found there; and the shrill discordant band, and fifes, and drums, and cries of venders who would sell their wares, and shouts of those who had no wares to sell, were all heard in that Babel of human voices. Theft was but a common consequence of that lawless crowd, and blasphemy, and drunkenness, and vice of every kind. There all passed before the eyes of that poor child. She was lounging against the stall her mother kept, when some words of discontented meaning caught her ear. Two men were near, and one spoke as he held to the other a golden ornament of excessive worth. "Look here," he cried, "no more want, or care, or starving misery. This bauble decked the neck of a fair dame, who dropped it as she left her carriage. Ah! ah! she little thought that I was near to keep it so carefully for her."

The speaker was one who had oftentimes taken Leoline on his knee, told her tales, given her sweetmeats, and bought

for her toys. She loved him for his kindness, and she grieved to see him in the guise of a thief.

"Gotfried," she said, running from the place where she was standing, "Gotfried, *that*"—and she pointed to the ornament—"that is not yours; you have no right to that; restore it to the lady who has lost it."

"Restore it, innocent?" he cried. "Thou pretty babe, didst thou overhear my words? Hadst thou been older, thy knowledge might have cost thee dear; but I would not harm thee to save my life, or the life of fifty such. Restore it? And wherefore? Have I not had life thrust on me, in common with the owner of that bauble; and have I not the right to the means of life? I can not live without food, I can not have food without money; I have no money, but that will give me some. I did not *ask* the gift of life—'twas given to me; and it is a sin to give it back again unasked. I must sustain it, or I make a sin. This glittering thing was cast before me, and something whispered, 'Take it.' I obeyed the whisper, and I employ it, in the avoidance of a sin, to keep me from a sin. 'Twere casting the good thanklessly from me not to do so. Eh! sweet little one, dost thou not see the wisdom of thy old friend, Gotfried? Bright eyes, come hither." He took her in his arms, and spoke to her with earnestness, for he absolutely valued the opinion of the child, and sought to clear himself with her, not thinking how he might hurt her mind by his own specious vindication.

"Now, bright eyes, listen. If I am to live, if even the neglect of body which would bring on death be held a sin, then I must avoid that neglect. I must have food, for not to take proper food is to neglect—to sin. This pretty toy produces food, which she who owned it has in abundance; therefore she lacks it not—sins not—because she has it not, while I *must* sin without it. There, golden haired, thou seest I'm right, dost not?"

The child thought for a moment, for the sophistry had told. "I can not say why it should not be," she answered; "but—and yet I know not, for your words sound right. It seems—I can not tell—perhaps it should be as thou sayest, after all."

There was woe to the hovering guard-

ians. "Shall sin then triumph over the beloved," they said, "and unbelief find resting place within the bosom of that childish nature? Foul things of crime, speaking by their instruments, the mouths of guilty men, thus sow their seeds of ill, which spring to trees of giant growth, and lead to vice, and wrong, and crime. Shall this be, while we rest here inactive from mercy's greatest service, the special saving of a sinking soul?"

They came with magic speed to the earth, and hung above the doubting child, and wafted truth into her soul, and wisdom, and boldness to speak wisdom. Then, with her face of innocence, she looked at him who would have taught her wrong, and took his great rough hand in hers. "And yet," she said, "a light seems to have come around, and chased my doubt and darkness far away, and made it clear to my young mind that it is wrong to do this deed. Thou dost seem to speak true, but 'Thou shalt not steal.' He who has given thee life never yet gave what he would not have us guard carefully. Ask Him for food, for the means of gaining food: *ask*, not take. He feeds the ravens, and the wild birds of the wood, the beasts of prey, who dwell in the desert; even the insect—the tiny creeping insect—has its daily food, and he would not let man 'starve.' Thou wilt not keep that glittering thing—thou wilt return it." But his heart clung to its greedy purpose. "Gotfried, old friend, trust to Him to give thee more."

But his heart was darkened, and he would not hear her speak, or let truth's radiance penetrate the darkness of his mind.

Time passed on, and Leoline grew towards womanhood. Life brought to her its anxious cares; and as she looked around, it seemed that she should lighten with her hands the toil of others. Yet what could she do? She had spent her days in dreamy thought and in lonely wanderings. She liked to linger in the golden meadow filled with the yellow corn, or rove amid the woody beauties of the valley, and sing to the listening birds, who almost seemed to think her one of themselves, so blithely did they answer her; or talk to the wild flowers—and even they appeared to open their petals more widely, that not a sound of hers might escape them. This was a pleasant life,

but one not meant to fit her for the battle with the world.

And now a change hung over her, and death was coming to bring her lonely lot before her in startling clearness. For she was lonely—lonely in thought and mind. The wild, gay, reckless tone of those she lived with did not suit her; she had no friends, not even companions among them; she spoke to none, save those who had reared her, and they were going hence.

Death came to the home of Leoline, and took Herman. That was bad enough; one from the familiar seat made one seat vacant, but the next visit was worse, for the destroyer poised his shaft a second time, and cast it at the heart of Leoline's last friend, the wandering, crime-stained Elfried.

That night, as stricken, dying, half-dwelling in this world, half in another, she wavered between life and death, strange muttered words fell from her lips, words which fell with marvel on the ear of Leoline, and made the hot blood mount to her snowy brow, and caused her wild, undreamt-of wonderings.

"Leoline," so ran the muttered words, "Leoline, come hither, child, and listen to a tale I would have thee con. There is a secret of thy existence which thou must learn. I can not speak at length, for life fails, but believe when I tell thee this: Thy father was of the princely house of Reizenstein, and thy mother of name as ancient." And then her words for a moment became the ravings of a dis-tempered mind. Then she spoke again with reason, and this time she called Leoline to her, and took her hand, and looked earnestly into her sad face, for she loved her dearly, dearly; that sinful, dying woman loved the innocence of Leoline better than any thing in earth or heaven. But Death was drawing very near her; standing so close, watching the fleeting breath—holding the nearly empty ball of sand before her eyes—holding it there in triumph; and she had much to say—much that must be said ere the grim king laid his last grasp on her.

"Leoline, my dearly loved, good child, there are words to be spoken to you, and time seems now too small to hold them; but heed me well. Thy father died by my husband's hand, and that crime drove us from our place among men, and made us wanderers, vagabonds on the earth.

Thy mother broke her heart, mourning for the death of her kind lord, (for he was one of gentle nature,) and for the loss of her blue-eyed babe;—thyself. One other child she had, a boy, ten years thy senior, a bold and handsome youth; but she loved him not as she loved thyself."

The dying woman paused, and gasped for breath, and bent up on her elbow in her bed, and fixed her eyes on the terror-stricken face of Leoline, as she continued: "When I am dead, seek out this brother; tell him what I have told to you. Bid him show you a brother's love—offer the protection of a father. Seek him, Leoline, and with him safety from the world."

She ceased, and sank back exhausted, and for the moment Leoline thought death was passed; but soon she rallied, and once again opened her glazing eyes. Her voice was hoarse, and her finger, which seemed already to be part of the dead, so fleshless, bony, white did it appear, pointed to a little ebon chest of curious workmanship which stood upon the table.

"Reach me that, Leoline," and it was brought to her, and she undid the fastenings and took from the case a portrait and a letter. "Take this," she said, "ask in the distant land here writ," and she pointed to a superscription on the letter, "for the Duke of Reizenstein. Show him that picture; tell him it was the semblance of the mother of ye twain—bid him mark the azure eyes, the golden hair, the sunny smile; and then let him read the same in thy dear face, and his heart must yearn to thee, sweet snow-drop. Or shouldst thou faint ere thou canst find him, or shouldst thou need one of older years than his, then bear this cartel (and she took another paper from the casket) to the great Duke Rudolph; he is of mighty power, and will guard thee, perchance, e'en better than thy gay young brother, for he is a man in years, and has had experience of life's sorrows."

She sank back, her work on earth was done—her spirit had received the mandate of recall.

Coldly the world closed round Leoline. Poor lonely Leoline; naught did it seem to her but one huge charnel-house, death and solitude its tenants. None for her to cling too now, none to hear the cheering word from; death seemed to be her mate, ever at her side, dogging her steps, solitude the binding link between them.

"Oh! take me for thine own," she cried

to death, "take me from this charnel-house of thine, and send me to companionship with those who reared me."

Then came a whisper to her smarting spirit, like oil on troubled water.

"Gentle child," it ran, "call not on Death; thou art not his bride yet. Thou wilt live yet to bless Him, the great giver of life, for denying the boon thou cravest. For remember, child of earth, he holds the power of life or death. Dost thou not remember when that bold man said to thee, 'The gift of life was free, therefore it was a sin to give it back unasked'? Yet thou dost pray to have it taken from thee, Leoline. It is not well of thee that thou dost weary of thy Master's work, yet he wearies not of his great care to thee. Thou wouldst cast off this trouble of thy soul, and seek rest to thine aching heart; thou dost faint at the first trial, break down at the first sorrow, yet cravest another life. Art thou fitted for it? Thou dost repine at thy earthly lot—in thine impatience thou wouldst change it; in the world we dwell in, impatience and repining may not enter, and those who wear them, therefore, may not enter. All leaven of earth's discontent must be cleansed from thy sullied soul, ere thou canst stand in the great presence. Thou must go through earthly trial and sorrow; so 'tis ordained. Onwards, Leoline, in life's rough path; onwards, it is His will that thou shouldst live; onwards, and bear his will with gratitude."

The whispers ceased, and the soul of Leoline drank comfort from the thoughts.

"Thy will be done, great Lord; be thou with Leoline, great Father; take thou care of her, and send thy messengers to guard the path of poor, weak, sinful Leoline."

And now, fulfilling the last wish of her who had been as a mother to her, she commenced her long and weary journey to the land where he dwelt from whom she was to seek shelter. No broken-hearted grief, no solitude was hers now. Whether in the busy town, or open plain, or mountain, or in meadow, a bright and glorious friend was near her; and did her

weak heart faint, or her poor human fortitude give way, he would whisper: "Faint not, fail not, child of humanity; ask help and strength, and they shall be granted freely to thee."

So went she on, through summer's sun and winter's snow, in sunshine and in storm, in cold and heat—onwards still, having one thought, and only one thought on earth—to do her Master's bidding, and run the race he, in his providential mercy, had given her to accomplish.

At length on the last hour of a summer's day, when the setting sun was casting all his glory around him, as if to make men feel more sensibly the gloom of his departure, she reached a wide and open common. It was an elevated ground, and a large expanse of country lay beneath her. Here a village in its simple beauty, there a town—the thick smoke rising 'mid its walls and buildings; farther, a tall and stately column, standing alone, a monument from man to some hero's deeds. Then, woods, and fields, and roads, and a winding river, like a golden stream, creeping through all. The sun went down like a great globe of fire—the sky cast off her holiday attire, and put on the sober garb of night; the little silver stars came blinking from their hiding-place to peep at earth, and the moon cast forth her rays to seek for something purer than herself; these wandered till they fell on Leoline, then lingered, for naught purer could they find on earth to rest upon.

"Here will I lay me down and sleep," the maiden said, "here, in nature's gloomy chamber; the busy world beneath me, nearer to heaven than those of earth's creatures who dwell in earth's habitations, and its plains. Here will I sleep, and the bright sun, when he rises from his bed, will warn me, with his rays, that I should rise from mine."

In the security of innocence she slept. Her golden hair acted as a mantle to her, and the wind played gently through it, as if even his breath were too rough to sport with any thing so fair and lovely as that young sleeping girl.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WHITE'S EIGHTEEN CENTURIES.*

It is most true, as Mr. White tells us, that the range of history now extends over a time "quite appalling to the most laborious readers. And as history," he continues, "is growing every day, and every nation is engaged in the manufacture of memorable events, it is pitiable to contemplate the fate of the historic student a hundred years hence. He is not allowed to cut off at one end, in proportion as he increases at the other. He is not allowed to forget Marlborough, in consideration of his accurate acquaintance with Wellington. His knowledge of the career of Napoleon is no excuse for ignorance of Julius Cæsar. All must be retained—victories, defeats, battles, sieges," etc. We hope not! We hope some classification will be made, or some line drawn, so that events which are but repetitions of other events, or which add nothing substantial to our knowledge of the great course of human affairs, may be dropped from the category of things necessary to be known. Just as the student weeds his library of duplicates, and old editions, and antiquated treatises, so the historian, perhaps, may be able to weed his annals of battles and victories, mere repetitions, or similarities, events that teach nothing new, and have founded nothing great. Meanwhile, however, we are very thankful for such lively compendiums as that which Mr. White has given us. Here we have the eighteen centuries of Christendom—by far the most important era in the world's history—brought before us in the compass of a small volume, and of very pleasant reading. It is quite a peculiar art which Mr. White has—this of writing a rapid summary of events which shall never fatigue us by its dryness. Brief as the narrative necessarily is, it is never reduced to that meager and distressing skeleton which "Outlines" and "Abridgments" generally present to us. We have often pitied the young reader.

Under the fallacious names of Easy Introductions, and Brief Histories, they have the dryest of all books to master. Brief they may be, but through such brief records one makes the very slowest progress. One travels as if through a map, instead of through the veritable country, and amongst real towns and real rivers. Our halting-place is a name and a date. We have nothing better before us than the red and blue lines of a geographical chart, and a list of kings, and queens, and ministers. We give history to the young, with the life squeezed out of it.

Mr. White's compendium does not partake of this disadvantage. It is spirited, and, we might say, entertaining throughout. And while written in a lively manner, it will be found to be not at all deficient in grave and philosophical reflections. A clergyman and a Protestant, he writes as a Protestant Christian should and must write; but no where will the more mature reader detect any traces of narrow-mindedness or uncharitable construction. He is quite capable of perceiving the errors into which his own order have at certain periods fallen—their greed of wealth, their tenacious grasp of power. He can understand the good and the evil of great institutions. It is in a spirit of justice that he characterizes each century as it passes before him. Even the enlightened Catholic will find nothing to offend. Some stanch, eccentric Romanist, clinging to every folly of the middle ages, and abusing all who will not bow to his idols, as blind and impious—such a one will hate the cheerful, liberal tone of Mr. White's book. Such men let no one hope to conciliate. There let them stand, half-sunk in their "Serbonian bog," swearing that it is no bog at all, and cursing every spade and mattock that comes near it. Let them curse till they are hoarse, and do you ply quietly the spade and mattock. They and their bog will one day have vanished from the scene.

Yes, the range of history continues to

* *The Eighteen Christian Centuries.* By the Rev. JAMES WHITE.

extend, and what is more, its importance as a study is increasingly felt. The study itself becomes of a more elevated character as the various histories of different nations and epochs are brought together, and surveyed by the light which each reflects upon the other. Speaking broadly, and making exception for theology, there are but two great studies, History and Science. The study of languages may be considered as subordinate to history, and chiefly of use to those who have to write history. For the generality of men, it would be well if good translations were made of whatever exists in dead languages, and whatever is valuable in living and foreign languages, so that they might give all the time they have to bestow on their education to the real discipline of thinking, or the acquisition of substantive knowledge. It is lamentable to reflect how much time is wasted, how much labor is thrown away, in mastering mere words, and joining them into sentences. A lad of sixteen or seventeen is seen for hours thumbing a Greek lexicon; he is pouring some modicum of sense or nonsense from Greek into Latin, from Latin into Greek: so much simple water that he may get from any stream that is flowing, he stands there tossing backwards and forwards from one bucket to another. We call this classical education. We give our academical prizes to what a Greek philosopher would have despised as a slavish drudgery. There is hard work enough in real science; there is discipline in mathematics, or in any book of grave discussion. Why are the first energies and ardors of youth to be wasted on the Lexicon and the Gradus? But this we know is a heresy, and we shall fall under the censure of Mr. Gladstone, and a host of elegant scholars, and a still greater host, who would willingly be thought to have derived such exquisite pleasure from Greek and Latin as no English book ever gave them, and such views of science, morals, and government, as no living language could unfold. History and Science, we say, are the two great studies, including under history the forms of polity and social organization, and the aspects of moral opinion; and both studies are increasing in complexity and volume, and taxing more severely, in every subsequent age, the energies of the student.

What a host of reflections arise after

closing such a compendium as Mr. White has here given us of the eighteen centuries of the Christian world! We begin with a glance at the Pagan empire; we see Christianity mount the throne in the person of Constantine; but if in Constantine the emperor becomes a Christian, we see in the West the Roman bishop become an emperor. Then are developed all the marvelous power and virtue, the deep devotion, the astounding follies and hypocrisies, of the Church of the middle ages. The kings next reassume their place; the municipalities struggle into influence; arts and literature revive, and we have the *Reformation*. It is the development of the Christian faith, or the Christian Church, that gives their intense interest to all these centuries. Without this religious element we should have very little to admire, very little worthy of a grave study. Battles, conquests, attempts more or less successful to reduce turbulent barons and a famished peasantry into civil obedience, is all that would remain. It is the Church that dominates over all, or permeates through all. In the gayest and most festive scene, the cowl of the monk is seen passing through the crowd; and our plumed knight issues from the porch of the church. They are rightly called the Eighteen Christian Centuries.

The time has long since passed when it was the habit to bewail the downfall of the Roman Empire, and the irruptions of barbarians. That empire had sunk into the worst characteristics of Eastern despotism—it was well that it should be overthrown; and what better means could be devised than the covering of the soil with a fresh population from the north, bringing new habits, fresh virtues, fresh capacities? The Roman Empire had sunk to such debasement that even the old heathen mythology had been corrupted, and a living emperor occupied the place of Jupiter or Apollo. There were no powers in the State but the Prince, the Mob, and the Military. The wealth of the patrician, and the intelligence spread more largely, we believe, than is generally thought, through the better classes of society, were glad if they could exist in peace by any degree of servile submission. At length the military itself became corrupt and enfeebled, and the bolder and more energetic barbarians, who had been slowly adding

discipline to their bravery, broke through the barrier and possessed themselves of the soil. The old germs of civilization are not, however, quite destroyed, and there is one sacred flame lately kindled, that is by no means destined to be extinguished. You think that all this green fuel—this northern forest thrown upon the fire—will surely stifle and destroy it. Not at all; the heap smoulders and smokes, and by and by the flame bursts out higher than ever, fed by that new fuel which at first threatened to extinguish it.

Mr. White gives us some spirited delineations of the Pagan empire, both under its bad and under its good emperors. And indeed, to us, it seems a far greater perplexity, considering the circumstances out of which they were to arise, to account for a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius, than for a Nero or Domitian. Here is a passage worth reflecting on at all times, which may convey a warning to ourselves, and be still more applicable to our gallant neighbors the French:

"We have but faint descriptions even of the aristocracy; but what we hear of them shows more clearly than any thing else, the frightful effect on morals and manners of so uncontrolled a power as was vested in the Cæsars, and teaches us that the worst of despotisms is that which is established by the unholy union of the dregs of the population and the ruling power against the peace and happiness and security of the middle class. You see how the combination of tyrant and mob succeeded in crushing all the layers of society which lay between them, till there were left only two agencies in all the world, the Emperor on his throne, and the millions fed by his bounty. The hereditary nobility—the safest bulwark of a people, and least dangerous support of a throne—were extirpated before the end of the century, and impartiality makes us confess that they fell by their own fault. There were spendthrifts in the time of Tiberius, who lavished thousands of pounds upon a supper. The pillage of the world had fallen into the hands of a few favored families, and their example had introduced a prodigality and ostentation unheard of before. No one who regarded appearances traveled any where without a troop of Numidian horsemen and outriders to clear the way. He was followed by a train of mules and sumpter-horses loaded with his vases of crystal—his richly-carved cups and dishes of silver and gold. But this profusion had its natural result in debt and degradation. The patricians who had been rivals of the imperial splendor, became dependents on the imperial gifts; and the grandson of the conqueror of a kingdom, or the proconsul of the

half of Asia, sold his ancestral palace, lived for a while on the contemptuous bounty of his master, and sank in the next generation into the nameless mass. Others more skillful preserved or improved their fortunes while they rioted in expense. By threats or promises they prevailed on the less powerful to constitute them their heirs; they traded on the strength, or talents, or the beauty of their slaves; and lent money at such usurious interest, that the borrower tried in vain to escape the shackles of the law, and ended by becoming the bondsman of the kind-hearted gentleman who had induced him to accept the loan.

"If these were the habits of the rich, how were the poor treated? The free and penniless citizens of the capital were degraded and gratified at the same time. The wealthy vied with each other in buying the favor of the mob by shows and other entertainments, by gifts of money and donations of food. But when these arts failed, and popularity could no longer be obtained by defraying the expense of a combat of gladiators, the descendants of the old patricians—of the men who had bought the land on which the Gauls were encamped outside the gates of Rome—went down into the arena themselves, and fought for the public entertainment."

Under such a system it was very little that could be effected even by the remarkable succession of men that followed upon the twelve Cæsars. Mr. White remarks, that after the reign of Domitian, the hereditary principle is excluded; the reigning emperors appoint their successors, and he attributes much to this departure from the rule of descent, this abrogation of the legal indefeasible right of hereditary succession. And the reflection appears to us very just, that this hereditary right is only seen to advantage in a limited monarchy, where the law is, in fact, the supreme ruler. In an arbitrary monarchy, the wiser rule, perhaps, would be to give the appointment of the successor to the reigning monarch. It would be in vain to set aside altogether the principle of hereditary descent, because an absolute prince, who desired to appoint his own son, would be bound by no such restraining rule. But there would, at all events, be one more chance in the nation's favor, and a sensible sovereign would not be compelled to leave the reins of power in hands utterly incapable of holding them. Mr. White says truly, even of the best emperors:

"But a government which does every thing for a people, renders it unable to do any thing for itself. The subject stood quietly by while the Em-

peror filled all the offices of state, guarded him, fed him, clothed him, treated him like a child, and reduced him at last to childlike dependence. An unjust proconsul, instead of being supported and encouraged in his exactions, was dismissed from his employment, and forced to refund his ill-got gains—the population, relieved from their oppressor, saw in his punishment the hand of an avenging Providence. The wakeful eye of the Governor in Rome saw the hostile preparations of a tribe of barbarians beyond the Danube; and the legions, crossing the river, dispersed and subdued them before they had time to devastate the Roman fields. The peaceful colonist saw in the suddenness of his deliverance, the foresight and benevolence of a divinity. No words were powerful enough to convey the sentiments of admiration awakened by such vigor and goodness in the breast of a luxurious and effeminate people; and, accordingly, if we look a little closely into the personal attributes of the five good emperors, we shall see that some part of their glory is due to the exaggerations of love and gratitude." (P. 38.)

Very possible. Mr. White, however, has not felt himself called upon to check his hand, or stint the praise he bestows upon these remarkable men. Here is his portrait of Adrian:

"Adrian believed the empire was large enough already. He withdrew the eagles from the half-subdued provinces, and contented himself with the natural limits, which it was easy to defend. But within those limits his activity was unexampled. He journeyed from end to end of his immense domain, and for seventeen years never rested in one spot. News did not travel fast in those days—but the Emperor did. Long before the inhabitants of Syria and Egypt heard that he had left Rome on an expedition to Briton, he had rushed through Gaul, crossed the channel, inquired into the proceedings of the government officers at York—given orders for a wall to keep out the Caledonians, and suddenly made his appearance among the bewildered dwellers in Ephesus or Carthage, to call tax-gatherers to order, and to inspect the discipline of his troops. The master's eye was every where, for nobody knew on what part it was fixed. And such a master no kingdom has been able to boast of since. His talents were universal. He read every thing, and forgot nothing. He was a musician, a poet, a philosopher. He studied medicine and mineralogy, and plead causes like a Cicero, and sang like a singer at the opera. Perhaps it is difficult to judge impartially of the qualities of a Roman Emperor. One day he found fault on a point of grammar with a learned man of the name of Favorinus. Favorinus could have defended himself, and justified his language, but continued silent. His friends said to him: 'Why did you not answer the Emperor's objections?' 'Do you think,' said the sensible grammarian, 'I

am going to dispute with a man who commands thirty legions?' But the greatness of Adrian's character, is that he *did* command those thirty legions. He was severe and just, and Roman discipline was never more exact." (P. 35.)

If the anecdote is true which is told of Adrian in a subsequent page, the grammarian acted very wisely in not disputing with the master of thirty legions. An architect was asked his opinion of a certain series of statues designed by the Emperor, and ranged in a sitting attitude within a temple. "If the goddesses," said the architect, "take it into their heads to rise, they will never be able to get out of the door." The criticism, or the jest, is said to have cost the man his life. Perhaps the hapless architect suffered as much for his profane levity as for his carping criticism. One detects in his remark a want of respect for the goddesses, as well as for the Emperor; for it is a remark that might have been made of the statues in the most celebrated of heathen temples. Neither Zeus nor Athene could have walked out of their temples at Athens. We perceive something of the *infidel* in the unlucky criticism of the architect; and if the philosophic Emperor thought fit to build a temple to the goddesses, he might also think it fit to uphold proper respect to them in his presence.

Mr. White observes that we are sometimes under a little delusion in the estimates we form of the magnitude of the Roman Empire, or the multitude of troops that it maintained. Russia surpasses it in extent of territory, and maintains an army considerably more numerous. France and Austria, who rank next to Russia in the number of their standing armies, could singly bring into the field a much larger force than the whole Roman Empire. The military force of the Pagan empire is here estimated at 450,000 men; the Christian monarchies of France and Austria are each of them reputed to maintain an army of 650,000 men. And when we reflect upon the invention of gunpowder, and the enormous force of artillery, it is evident that any one of the first-rate powers of modern Europe could bring into the field a destructive force that would sweep from the face of the earth the thirty legions of Adrian. The very division of Europe into a number of States involves this increase of soldiery. In the old Roman Empire the Great Medi-

terranean Sea lay peaceful as a lake, and the Roman ships had nothing to dread but the winds and the waves; whereas in modern Europe many quite artificial boundaries have to be guarded by an array of soldiers. "Belgium defends her flats with a hundred thousand men, and the marshes of Holland are secured by sixty thousand Dutch." Hitherto every thing has tended to develop the military power in Christendom.

We must not linger any longer over the old Roman empire if we are to thread our way down to the modern epoch of the Reformation. We shall not cross the Hellspont to discuss the character of Constantine, or the nature of that which passes as his conversion. We shall keep to the West. We proceed to the Fifth Century, distinguished in Mr. White's programme by the fall of Rome, and the growth of ecclesiastical authority.

"Alaric now saw all Italy within his grasp. It was not only the Goths who followed Alaric's command. All the barbarians, of whatever name or race, who had been transplanted either as slaves or soldiers — Alans, Franks, and Germans — rallied round the advancing king. There were Britons, and Saxons, and Subians. It was an insurrection of all the manly elements of society against the indescribable depravation of the inhabitants of the Peninsula. Nobody could hold out a hand to avert the judgment that was about to fall on the devoted city. Ambassadors indeed appeared, and bought a short delay at the price of many thousand pounds' weight of gold and silver, and of large quantities of silk; but these were only additional incitements to the cupidity of the invader. Tribe after tribe rose up with fresh fury; warriors of every hue and shape, and with every manner of equipment. The handsome Goth in his iron cuirass; the Alan with his saddle covered with human skin; the German making a hideous sound by shrieking on the sharp edge of his shield; and the countrymen of Alaric himself sounding the 'horn of battle,' which terrified the Romans with its ominous note — all started forward on the march. At the head of each detachment rode a band, singing songs of exultation and defiance; and the Romans, stupefied with fear, saw these innumerable swarms defile towards the Milvian bridge, and close up every access to the town. There was no corn from Sicily or Africa; a pest raged in every house, and hunger reduced the inhabitants to despair."

But it was a despair which opened the gates of the city, which had not courage to die in its defense. For six days Rome was given up to pillage and slaughter.

Alaric, however, did not stay to take possession; he pushed on to complete the conquest of Italy. Dying soon after, Rome had a short respite, till the Vandals, under Genserich, repeated the assault and pillage. These, too, passed on, and did not stay to govern a city which they cared only to despoil and destroy. But the work of destruction was complete; the strength and spirit of the Roman citizen were utterly subdued. "Some phantom assembly, which still called itself the Roman Senate, sent back to Constantinople the tiara and purple robe, in sign that the Western Empire had passed away."

That Christian power, which was to take possession of the vacant throne, had itself shared in the general corruption. Mr. White observes, that the fall of the Roman Empire was the resurrection of Christianity. The Church had already been corrupted by wealth, and torn with controversy; adversity, and a great task to be performed, and fresh disciples, and ardent convertites, were amongst the means, we presume, of its partial restoration. When the wretched crowd flocked back to their half-ruined capital, what friend did it find but the Christian Church? And when a barbarian ruler sought for any instrument of the native government by which to govern his new subjects, what other presented itself but the Christian Church?

As the centuries roll on we see the institution of monasteries come to the aid of order and the spiritual monarchy of the popes. Perhaps Christianity has had no greater disgrace than the multitude of savage and fanatic monks that swarmed in the East, and were the terror and disgust of Alexandria; and perhaps European Christendom has received more benefit from her Benedictine monasteries than from any other institution that can be named. Under the same appellation such very different men and manners may be embraced. The monastery where labor was first honored, where peace was at all times secured, where the culture of the land was intelligently and *lovingly* pursued, where architecture was profoundly studied, where civilization and piety went hand in hand, will remain for all times a subject of deep and grateful interest to the student of modern history. It is too old a story, and we must resist the temptation to quote from Mr. White's pages,

or we should willingly extract a long passage in which he describes the benefit which the people, the king, the church, the pope, derived, in so many ways, from the monastic institutions. Spread over all Europe, isolated, yet more or less in communion with each other, not always on friendly terms with the bishop or other clerical authority of their own neighborhood, the overshadowing power of the pope was to them a protection and a bond of union. They very naturally became zealous advocates of this visible head of the universal Church.

Next comes upon the scene the rude but extensive empire of Charlemagne; it soon breaks up into fragments, and the civil government of Europe presents a sadder aspect than ever. There is very little one can honor by the name of civil government. To complete the confusion, a fresh invasion of barbarians from the north is poured over France and England—Danes, Scandinavians, or Norsemen as they are now often called. This island of Great Britain felt the full force of the invasion.

"For many years before this a pirate's boat or two from the north would run upon the sand, and send the crews to burn and rob a village on the coast of Berwick or Northumberland. Pirates we superciliously call them, but that is from a misconception of their point of honor. They were gentlemen, perhaps, 'of small estate' in some outlying district of Denmark and Norway, but endowed with stout arms and a great wish to distinguish themselves—if the distinction could be accompanied with an increase of their worldly goods. They considered the sea their own. They were also persons of a strong religious turn, and united the spirit of the missionary to the courage of the warrior and the avidity of the conqueror. Odin was still their god, the doors of the Walhalla were still open to them after death, and the skulls of their enemies were flaming with intoxicating mead. The English were renegades from the true faith, a set of driveling wretches who believed in a heaven where there was no beer, and worshiped a god who bade them pray for their enemies and bless the very people who used them ill."

We must not class the next invaders who took possession of our island—the Normans—amongst barbarians, since they came to us after they had been somewhat civilized and Christianized in France. General reports give them credit for being some what more civilized than the Saxons whom they conquered. But

if we read the pages of the industrious Lappenberg, we shall not rise from his *History of our Norman Kings* with any great respect for the civilization of the Normans. The gold cup, the suit of armor, the robe of state, they knew how to purloin and appropriate; they set others to build for them; whether we are absolutely indebted to them for any thing that really advances the civilization of a country, seems doubtful. Their only art of government was to conquer and subdue, and keep as much power as possible in one single hand. There is a period in the life of nations, when the establishment of this harsh dominion is very serviceable. In this light the Norman conquest may have been beneficial, tending to unite the people into one strong nation. So far as personal influence was concerned, we were indebted only to such men as Anselm and Lanfranc, Italians by birth, but who may be called Norman bishops. "Anselm," says Lappenberg, "was one of those heroes of love and humility which Christianity has produced in every age." Lanfranc reminds us of his successor in a subsequent century, Cranmer; honest and good in the main, but having something of the wisdom of the serpent. Both Anselm and Lanfranc were amongst the most learned men of their respective ages. For the Norman kings, they seem to have had no virtue but bravery, and an occasional generosity in giving with one hand what they pilaged with the other. Richard I., the most popular of the series, was, as Sismondi tersely says, "a bad son, a bad husband, a bad brother, and a bad king;" but he was the bravest of knights, and his companions in arms loved him with a kind of idolatry. Mr. White does not spare any of them.

"They were sensual, cruel, and unprincipled to a degree unusual even in those ages of rude manners and undeveloped conscience. Their personal appearance itself was an index of the ungovernable passions within. Fat, broad-shouldered, low-statured, red-haired, loud-voiced; they were frightful to look upon, even in their calmest moods; but when the Conqueror stormed, no feeling of ruth or reverence stood in his way. When he was refused the daughter of the Count of Roulogne, he forced his way into the chamber of the Countess, seized her by the hair of her head, dragged her round the room, and stamped on her with his feet; Robert his son, was of the same unimpeachable exterior. William Rufus was little and very

stout, [no great harm in that;] Henry the Second was gluttonous and debauched; Richard the Lionheart was cruel as the animal that gave him name; and John was the most debased and contemptible of mankind." (P. 277.)

The tenth century has been generally fixed upon as that in which Christendom sank to its most pitiable state, when the light of knowledge was almost extinct—the darkest amongst the dark ages. Something was added to its gloom, and something to its debasement, by a belief which prevailed towards the close of the century, that the end of all things was at hand, and the race of man speedily to be destroyed. The one thousand years had elapsed. A few texts most unskillfully applied, the roundness of the number, and the calamities of the period, were a sufficient foundation for the belief that the world would soon be destroyed. A similar belief has risen in later times less excusably.

The thousand years passed, and in the next century some dawns of improvement are perceived. But, in reality, such was the complex nature of European society, that it is impossible to fix upon any period in which corruption is not going on in one part, and resuscitation in another. And as the centuries advance, this complication becomes more discernible; for the elements of the old Roman civilization, its jurisprudence and its literature, emerge from the ruins in which they had been buried. The Greek fathers, too, are again studied. In this century, in the seclusion of an Irish monastery, John Scotus Erigena is rivaling Origen himself in the subtlety of his speculations. He is reviving the doctrines of Philo and of the Neo-Platonists, and, so far as extracts from his works enable us to judge, he surpasses these later Greeks in logical distinctness. We note, in passing, that the greater lights of Greece—Plato and Aristotle—are, curiously enough, brought back to us in the first instance by Arabian scholars. They were studied in Bagdad and Cordova before they found their way to Paris or Salamanca.

And this reminds us of the great movement *from without*—new nations and a new religion driven upon Christendom—which seems at first to threaten the civilization of Europe, but which ends by urging it forward by a fresh impulse. It was in the seventh century, when—

"Looking forth already beyond the narrow precincts of his power, Mohammed saw in the distance, across the desert, the proud empires of Persia and Constantinople. To both he wrote letters demanding their allegiance, as God's prophet, and threatening vengeance if they disobeyed. Chosroes, the Persian, tore the letter to pieces. 'Even so,' said Mohammed, 'shall his kingdom be torn.' Heraclius the Greek, was more respectful. He placed the missive on his pillow, and very naturally fell asleep, and thought of it no more. But his descendants were not long of having their pillows not quite so provocative of repose. The city of Medina grew too small to hold the Prophet's followers, and they went forth conquering and to conquer. There were Abou Beker the Wise, and Omar the Faithful, and Khaled the Brave, and Ali the Sword of God. Mecca fell before them, and city after city sent in its adhesion to the claims of a Prophet who had such dreadful interpreters as these. The religion he preached was comparatively true. He destroyed the idols of the land, inculcated soberness, chastity, charity, and, by some faint transmission of the precepts of the Bible, inculcated brotherly love and forgiveness of wrong. But the Sword was the true Gospel. Its light was spread in Syria, and all the adjoining territories."

We need not be surprised or dismayed at the partial triumph of the Crescent over the Cross. It can not in fairness be described as the triumph of the false religion over the true, for the priesthood of the Greek Church, at the time of the fall of Constantinople, had not only departed from the simplicity of the Gospel in the doctrines they taught, but their lives were still less Christian than their faith. There was more true religion, there was more of the real spirit of Christianity, in an Omar or an Abou Beker riding on his camel with his bag of dates for all his provender, and his heart wholly devoted to what he deemed his duty to God and the service of mankind, than in the luxurious priesthood and the idle and quarrelsome people of the city of Constantinople. The Christians fell before the Moslems, because they had ceased to be Christians in every thing but name. Such literature as the capital of the Greek Empire still possessed was not altogether lost, for the refugees carried it with them into Europe. The seed was shaken over a better soil.

If the story is true of the destruction of the library at Alexandria, the successors of the Caliph Omar made ample compensation to Europe in the example they set in the prosecution of science and philosophy. We will here extract an eloquent

passage from Sismondi's *History of the Literature of the South of Europe*, which, while it records the achievements of the Saracen, and the obligations of Europe, suggests also other topics of reflection.

After relating what the Arabs or other Mussulmans had accomplished in science, in philosophy, in history, in poetry, in every department of literature, and reminding us that we probably owe to them the invention of gunpowder, the compass, paper, our numbers, etc., he proceeds thus: "Such was the brilliant light which literature and science displayed from the ninth to the fourteenth century of our era, in those vast countries which had been submitted to the yoke of Islamism. Many melancholy reflections arise when we enumerate the long list of names which, though unknown to us, were then so illustrious, and of manuscripts buried in dusty libraries, which have, in their time, exercised a powerful influence over the human intellect. What remains of so much glory? The boundless regions where Islamism reigned, and still continues to reign, are now dead to the interests of science. The rich countries of Fez and Morocco, illustrious for five centuries for the number of their academies, their universities, and their libraries, are now only deserts of burning sands, which the human tyrant disputes with the beast of prey. The smiling and fertile shores of Mauritania, where commerce, arts, and agriculture attained their highest prosperity, are now the retreats of corsairs, who spread horror over the seas, and who only relax from their labors in shameful debaucheries, until the plague periodically comes to select its victims from amongst them, and to avenge offended humanity. Egypt has by degrees been swallowed up by the sands which formerly fertilized it; Syria and Palestine are desolated by the wandering Bedouins, less terrible still than the Pasha who oppresses them. Bagdad, formerly the residence of luxury, of power, and of knowledge, is a heap of ruins. The celebrated universities of Cufa and Bussora are extinct. Those of Samarcand and Balkh share in the destruction. In this immense extent of territory, twice or thrice as large as Europe, nothing is found but ignorance, slavery, terror, and death. Few men are capable of reading the works of their illustrious ancestors; and of the few who could comprehend them, none are able to procure them. The prodigious

literary riches of the Arabians, of which we have given only a cursory view, no longer exist in any of the countries where the Arabians and the Mussulmans have rule. It is not there that we must seek either for the fame of their great men, or for their writings. What have been preserved are in the hands of their enemies, in the convents of the monks, or in the royal libraries of Europe. *And yet these vast countries have not been conquered.* It is not the stranger who has despoiled them of their riches, who has annihilated their population, and destroyed their laws, their manners, and their natural spirit. The poison was their own; it was administered by themselves, and the result has been their own destruction.

"Who may say that Europe itself, whither the empire of letters and sciences has been transported, which sheds so brilliant a light, which forms so correct a judgment of the past, and which compares so well the successive reigns of the literature and manners of antiquity, shall not, in a few ages, become as wild and deserted as the hills of Mauritania, the sands of Egypt, and the valleys of Anatolia? Who may say that in some new land, perhaps in those lofty regions whence the Orinoco and the river of the Amazons have their source, nations with other manners, other languages, other thoughts, and other religions, shall not arise, once more to renew the human race, and to study the past as we have studied it—nations who, hearing with astonishment of our existence, that our knowledge was as extensive as their own, and that we, like themselves, placed our trust in the stability of fame, shall pity our impotent efforts, and recall the names of Newton, of Racine, and of Tasso, as examples of the vain struggle of man to snatch that immortality of glory which fate has refused to bestow?"

A melancholy question, yet one to which we are by no means inclined to give a desponding answer. There is one art these Saracens never understood, that of civil government. Every where the religion of the Mussulman carries with it a theocratic despotism—if such an expression is permissible. Civil government never stands on its own basis, as an institution to be created at each epoch by the mundane wisdom of the times, for the mundane interest of the whole society. The Caliph was priest as well as emperor, and the Koran was the code of jurispru-

dence. There was no political freedom. Just where patriotism should have displayed itself, a religious enthusiasm or a religious bondage intervened. It was a religious enthusiasm, in the day of victory and prosperity; it was a religious despondency, in the day of darkness and of difficulty. There can be no stability where the whole people do not feel, *as a people*, a determination to uphold the national prosperity. If Arabian scholars studied, in these our dark centuries, morals and politics in Plato and Aristotle, their studies were purely speculative; they did not, and could not, introduce amongst the people any love of freedom or self-government. Herein lay the peculiar advantage of Europe, that, side by side with the power and teaching of the great Christian priesthood, there was the Gothic or German love of independence, there were the political traditions of the Republic and the Empire, there was the lingering authority of the civil or municipal law. We had a Pope, but no Caliph, or he was Caliph only in the city of Rome. Religion did not bind down the people to any one form of government, and it left an independent influence to law and politics. Contrast at this period the half-savage feudal baron, caring only for battle and the chase, with the polite aristocracy of Bagdad and Cordova, and our northern noble does not present to us a very hopeful aspect. But the independence of this man, who would live and rule in his own castle, was saving us from the fate of Bagdad and Cordova.

The eleventh century brings upon the field the Crusades and Chivalry; and here we can not help remarking on the effect which poetry, or mere works of imagination, may have on the real manners of an age. In chivalry we have an instance how a quite ideal picture of manners may be imitated to some degree, and thus the fictitious history of a past time produce a real history, bearing some faint resemblance to it. Sismondi has observed, that the more we look into this matter the more clearly shall we perceive that the system of chivalry is an invention almost entirely poetical. "It is always represented," he shrewdly observes, "as distant from us both in time and place; and whilst the contemporary historian gives us a clear, detailed, and complete account of the vices of the court and the great, of the ferocity or corruption of the nobles, and of the servility of the people, we are

astonished to find the poets, after a long lapse of time, adorning the very same ages with the most splendid fictions of grace, virtue, and loyalty." The romance-writers of the twelfth century placed the age of chivalry in the time of Charlemagne. This very age of the twelfth century was pointed to with envy by Francis I. Times nearer our own have thought that chivalry flourished in the persons of Du Guesclin and Bayard. But though, if we examine any of these periods, we shall certainly not find the ideal of chivalry, we shall find in some of them an influence of this ideal on the manners of the age. When our Edward the Black Prince treated his royal prisoner with ostentatious respect and deference, he was probably translating fiction, as well as he could, into reality. Amongst the multitude of powers, lay and spiritual, that are seen in action throughout the Europe of the middle ages, let the poet too have his place.

We pass over the terrible fate of the Albigenses, but mention the name, because the name alone will suggest that movements hostile to the Church are already making themselves felt. Such hostile movements call to mind also how the threatened Church was strengthened by the new orders of Franciscan and Dominican Friars. The monks labored and prayed; the friars preached. The first impulse of a monk was the salvation of his own soul; the first impulse of a friar was the salvation of the souls of others. How corruption entered into the new orders we need not repeat; but at their first starting all is pure and noble, and they represent the spirit of intellectual activity, so far as it is allied with the Church. They start nobly; for if they throw themselves on voluntary contributions for their support, they begin by rendering services; they preach, they teach, they confess, they guide. It is a fair and open adoption of the *voluntary principle*. Their services were great; the alms they collected very modest in amount. Afterwards the begging-box went round with great pertinacity, and the services rendered became fewer and of a very doubtful kind. The vow of poverty is evaded; the gift which was at first received in humility is now demanded from the layman as his first of *duties*. The preaching of the friars, which was in advance of the regular clergy, grows to be intolerant even of such

thought and learning as arise in the Church itself. It is well perhaps that the friars speedily degenerate, and lose the influence their piety gave them, for they are laboring to repress all freedom of thought, all inquiry, all science. They become tools of the Pope to collect his revenue and confirm his power. They excite opposition in the clergy as well as in the people, and this opposition is favoring the spirit of free inquiry.

Mr. White, at the commencement of each of his centuries, gives us a list of the principal *dramatis personæ*. At the commencement of the fourteenth century we read in one line the noble and hope-inspiring names of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Chaucer, Froissart. We stop at the last, and give the reader the benefit of Mr. White's description of the Herodotus of the middle ages :

"But more important than the poems of Dante and Chaucer, or the prose of Boccaccio, was the introduction of the new literature represented by Froissart. Hitherto chronicles had for the most part consisted of the record of such wandering rumors as reached a monastery, or were gathered in the religious pilgrimages of holy men. But at this time there came into notice the most inquiring, enterprising, picturesque and entertaining chronicler that had ever appeared since Herodotus read the result of his personal travels and sagacious inquiries to the assembled multitudes of Greece. John Froissart, called by the courtesy of the time Sir John, in honor of his being priest and chaplain, devoted a long life to the collection of the fullest and most trustworthy accounts of all the events and personages characteristic of his time. From 1326, when his labors commence, to 1400 when his active pen stood still, nothing happened in any part of Europe that the Paul Pry of the period did not rush off to verify on the spot. If he heard of an assemblage of knights going on at the extremities of France, or in the center of Germany; of a tournament at Bordeaux, a court gala in Scotland, or a marriage festival at Milan, his travels began—whether in the humble guise of a solitary horseman, with his portmanteau behind his saddle, and a single greyhound at his heels, as he jogged wearily across the Border, till he finally arrived in Edinburgh; or in his grander style of equipment, gallant steed, with hackney led beside him, and four dogs of high race, gamboling round his horse as he made his dignified journey from Ferrara to Rome: wherever life was to be seen and painted, the indefatigable Froissart was to be found. Whatever he had gathered up on former expeditions, whatever he learned in his present tour, down it went in his own exquisite language, with his own poetical impression of the pomps and pageantries he be-

held; and when at the end of his journey he reached the court of prince or potentate, no higher treat could be offered to the 'noble lords and ladies bright' than to form a glittering circle round the enchanting chronicler, and listen to what he had written. From palace to palace, from castle to castle, the unwearied 'picker-up of unconsidered trifles' (which, however, were neither trifles nor unconsidered, when their true value became known,) pursued his happy way, certain of a friendly reception when he arrived, and certain of not losing his time by negligence or blindness on the road. If he overtakes a stately cavalier, attended by squires and men-at-arms, he enters into conversation, drawing out the experiences of the venerable warrior by relating to him all he knew of things and persons in which he took an interest. And when they put up at some hostelry on the road, and while the gallant knight was sound asleep on his straw-stuffed couch, and his followers were wallowing amid the rushes on the parlor-floor, Froissart was busy with pen and note-book, scoring down all the old gentleman had told him, all the fights he had been present at, and the secret history (if any) of the councils of priests and kings. In this way knights in distant parts of the world became known to each other. The same voice which described to Douglas at Dalkeith the exploits of the Prince of Wales, sounded the praises of Douglas in the ears of the Black Prince at Bordeaux." (P. 336.)

A native literature, we see, is rising into existence; kingly power is obtaining its predominance over feudal license, and the mercantile and manufacturing city is displaying its wealth and establishing its municipal rights. The Church may still receive a fealty from all parties, but it can not have the same preëminent sway that it formerly possessed. There are those who will dispute its power, and question its creed. Kings make their treaties with the pope as with any other foreign potentate; and if the head of the church withstands one monarch, it is because he has another for his ally.

And now let us open Mr. White's book at the commencement of the sixteenth century. The list of *dramatis personæ* is alone sufficient to call up a host of reflections. With such monarchs as Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII., we are now more familiar than we are with contemporary sovereigns. They all start upon their reigns as zealous orthodox champions of the Church, but impatient of any restraint. The wealthy hierarchy which each finds in his own dominions he is most solicitous to uphold, but he must be permitted in part to govern it, and by

no means to be governed by it. The people are, in the main, attached both to their sovereigns and to the church; but the wealth and luxury amongst the higher orders of the priesthood, and the well-endowed abbeys, have created a scandal amongst the populace; whilst a more serious and enlightened class of men venture to upbraid the whole Church, as persisting to maintain many superstitions which are no longer worthy of the age. Let us now attempt to estimate that great movement called the Reformation.

In the first place it is noticeable, and proves how general were the causes which brought about this movement, that the Reformation breaks out spontaneously about the same time in Germany, France, and Switzerland. In Germany, Luther—in Switzerland, Zuinglius—in France, Lefevre and Farel are found preaching much the same doctrines, and quite independently of each other. D'Aubigné gives the precedence, in point of time, to his own countrymen.

It is perfectly certain that Zuinglius taught the doctrines of the Reformed Faith before he had heard any thing of Luther's proceedings. The simple fact was, that men had begun to read the Bible, and the perusal of the New Testament would awaken every where in minds of a certain susceptibility, the same longing after a pure spiritual religion.

Looking abroad at the Reformation as a great popular movement, we are soon made aware that this longing after a pure spiritual religion, in which the soul at once, without any priestly intermediary, communes with God or Christ, was not the only motive; the populace in general was led to take part against the established Church by the manifest hypocrisy and scandalous lives of many of the priesthood. It is necessary to bear this in mind, or the course of subsequent events can not be understood.

Surprise is often expressed that the Reformation, after extending through a certain portion of Europe, ceased to make further conquests, and was even driven back from territories of which it had taken possession. It was driven back because the priesthood of the Roman Church had reformed their own manners; it was driven back by the revived Christian zeal of pious popes, and by the more enlightened and earnest preaching of the Jesuits and of other Roman ecclesiastics.

That the Reformation was never able to extend beyond certain barriers, admits, if we look a little closely into the facts, of a very easy solution.

For in no case whatever was the reformatory movement amongst the people so general and so zealous, that it could make its way where the Church was supported by a strong civil government. In Saxony the Government went over to the Reformation. So it did in England. Even in Saxony itself, and in other states of Germany in which it triumphed, the Reformation would have been controlled and repressed if the Imperial Government had been stronger. Happily, neither in the Diet nor in the Emperor did there exist that power which could unite the whole of Germany against this new spiritual insurrection. In Scotland it made its way under a regency, or under a queen more fitted to be the ornament of a luxurious court than the controller of a turbulent aristocracy. In Switzerland it encountered a democracy, and therefore might have expected an easy triumph; but in Switzerland, as soon as the Catholic cantons had allied themselves in a fresh bond of union from which the Protestant cantons were excluded, war breaks out between the two parties, the Reformation makes no further conquest. The several cantons take up a hostile position to each other; and this is seen to be sufficient to check the growth of the new church.

Some speculative men have fancied that the Reformation could only extend amongst the Teutonic race, and that it was averse to the nature of the Celt. Lord Macaulay, who is by no means a speculative man, but distinguished by his practical sagacity, gives some countenance to this idea. He notices especially, that the cantons in Switzerland where the German language is spoken, are those only in which the Reformation had triumphed. As the Reformation had originated in Zurich, it was likely in the first instance to spread amongst kindred cantons. And the war which broke out between Zurich and the Catholic cantons was sure to check in the latter any tendency to accept its new doctrines. "The league which formed the basis of the Helvetic Union"—we are quoting from D'Aubigné—"contained an article providing that their confederation should from time to time be renewed. Such a renewal the seven cantons of Lucerne, Uri, Schweiz,

Unterwalden, Zug, Fribourg, and Soleure, resolved should take place, but they determined that the cantons of Zurich and Basle, and the towns of St. Gallen and Mulhausen, should have no part in the renewal of the alliance." The federal government, in fact, arrayed itself thus early against the Reformation. Geneva at this time was not numbered amongst the cantons of Switzerland, but was only an ally.

That the distinction of race can have very little to do with the boundaries of the Reformation, is proved by this—that in no country were the reformed doctrines received more zealously than in France. This may not be a familiar truth to many, but a perusal of the history will confirm the assertion. But they encountered here a resistance such as in no country have they ever been able to overcome. During a turbulent and unsettled period, the Reformation did make way; but when the kingly power is again strong, and ranged on the side of the Church, it is seen directly that it must succumb. It must succumb, or France must be disremembered.

But though it is impossible to admit that a Celtic population may not be as good Protestants as a Teutonic, we may observe a noticeable difference in the manner in which the new doctrines were embraced in France and in Germany. The Frenchman had no sooner received his new light, than he was for converting—and that by all means in his power—the rest of his countrymen; he was impatient of what he called idolatry, and the moment he had deserted the Virgin Mary, he was for throwing her image into the river in spite of the adoration of all her remaining votaries. Farel meets upon a bridge a procession "which was advancing, repeating prayers to St. Anthony, and having at its head two priests with an image of that saint; Farel seizes the holy hermit out of the arms of the priests, and throws it from the bridge into the river, 'Poor idolaters!' he exclaims to the people, 'will you *never* leave off your idolatry?' Priests and people stood still in amazement. A religious dread seemed to arrest the multitude. But the torpor soon ceased. 'The image is drowning!' exclaims one of the crowd, and to the silence succeed transports and cries of fury. But Farel, we know not how, escaped their rage." D'Aubigné gives se-

veral such anecdotes. No sooner had an assembly of French Protestants been gathered together, than they begin to manifest an intolerance against the public worship and public processions of the Catholics. Contrast this impatience, this impetuous proselytism, with the slow progress of the Lutherans. For a long time they submitted to the old ritual, though they had embraced quite incompatible doctrine. "The *doctrine* had been preached for four years in Wittemberg, and yet the *ritual* of the Church went on as usual." "There was a new doctrine," D'Aubigné continues, "in the world, but it had not given itself a new body. The language of the priest formed a striking contrast with the proceedings of the priest. He was heard thundering from the pulpit against the mass as an idolatrous worship, and then seen descending and taking his place before the altar to celebrate the pompous ceremony with scrupulous exactness. Every where the new gospel resounded beside the ancient ritual." Admirable instance of Teutonic forbearance! Let but the man possess his own soul in peace, and what ritual or other *practical* arrangements you make, does not greatly distress him.

Our Luther himself but for one doctrine which had become the very life and soul of the man, would have been persuaded or alarmed into an accommodation with the Church of Rome. There was one period in the negotiations between the two parties when, by mutual concessions, a compromise appeared possible, if Luther could have but relinquished his doctrine of "justification by faith alone." Writing of the great German reformer, Mr. White says: "Hungering after better things than the works of the law—abstinence, prayers, repetitions, scourgings, and all the wearisome routine of mechanical devotion—he dashed boldly into the other *extreme*, and preached free grace—grace without merit, the great doctrine which is called, theologically, 'justification by faith alone.' " This *other extreme* was the sheet-anchor of Reformation. And it is curious to notice that a doctrine, on which Protestants are now divided, was precisely the doctrine which irrevocably separated the Reformed churches, in the first instance, from the great Catholic hierarchy, so far as the Reformation depended upon Luther and his faithful disciples, it was the only vital

point on which no compromise was possible. The doctrine of *transubstantiation*, which to the Protestants of a later period seemed the most astounding error of the ancient Church, was maintained to the last by Luther. Some slight modification he may have made, which is indicated in controversial language by the substitution of the term *consubstantiation*; but if Luther could have kept his disciples upon that line at which he himself rested, there would have been no incurable schism on this head. D'Aubigné gives us a most spirited and graphic account of the conference held upon this subject before the Landgrave at Marburg, between the Swiss reformer, Zuinglius, and Martin Luther. Luther was supported by Melancthon, Zuinglius by Œcolampadius. The Landgrave sat behind a table; "Luther taking a piece of chalk, bent over the velvet cloth which covered it, and steadily wrote four words in large characters. All eyes followed the movement of his hand, and soon they read, *HOC EST CORPUS MEUM*. Luther wished to have this declaration continually before him, that it might strengthen his own faith, and be a sign to his adversaries." And no Catholic could have adhered more pertinaciously to the literal meaning of his text. "I differ, and shall always differ," he exclaimed. "Christ has said, *This is my body*. Let them show me that a body is not a body, I reject reason, common sense, carnal arguments, and mathematical proofs. We have the word of God. *This is my body*," he repeated, pointing with his finger to the words he had written; "the devil himself shall not drive me from that. To seek to understand it, is to fall away from the faith." Zuinglius objected, that Christ's body had ascended into heaven; and if in heaven, it is not in the bread. Luther replied: "I repeat that I have nothing to do with mathematical proofs. I will not, when Christ's body is in question, hear speak of a particular place. I absolutely will not. Christ's body is in the sacrament, but it is not there as in a place." Then, no longer content with pointing his finger at the text he had written, he seized the velvet cover, tore it off the table, and held it up to the eyes of Zuinglius and Œcolampadius. "See! see!" he said, "this is our text; you have not yet driven us from it, and we care for no other proof."

Happily it is not one mind, however

energetic, that can arrest or determine a movement like that of the Reformation. It ran its destined course. And now, looking round upon the nations of Europe, we may assuredly congratulate those countries in which, owing to favorable circumstances, the doctrines of the Reformed Church were able freely to develop themselves. There is no room for doubt or cavil on this head. It is not a question of subtle or disputable tenets. There is this broad matter-of-fact distinction between Protestantism and Catholicism—the one is the religion of the Book, the other of the Priest. In the one, every peasant consults his Bible as his sacred oracle; in the other, the Priest is his sacred oracle. The immense influence this must have on the education of the people starts to view at once. In the one, a grave responsibility is thrown on each man's mind, and he is prompted to reflect seriously and studiously on the most momentous subjects of human thought; in the other, such studious reflection is habitually repressed. When reflection does come, as at times it certainly will, it takes the form of sudden, impetuous, extreme opinion. We have not the least doubt that if the Reformed doctrines had been allowed by the civil power to spread generally over France, the political revolutions of that country would have been conducted in a less violent manner, with more steadfast aim, and to a far happier result. France would have been spared much crime and much disaster.

Action and reaction is as much a social as it is a mechanical law. Knowledge and the arts—whatever we embrace under the name of civilization—led to the Reformation; but the Reformation, again, (this reflective and studious religion of the Sacred Book, to which man is to bring his understanding and his heart,) reacts on civilization. *It maintains a steadfast intellectual energy*, whose influence is felt in every department of human enterprise; even in trade and commerce, in colonization and war, it is the steadfast and somewhat pensive Protestant that ever shows the most *persistent* zeal and determination. We will not harp upon the *right* of private judgment; we prefer to say that if you remove from the individual the *responsibility* of thinking on religion—a responsibility he is often too willing to be relieved of and to throw upon his teacher—you abstract from the

intellectual and moral life of man one of its most important elements.

Of all the countries which have received the Reformation, none has displayed the subtle, constant influence it has on the national character in so striking a manner as Great Britain. The national characters of the English and of the Scotch can not be said to be eminently peaceful, and in that respect it may be said they are not pre-eminently Christian. But what marks the character of both people, and of the Scotch in particular, is that steadfastness of purpose which comes from the union of high physical power and a constant habit of reflection. We say that this habit of earnest reflection is due in a great measure to *the religion of the Book*. Each father of the family who opens his Bible and reads it to his children is a priest himself, and looks from the page before him directly up to God. Such a man will walk sure-footed through life, whether he treads the pavement of a commercial city, or marches under the heat of an Indian sun with a rifle in his hand.

The eighteenth and last century of Mr. White's agreeable volume displays, as he says, a still widening prospect, new nations coming into being, and the old extending the sphere of their activity. "The characteristic of this period is constant change on the greatest scale." The United States rise into existence; Russia and Prussia advance upon the arena; England creates by conquest an empire in India, and enters on her still wiser course of colonization in Australia. These are topics far too vast for us here to touch upon. Mr. White is not deficient in a certain spirit of patriotism, or *John Bullism*, as it is sometimes called. The following passage, with which we must quit his agreeable pages, suggests something for exultation, and something, also, for grave reflection. We are not, it has been often said, "a military nation."

"Not a military nation! How this astounding proposition agrees with the fact that we have met in battle every single nation, and tribe, and kindred, and tongue on the face of the whole earth, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and have beaten them all; how it further agrees with the fact that no civilized power was ever engaged in such constant and multitudinous wars, so that there was no month or week in the history of the last two hundred years, in which it can be said, we were not interchanging shot or saber-stroke, some where or

other on the surface of the globe; how, further still, the statement is to be reconciled with the fact, perceptible to all mankind, that the result of these engagements is an unexampled growth of influence and empire—the acquisition of kingdoms defended by millions of warriors in Hindostan; of colonies ten times the extent of the conqueror's realm, defended by Montcalm and the armies of France—we must leave to the individuals who make it; the truth being, that the British people is not only the most military nation the world has ever seen, not excepting the Roman, but the most warlike. It is impossible to say when these pages may meet the reader's eye, but at whatever time it may be, he has only to look at the *Times* newspaper of that morning, and he will see that either in the East, the West, in China, or the Cape, or the Persian Gulf, or on the Indus, or the Irrawaddy, the meteor flag is waved in bloody advance. And this seems an indispensable part of the British position. She is so ludicrously small upon the map, and so absorbed in speculation, so padded with cotton, and so sunk in coal-pits, that it is only constant experience of her prowess that keeps the world aware of her power. The other great nations can repose upon their size, and their armies of six or seven hundred thousand men. Nobody would think France or Russia weak because they were inactive. But, with us the case is different: we must fight or fall." (P. 482.)

We sincerely hope this is not quite an accurate account of the position of England. Indeed, the whole paragraph is written with a certain *abandonment*, a certain exuberance of spirits that warns us that the author does not desire to be understood quite literally. We are warlike enough, though the statement in the above extract may be somewhat exaggerated; but we trust we are not in that perilous and frightful position that "we must fight or fall." Foreign wars are not necessary to our own security as an independent people.

If the military power of France greatly exceeds our own, the danger of an invasion is not lessened by sending the largest portion of our troops to India. But we must bear in mind that, for the purpose of defense, we have not to raise a force to encounter the five or six hundred thousand troops of France; we have only to raise a force equal to such an army as France can transport to our shores. This, notwithstanding our smaller population, we can effect. We could especially keep up such an artillery, and a militia so well practiced in the rifle, that even in times of profound peace a powerful defensive army might soon be assembled. The only real

danger to England lies in that "ignorant impatience of taxation" and that habitual improvidence which render her negligent of her necessary defenses, naval and military. The people will rush into a war without counting the cost, and burden themselves with millions upon millions of debt; but if a single ship rots in the harbor without having received a hostile shot in her hulk, the cry is raised that it was built for no purpose, and that the money ought to have been saved. A reckless extravagance alternates with a wretched parsimony. If the people of

England could but learn to spend their thousands systematically, and for prospective ends, they might save the millions they occasionally squander, and rest secure within their island-home.

We must now close Mr. White's book. We have run through it rapidly and with pleasure. Here and there it has seemed to us that a little more sobriety of tone or manner would be an improvement. We suggest that an index to the volume would be a useful addition; the brief headings of each division are not enough to facilitate reference.

From the North British Review.

CHATEAUBRIAND AND HIS TIMES.*

No man has exercised over modern French literature so great an influence as Châteaubriand. After the catastrophe of '89-93, by which every tradition was destroyed, every edifice overthrown, every connecting link snapped, whether in politics or religion, in morals, society, or literature—after this period of confusion and barbarism, nothing remained to France but the love of movement, noise, and conquest, and a thoroughly perverted taste in the arts. Never, probably, was *the taste* of a nation so completely—in some respects, so irretrievably—vitiated; for there are points on which to this day no improvement is observable. From the hour when to the love of the impure and the *distorted*, was added the love of the glaring and the gaudy—when the clatter and show of the Empire succeeded to the would-be Roman and Greek Republicanism of the Revolutionary days (both equally false)—from that hour the appreciative powers of the public mind in France were diverted from their natural bent, the genius of the people and of the language was changed, and changed vio-

lently; and it is to be remarked, that, since that time, the works that, in literature, for instance, have been most famous, and have had the best right to be so, have *not* been in strict conformity with the tendencies of the French character, or with the genius of the French tongue, the perfect development whereof is visibly marked in the illustrious writers of the age of Louis XIV.

From 1789 to 1816 the "literature of France" would be a word almost devoid of sense, were it not for Châteaubriand. He alone prevents the chain from breaking asunder, which connects the literary epoch of Rousseau, Diderot, Voltaire, and the men of the eighteenth century, with the epoch made glorious from 1814 until now, by so many writers and thinkers of great power and elevation. We would, however, merely register here the undeniable *extent* of Châteaubriand's influence, not its quality. We are disposed to esteem the quality of that influence an exceedingly bad one. We are disposed to believe that all that was so eminently deteriorating in the power exercised by Jean Jacques Rousseau over the youth of his time—all that was so essentially weakening and corrupt, so conducive to selfishness, vanity, and above all, to self-glorification—as

* *M. de Châteaubriand—Sa vie, ses écrits, son influence sur son temps.* By M. VILLEMARIN. 2 vols. Paris: Michel Levy.

revived and brought into fresh activity by Chateaubriand. *René*, the very worst, and therefore the most indisputably influential of all Chateaubriand's productions, has far more affinity with the genius of Jean Jacques than with any thing else in the whole world of literature—far more even than with *Werther*, to which it has often been erroneously likened; while *Valentine*, *Jacques*, and the greater part of Madame Sand's immoral creations, derive more directly their origin from *René* than from any other source that can be assigned to them. It is scarcely possible to find a writer of fiction in France who does not owe a large portion of his talent and of his individuality to Chateaubriand. It is difficult, indeed, to conceive of the existence of a great number of the dreamers in prose and poetry of contemporary France, if you abstract for a moment, in your imagination, the fact of the preëxistence of *René*. Of this most immoral but finely-written work, there is a trace in almost every writer of the class we have named. Hugo escaped it, perhaps, rather more than the others; but Lamartine owes a large portion of what he is, both in prose and verse, to Chateaubriand; Madame Sand owes to him fully as much as she does to Rousseau, and even among the more serious students of history and of science during the Restoration, you recognize the involuntary submission to an influence that is *not*, we again repeat, in accordance with the genius of the language or of the race.

Chateaubriand is an individuality worth studying in other respects than in merely literary ones. He is, from a curious concourse of circumstances, in perpetual antagonism to Napoleon Bonaparte; and, perhaps for the very reason that there was at bottom a strong attraction of each towards the other, when the repulsion established itself, it was an invincibly violent one. When these two, who had at first seemed destined to act together, were definitively and irrevocably severed, they seemed to acknowledge the force of some law common to both, and in virtue of which they both hated each other in the same way. "Does Chateaubriand fancy I don't understand the meaning of his allusions?" exclaims the Emperor, after the publication of an article in the *Mercure*, of which paper the author of *René* was the editor—"does he think I do not know what he would be at? He seems

to take me for a fool; but *I will have him cut to pieces on the steps leading to my palace!*"* And a short while after, when, to save the life of his cousin, (Armand de Chateaubriand,) the hero of M. Villemain's book addresses a petition to the Dictator, he does so, in spite of himself, in such terms, that Napoleon, receiving the letter from the hands of Josephine, crushes it in his hand, after perusing it, and throws it into the fire. This alternate attraction and repulsion between Bonaparte and Chateaubriand, which begins in 1800 and endures till the return from Elba, is a feature in the life of both not to be left unstudied. "After all, Sire, do not forget," exclaimed courageously M. de Fontanes to the Emperor, in the midst of one of his most violent outbreaks of rage—"do not forget that *his name renders your reign illustrious*, and will, by posterity, be always mentioned immediately after your own. He can not overthrow your sovereignty; he has but his genius; but by right of his genius he is immortal in your age!"† We will not at this moment pause to explain why we think that M. de Fontanes considerably overrated the merits of Chateaubriand; one thing is certain, namely, that at the time those words were spoken, and for a full quarter of a century after, all France, without perhaps a dozen dissident voices, would have echoed the opinion, and, with M. de Fontanes, pronounced Chateaubriand the honor and glory of the age.

Where an influence has been so great and so long-enduring, where it is so impossible to deny either the extent or the strength of it, the man who has exercised it, is without any doubt a worthy subject of study for the historical, the political, or the purely literary student. A universal influence exerted, supposes a peculiar state of the public mind, and you can not, in this case, separate the agent of the influence from those he acts upon. It is all very well to say, that those upon whom he made an impression were wrong to allow themselves to be thus impressed; that may or may not be true, and has to be examined later; but the fact of the impression produced, and produced universally, denotes a certain phase of public opinion. What the large majority of a

* "Il croit que je suis un imbécile, que je ne le comprends pas. Je le ferai sabrer, sur les marches de mon palais!"—Chap. vii. p. 161.

† Chap. vii. pp. 161, 162.

nation (so large that it may be styled "the whole country") thinks upon any subject, is always deserving of attention. This reason alone, even if there were no other, would lead us to believe that a portion of our readers' time will not be misspent in seeing what a man like Villmain has to say of a man like Châteaubriand.

One of the chief causes of the small amount of truth the general public usually obtains in France upon the subject of what is termed a "great man," is the intensity to which in that country the spirit of *coterie-ism* is brought. If the "great man" in question belonged—as every man of any note almost always does—to some particular coterie, it is next to impossible that during his lifetime any word of truth should be spoken about him; for not only his own personal, and probably numerous, coterie protects him with all its power, but coteries in France do not attack each other's idols, feeling that a moment may come when this one may be glad to ask for and accept that one's help. We should think the man did not live in all France, who, whatever his particular opinions or his particular career in life, would have cared to provoke the anger of Madame la Duchesse de Duras under the Restoration, or of Madame Récamier under the Monarchy of 1830. The salon of Madame de Duras, from 1815 till 1827, was the temple of which the author of *Atala* was the high priest; and at the death of this lady (than whom one more amiable, or high-minded, or deservedly respected, never existed) M. de Châteaubriand allowed himself to be raised upon a pedestal, and sacrificed to, by Madame Récamier in her retreat of the *Abbaye aux Bois*. From the time of the Directory to that of the Revolution of July, Madame Récamier had pursued but one single object in life, that of having "a salon," as it is termed in Paris, and of attaining to the rank of a real "social influence," as it is also called in the modern phraseology of Parisian life. As with most people who do but one thing, Madame Récamier did the "one thing" well. She achieved her *salon* and her "social influence" in a period of some forty odd years, and at the death of the Duchesse de Duras, she put in her claim to the inheritance of the idol, who, well pleased with the new place of worship provided for him, drew a definitive veil

over his recollections of the friend who was gone, and prepared to make the very best, both for his comfort and for his fame, of the devotion of the friend who remained. There was no more sentiment than this comes to in the whole transaction; but safely guarded in his selfishness by so active and intelligent a worshiper as Madame Récamier, Châteaubriand was secure from even the most distant allusion to that selfishness ever being made. Madame Récamier would have but ill employed her labors of more than forty years, if she had not arrived at the means of directly or indirectly disposing of Parisian journalism, and at all events at the power of preventing any harsh discordant note from disturbing the melodious echoes of by-gone eulogies, that were still made to ring in the ears of the decaying "great man." A year or two before his death, Châteaubriand was beginning to be forgotten; when he did die, his old reputation blazed forth anew with dazzling though momentary splendor, and his funeral was, what that of men who have been idols almost invariably is, the event of the day. With the funeral, however, all was over. It was truly "dust to dust," and nothing but dust remained behind. Madame Récamier soon followed him she had worshiped to the grave, and there was now no one to prevent the truth from being spoken. But where were they who could speak it? M. de Châteaubriand had reached the age of eighty when he died, and those who could have the authority of witnesses to his acts of early life were few in number. Had his own *Memoirs* not appeared to keep up, or rather to reawaken the interest excited by his name, something nearly resembling obscurity might have enshrouded it forever. But the author of *René* calculated every thing, down to the most apparently trifling occurrence, and calculated ingeniously, and surprisingly well, as far as the stability of his own notoriety (rather than renown) was concerned. He knew what was the capacity of oblivion of his countrymen, and he was resolved to use every means in his power to prevent this being exercised upon himself. He perhaps felt that he might outlive his glory, however great, however universal it had been; he probably judged with accuracy the powers of the generation rising around him, (blindness to the merits of others was not

one of his foibles, whatever envy of their success might be,) and he may have foreseen that other voices would be listened to when his should cease to be heard; at all events, he determined that, supposing his decaying years to pass unnoticed, his death should not do so, and he settled long beforehand the arrangement of his future tomb, upon one of the islands fronting the coast of Brittany, in the Bay of St. Malo, and the manner of the burial progress by which his remains should be conveyed from the place of his demise to that of his interment. Nor was this all; he provided likewise for a prolonged revival of the public attention by the posthumous publication of his *Memoirs*—and here he had reckoned rightly. Since the days when all France was occupied with the Royalist gentleman who first—to his honor be it said—undertook, under a despotic military rule, to restore letters to the honors and “high estate” they had enjoyed under the monarchical sway of the Bourbons, never had the name of Chateaubriand been so perpetually upon the lips of the French public, as during the year and more that the printing of his posthumous *Memoirs* in the *Presse* lasted. That his was a dominant spirit there is no denying; for he managed with these *Memoirs* to balance the ardent interest felt by every one for what was going on every day, at a period (from 1848 to 1850) when no man thought himself safe if he did not watch over the affairs of the nation and of the government, whereof he could then believe himself to be a sort of component part. In spite of all political preoccupation, however, Chateaubriand compelled the attention of the whole country, and certainly no living author was ever more passionately discussed than was this dead one.

That Chateaubriand secured this universal attention by legitimate means, is not, we think, a fact as well proved as that he did secure it, and that it was universal. No! he neither said all he should have said, nor said it as he should say it; he dressed up men and facts as it suited him to attire them, and his main preoccupation was, not what was right or true, but what would create the utmost sensation. To this he sacrificed even those to whom, while living, he had made a boast of having sacrificed himself; and the bitter words (attributed truly or falsely) to M. de Montalembert are but too applicable:

“He has taken his coffin for a sentry-box, and from under its cover fires with impunity upon the passers-by.”

Had M. de Chateaubriand's *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe* being really all they professed, and all they ought to be, there would have been small appropriateness in the publication, by even so gifted a writer as M. Villemain, of a minutely detailed biography of the author of *René*. But, as the case stands, not only the *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe* are one of the causes which render an impartial and truth-speaking life of Chateaubriand necessary, but they themselves form such a feature in their own author's character, that until they are read and attentively studied, you can but imperfectly know all the defects and weaknesses of the latter.

“We are compelled to avow it,” says M. Villemain very justly, “the monument raised by the great man, and man of genius, to his own glory, the desire he has had to paint himself from the life, and leave his perfect image whole and entire to posterity, is after all but an incident the more in his destiny, a trait the more in his general physiognomy; and such being the case, the existence of these *Memoirs*, far from being an obstacle to the biographer, is, on the contrary, of manifest assistance to him, inasmuch as it contributes to guide his observations; and if the historian be really impartial, he may, after the so-called ‘*confidences*’ of his hero, study him still more narrowly, state the circumstances of his life more truly, and while in no way diminishing his fame, explain its origin, and the cause of his influence.”

As to impartiality, there can be no means of disputing that great quality of an historian in M. Villemain. His enemies even assert that, far from being led away by his hero, (whoever he may be,) he is inclined to narrow his deserts, and show to the public deficiencies it had never suspected. This is assuredly not the case in the work we are at present examining. In the literary talents of M. de Chateaubriand, and in the position he at one time so nobly took up of the champion of letters against despotism in France, there was every thing to tempt M. Villemain, and appeal to what have been the convictions of his entire existence—convictions never held by more ardently than since it has become difficult, if not dangerous, to entertain them.

In Chateaubriand, therefore, as a literary man, and as a ceaseless protestor against the narrow arbitrariness of the Empire, Villemain could take no other than a deeply sympathetic interest; but there is an uprightness and an elevation, an "unselfish passion of great things," in a mind like that of the Perpetual Secretary of the *Académie Française*, which forbid his becoming, even by mere silence, the accomplice of renown unjustly attained. Against any attempt, consequently, to place Chateaubriand's moral upon a level with his intellectual worth, against any attempt to make the *man* the equal of the writer, and defend, for instance, his political career, M. Villemain could not but raise his voice; and accordingly, whilst in the volume before us no praise that can conscientiously be given to the author of *René* is withheld, at the same time none of the erroneous appreciations that coterie-ism contrived to transform into a species of "public opinion," are allowed to subsist. For the first time since he first entered upon the scene of public life, M. de Chateaubriand has been shown to the world as he really was, as he lived, breathed, and acted. Villemain has put the author of *René* in *his place*.

Every man who has contributed, for no matter how small a portion, to the work of the world's teaching, *has* a place in the world's history, whereof the history of his own particular country is but a component part; but many things may combine to prevent his having what is really his *right place*. Now, few men perhaps have been longer maintained in what was not their right place than M. de Chateaubriand; and this is another reason why M. Villemain's book has so good a claim upon the praise of the reading and of the political world, and why its appearance has produced such a sensation in France.

In the first page of his new work, M. Villemain, with that delicacy of touch that is so peculiar to him, glances at the one ruling feature of Chateaubriand's whole character—selfishness. There is more selfishness than even vanity. It is such an incessant absorption of every outward thing in self, that in the end no event, of whatever magnitude, is perceived, save through this one medium only. "Chateaubriand," says his biographer, "throughout all the many volumes he has devoted to the recital of his own doings, has, without rising to the height of an

Augustine, or sinking to the level of a Rousseau, contrived invariably, and in the midst of the greatest public catastrophes ever heard of, to speak perpetually of himself." This is true; but at the same time it be must remarked, that he was almost on every occasion mixed up, not only with the "great public catastrophes" here alluded to, but that hardly a marked event of the times he lived in occurred without his in some way being a participator in it. This gives to the history of Chateaubriand a general interest, and tends to make it impossible for the book before us to be overlooked by any intelligent organ of the press in any country.

A few details upon the social position and early years of M. de Chateaubriand may not be wasted. Our intention is not to spend more time than is strictly needful upon this part of our subject. We will simply *introduce* to our readers the hero of M. Villemain's book, and of many political events in the contemporary history of France.

François-Auguste de Chateaubriand was a native of Brittany, and born in the same year which gave birth to so many illustrious men—to Napoleon, Cuvier, and our own Duke of Wellington—in 1768. He was born at St. Malo, near to which town he chose to be buried, and in an old-fashioned dirty house, which became subsequently an inn, one of the ordinary resources of which, is found in showing to travelers the room where the author of *Atala* was born. Chateaubriand was of an indisputably ancient and illustrious family, which had sunk into poverty more indisputable still. So great, indeed, had this poverty been, that M. de Chateaubriand, the father, was compelled to do what many men of his position used to do in Brittany, and what was indeed one of the time-honored customs of the province—he was compelled temporarily to renounce his aristocratical privileges, and turn trader. This he did to some profit; for, after several sea-voyages, and at one time a protracted stay in the colonies, he returned home, and, taking up his former rank and giving up commerce, he was enabled to purchase back the family estate of Combourg, in the neighborhood of St. Malo. François de Chateaubriand was his father's tenth son, and had for his immediate elders four sisters, the youngest of whom was Lucile, to whose name her brother has attached the most unimaginable and fatal celebrity

by his romance of *René*, in which he desires the reader to believe that she played the part of *Amélie*.

The subject, almost impossible to touch upon, must nevertheless be alluded to. Such things have been heard of before in the world of fiction; and the Greek poets are there to prove that even the youth of this country have, during their course of classical studies, been obliged to admit the notion of incest as a dramatic medium only. But in the case we are alluding to, the circumstances stand altogether otherwise. *René* is a Christian in the first place, and *René* is M. de Chateaubriand! Here is the incomparably monstrous part of the invention. It is needless to say that the whole was an entire and perfect fable, having no origin save in the disordered and depraved imagination of its inventor.

The proof that M. de Chateaubriand absolutely wished the world to credit his impious invention, lies in the fact that, after his death, his *Memoirs* carefully repeat the fearful tale, and seek (vaguely it is true) to substantiate what the first work of the romance writer had dared to set forth. But the two points which, in connection with *René*, we are anxious to study, are—first, the motive, the determining cause, of such a horrible creation; and next, what has been its effect upon the productions of the language in which itself was produced.

Of course, on first reading a book like *René*, the natural opinion which we form, is, that it is the result of a "mind diseased;" that ill health, and an ill-regulated, ill-disciplined spirit, can alone account for the existence of such a production. But this was *not* the case with Chateaubriand. *René*, far from being the result of any thing like insanity, was the result of positive and deliberate calculation. M. de Chateaubriand judged rightly of the temper of his times and of his countrymen, and calculated that they would receive kindly what in any other social center than France would have met with unanimous reprobation. He knew what was, in vulgar phrase, "the thing to do;" and therefore, and for no other reason, he did it. In later days, when Chateaubriand had lost in Rome, after a long and frightful illness, the person he was then supposed to be exclusively, nay, passionately devoted to, he could allow his pen to trace the following words, in a let-

ter to M. de Fontanes: "You can not imagine to what a degree I am liked and respected here for my grief, and for my conduct upon this occasion!" Madame de Beaumont had been dead but a few days, and M. de Chateaubriand's "grief" for her loss is *successful*! has a *good effect*! This is the true reading of his letter, which, in its cynical naiveté, almost expresses as much. There probably never was an act of M. de Chateaubriand's life that had not for its motive this search after *effect*; and, consequently, at the bottom of every thing he did or wrote, the surest thing to look out for is the determination to captivate *popularity*. "You sought not glory only," exclaims Villemain, in a very fine apostrophe to Chateaubriand; "you sought for the popular favor of the hour, for mere popularity, that noisy daily clamor that is to real fame what a daily newspaper is to a really fine book." Nothing ever was truer. To this notion, therefore, of "*effect*," we may regard Chateaubriand as having, when he gave *René* to the world, sacrificed every higher, nobler consideration. However, what he desired and pursued by such illegitimate means, he amply gained, and gained at once. Never was any book seized hold of by the public as was *René*; it literally absorbed the attention of the whole country; and from Lamartine to Madame Sand, from the *Méditations* and *Harmonies* down to *Jacques* and *Valentine*—refined in the former, made more practical in the latter—you may trace to the present day the influence of Chateaubriand's odious hero, whom he was well pleased the reader should suppose represented himself. From the appearance of *René* may be held to date that purely personal (or, as the Germans term it, subjective) literature that has since then predominated in France, and in which the author is held to form one with his hero. *Corinne*, *Adolphe*, *Obermann*, and many other of the most famous romances of the period of the Empire and Restoration, down to those of the period of the July monarchy, are derived far more immediately from *René* than they are from the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. With Rousseau, the author of *René* has, as we have already noticed, many points of contact, but there are also more differences between them than it has pleased some critics to discover. The one prime distinction that separates Rou-

seau from the great writers of the seventeenth century, is his love and appreciation of nature; he introduces descriptions of nature into works of fiction with wonderfully fine effect—a thing unheard of for two centuries previous. But Jean Jacques' descriptions of nature are those of a man who really loved and knew how to feel her beauties; and whatever graver objections (and these are of the gravest and highest order) are to be made to the compositions of Rousseau, there is one merit that can not be denied him—that, namely, of being the first prose landscape-painter in France. Now with Chateaubriand the matter stands differently, and, even in his descriptions of nature which appear on first reading to be magnificent, there will almost always be found, upon closer examination, to be a laboring after effect, and an absence of sincerity, and of any real emotion on the writer's part, that, in the end, spoil the production as a mere work of art. M. Villemain has furnished us in one part of his volume with the real reason of this, in the account he gives us of the manner in which M. de Chateaubriand used to write. What especially seemed like enthusiasm in his writings, was almost always the result of application and study, and of writing over again and amplifying the same passage several times. Chateaubriand, with a very large portion of incontestable genius, is *one* of the most perfect (if not indeed *the* most perfect) examples of what incalculable harm may be done by the vice of affectation, in a case even where nature has been unusually lavish of her gifts. When Chateaubriand *feels* sufficiently upon any subject, when the subject comes sufficiently home to him to make him unavoidably *express himself* in what he writes, no language can be finer than his, more simple, more concise, or more to the point. But it is rare that Chateaubriand is placed in the conditions we have here specified, and he far more frequently writes *for effect* than from the wish to *express himself*, (we repeat the words designedly,) under the influence of an *impression* strongly produced on him by some outward cause. Chateaubriand is one of the first founders of that school of writers who write for writing's sake, instead of writing to prove some fact, impart some knowledge, defend some cause, or awaken some dormant sentiment in the minds of their fellow-men. The immense superiority of the authors of

the seventeenth century in France lay in this, that they were not authors, but wrote only to say that which they strongly felt. "Be first of all *a man*, express yourself in writing only when you can not *act*, and what you write will to the end of time be worth reading"—this is the precept of one of the great thinkers of France, and it is one that the literature of all ages shows us to be true. The men of the seventeenth century wrote—as, for instance, Bossuet, Descartes, Pascal, and others—to defend some cause, or establish some theory, the defense or establishment of which was important to them as their own existence: all they *were* was thrown into all they *said*; upon no other condition can a man's writings be worthy to endure. Even the men of the eighteenth century were bent upon achieving an aim, they wrote to gain an end; they were misguided most of them, and their influence has been of the most mischievous, of the most demoralizing kind; but they themselves were earnest, were sincere, were convinced, and their writings have endured, and will endure. So was it even with the dreamers of the Revolutionary era; and however you may turn in horror from the insane doers of such fearful deeds as they were, you can not refuse to such written documents as they have left behind them the merit of intense energy and power of expression. Nor can it be otherwise. In these documents the writers do really *express themselves*; and full of wrong as the whole may be, you still have before you the reflection of a human soul, with all its passion, and all its life. None of this is to be found in M. de Chateaubriand, unless upon very rare occasions, and then, as we say, the man himself becoming identified with his writings, these are really stamped with the marks of genius, and will endure. With the exception of these few productions, all M. de Chateaubriand's writings are disfigured and condemned to perish from their deplorable affectation. You see that the writer's aim is not to convince you of any thing, for he is convinced of nothing himself; he is writing merely to make you stare, and exclaim how fine his writing is. This is peculiarly evident in his *Memoirs*. You wade through chapter after chapter, disgusted at the amount of insincerity, of vanity, and of *make-believe* that offers itself on all sides; but suddenly, you are arrested by a succession of pages utterly

unresembling those that have gone before—of pages full of *truth*, of real passion, and of real life. These are the pages in which the writer has *something to say*, something he feels strongly upon, and in which, forgetting all his notions of “fine writing,” he simply wishes to tell or prove something, and proceeds to prove or tell it *simply*. Here, having no desire for effect, and not straining after it, he attains it at once, and the reader is profoundly impressed, and recurs often to pages so unlike the rest.

We set out by saying, that Châteaubriand's dominant principle was *self*: this is so true, that *self* alone is the subject that can wean him from affectation, and make the expression of his thought powerful, because natural. When he merely paints people or events not immediately connected with what immediately interests himself, he resorts to imagination, and deliberately determines to make an effect; but when he desires to bring you acquainted with some circumstance in which he himself is the chief actor, when he wishes to prove to you how well he conducted himself upon such or such an occasion, or how ill some one else behaved to him, then he sometimes reaches to a height of sublime eloquence. The two decidedly finest productions of Châteaubriand's pen are (in totally different styles) *René*, and his world-famous pamphlet, called *Bonaparte et les Bourbons*, (with some passages of his *Memoirs d'Outre Tombe*), and dissimilar as they may seem, both have the same origin. *René* was the *résumé* of all that its author had imagined and felt at an age when, with certain natures, imagination is the best, or, at all events, largest part of feeling. The monstrous fiction on which the mere romance, the *story* of *René*, was made to turn, was, as we have said, the product of calculation, and of the eternal wish of the author to *make a sensation*; but the story of *René* is the least part of the book, it is the mere frame in which the picture is set. The picture is that of the author. In *René*, Châteaubriand simply poured forth all that had been amassed by him, whether in heart or head, since the hour when he first began to think. For this reason, and in so far as *René* was *true*, it was not of a particular but of a general application. The reader might turn revolted from much of it; but in the vague aspirations of *René* in other respects, in his deep though ill-defined

presentiments of the weariness of a purposeless life, few men could do other than recognize the type of French youth under the unparalleled social and political convulsions of France. For *René* Châteaubriand took all his colors from himself; he *expressed himself*, and inasmuch as no man can escape the impress of his time, he expressed also what the time in which he lived had made of the generations around him.

Now his pamphlet on the state of France in 1813, which is falsely entitled a “pamphlet,” but which is, in fact, an historical protest, has the same origin as *René*, but under another form and at another moment of time. Châteaubriand, as we hinted in the first words of this article, stood in a curious juxtaposition to Napoleon Bonaparte, and thought he stood in one far more curious and more important still. From youth upwards he only thought of Bonaparte in conjunction with, or relatively to himself. “We were both,” says Châteaubriand in his *Memoirs*, (speaking of the year 1791,) “we were both then, Bonaparte and I, but sorry sub-lieutenants, utterly unknown; we both started from the same obscurity at the same epoch.” . . . ! The reader may be surprised at this preoccupation of M. de Châteaubriand's; and as Villemain truly says, “future generations will probably marvel at this ambitious comparison, at this perpetually recurring antagonism of two names,” as if in all the age those two alone could stand upon the same level; but to know a man you must see, as Pascal says, “*how* he thought his thoughts,” you must make yourself entirely familiar with his *points de vue*, or you can not appreciate the value of his judgments or deductions: now, though it may seem strange, the fact *is*, that M. de Châteaubriand believed in an intellectual rivalry between the “sub-lieutenant of artillery” and himself. He never judged Napoleon from any other save from this intensely personal point of view, and he never believed Napoleon's acts towards himself to be prompted by other motives save the wish to “get rid” of a man whom he placed highly enough in his esteem to think him an *obstacle*, and to be therefore anxious to suppress him.

But antagonism was not the first feeling that arose between the Dictator and M. de Châteaubriand. It was one of sympathy; nor was it till this had become

exhausted, and had turned to bitter enmity, that Chateaubriand resolved to bring his utmost efforts to bear upon the task of shaking Bonaparte's rule. His work of *Bonaparte et les Bourbons* was one of deep and active personal hatred, of deep and personal ambition, and of the ardent desire to gain a personal and political end. Self prompted it, and consequently, unmindful of "fine writing," anxious to gain a point that was of high import to himself, Chateaubriand threw, to repeat our former words, "all he *was* into all he said;" and, addressing the public as one man would address another, gave utterance to a species of harangue of surpassing energy and beauty, and did, as has been often said, "more for the Bourbon cause than could have done an army of 100,000 men."

Speech, not to be vain, must be another form of action; and one of the highest, though *not* the absolutely highest, employment of thought is, when thought prompts to deeds. Now, it was exactly thus with Chateaubriand in the case we are stating. His "implacable pamphlet," as M. Villemain calls it, was an act, into the commission of which he threw every energy of which he was capable. Thirteen years had made M. de Chateaubriand very different from what he was at the outset, and his hatred of the Emperor was after all but the recoil of what had at first been a precisely contrary impulse. In 1800, when Chateaubriand returned from emigration, his sympathies were decidedly with Bonaparte. There exists an article in the *Mercure* of the date we mention, written by Chateaubriand, upon Madame de Stael's work of *La Littérature*, all but entirely forgotten now, but in which a very delicate flattery is contained to the First Consul, and which M. de Fontanes, the writer's undeviating admirer and friend, took care the First Consul should remark. This flattery was no other than a praise of Julius Cæsar, and a declaration of his having been "*the finest literary genius that the world ever saw!*" a judgment that, as M. Villemain observes, "might somewhat have troubled Cicero, but did not displease the ruler of the then Republic of France."

This letter, which created a sensation, was followed by the publication of *Atala*, an episode extracted from the work M. de Chateaubriand was then preparing, *Le Génie du Christianisme*. The success of

Atala was beyond what would seem possible to us now, but was, if we reflect for a moment upon the social and artistic conditions of France, perfectly explicable then. The unbearable affectation of *Atala*, the absence of all sincere emotion, of any real passion in it, the emptiness of the would-be sentiment, and the fatiguing and perpetual straining after effect in the style—nothing of all this struck any one in the year 1800, and M. de Chateaubriand, like Byron after the *Giaour*, might have said: "I went to bed obscure, I awoke and found myself famous." Not to know the author of a work so universally popular—not, at all events, to have seen and met him, was to argue yourself without the pale of that *élite* which in every country styles itself the "great world." M. de Chateaubriand's fame, and M. de Fontanes's friendship for him, took the young author into the immediate circle of the Dictator. It was at a fête given by Lucien Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother, that the First Consul and the young *émigré* were destined to meet. The manner of their meeting was certainly very curious, and might help to create a belief that Napoleon did not look upon Chateaubriand as upon the ordinary run of men. Chateaubriand was *not* presented to the First Consul, and it may be as well to recall some few incidents of the moment in order to award its full importance to the way in which the tyrant and the poet met. In 1800, it will be remembered, that any notion of religion, or of a religious establishment, was vague and faint in France. There was small doubt as to the Christian feelings of Chateaubriand; there was some doubt as to how Napoleon really thought upon the subject; consequently the manner of their meeting at Lucien's house derives interest from this fact. Bonaparte cast his eyes over the courtier crowd, appeared to single out by instinct the man whose recent fame made him an object of general attention, and, as though he knew him well, and were pursuing a conversation already begun, addressed him thus: "When I was in Egypt, I was much struck to see the Scheiks kneel down and worship their God with faces turned towards the east. *Worship is every where man's instinct, for there lies truth*; and this is what our *Ideologues* who fancy we can do without any form of worship, or any God, will not understand."

That this way of singling him out was very flattering to the vanity of a man who may have been said to have been "all vanity," is not to be disputed, nor can it be denied that he felt himself intensely flattered and delighted.

His royalism not having prevented him from approaching the chieftain whose ambition was to set royalty aside, there was no reason why M. de Châteaubriand should refuse to serve the government of Bonaparte, which still kept up the fiction of styling itself a Republican one. After three years passed in what some persons have held to be actual "expectation," the author of *Atala* consented to "serve his country," as he was pleased to call it. Cardinal Fesch was Ambassador at Rome, and M. de Châteaubriand was nominated to the post of his first secretary. To Rome he went in the spring of 1803, and remained there till January, 1804, returning to Paris in time to assist at the transformation (foreseen by every one) of the Republic into the Empire.

If space permitted, there is nothing we should like better than to initiate our readers into the details of what went on in the French Embassy at Rome, and between it and the Cabinet of the Tuilleries, during the time of the residence of M. de Châteaubriand in the Eternal City. It is an amusing picture of the way in which diplomacy was practiced under the Dictatorship; and, at first sight, you would be disposed to fancy its chief object was perpetual internal *espionage*. The Cardinal, whose natural religious indifference seems to have been one of his most marked characteristics, is quickly alarmed lest his more pious secretary should ingratiate himself too much with the Pope and the Papal court, and he is for ever writing home to assert that a great mistake has been made in sending M. de Châteaubriand to Rome. On the other hand, the secretary is for ever complaining of his Ambassador, and for ever violating all the rules of etiquette. On one occasion, he presents at the Vatican five of his country people who have never been presented at their own embassy; on another, he informs the Pope that "his apparent position is not his real one," and gives him to understand that he, and not the Cardinal, is the principal agent of the policy of the French Government! To all these mistakes (all caused by his overweening vanity, which really did induce

him to regard himself every where as of paramount importance) he added that of expediting secretly to Paris a long and confidential *note*, addressed to the First Consul, and in which he set down in succession all the reasons that made Cardinal Fesch such an exceedingly improper representative of France at the Papal See.

On the other hand, all his colleagues had taken for M. de Châteaubriand an ill-concealed aversion, and none of them could support the superiority of a man whose official rank made him their equal, and whose superiority not only came from himself, but was on most occasions openly assumed by himself. The Cardinal, far from countenancing him in any way, was occupied in also transmitting notes, touching his incommensurable subordinate, to the one governing force in France, to Bonaparte himself. One of his latter ones contains this phrase: "Châteaubriand is no friend of yours. If you do not cause him to be well watched wherever you send him, you will soon see that he does all he can to support those who dislike your government. This intriguer is a most dangerous man!" "*Cet intrigant est encore un méchant homme!*" We confess that this naïve expression of the Cardinal's vexation (and fear) appears to us all the more original, and we may say diverting, when we perceive to what an extent hypocrisy must have covered over all these warring feelings that were struggling beneath the surface. At about the same time when Cardinal Fesch pronounces his secretary "*un méchant homme*," his secretary writes to M. de Fontanes that he is so very pleasantly situated with his chief that he has renounced all idea of tendering his resignation, as he had once intended to do. "The Cardinal," he says, "is so particularly kind to me, and has made me so thoroughly feel how prejudicial my retirement would be, that I have promised at all events to stay the year out. *I am in great favor here, and be quite certain that I am not at all likely to leave!*" *

It was not in M. de Châteaubriand's destiny, however, to remain, as he announces it, at Rome. The creation of a Legation to the *Pays de Vaud* is decided upon, and Cardinal Fesch's troublesome secretary is named minister. It was in allusion to this, that, on his return to

* Villemain's *Châteaubriand*, chap. vi. p. 181.

Paris, it became his wont to praise Napoleon for the "sagacity" he declared him to have evinced in seeing at once that he (Châteaubriand) "belonged to that race of men who can only be of use in the highest and first places." But whether Napoleon's "sagacity" was or was not proved by this, M. de Châteaubriand was not to profit by it. He reached Paris to witness the establishment of the Empire, and, not that usurpation *in itself* caused the diplomatic Royalist to draw back, (as he has sometimes sought to have it believed,) but a *circumstance* of that usurpation, induced him to recede from all coöperation with the Imperialist monarchy.

On the 18th March, M. de Châteaubriand went to the Tuileries to take his formal leave of the Emperor, previously to starting for Switzerland, as chief of the new Legation to the *Pays de Vaud*. He, at the time, told those about him that he had been struck by the gloomy air of Napoleon, and by the lividness of his complexion. He concluded he must be ill. On the 20th of March, as M. de Châteaubriand was returning home towards evening by the Boulevard des Invalides, he suddenly heard what but too well explained the gloom and the livid complexion of the Emperor. A public crier was crying aloud the condemnation to death, and execution, of "Louis Antoine, Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien!" At this, M. de Châteaubriand no longer hesitated. He went home, and, merely saying to his wife, "They have murdered the Duc d'Enghien," he sat down and wrote his resignation of the diplomatic office conferred upon him.

Perfectly simple and natural in the commission of this act, which was prompted by the inevitable feelings of the *man*, of the Royalist gentleman, M. de Châteaubriand lost this simplicity when, as an *author*, he came to tell the story of his conduct on this occasion. "The cry of that street-crier," he says in his *Memoirs*, "struck me like a thunder-bolt. It changed the tenor of my life, *as it did that of Napoleon*." Here we have once more the old preëccupation, and the desire to put himself always on a level with the man to whom (for evil or for good) the *first* place was awarded on the stage of the world's history at that epoch.

However, the preëccupation was not entirely on one side, and there certainly were in Napoleon's subsequent behavior

to the author of *René*, certain details that would lead to the belief that he did bestow upon him a degree of attention he seldom vouchsafed to any one. Years passed. In the exhibition of pictures of 1808, a great sensation was created by Girodet's portrait of Châteaubriand. The fashionable world of Paris flocked to see this picture, which was pronounced remarkable both as a likeness and as a work of art. The Director of the *Musée*, Denon, nevertheless thought the effect produced by Girodet's picture not a satisfactory one, and he caused it to be unhung and put out of sight. One day the Emperor went to visit the Exhibition; after walking rapidly through all the rooms, and casting cursory glances at the different productions of French art, of which his wish was to be esteemed a patron, he suddenly stopped, and, turning round to his suite, angrily inquired: "Where was the Châteaubriand?" Some excuse was attempted and ill received, and the picture had to be brought down from its hiding-place, and shown then and there to the Emperor. For several moments, Napoleon stood intently gazing on the features before him. All at once a bitter smile parted his lips, and—alluding to the unusually dark tints of Girodet's coloring—"Châteaubriand," said he, with affected disdain, "looks like a conspirator who has come down a chimney."

But whatever the feeling might be that drew the Emperor into paying attention to what M. de Châteaubriand might or might not do, it was held by the friends of the latter to be a sign that he might once more tempt publicity in France. In the spring of 1809, the book entitled *Les Martyrs* was published, but the facility of publication was the limit of official tolerance, and the newspapers were instructed to "do their worst" against the author; and, added to this literary persecution, a persecution of a more sanguinary kind was directed against the man who had withdrawn from Napoleon, in horror at the treacherous murder of the Duc d'Enghien. On Good Friday of the year 1809, Armand de Châteaubriand, (a cousin of the famous author's,) accused only of having helped to forward a correspondence between the *émigrés* and their friends in France, was shot on the plain of Grenelle, with a young man named de Goyon, and a man-servant of the latter. No witnesses of the deed were there, save they alone

who were ordered to do it. M. de Châteaubriand, aware that his cousin could not be saved, was only apprised of his execution at the hour when it took place; and when he reached the fatal spot, all he could do was to recognize the corpse of his unfortunate relative, disfigured by too well-aimed bullets.

"In the midst of the military splendor and of the *silence* of the Empire," says M. Villemain, "the *Moniteur* never having mentioned either Armand de Châteaubriand's trial or his sentence, a death so uselessly cruel was little talked of. No man and no party was at that time strong enough to threaten the formidable autocracy that kept down France. This had only its own excess of ambition to dread. Alone, this ambition was strong enough to work its own ruin; and its acts of tyranny were the more odious, that the victims of them were the more powerless to resist."

But, as though it were the Emperor's determination to be in perpetual contact with M. de Châteaubriand either by some act of oppression, or by some proof of apparent good-will, Napoleon, shortly after the execution of Armand de Châteaubriand, sent through his Minister of the Interior a haughty message to the Institute, to know why the members of the Committee of Prizes had ventured to omit in their report any mention of the *Génie du Christianisme*, and to desire that the omission "of a work that has gone through seven or eight editions," might be explained. Sorely puzzled were the members of the Committee, who felt M. de Châteaubriand to be the object of the master's attention, and knew he was not that of his favor. They gave, as best adapted to the circumstances, a half-and-half verdict on the book, assigning complicated reasons for not proposing it for a prize, yet "recommending it to his Imperial Majesty for a *distinction*." About this very period Joseph Chenier did—a seat at the *Académie Française* became vacant, and the members elected M. de Châteaubriand almost unanimously. The news of the vote was, as usual, carried instantly to the Emperor, who at once approved of it, saying to Fontanes, with a peculiar smile he wore on such occasions: "Ah! you thought to elude the matter altogether, gentlemen of the *Académie*; you thought to outwit me, and you have taken the man instead of the

book. I, in my turn, shall see whether there be not some means of giving the new academician some great literary position—something, for instance, like a general direction of all the libraries of the Empire." But this plan never was realized, and the antagonism between Bonaparte and Châteaubriand broke out anew upon the occasion of the latter's projected *reception* as an academician. He had found means, in the speech he wrote for this ceremony, to introduce a long and very eloquent panegyric of Cato, which, as M. Villemain remarks, recalling Cicero's phrase, "was, under the dictatorship of Cæsar, a problem worthy of Archimedes." But the problem remained unsolved, for the speech could not be pronounced. Its author would not alter it, the Emperor would not consent to it in its original form, and M. de Châteaubriand never was *received* a member of the Academy, where, under the Restoration, he took his seat, without going through the required formalities.

This time the breach with the Emperor was a definitive one, and Napoleon never more made any advances to a man who he saw it was useless attempting to enlist on the side of his renown. "If Châteaubriand's reception speech had been spoken," said M. Suard, "and had been so before an audience who for two months had thought of little else, no public hall in the world would ever have shook under thunders of applause as would that of the Institute." This took place in 1811. In 1813, after the battle of Leipsic, that "*premier coup de cloche de l'Empire*," as it has aptly been styled, Châteaubriand began to reflect upon and write the famous pamphlet we have already alluded to, and which, published the very moment after the first successes of the invading forces, added a perfectly incalculable moral weight to that which was pressing Bonaparte out of power and place. The publication of the pamphlet in question was the great turning point in Châteaubriand's destiny; by it he really proved himself a worthy enemy of the Emperor, and he made it impossible for the Restoration not to look upon him as one of its most important auxiliaries. He established himself thereby, firmly and at once, in the double character of enemy and friend, showing *what he was worth* in each capacity. And these are the two points of view from which M. de Châteaubriand

briand should be judged. Apart from his merely literary achievements, and their undeniable influence on France, morally and intellectually speaking, he must be appreciated in his juxtaposition to Napoleon and in his juxtaposition to the Bourbons. He is, in both instances, of historical importance; for in the one he was the indirect cause of events that import much to contemporary history, and, in the other, he affords the observer a new insight into the character of the most extraordinary man in the history of modern times.

Before proceeding to examine Châteaubriand's conduct during the Restoration, and his influence on some of the acts of its government, we think it is well worth while to say a few words upon the peculiarities of character which his intercourse with Bonaparte clearly made evident in the conqueror of modern Europe. "He would not have been what he was, had the *Muse* not been there," was an assertion of Châteaubriand's about Napoleon in his first days of glory after the campaign of Italy. Though *all* that is implied thereby may not be true, a portion of it indisputably is; and it is curious to follow in the hard-handed despot of our age—in the man who ruthlessly suppressed all freedom of expression in the country he governed—what was the constant and intense preoccupation of public opinion. Could Napoleon have imagined that his fame would have been the winner by any freedom of speech allowed, he would have gladly let loose all the trumpets of the press, for he was essentially of his time, and liked noise and éclat. It was the deep knowledge of his own mistakes, and of their inevitable consequences alone, that fettered him to a silence he abhorred. The first Emperor loved fame and glory passionately, loved to be talked of, like a true son of the 19th century; and one of the penalties he paid for his ambition was the very necessity it imposed upon him of shutting men's mouths. Besides this, he was a sufficiently fine *connoisseur* in praise to look at the quality of what he obtained, and to like neither that which was given through fear or through interest, nor that which, when given, was, from its own small intrinsic value, not worth the acceptance. Napoleon had almost as few first-rate thinkers about him as his nephew, though they were generally honest men; and he would have liked that Châ-

teaubriand, left to himself, Châteaubriand utterly free, should have paid the largest possible tribute to his genius. That the author of *René* did not, would not do this, after the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, was perhaps the most serious moral defeat experienced by Napoleon, and he felt it proportionately. Châteaubriand's resolution not to praise him was, there can be no doubt, a great mortification to the Emperor; and the strong desire he had for the praise, thus withheld, serves to prove how the power and greatness he had achieved was compensated by the comparative darkness and silence with which he was forced to enshroud it. There are few circumstances in history more instructive than this preoccupation, on the part of the "modern Attila," of the man whose sole power lay in his pen. It is a great lesson, for it is the homage done by force to thought.

But Châteaubriand, throughout all this, was, we are inclined to believe, inferior to his own genius and to the part it forced him to play. It was from no deep or steady conviction of wrong on Napoleon's part that he behaved as he did; it was from the notion, that by so behaving he should produce a great effect. "You can't think how my grief causes me to be admired and respected!"* The man who, on the death of the woman he loved, could write those words to his intimate friend, was the same man who, by his resistance to Napoleon Bonaparte, sought to attract all eyes to himself, and raise himself in public esteem to the level of him whom he opposed. As we said at first, Châteaubriand never saw any thing, no matter what its magnitude, save through the medium of self. He sufficiently proved this by his conduct during the Restoration, the period of his utmost political activity; but furnished also the plainest evidence of his want of all statesmanlike qualities, and of his selfishness and perpetually irritable vanity. "*Châteaubriand est léger, et il veut commander à tout le monde.*" No truer word was ever spoken, and that word was uttered by Charles X., who had but too good cause to know M. de Châteaubriand well, and to regret that events had forced him to the acquisition of such knowledge.

M. de Châteaubriand's greatest fault, politically speaking, (and apart from his

* Villemain's *Châteaubriand*, ch. vi. p. 120.

vanity and selfishness,) was, that his was a complex nature. He was neither all a thinker, nor all a doer of deeds; he was a true type of the Frenchmen of the present age, too critical to remain content to *do* or to *be*, and too restless not to dream of action in the midst of thought. With him, the contemplative faculties never rose to the height they reach in really great philosophers, nor was the energy of *the man* sufficient to find its complete satisfaction in the mere commission of great acts—great because they are simple. All true greatness *is one*. There are men whose thoughts are so great that they inevitably prompt their thinkers, if the occasion offers, to act greatly; and there are men of action, whose glorious deeds shadow themselves forth in the highest possible eloquence, if it becomes necessary that they should be expressed. But these are the perfectly great—the *heroic* natures. Chateaubriand was none of these, and his contrary tendencies only sufficed to disturb and torment him, making him unsafe, and wholly unfitting him for the part of a statesman, which was rather his caprice than his ambition.

His career throughout the Restoration is marked by the most deplorable inconsistency, and by exaggeration in opinions that are not destined to endure. After having, under the Empire, clamored for liberty as for one of the first rights of man, M. de Chateaubriand was, under the Restoration, one of those *ultras*, who helped to drive the Government to the commission of its most irretrievable mistakes. Alluding to the Polignac ministry in 1830, and to the advice M. de Chateaubriand might have given the King, had he always professed the same respect for freedom that had appeared to animate him under the Empire, M. Villemain justly says: "If the author of *Bonaparte et les Bourbons* had not been disturbed by his former efforts to confide the destinies of the monarchy to the hands of those men who refused to admit the *Charte*, he could easily have shown Charles X. that he was going the same road as James II., and that, forming a ministry in opposition to the Chamber, without being able to resort to a dissolution, for fear of the country, he was condemned to a *coup d'état*, upon which he must stake his dynasty and his throne."

But Chateaubriand's hands were tied, and he could not be usefully of his own

opinion, because he had so violently defended the reverse of it. The man who had dared to say of M. Decazes, (after the murder of the Duc de Berry in 1820,) "*Les pieds lui ont glissé dans le sang et il est tombé*," could not really, ten years after, round the policy which would have been that of M. Decazes from first to last, just as, to be accepted by the retrograde party, to whom he, from an inconceivable aberration, chose to attach himself, was necessarily forced to trample upon what he was reproached with as the "Liberalism" of his early days. During Louis XVIII.'s reign, M. de Chateaubriand's whole time was employed in trying to outwit M. de Villèle, having vainly tried to seduce him into being his subordinate. At the Congress of Verona we find Chateaubriand, with a curious oblivion of his own dignity, writing to M. de Villèle that he shall be successful were he known to be entirely "M. de Villèle's man," (*si on sait que je suis votre homme*;) and a short time after, there is no malicious trick he does not attempt to play his more prosaic but very cunning colleague. The end of this is, the abrupt dismissal of Chateaubriand from his short-lived ministry, and the installation, *ad interim*, of M. de Villèle in his place! This was in 1824. A more unwarrantably harsh proceeding, (in its form,) or a more ill-advised one, as the sequel showed, could scarcely be imagined, and the open quarrel with M. de Villèle may be said to have caused the first party struggles to the long endurance and growing bitterness of which the government of the Bourbons ended by succumbing, after fifteen years of insufficiently organized resistance.

It is singular enough that, on the occasion of the attack upon M. Decazes in 1820, the best friend Chateaubriand ever had—M. de Fontanes—was irresistibly led into saying of him what twenty years before had been said by one of his worst enemies. "*Cet intrigant est un méchant homme*," said Cardinal Fesch of his troublesome secretary. "Take care of yourselves!" exclaimed Fontanes, when he saw that the ministry meant to resist—"Gare à vous autres: Chateaubriand est un terrible homme, . . . c'est un homme de génie implacable."

This was but too true; and the implacability of self-love being superadded, from the moment when M. de Chateaubriand contracted the unnatural alliance

which bound him to the retrograde party in France, he had no peace until the hopes of the Liberals were defeated. Had Louis XVIII. lived ten years longer, M. de Châteaubriand would have been thrown effectually into the back-ground; for the King knew that in the genuine and sincere practice of constitutional government lay the only chance of salvation for the dynasty and for France, and he accordingly did practice it sincerely; but Louis XVIII. once dead, and the un-constitutional party represented on the throne by Charles X., the capricious author of *La Monarchie selon la Charte* had every means afforded him of aiding in the task of precipitating the country to inevitable ruin. But, like all men who have often changed their convictions, Châteaubriand was distrusted by those to whom he gave his utmost support; and whilst Louis XVIII. suspected in him an agent of that retrograde faction, in which he wisely recognized the greatest danger to the state, Charles X. was suspicious of him for his recent attachment to liberal ideas. This distrust of the King's made the fortune of Châteaubriand till his death, and, in the eyes of modern Royalists, the author of *René* was the representative of that pure constitutional form of government, which, as in Great Britain, gives the utmost amount of freedom to the subject with the utmost amount of respect to the Crown. This was a mistake. Châteaubriand had joined with the *ultras*, to impede the progress of the only really constitutional government France ever had—that of which, under Louis XVIII., M. Decazes was, as minister, the faithful exponent—and he merely assumed a liberal air under the ministry of M. de Polignac and the reign of Charles X., because he thought that it would produce a greater effect. "You think that if M. de Laval were Foreign

Minister, I should be better able to work with him," writes M. de Châteaubriand, from his embassy in Rome, in 1829—"you are wrong; I do not feel inclined to work with any body!"—a naïve but true confession, as M. Villemain observes. "*Je suis disposé à ne m'entendre avec personne!*" The man's whole selfish and eminently *wayward* character is shown in these words.

Our readers may perhaps think time might be better employed than in studying the life of a politician who, like Châteaubriand, was of such small political usefulness to his own country. But Châteaubriand was not a political man *only*. He was, as we said in the beginning of this essay, a man whose literary influence lies at the source of nearly all the modern literature of France: he helps to afford the philosopher and historical student a clearer insight into the intimate workings of the mind of Napoleon Bonaparte; he is the abettor of many of the errors that drove the Restoration to the catastrophe of 1830; and he is the type of a whole class of Frenchmen—of that peculiarly mischievous race, in whom the caprice for action disturbing the tendency to thought, leaves neither character complete, and mars the perfect existence of either a genuine thinker, or a plain manly doer of deeds.

Were it not even for all these reasons, we would still strongly recommend our readers to read attentively M. Villemain's *Life of Châteaubriand*. They will find in it the evidence of what a great mind feels and finds expression for, even under such an iron rule of compression as that which now weighs down France, and they will, in matters of History, Poetry, Politics, and Art, profit by the not less generous, because matured judgments, of one of the greatest æstheticians of any age.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

COMING OUT OF EXILE;

OR, THE DIAMOND BRACELET FOUND.

I.

THE stately rooms of one of the finest houses in London were open for the reception of evening guests. Wax-lights, looking innumerable when reflected from the mirrors, shed their rays on the gilded decorations, on the fine paintings, and on the gorgeous dresses of the ladies; the enlivening strains of the band invited to the dance, and the rare exotics emitted a sweet perfume. It was the west-end residence of a famed and wealthy city merchant of lofty standing; his young wife was an earl's daughter, and the admission to the house of Mr. and Lady Adela Netherleigh was coveted by the gay world.

"There's a mishap!" almost screamed a pretty-looking girl. She had dropped her handkerchief and stooped for it, and her partner stooped also: in his hurry, he put his foot upon her thin white dress, she rose at the same moment, and the bottom of the skirt was torn half off.

"Quite impossible that I can finish the quadrille," quoth she to him, half in amusement, half provoked at the misfortune. "You must find another partner, and I will go and get this repaired."

She went upstairs; by some neglect the lady's-maid was not in attendance there, and, too impatient to ring and wait for her, down she flew into the housekeeper's parlor. She was quite at home in the house, for she was the sister of its mistress. She had gathered the damaged dress up, on her arm, but her white silk petticoat fell in rich folds around her.

"Just look what an object that stupid ——" And there stopped the young lady; for, instead of the housekeeper and lady's-maid, whom she expected to meet, nobody was in the room but a gentleman, a tall, handsome man. She looked thunderstruck; and then slowly advanced and

stared at him as if not believing her own eyes.

"My goodness, Gerard! Well, I should just as soon have expected to meet the dead here."

"How are you, Lady Frances?" he said, holding out his hand with hesitation.

"Lady Frances! I am much obliged to you for your formality: Lady Frances returns her thanks to Mr. Hope for his polite inquiries," continued she, in a tone of pique, and honoring him with a swimming courtesy of ceremony.

He caught her hand. "Forgive me, Fanny, but our positions are altered; at least, mine is; and how did I know that you were not?"

"You are an ungrateful——raven," cried she, "to croak like that. After getting me to write you no end of letters, with all the news about every body, and beginning 'My dear Gerard,' and ending 'Your affectionate Fanny,' and being as good to you as a sister, you meet me with 'My Lady Frances!' Now don't squeeze my hand to atoms. What on earth have you come to England for?"

"I could not stop there," he returned, with emotion; "I was fretting away my heart-strings. So I took my resolution and came back——guess in what way, Frances; and what to do."

"How should I know? To call me 'Lady Frances,' perhaps."

"As a clerk; a clerk, to earn my bread. That's what I am now. Very consistent, is it not, for one in my position to address familiarly Lady Frances Chenevix?"

"You never spoke a grain of sense in your life, Gerard," she exclaimed, peevishly. "What do you mean?"

"Mr. Netherleigh has taken me into his counting-house."

"Mr. Netherleigh!" she echoed, in surprise. "What, with that——that——"

"That crime hanging over me. Speak up, Frances."

"No; I was going to say that doubt. I don't believe you guilty—you know that, Gerard."

"I am in his house, Frances, and I came up here to-night from the city to bring a note from his partner. I declined any of the reception-rooms, not caring to meet old acquaintances, and the servants put me into this."

"But you had a mountain of debts in England, Gerard, and were afraid of arrest."

"I have managed that; they are going to let me square up by installments. Has the bracelet never been heard of?"

"Oh! that's gone for good; melted down in a caldron, as the Colonel calls it, and the diamonds re-set. It remains a mystery of the past, and is never expected to be solved."

"And they still suspect me! What is the matter with your dress?"

"Matter enough," answered she, letting it down, and turning round for his inspection. "I came here to get it repaired. My great booby of a partner did it for me."

"Fanny, how is Alice Seaton?"

"You have cause to ask after her. She is dying."

"Dying!" repeated Mr. Hope, in a hushed, shocked tone.

"I do not mean actually dying this night, or going to die to-morrow; but that she is dying by slow degrees, there is no doubt. It may be weeks off yet; I can not tell."

"Where is she?"

"Curious to say, she is where you left her—at Lady Sarah Hope's. Alice could not bear the house after the loss of the bracelet, for she was so obstinate and foolish as to persist that the servants must suspect her, even if Lady Sarah did not. She left, and this spring Lady Sarah saw her, and was so shocked at the change in her, the extent to which she had wasted, that she brought her to town by main force, and we and the doctors are trying to nurse her up. It seems of no use."

"Are you also staying at Colonel Hope's again?"

"I invited myself there a week or two ago, to be with Alice. It is pleasanter, too, than being at home."

"I suppose the Hopes are here to-night?"

"My sister is. I do not think your uncle has come yet."

"Does he ever speak of me less resentfully?"

"Not he. I think his storming over it has only made his suspicions stronger. Not a week passes but he begins again about that detestable bracelet. He is unalterably persuaded that you took it, and nobody must dare to put in a word in your defense."

"And does your sister honor me with the same belief?" demanded Mr. Hope bitterly.

"Lady Sarah is silent on the point to me; I think she scarcely knows what to believe. You see I tell you all freely, Gerard."

Before another word could be spoken, Mr. Netherleigh entered. An aristocratic man, with a noble countenance. He bore a sealed note for Mr. Hope to deliver in the city.

"Why, Fanny!" he exclaimed to his sister-in-law, "you here?"

"Yes; look at the sight they have made me," replied she, shaking down her dress for his benefit, as she had previously done for Mr. Hope's. "I am waiting for some of the damsels to mend it for me; I suppose Mr. Hope's presence has scared them away. Won't mamma be in a fit of rage when she sees it, for it is new to-night."

Gerard Hope shook hands with Lady Frances; and Mr. Netherleigh, who had a word of direction to give him, walked with him into the hall. As they stood there, who should enter but Colonel Hope, Gerard's uncle. He started back when he saw Gerard.

"C—ca—can I believe my senses?" stammered he. "Mr. Netherleigh, is he one of your guests?"

"He is here on business," was the merchant's reply. "Pass on, Colonel."

"No, sir, I will not pass on," cried the enraged Colonel, who had not rightly caught the word business. "Or if I do pass on it will only be to warn your guests to take care of their jewelry. So, sir," he added turning on his nephew, "you can come back, can you, when the proceeds of your theft are spent? you have been starrng it in Calais, I hear; how long did the bracelet last you to live upon?"

"Sir," answered Gerard, with a pale

face, "it has been starving, rather than starving. I asserted my innocence at the time, Colonel Hope, and I repeat it now."

"Innocence!" ironically repeated the Colonel, turning to all sides of the hall, as if he took delight in parading the details of the unfortunate past. "The trinkets were spread out on a table in Lady Sarah's own house—you came stealthily into it—after having been forbidden it for another fault—went stealthily into the room, and the next minute the diamond bracelet was missing. It was owing to my confounded folly in listening to a parcel of women that I did not bring you to trial at the time; I have only once regretted not doing it, and that has been ever since. A little wholesome correction at the Penitentiary might have made an honest man of you. Good night, Mr. Netherleigh; if you encourage him in your house you don't have me."

Now another gentleman had entered and heard this, some servants also heard it. Colonel Hope, who firmly believed in his nephew's guilt, turned off peppery and indignant; and Gerard, giving vent to sundry unnephew-like expletives, strode after him. The Colonel made a dash into a street cab, and Gerard walked towards the city.

Lady Frances Chenevix, her dress all right again, at least to appearance, was sitting to get her breath after a whirling waltz. Next to her sat a lady who had also been whirling; Frances did not know her.

"You are quite exhausted; we kept it up too long," said the cavalier in attendance on the stranger. "What can I get you?"

"My fan—there it is. Thank you. Nothing else."

"What an old creature to dance herself down!" thought Frances. "She's forty if she's a day."

The lady opened her fan and proceeding to use it, the diamonds of her rich bracelet gleamed right in the eyes of Frances Chenevix. Frances looked at it, and started; she strained her eyes and looked at it again; she bent nearer to it, and became agitated with emotion. If her recollection did not play her false, *that was the lost bracelet.*

She discerned her sister, Lady Adela Netherleigh, and glided up to her. "Adela, who is that lady?" she asked, pointing to the stranger.

"I don't know who she is," replied Lady Adela, carelessly, "I did not catch the name. They came with the Cado-gans."

"The idea of your having people in your house that you don't know!" indignantly spoke Frances, who was working herself into a fever. "Where's Sarah? do you know that?"

"In the card-room, glued to the whist-table."

Lady Sarah, however, had unglued herself, for Frances only turned from Lady Adela to encounter her. "I do believe your lost bracelet is in the room," she whispered, in agitation; "I think I have seen it."

"Impossible!" responded Lady Sarah Hope.

"It looks exactly the same; gold links interspersed with diamonds, and the clasp is the same; three stars. A tall, ugly woman has got it on, her black hair strained off her face."

"The hair strained off the face is enough to make any woman look ugly," remarked Lady Sarah. "Where is she?"

"There, she is standing up now; let us get close to her. Her dress is that beautiful maize color with blonde lace."

Lady Sarah Hope drew near and obtained a sight of the bracelet. The color flew into her face.

"It is mine, Fanny," she whispered.

But the lady, at that moment, took a gentleman's arm, and moved away. Lady Sarah followed her, with the view of obtaining another look. Frances Chenevix went to Mr. Netherleigh and told him. He was hard of belief.

"You can not be sure at this distance of time, Fanny. And, besides, more bracelets than one may have been made of that pattern."

"I am so certain that I feel as if I could swear to the bracelet," eagerly replied Lady Frances.

"Hush, hush! Fanny."

"I recollect it perfectly; it struck me the moment I saw it. How singular that I should have been talking to Gerard Hope about it this night!"

Mr. Netherleigh smiled. "Imagination is very deceptive, Frances, and your having spoken to Mr. Hope of it brought it to your thoughts."

"But it could not have brought it to my eyes," returned Frances. "Stuff and nonsense about imagination, Mr. Nether-

leigh! I am positive it is the bracelet. Here comes Lady Sarah."

"I suppose Frances has been telling you," observed Lady Sarah Hope to her brother-in-law. "I feel convinced it is my own bracelet."

"But—as I have just remarked to Frances—other bracelets than yours may have been made precisely similar," he urged.

"If it is mine, the initials 'S. H.' are scratched on the back of the middle star. I did it one day with a penknife."

"You never mentioned that fact before, Lady Sarah," hastily responded the merchant.

"No. I was determined to give no clue: I was always afraid of the affair's being traced home to Gerard, and it would have been such a disgrace to my husband's name."

"Did you speak to her?—did you ask where she got the bracelet?" interrupted Frances.

"How could I?" retorted Lady Sarah. "I do not know her."

"I will," cried Frances, in a resolute tone.

"My dear Frances!" remonstrated Mr. Netherleigh.

"I vow I will," persisted Frances, as she moved away.

Lady Frances kept her word. She found the strange lady in the refreshment-room; and, locating herself by her side, entered upon a few trifling remarks, which were civilly received. Suddenly she dashed at once to her subject.

"What a beautiful bracelet!"

"I think it is," was the stranger's reply, holding out her arm for its inspection, without any reservation.

"Where did you buy it?" pursued Frances.

"Garrards are my jewelers."

This very nearly did for Frances; for it was at Garrards' that the Colonel originally purchased it: and it seemed to give a coloring to Mr. Netherleigh's view of more bracelets having been made of the same pattern. But she was too anxious and determined to stand upon ceremony—for Gerard's sake: and he was dearer to her than the world suspected.

"We—one of my family—lost a bracelet exactly like this, some time back. When I saw it on your arm, I thought it was the same: I hoped it was."

The lady froze directly, and laid down her arm.

"Are you—pardon me, there are painful interests involved—are you sure you purchased this at Garrards'?"

"I have said that Messrs. Garrard are my jewelers," replied the stranger, in a repelling voice; and the words sounded evasive to Frances. "More I can not say: neither am I aware by what law of courtesy you thus question me, nor who you may be."

The young lady drew herself up, proudly secure in her rank. "I am Lady Frances Chenevix:" and the other bowed, and turned to the refreshment-table.

Away went Lady Frances to find the Cadogans, and inquire after the stranger.

It was a Lady Livingstone. The husband had made a mint of money at something, had been knighted, and now they were launching out in to high society.

Frances's nose went into the air. Oh law! a City knight and his wife! that was it, was it? How could Mrs. Cadogan have taken up with *them*?

The Honorable Mrs. Cadogan did not choose to say: beyond the assertion that they were extremely worthy, good kind of people. She could have said that her spendthrift of a husband had contrived to borrow money from Sir Jasper Livingstone; and to prevent being bothered for it, and keep them in good humor, they introduced the Livingstones where they could.

Frances Chenevix went home; that is, to Colonel Hope's; and told her strange tale to Alice Seaton, not only about Gerard's being in England, but about the bracelet. Lady Sarah had nearly determined not to move in the matter, for Mr. Netherleigh had infected her with his disbelief, especially since she heard of Lady Livingstone's assertion that Messrs. Garrard were her jewelers. Not so Frances: she was determined to follow it up: and next morning, saying evasively that she wanted to call at her father's, she got possession of Lady Sarah's carriage, and down she went to the Haymarket, to Garrards'. Alice Seaton, a fragile girl, with a once lovely countenance, but so faded now that she looked, as Frances had said, dying, waited her return in a pitiable state of excitement. Frances came in, looking little less excited.

"Alice, it is the bracelet. I am more certain than ever. Garrards' people say

they have sold articles of jewelry to Lady Livingstone, but not a diamond bracelet; and, moreover, that they never had, of that precise pattern, but the bracelet Colonel Hope bought."

"What is to be done?" exclaimed Alice.

"I know: I shall go to those Livingstones: Gerard shall not stay under this cloud, if I can help him out of it. Mr. Netherleigh won't act in it—laughs at me; Lady Sarah won't act; and we dare not tell the Colonel: he is so obstinate and wrong-headed, he would be for arresting Gerard, pending the investigation."

"Frances——"

"Now don't you preach, Alice. When I will a thing, I *will*: I am like my lady mother for that. Lady Sarah says she scratched her initials inside the bracelet, and I shall demand to see it: if these Livingstones refuse, I'll put the detectives on the scent. I will; as sure as my name is Frances Chenevix."

"And if the investigation should bring the guilt home to—Gerard?" whispered Alice, in a hollow tone.

"And if it should bring it home to you! and if it should bring it home to me!" spoke the exasperated Frances. "For shame, Alice: it can not bring it home to Gerard, for he was never guilty."

Alice Seaton sighed: she saw there was no help for it, for Lady Frances was resolute. "I have a deeper stake in this than you," she said, after a pause of consideration; "let me go to the Livingstones. You must not refuse me; I have an urgent motive for wishing it."

"You, you weak mite of a thing! you would faint before you got half through the interview," uttered Lady Frances, in a tone between jest and vexation.

Alice persisted. She had indeed a powerful reason for urging it, and Lady Frances allowed the point, though with much grumbling. The carriage was still at the door, for Lady Frances had desired that it should wait, and Alice hastily dressed herself and went down to it, without speaking to Lady Sarah. The footman was closing the door upon her when out flew Frances.

"Alice, I have made up my mind to go with you, for I can not guard my patience until you are back again. I can sit in the carriage while you go in. Lady Livingstone will be two feet higher from to-day—that the world should have been

amazed with the spectacle of Lady Frances Chenevix waiting humbly at her door."

Frances talked incessantly on the road, but Alice was silent: she was deliberating what she should say, and was nerving herself to the task. Lady Livingstone was at home, and Alice, sending in her card, was conducted to her presence, leaving Lady Frances in the carriage.

Lady Frances had thus described her: a woman as thin as a whipping-post, with a red nose: and Alice found Lady Livingstone answer to it very well. Sir Jasper, who was also present, was much older than his wife, and short and thick; a good-natured looking man with a bald head.

Alice, refined and sensitive, scarcely knew how she opened her subject, but she was met in a different manner from what she had expected. The knight and his wife were really worthy people, as Mrs. Cadogan had said, only she had a mania for getting into "high life and high-lived company;" a thing she would never accomplish. They listened to Alice's tale with courtesy, and at length with interest.

"You will readily conceive the nightmare this has been to me," panted Alice, for her emotion was great. "The bracelet was under my charge, and it disappeared in this extraordinary way. All the trouble that it has been productive of to me, I am not at liberty to tell you, but it has certainly shortened my life."

"You look very ill," observed Lady Livingstone, with sympathy.

"I am worse than I look. I am going into the grave rapidly. Others, less sensitive, or with stronger bodily health, might have battled successfully with the distress and annoyance; I could not. I shall die in greater peace if this unhappy affair can be cleared. Should it prove to be the same bracelet, we may be able to trace out how it was lost."

Lady Livingstone left the room and returned with the diamond bracelet. She held it out to Miss Seaton, and the color rushed into Alice's poor wan face at the gleam of the diamonds: she believed she recognized them.

"But stay," she said, drawing back her hand as she was about to touch it: "do not give it me just yet. If it be the one we lost, the letters S. H. are scratched irregularly on the back of the middle

clasp. Perhaps you will first look if they are there, Lady Livingstone."

Lady Livingstone turned the bracelet, glanced at the spot indicated, and then silently handed it to Sir Jasper. The latter smiled.

"Sure enough here's something—I can't see distinctly without my glasses. What is it, Lady Livingstone?"

"The letters S. H., as Miss Seaton describes: I can not deny it."

"Deny it! no, my lady, what for should we deny it? If we are in possession of another's bracelet, lost by fraud, and if the discovery will set this young lady's mind at ease, I don't think either you or I shall be the one to deny it. Examine it for yourself, ma'am," added he, giving it to Alice.

She turned it about, she put it on her arm, her eyes lighting with the eagerness of conviction. "It is certainly the same bracelet," she affirmed; "I could be sure of it, I think, without proof, but Lady Sarah's initials are there, as she describes to have scratched them."

"It is not beyond the range of possibility that initials may have been scratched on this bracelet without its being the same," observed Lady Livingstone.

"I think it must be the same," mused Sir Jasper. "It looks suspicious."

"Lady Frances Chenevix understood you to say you bought this of Messrs. Garrard," resumed Miss Seaton.

Lady Livingstone felt rather foolish. "What I said was, that Messrs. Garrard were my jewelers. The fact is, I do not know exactly where this was bought: but I did not consider myself called upon to proclaim that fact to a young lady who was a stranger to me, and in answer to questions I thought verging on impertinence."

"Her anxiety, scarcely less than my own, may have rendered her abrupt," replied Alice, by way of apology for Lady Frances. "Our hope is not so much to regain the bracelet, as to penetrate the mystery of its disappearance. Can you not let me know where you did buy it?"

"I can," interposed Sir Jasper: "there's no disgrace in having bought it where I did. I got it at a pawnbroker's."

Alice's heart beat violently. A pawnbroker's—what dreaded discovery was at hand?

"I was one day at the east end of London, walking past, when I saw a topas-

and-amethyst cross in a pawnbroker's window. I thought it would be a pretty ornament for my wife, and I went in and asked to look at it. In talking about jewelry with the master, he reached out this diamond bracelet, and told me *that* would be a present worth making. Now I knew my lady's head had been running on a diamond bracelet, and I was tempted to ask what was the lowest figure he would put it at. He said it was the most valuable article of the sort he had had for a long while, the diamonds of the first water, worth four hundred guineas of any body's money, but that being second-hand, he could part with it for two hundred and fifty. And I bought it. There's where I got the bracelet, ma'am."

"That was just the money Colonel Hope gave for it new, at Garrards'," said Alice. "Two hundred and fifty guineas."

Sir Jasper stared at her: and then broke forth with a comical attempt at rage, for he was one of the best-tempered men in the world.

"The old wretch of a Jew! Sold it to me at second-hand price, as he called it, for the identical sum it cost new! Why, he ought to be prosecuted for usury."

"It is just as I tell you, Sir Jasper," grumbled his lady: you will go to these low, second-hand dealers, who always cheat where they can, instead of to a regular jeweler; and nine times out of ten you get taken in."

"But your having bought it of this pawnbroker does not bring me any nearer the knowing how he procured it," observed Miss Seaton.

"I shall go to him this very day and ascertain," returned Sir Jasper. "Tradespeople may not sell stolen bracelets with impunity."

Easier said than done. The dealer protested his ignorance and innocence, and declared he had bought it in the regular course of business, at one of the pawnbroker's periodical sales. And the man spoke truth, and the detectives were again applied to.

II.

IN an obscure room of a low and dilapidated lodging-house, in a low and dilapidated neighborhood, there sat a man one evening in the coming twilight; a towering gaunt skeleton, whose remarkably long arms and legs looked little less than

skin and bone. The arms were fully exposed to view, since their owner, though he possessed and wore a waistcoat, dispensed with the use of a shirt. An article, once a coat, lay on the floor, to be donned at will—if it could be got into for the holes. The man sat on the floor in a corner, his head finding a resting-place against the wall, and he had dropped into a light sleep, but if ever famine was depicted in a face, it was in his. Unwashed, unshaven, with matted hair and feverish lips; the cheeks were hollow, the nostrils white and pinched, and the skin around the mouth had a blue tinge. Some one tried and shook the door: it aroused him, and he started up, but only to cower in a bending attitude and listen.

"I hear you," cried a voice. "How are you to-night, Joe? Open the door."

The voice was not one he knew; not one that might be responded to.

"Do you call this politeness, Joe Nicholls? If you don't open the door, I shall take the liberty of opening it for myself: which will put you to the trouble of mending the fastenings afterwards."

"Who are you?" cried Nicholls, reading determination in the voice. "I'm gone to bed, and I can't admit folks to-night."

"Gone to bed at eight o'clock?"

"Yes: I'm ill."

"I'll give you one minute, and then I come in. You will open it if you wish to save trouble."

Nicholls yielded to his fate: and opened the door.

The gentleman—he looked like one—cast his keen eyes round the room. There was not a vestige of furniture in it; nothing but the bare, dirty walls, from which the mortar crumbled, and the bare, dirty boards.

"What did you mean by saying you were gone to bed, eh?"

"So I was. I was asleep there," pointing to the corner, "and that's my bed. What do you want?" added Nicholls, peering at the stranger's face in the gloom of the evening, but seeing it imperfectly, for his hat was drawn low over it.

"A little talk with you. That last sweepstake you put into——"

The man lifted his face, and burst forth with such eagerness, that the stranger could only arrest his own words, and listen.

"It was a swindle from beginning to

end. I had scraped together the ten shillings to put in it; and I drew the right horse, and was shuffled out of the gains, and I have never had my dues, not a farthing of 'em. Since then I've been ill, and I can't get about to better myself. Are you come, sir, to make it right?"

"Some" — the stranger coughed — "friends of mine were in it also," said he; "and they lost their money."

"Every body lost it; the getters-up bolted with all they had drawn into their fingers. Have they been took, do you know?"

"All in good time; they have left their trail. So you have been ill, have you?"

"Ill! just take a sight at me! There's an arm for a big man."

He stretched out his naked arm for inspection: it appeared as if a touch would snap it. The stranger laid his hand upon its fingers, and his other hand appeared to be stealing furtively towards his own pocket. "I should say this looks like starvation, Joe."

"Som'at nigh akin to it."

A pause of unsuspicion, and the handcuffs were clapped on the astonished man. He started up with an oath.

"No need to make a noise, Nicholls," said the detective, with a careless air. "I have got two men waiting outside."

"I swear I wasn't in the plate robbery," passionately uttered the man. "I knew of it, but I didn't join 'em, and I never had the worth of as much as a salt-spoon, after it was melted down. And they call me a coward, and they leave me here to starve and die! I swear I wasn't in it."

"We'll talk of the plate robbery another time," said the officer, as he raised his hat; "you have got those bracelets on, my man, for another sort of bracelet. A diamond one. Don't you remember me?"

The prisoner's mouth fell. "I thought that was over and done with, all this time—I don't know what you mean," he added, correcting himself.

"No," said the officer, "it's just beginning. The bracelet is found, and has been traced to you. You were a clever fellow, and I had my doubts of you at the time: I thought you were too clever to go on long."

"I should be ashamed to play the sneak and catch a fellow in this way. Why couldn't you come openly, in your proper

clothes? not come playing the spy in the garb of a friendly civilian!"

"My men are in their 'proper clothes,'" returned the equable officer, "and you will have the honor of their escort presently. I came because they did not know you, and I did."

"Three officers to take a single man, and he a skeleton!" uttered Nicholls, with a vast show of indignation.

"Ay; but you were powerful once, and ferocious too. The skeleton aspect is a recent one."

"And all for nothing. I don't know about any bracelet."

"Don't trouble yourself about inventions, Nicholls. Your friend is safe in our hands, and has made a full confession."

"What friend?" asked Nicholls too eagerly.

"The lady you got to dispose of it for you to the Jew."

Nicholls was startled to incaution. "She hasn't split, has she?"

"Every particular she knew or guessed at. Split to save herself."

"Then there's no faith in woman."

"There never was yet," returned the officer. "If they are not at the top and bottom of every mischief, Joe, they are sure to be in the middle. Is this your coat?" touching it gingerly.

"She's a disgrace to the female sex, she is," raved Nicholls, disregarding the question as to his coat. "But it's a relief, now I'm took, it's a weight off my mind; I was always expecting of it, and I shall get food in the Old Bailey, at any rate."

"Ah!" said the officer, "you were in good service as a respectable servant; you had better have stuck to your duties."

"The temptation was so great," observed the man, who had evidently abandoned all idea of denial; and now that he had done so, was ready to be voluble with remembrances and particulars.

"Don't say any thing to me," said the officer. "It will be used against you."

"It came all along of my long legs," cried Nicholls, ignoring the friendly injunction, and proceeding to enlarge on the feat he had performed. "I have never had a happy hour since; I was second footman there, and a good place I had; and I have wished, thousands of times, that the bracelet had been in a sea of molten fire. Our folks had took a house

in the neighborhood of Ascot for the race week, and they had left me at home to take care of the kitchen-maid and another inferior or two, taking the rest of the servants with them. I had to clean the winders afore they returned, and I had druv it off till the Thursday evening, and out I got on the balqueny, to begin with the back drawing-room——"

"What do you say you got out on?"

"The balqueny. The thing with the green rails round it, what encloses the winders. While I was a leaning over the rails afore I begun, I heered some thing like click—click, a going on in the fellow room at the next door, which was Colonel Hope's. It was like as if something light was being laid on a table, and presently I heered two voices begin to talk, a lady's and a gentleman's, and I listened——"

"No good ever comes of listening, Joe," interrupted the officer.

"I didn't listen for the sake of listening, but it was awful hot, a standing outside there in the sun, and listening was better than working. I didn't want to hear, neither, for I was thinking of my own concerns, and what a fool I was to have idled away my time all day till the sun came on to the back winders. Bit by bit, I heered what they were talking of—that it was jewels they had got there, and that one was worth two hundred guineas. Thinks I, if that was mine, I'd do no more work. After a while, I heered them go out of their room, and I thought I'd have a look at the rich things, and I stepped over slanting-ways on to the little ledge running along the houses, holding on by our balqueny, and then I passed my hands along the wall till I got hold of their balqueny—but one with ordinary legs and arms couldn't have done it. You couldn't, sir."

"Perhaps not," remarked the officer.

"There wasn't fur to fall, if I had fell, only on to the kitchen leads under; but I didn't fall, and I raised myself on to their balqueny, and looked in. My! what a show it was! stunning jewels, all laid out there; so close that if I had put my hand inside, it must have struck all among 'em; and the fiend prompted me to take one. I didn't stop to look; I didn't stop to think; the one that twinkled the brightest and had the most stones in it was the nearest to me, and I clutched it, and slipped it into my footman's undress jacket, and stepped back again."

"And got safe into your balcony."

"Yes; but I didn't clean the winder that night. I was upset, like, by what I had done, and I think, if I could have put it back again, I should; but there was no opportunity. I wrapped it up in my winder leather, and then in a sheet of paper, and then I put it up the chimney in one of the spare bedrooms. I was up the next morning afore five, and I cleaned my winders: I'd no trouble to awake myself, for I had never slept. The same day, towards evening, you called, sir, and asked me some questions—whether we had seen any one on the leads at the back, and such like. I said as master was just come home from Ascot, would you be pleased to speak to him."

"Ah!" again remarked the officer, "you were a clever fellow that day. But if my suspicions had not been strongly directed to another quarter, I might have looked you up more sharply."

"I kep' it by me for a month or two, and then I gave warning to leave. I thought I'd have my fling, and I became acquainted with her—that lady—and somehow she wormed out of me that I had got it, and I let her dispose of it for me, for she said she knew how to do it without danger."

"What did you get for it?"

The skeleton shook his head. "Thirty-four pound, and I had counted on a hundred and fifty. She took a oath she had not helped herself to a sixpence."

"Oaths are plentiful with the genus," remarked the detective.

"She stood to it she hadn't, and she stopped and helped me to spend it. After that was done, she went over to stop with some body else who was in luck; and I have tried to go on, and I can't: honesty or dishonesty it seems all one, nothing prospers, and I'm naked and famishing—and I wish I was dying."

"Evil courses never do prosper, Nicholls," said the officer, as he called in the policemen, and consigned the gentleman to their care.

So Gerard Hope was innocent!

"But how was it you skillful detectives could not be on this man's scent?" asked Colonel Hope of the officer, when he heard the tale.

"Colonel, I was thrown off it. Your positive belief in your nephew's guilt infected me, and appearances were very strong against him. Miss Seaton also

helped to throw me off: she said, if you remember, that she did not leave the room; but it now appears that she did leave it when your nephew did, though only for a few moments. Those few moments sufficed to do the job."

"It's strange she could not tell the exact truth," growled the Colonel.

"She probably thought she was exact enough, since she only remained outside the door, and could answer for it that no one entered by it. She forgot the window. I thought of the window the instant the loss was mentioned to me, but Miss Seaton's assertion that she never had the window out of her view, prevented my dwelling on it. I did go to the next door, and saw this very fellow who committed the robbery, but his manner was sufficiently satisfactory. He talked too freely; I did not like that; but I found he had been in the same service fifteen months: and, as I must repeat, I laid the guilt to another."

"It is a confoundedly unpleasant affair for me," cried the Colonel; "I have published my nephew's disgrace and guilt all over London."

"It is more unpleasant for him, Colonel," was the rejoinder of the officer.

"And I have kept him short of money, and suffered him to be sued for debt; and I have let him go and live amongst the runaway scamps over the water, and not hindered his engaging himself as a merchant's clerk: and in short, I have played up the very deuce with him."

"But reparation is doubtless in your own heart and hands, Colonel."

"I don't know that, sir," testily concluded the Colonel.

III.

ONCE more Gerard Hope entered his uncle's house; not as an interloper, stealing into it in secret, but as an honored guest, to whom reparation was due, and must be made. Alice Seaton leaned back in her invalid chair, a joyous flush on her wasted cheek, and a joyous happiness in her eye. Still the shadow of coming death was there, and Mr. Hope was shocked to see her—more shocked and startled than he had expected, or chose to express.

"O Alice! what has done this?"

"That," she answered, pointing to the

bracelet, which, returned to its true owner, lay on the table. "I should not have lived many years; of that I am convinced; but I might have lived a little longer than I now shall. It has been the cause of misery to many, and Lady Sarah says she shall never regard it but as an ill-starred trinket, or wear it with any pleasure."

"But, Alice, why should you have suffered it thus to affect you?" he remonstrated. "You knew your own innocence, and you say you believed and trusted in mine: what did you fear?"

"I will tell you, Gerard," she resumed, a deeper hectic rising to her cheeks. "I could not have confessed my fear, even in dying; it was too distressing, too terrible; but now that it is all clear, I will tell it. *I believed my sister had taken the bracelet.*"

He uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"I have believed it all along. She had called to see me that night, and was, for a minute or two, in the room alone with the bracelets: I knew she, at that time, was short of money, and I feared she had been tempted to take it—just as this unfortunate servant man was tempted. O Gerard! the dread of it has been upon me night and day, preying upon my fears, weighing down my spirits, wearing away my health and my life. And I had to bear it all in silence: it is that dreadful silence which has killed me."

"Alice, this must have been a morbid fear?"

"Not so—if you knew all. But now that I have told you, let us not revert to it again: it is at an end, and I am very thankful. That it should so end, has been my prayer and hope: not quite the only hope," she added, looking up at him with a sunny smile; "I have had another."

"What is it? You look as if it were connected with me."

"So it is. Ah! Gerard! can you not guess it?"

"No," he answered, in a stifled voice, "I can only guess that you are lost to me."

"Lost to all here. Have you forgotten our brief conversation the night you went into exile? I told you then there was one far more worthy of you than I could have ever been."

"None will ever be half so worthy: or—I will say it, Alice, in spite of your warning hand—half so loved."

"Gerard," she continued, sinking her voice, "she has waited for you."

"Nonsense," he rejoined.

"She has. I have watched, and seen, and I know it; and I tell it you under secrecy: when she is your wife, not before, you may tell her that I saw it and said it. She is a lovable and attractive girl, and she does not and will not marry: you are the cause."

"My darling——"

"Stay, Gerard," she gravely interrupted; "those words of endearment are not for me. Give them to her: can you deny that you love her?"

"Perhaps I do—in a degree. Next to yourself——"

"Put me out of your thoughts while we speak. If I were—where I so soon shall be, would she not be dearer to you than any one on earth? would you not be well pleased to make her your wife?"

"Yes, I might be."

"That is enough, Gerard. Frances, come hither."

The conversation had been carried on in a whisper, and Lady Frances Chenevix came towards them from a distant window. Alice took her hand; she also held Gerard's.

"I thought you were talking secrets," said Lady Frances, "so kept away."

"As we were," answered Alice. "Frances, what can we do to keep him amongst us? Do you know what Colonel Hope has told him?"

"No. What?"

"That though he shall be reinstated in favor as to money matters, he shall not be in his affection or in the house, unless he prove sorry for his rebellion by retracting it. The rebellion, you know, at the first outbreak, when Gerard was expelled the house—before that unlucky bracelet was ever bought. I think he is sorry for it: you must help him to be more so."

"Fanny," said Gerard, while her eyelids drooped, and the damask mantled in her cheek, deeper than Alice's hectic, "will you help me?"

"As if I could make out head or tail of what you two are discussing!" cried she, by way of helping herself out of her confusion, as she attempted to turn away; but Gerard caught her to his side and detained her.

"Fanny—will you drive me again from the house?"

She lifted her eyes, twinkling with a

little spice of mischief: "I did not drive you before."

"In a manner, yes," he laughed. "Do you know what did drive me?"

She had known it at the time: and Gerard read it in her conscious face.

"I see it all," he murmured, drawing her closer to him; "you have been far kinder to me than I deserved. Fanny, let me try and repay you for it."

Frances endeavored to look dignified, but it would not do, and she was obliged to brush away the tears of happiness that struggled to her eyes. Alice caught their hands together and held them between

her own, with a mental aspiration for their life's future happiness. Some time back she could not have breathed it in so fervent a spirit: but—as she had said—the present world and its hopes had closed to her.

"But you know, Gerard," cried Lady Frances, in a saucy tone, "if you ever do help yourself to a bracelet in reality, you must not expect me to go to prison with you."

"Yes I shall," answered he, far more saucily: "a wife must follow the fortunes of her husband."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE MARVELOUS IDENTIFICATION.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

BY A CONSTABULARY OFFICER.

NOVEMBER the 15th, 18—, I received a report from Constable Hanly, of Ballytoher station, to the effect that the house of a respectable widow, named Murphy, had been attacked on the previous night, and broken into by a party, two of whom were armed with pistols. The house had been robbed of a considerable sum of money, and the widow and her daughter severely beaten. The old woman had been treated in a barbarous manner. I lost not a moment in hastening to "visit the scene."

Mrs. Murphy was the widow of a man named Michael Murphy, who had been for several years a tenant to Colonel N—, of ——. He held by lease about twenty acres of land at a fair rent. When he died he left behind him the widow, a son about twenty years of age, and a daughter, not then eighteen, together with a small amount which he had hoarded.

No person was within at the time when

the outrage was committed, except the widow, her daughter, and a servant-girl. Her son, James Murphy, had gone to a distant fair, to sell calves, and had not returned.

On my arrival at the house, about half-past eight o'clock in the morning, I found the state of the poor widow to be very alarming. I cleared the house, and examined the daughter, who, after hesitation and weeping, stated that she knew one of the men, and he the principal. This was a young man named Thomas Courtney, of Cloongoon, and she could not be mistaken, as she had known him for years. She had taxed him with it to his face when he was beating her mother, and told him she would hang him for the murder. The servant-girl corroborated this as to Thomas Courtney; but neither of them knew the other persons who had attacked the house. Courtney happened to be a young man of the most unexceptionable character in the neighborhood.

I proceeded to the house of Courtney's father, accompanied by two policemen. It was a mile from the widow's; and on going in we found Thomas Courtney at breakfast with his father and mother, and a younger brother. They all stood up, and although there was evident surprise in their manner, there was nothing to indicate guilt or even confusion in Tom's appearance. "Welcome, your honor, welcome," said father and son, almost in a breath. "Sit down, your honors, and take an air of the fire; you're out early, and the mornin' is damp."

"No, I thank you, Courtney," said I. "The fact is, I have called upon business."

"Upon business, your honor; why, then, is there any thing the matter? Or is there any thing Tom or I can do for you?"

There was a freedom from any alarm in all this which it was painful to be obliged to dissipate. I asked Thomas where he had been all night? He said, at home; and father and mother both getting uneasy, declared they could swear he had. His brother Billy, who slept in the bed with him, said the same. I then told Courtney that he was my prisoner, charged with a serious offense, and I requested him not to say any thing. He would be brought before the magistrate, and it was better for the present that he should be silent.

"Silent!" he cried, dashing the chair upon which he had been sitting against the ground; "silent! I care not who hears what I say. I stand at the world's defiance; there's no person so black as can injure me: and even if I had not my father and my mother, and my brother Billy there to clear me, I have enough within my breast to tell me that I can defy the world. I shall be ready in one minute, sir," he added, in a calmer tone; and, going into an inner room, he returned almost immediately, with his great coat and hat on.

It were needless to pursue the scene which took place when the actual fact of his being about to be marched off forced itself upon his father and mother. There was all that clapping of hands and screaming upon the part of the mother, with silent and sullen preparation by the father to accompany him, interrupted with exclamations of "Whist, I tell you—will you hold your tongue, you fool!" ad-

dressed to his wife, which are usual on such occasions.

Before leaving the house I made search for young Courtney's clothes and shoes, for the night had been very wet, but I found them dry and unsoiled.

I then brought Tom Courtney away with me. He made light of any thing which could be brought against him; said he was certain, when he was brought face to face with his accusers, he could defy them, and seemed confident of being permitted to return with his father; told his mother not to fret, that he'd be back in a couple of hours, and to keep up her heart; but as we started she threw herself, in a state of distraction, upon the stone bench in front of the house, rocking to-and-fro with a sort of shivering moan, which it was piteous to hear, dying away in the wind, as we got farther from the door.

On my arrival at the police barrack with Courtney, I learned that the widow Murphy was in a poor state. The doctor feared there was a fracture of the skull. She was also seriously injured by burning. Within the last half hour she had in some degree revived, and recognized her daughter. I then sent Catherine Murphy and Winefred Cox (the servant-girl who had been in the house at the time of the attack) to my own head station, where I soon after brought the prisoner. I had sent a policeman across the fields to the magistrate, with a few lines in pencil to request he would come over as soon as possible, as I feared there had been murder done during the night; and I had not long to wait his arrival. He received the informations of the daughter and the servant-girl, both of whom swore in the most distinct manner against Thomas Courtney as the principal, and he was fully committed for trial.

The same day, James Murphy, having returned from a fair, came to me and detailed a conversation he had with Tom Courtney two days before the fair, of which more anon.

The third day the doctor told me the widow could not long survive. I lost no time, therefore, in sending for the magistrate. In less than an hour we met at her bed-side.

On being interrogated, she said: "I know that I'm going to die, and it's not of him I'm thinking, although he left my

poor Jemmy an orphan, and my little girl without a mother; I'd rather say nothing at all about it; I forgive him, oh! let me die with the comfort of forgiveness upon my heart. He must have been mad, for he wasn't drunk; but I'll not swear against him. I'm on my death-bed, and I'll take no oath at all. O Tom, Tom, I forgive you! and may the Lord forgive you as I do this day!" The magistrate told her she would be required merely to tell the truth before God. He considered she was bound in conscience to do so.

"Oh! I know that, sir," she replied; "and sure you can have the truth from enough without asking it from a dyin' woman; there is Kitty herself, and there's Winny Cox, didn't they both see him better than I did, and didn't they both tax him to his face? And sure he never spoke a word, for he couldn't deny it. O Tom, Tom!—Thomas Courtney, may the Lord forgive you this day! 'twas surely you and your party that murdered me. O Tom, Tom! avic machree, wouldn't I give her to you an' welcome before any boy in the parish, if she was for you; and didn't I often tell you, asthore, to wait and that maybe she'd come round? O Tom, Tom! if I wanted help isn't it to yourself I'd send; and to think that it was you, Tom, that came and murdered me and robbed me, and that it's on you I must lay my death at last? O Tom! I wonder will the Lord forgive you, if I do this day." Here she lay back, exhausted.

The magistrate who had written all that was necessary of what she had said, and put it into proper form, (I had written down every word precisely as she had uttered it; all through this narrative of actual occurrences I copy from my notebook,) then read it over to her, and she continued steadfastly to affirm that Courtney had been the leader in the attack.

November 19th, Constable Hanly arrived at my station early with an account that the widow Murphy died during the night.

"Well, Hanly," said I, "what is this you have to tell me now?"

"Why, then, sir, I'll tell you that. The very night the widow Murphy's house was attacked, the party called at the house of Phil Moran, who keeps a public-house at the cross-roads of Shroenneen, and asked for whiskey. Moran, I hear, refused to open the door, and they

smashed it in, and made him give them the whiskey. Now, sir, Phil Moran is an uncle of Tom Courtney's; and, I believe, recognized him and spoke to him. I think, sir, this clenches the business, if it be true. And what makes me believe it the more, he left home ere yesterday mornin', after the widow died, and has not returned; but he let it slip the morning after it happened as a good joke, and before he heard of the attack, and then he drew in his horns, and now he's gone off."

Old Ned Courtney, Tom's father, was one of the higher class of farmers. He was a most respectable man in every sense. He had realized a few hundred pounds, which lay to his credit in the Branch Bank of Ireland. He was a favorite with the gentry, who used to shake hands with him at the fairs, and ask his opinion about stock. Thomas was his eldest son. Thomas was sent when a mere lad to a neighboring school; where he soon exhibited great parts; and ere three years had been accomplished, was fit to "blind the master" in the classics. He would argue with him, and *discoorse* him for a whole hour with an ingenuity that baffled, and an eloquence that astonished poor M'Sweeney—such was the master's name—while the younger scholars sat, with their mouths open and their "*Universes*" on their knees, whispering and nudging in wonder and delight, to see the master scratching his head with his left hand, while every moment he drew the thumb of his right across the tip of his tongue, and with a rapidity that almost eluded the quickest eye, (and Tom's eye was quick,) turned the leaves over and over, backwards and forwards, quoting a line here and there, as much as to say: "Why, thin, you young jackanapes, you, there isn't a line of it from cover to cover (the book had none) that I hadn't at my fingers' ends before you were born. 'Tityre tu patulæ recubans'—och bother—(another turn or two.) 'Oh! Formose puer nimium ne crede colori'—bah! can you translate *that*, Misther Courtney, eh?"

"You're out there, at all events, Mr. Mac, for I never had a bit."

"Well, you're as constated as if you had. Stan' up there, three syllables, will you?" and thus would half an hour's sparring take place between M'Sweeney and his pupil.

About this time, too—for Tommy was

now past sixteen (and it is extraordinary how early the Irish youngsters *take a notion*)—Tom Courtney fell in love with Catherine Murphy, the daughter of the widow Murphy, of Cortheen: she was a beautiful girl, somewhat about his own age. But, if my remark about the youngsters falling in love thus early be applicable to the boys, believe me it is no less true as regards the girls in Ireland—and, early as Tommy was in the field, he was not in time, for there was one before him, and Catherine refused to hear a word from him, point blank, though without telling him why. But he soon found out; and as he shortly afterwards changed the scene and manner of his life, and perhaps many of the feelings with which his boyish days were associated, he thought but seldom of Catherine Murphy. Tom continued, however, to go to M'Sweeny's school for another year, at the end of which he had learned more than M'Sweeny could teach, and "was quite all out and entirely"—to use the pedagogue's own words, "beyond his ingenuity or comprehension to resolve." Mr. M'Sweeny, therefore, called one morning on old Courtney, and told him "that he'd have to send Masther Courtney to some other school, for that he could get no good of him—that in place of larnin' his lessons and houldin' his tongue, as a clever boy ought, and takin' the larnin' from him that was able to give it, it's what he was always intherruptin' him, startin' him questions, and meanderin' about books that he wasn't within a year and a half of."

It was decided that Tom should enter the Church, and he spent three years at Maynooth.

It was before the end of the third year that Courtney unexpectedly appeared at home, having nothing whatever of a clerical appearance about him, and unhesitatingly declared "that he never would go back to Maynooth, as he had given up all idea of ever going into the ministry—at least into —;" and here he stopped short, and would give no reason for any thing he either had done or intended to do.

After this interview it began to be pretty generally reported through the parish that young Courtney had turned Protestant—a circumstance which, as he had not been at mass since his return, was also pretty generally believed. On the

other hand, however, he had not been at church; but this was an extreme step, which, perhaps, he was not prepared to brave, if his views were even so decided or confirmed as to have prompted it.

Tom Courtney was tall. His glossy, dark hair grew in rich curls backwards from a broad and manly forehead, and contrasted with the marble whiteness of a long neck, which Byron might have envied. His eyes shone with a dark, but soft brilliancy which prevented you from being able to ascertain their precise color. His nose was straight and perfectly formed. His cheeks were pale—very pale—except at times when exercise or the excitement of debate or argument tinged them with a bloom which, for a moment, you thought rendered him handsomer than usual; but, when it was gone, you thought you were wrong, and that the pale cheek became him most. In disposition Tom Courtney had hitherto been considered a most amiable and benevolent young man; and his character for every thing that was correct and good had been proverbial.

Matters lay in abeyance for three months. It was now the middle of February; the assizes drew near, nothing new had turned up, and Philip Moran had not been heard of—a very damaging fact for poor Tom Courtney's case.

March 2d.—Hanly had found Philip Moran, at Carrickfergus, where he had fled to a friend's house. I brought him before the magistrate, with the view of having his informations taken. He refused, however, to be sworn, maintaining an unbroken silence. The magistrate explained to him the position in which he was placed if his evidence was against his nephew; but that, at the same time, he had a duty to perform from which he should not shrink; but Moran only compressed his lips the more closely, as if determined not to speak. The magistrate then told him if he continued to refuse, he had no course left but to commit him to jail. His only reply was: "God's will be done, I do refuse." A committal was then made out, and Philip Moran lay that night not four cells distant from his nephew in the county jail.

March 7th.—It was now the evening before the assizes, at least the evening before the trials. The Crown Judge, Sir William Smith, had arrived, opened the commission, given his charge to the grand

jury, and retired to his lodgings; the town was in a bustle; two sentries were measuring about dueling distance before the judge's door. The sheriff's carriage was rolling up the street; police, with their packs, were arriving in small parties from the distant stations; and lodging-houses and eating-houses were on the alert. Two of these police parties met from different directions at the head of the main street, when the following incident occurred: Constable Collert, with two men, plumped up against Constable Ferriss, with one man, at the corner of the street.

"Hallo! boys," said Ferriss, "where do you put up? let us stop together; Martin Kavanagh recommended us to stop at Frank Hinnegan's, a quiet, decent house, and no resort of any one but respectable people; come along with us, you'll not get cheaper or better lodgings in the town; come along."

"Ay," replied Collert, "so it is, but it's very far from the court and the parades; we're three to two against you, and come with us to Jemmy M'Coy's, it's just as cheap and respectable a house as Hinnegan's, and not half so far from the parades. Hinnegan's, I know, is a clean, comfortable house, but it's an out-of-the-way place."

"Did you ever stop in it?" said Ferriss.

"I did, one quarter sessions," said Collert; "and, indeed, a cheap, nice house it is; but, I tell you, 'tis out of the way, so come away with us to M'Coy's: the County Inspector is very sharp as to time—he's always on parade himself; I vote for M'Coy's, 'tis quite close to our work, boys."

"Toss up for choice," said a young sub who had not yet spoken, "and let us all abide by the winner."

"Done!" said Ferriss, "though I am very unlucky."

"Agreed," said they all in a voice, and out came a halfpenny from Ferriss's pocket.

"I'll cry," said Collert.

"With all my heart," said Ferriss. Up it went.

"*Head*," cried Collert.

"You lost," said Ferriss, "it's legs; I won, for once in my life, boys; may be there's luck in that Manx halfpenny."

They all then adjourned to Hinnegan's lodging-house.

But why, you will say, drag in such

nonsense as this into the story, and at such a time? It is trifling and unnecessary. I reply: pray, reader, be not too hasty in passing an opinion upon apparently small matters. The incident is trifling, but it is not unnecessary.

March 9th.—Tom Courtney stood erect in the front of the dock, and never took his eyes off the clerk of the Crown while he was reading the indictment. When he had ended with the usual question of "How say you, are you guilty or not?" Courtney threw his eyes, as it would appear, through the vaulted roof up into the very heaven, and replied, in a voice which was not loud, but which, in its beauty and distinctness, was heard by the farthest individual in the court—"Not guilty, so help me God, in this my great extremity," and he leaned forward, faintly.

Mr. B——, the famous counsel, was assigned to the prisoner.

The trial commenced with an able statement from the counsel for the Crown. Catherine Murphy was the first witness. She stated, that on the 14th of November she was in her mother's house. Her brother James was absent at a fair; some time after midnight there was a loud knocking at the door; witness got up, and put on her clothes; was greatly frightened; her mother told her not to speak. Winny Cox slept on a loft over a small room that was off the far side of the kitchen; Winefred Cox got up also, while the knocking was going on, and just as she was coming down from the loft, the door was smashed in upon the floor, and two men entered. They lit a candle at the fire; knew the man that blew the coal; knew him when the light of the coal was flaring on his face, as well as after the candle was lit; could not be mistaken, as she knew the prisoner from the time they were children, and her heart jumped up when she saw it was Tom Courtney. The men were armed with pistols; they came to the bedside where her mother lay; one of them seized her by the arm and made her sit up; on her oath, it was the prisoner, and "it's at his door I lay my mother's death."

There was here a sensation and murmur through the court; but, after a few moments, the examination was continued.

"Witness knew the prisoner for many years; he was son to a neighbor; is positive that he is the man; the prisoner demanded where the money was; her

mother denied that she had any money in the house; the prisoner then struck her with the end of the pistol; knew that her mother had a small box with some money in it; thinks about fourteen or fifteen pounds besides some silver, but did not know where she kept it; if she knew, she would have told the prisoner at once to save her mother; told her mother, for God's sake, to tell him where it was, and let all their bad luck go with it; her mother replied: 'Never: Tom, you're the last man breathing I thought would do me an ill turn, and only for you struck me, I'd think it was joking you are, or through liquor, what I never saw on you yet.' They then dragged my mother out of the bed, and brought her into the kitchen, where they struck her again, but she would not tell; they drew out the rakings of the fire upon the hearth, and threw her down upon them; the prisoner held her under the arms, and the other man pulled her legs from under her; witness then roared murder, and seized the prisoner by the throat; called the prisoner by his name, and said, 'Tom Courtney, I'll hang you as high as the castle for this night's work;' he gave witness a blow which staggered her over against the wall and said, 'Give up the money before there's mischief done;' her mother was screaming very loud. When they first threw her mother down upon the coals, Winny Cox jumped down off the loft and grappled with the second man; with Winny's help, and what witness could do after she got the blow, her mother struggled into the middle of the kitchen-floor, and said, 'Give them the box, Kitty, it's in the little press at the head of the bed,' and she fainted off. They then departed, leaving her mother, as she thought, dead; saw the notes in the box when the prisoner opened it; there was also a purse in the box with some silver in it, which belonged to witness herself; would know it again if she saw it amongst a thousand—a good right she'd have, 'twas the prisoner himself gave it to her, about four years ago; it was a leather purse, lined with silk, and there were letters upon it; witness gave it to her mother to keep for safety; did not know the second man that came into the house."

This witness was cross-examined at much length by Mr. B——, principally as to her former intimacy with the prisoner, but nothing was elicited.

Winefred Cox was next examined, and she corroborated every syllable that had been sworn to by the first witness in its most minute particulars: heard Catherine Murphy say, "Tom Courtney, I'll hang you for this night's work, it's often my mother nursed you, to murder her at last;" knew the prisoner for many years, and could not be mistaken.

Philip Moran was then sent for to the witness-room, and put upon the table, and here there was a very painful scene indeed—not a being in court whose heart did not beat.

Moran never raised his eyes, never opened his lips; he moved not; he did not appear to breathe. The clerk of the crown held forth the book and told him to take it, but his arms seemed as though they were dead by his side. The counsel for the crown rose, and addressing his lordship, said: "My lord, this is a most material witness, and however painful the position in which he stands towards the prisoner, and in which we stand in being obliged to bring him forward—for I understand he is his uncle—the case is one of such magnitude in itself, and so peculiar as regards the unfortunate man in the dock, that we feel it imperative upon us to establish it by the mouths of many witnesses. The prisoner, I understand, has hitherto borne a most excellent character, and I am aware that such will be attested here this day by many most respectable persons; but this very fact, my lord, only makes it the more incumbent upon us to fortify our case by all the evidence we can fairly bring to bear upon it, in order to satisfy not only the jury, but the public, beyond the shadow of a doubt, as to the guilt of the prisoner."

"I have no doubt he will give his evidence," said the judge. "Witness, listen to me." Not a move—not a stir.

"Witness, pray direct your eyes towards me, while I address a very few words to you," continued the judge.

Had he been made of marble he could not have been more immovable—death could not have been more still. I think the judge thought he must have been in a fit of some kind, for he seemed perplexed, and I heard him ask, in an undertone, if the medical gentleman who had charge of the jail was in court, and directed him to be sent for. In the mean time he again addressed him by saying: "Witness, I am quite certain you must hear what I say, at

least I shall take it for granted that you do: your present course can not avail you, the law must be vindicated, and however painful it may be to you, you must give your evidence, or should you persist in refusing to do so, I shall have no course left but to commit you to prison, and that, let me add, indefinitely."

Still not a word—not a move. Here the prisoner started up from the position he had all this time maintained, and called out: "Uncle Philip—Uncle Philip, won't you speak to *me*? You will—you *must*."

This seemed to act like magic on the witness, for he turned quickly round and gazed his nephew in the face as he continued: "Uncle Philip, take the book and give your evidence like a man—what are you afraid of? Think you not that your unwillingness to tell the truth must be construed into an unwillingness to injure me; may it not—nay, must it not—impress the jury and the public as clearly against me as any evidence which you can give? Uncle Philip, there is but one consideration which should tempt you to hold out in this manner, and that is a consciousness of having been induced through any influence, to be about to state that which is not the fact: if that be the case, you do well to pause. But no, it is an unworthy thought, and I ask your pardon; the love you have borne my mother and myself, and the whole course you have adopted in this melancholy business, forbid the supposition." Here the prisoner was completely overcome, and again covering his face with his hands, he writhed in the agony of distress—'twas the word *mother* that unmanned him.

I have been for upwards of thirty years in the habit of attending like places, and I never witnessed such a scene.

Presently the prisoner regained his self-possession, and "proudly he flung his clustering ringlets back," and continued: "Rouse yourself, Uncle Philip, take the book and give your evidence; I know you will swear nothing but what you believe to be the truth."

"'Tis a difficult thing, Tom," said his uncle, turning round, "and for all I have to say, it isn't much."

As he took the book, I heard Tom Courtney say: "God help you, Uncle Philip; they might have spared you this, for they have enough."

Philip Moran was then sworn and ex-

amined: kept a public house at Raheen; on the night the widow Murphy's house was attacked, very late or towards morning, some persons called at his house and asked for whisky, refused to give it to them at that hour; they said they were travelers and were very wet, that they should get it; looked out through the window, saw three persons, it was a moonlight night, but very wet; thought he knew one of the men who stood a little to one side; told them to go home, that they could be no strangers; one of them swore they would smash in the door if it was not opened, but that they had plenty of money, and would pay well for the whisky; thought the easiest way to get rid of them was to give them the whisky; lit a candle, and drew half a pint; did not wish them to come in, and brought it to the door, which he opened; two of them stood inside, and said it was a shame to keep them so long in the rain, because they were strangers. Witness turned the light of the candle upon the man who stood outside, looked sharp at him, and said, "There's one of you no stranger at all events, Tom, what's the matter? won't you come in and dry yourself;" he made no reply, and witness said, "You had better go home, Tom, as fast as you can;" knew Tom Courtney since he was born; is his uncle by his mother; the prisoner came no nearer, at any time, than where he first stood, about four yards.

This witness was then called upon by the Crown to state positively whether the prisoner was one of those three men, or if he had any doubt. He was positive the man who stood outside was the prisoner; he did not know either of the other men, they were strangers.

This witness was cross-examined with great ingenuity, principally as to the dress which the prisoner had on; whether it was that usually worn by him, and the opportunity he had of distinctly seeing his face. Upon the whole this cross-examination was not unsuccessful of a rather favorable impression towards the prisoner.

As the old man turned to go down, his eyes met those of his nephew. They were within four feet of each other, and Moran, having gazed at him for a moment, threw his arms and shoulders across the rails of the dock, and clasping him round the neck, he cried: "O Tom! forgive me; but I could not wrong my soul."

"Stand back, Uncle Philip," said Court-

ney, "you'll drown me with your tears. I know you have sworn what you believe to be the truth, and I would disown you if you would do any thing else—even to save my life."

He then staggered down, or rather was helped down, and you could have heard his sobs dying away in the distance as he was supported out of the court.

James Murphy was examined, and stated that Courtney casually had met him on the road, some days before the attack, and advised him to go to the fair to sell his calves, as it was an excellent market.

The widow Murphy's dying declaration was then read, when a murmur of surprise and indignation ran through the court. Persons who had hitherto felt inclined to sympathize with the prisoner, began now to look upon him as a hardened and hypocritical ruffian.

The case for the prosecution closed.

The leading witness for the defense was Courtney's brother, Billy, a handsome lad: "Recollected the night the widow Murphy's house was attacked; slept on that night in the bed with his brother. Witness and the prisoner went to bed about ten o'clock; locked the house-door, and hung the key behind the parlor-door; the prisoner got into bed first; he slept next the wall, and witness slept on the outside. Prisoner and witness both said their prayers before they got into bed. The prisoner was in the bed in the morning when witness awoke. Turned two or three times in the night, and, on his solemn oath, the prisoner was in the bed on all these occasions."

Cross-examined by Mr. F——.

"The prisoner had other clothes in a box in the same room; could have got them without touching those on the chair."

"Could he not have left the house, then, without your knowledge, sir?"

"'Tis just possible; but I am positive he never did."

"Do you mean to swear, sir, that he did not do that which it was possible he could have done without your knowledge?"

"I'll tell you——"

"No, sir, you'll tell me nothing until you give me a direct answer. I ask you, sir, again, and for the last time, will you take it upon yourself to swear that night the prisoner did not leave the house that night after you and he went to bed?"

"I will not swear it positively."

"You may go down, sir."

"You were going to say something just now," said the judge.

"I was going to say, my lord, that I would not swear positively to any thing which I did not actually know to be a fact of my own knowledge; and in this case, although I am quite satisfied in my own mind that the prisoner did not leave the house on that night, yet as the possibility does exist that he could have done so, however safe I might believe myself to be in swearing it, I think it would be wrong to do so."

"It is a very honest answer, my good boy," broke in Mr. B——, "and stamps truth upon every tittle of your evidence."

The witness here became much affected; his eyes filled with tears, and the corners of his mouth worked and twitched with emotion. He put a handkerchief to his eyes as he turned to go down—more, I think, to hide his brother as he passed than to check his tears; but the prisoner stretched out his arms, and grasped him by the shoulder as he passed, saying:

"God bless you, Billy, you're all right, man—you're all right. Forgive me if I was afraid of your love."

Billy then rushed through the crowd, carrying the sympathy and belief of every one who heard his evidence with him.

The only other evidence which was brought forward was as to character, and certainly if it could have availed in opposition to the flood of evidence which was against the prisoner, he would have been turned from the dock a free man; the highest and most noble in the county, one and all, bore cheerful and distinct testimony to the amiability and uniformly good character and conduct of Tom Courtney; the priests (for they still claimed him) thronged forward to the table, to bear witness to his benevolence and kind-heartedness, from a very child—and the case closed.

The judge slowly turned himself round towards the jury, and made a very long pause—so long that it became at last the subject of whispers from one to another, and I heard some one say that he was only waiting for the buzz (which always takes place at that moment in a crowded court) to subside—but I did not think it was.

He commenced, however, and it was the signal for death-like silence. I shall

not follow him through his charge; he left no point of view in which he did not put the case. I shall never forget his voice, his views, his periods. He closed, and during the whole of his charge he never once used the words, "on the other hand, gentlemen," (alas! there was no other hand to turn to;) nor did he close with that general and hackneyed finale to all charges, "if they had a doubt, a reasonable doubt," (and it was a termination of which his humanity rendered that judge particularly fond;) but in this case he seemed to feel—the whole court felt—that it would have been out of place; and his closing words were: "I leave, then, the case with you, gentlemen; and I do so with a firm persuasion, that as upright, conscientious jurors, you will do your duty without respect to persons, and fearless of the result, founded on the evidence, and the evidence alone, which has been brought before you."

Oh! what a hum—what a buzz—what whispering, and wiping of faces, what altering of elbows on the ledges of the seats, what slight shaking of heads and compressing of lips, as people looked in each other's faces while the jury rose to retire; and "Poor young fellow;" "God help him;" "Unfortunate mother;" and such like remarks, passed in an undertone from one to another. I lifted up my heart in silent prayer to God that he would indeed help both him and his mother in that distracting, frightful hour. Not a man, not a woman, not a child—and there were children there—left the court, although there were numbers who had not tasted food for nearly twelve hours; such was the awful suspense, the dreadful anxiety to learn that which every person there knew to as great a certainty as that the sun which had been some time set, would rise again in the morning.

Contrary to all expectation, the jury remained in for nearly half an hour—not that they doubted, (as I learned afterwards,) but from a sheer reluctance to hand in the fatal word. Indeed it was the good sense and humanity of one of the jurors which prevented them from giving further delay, (such was their repugnance,) by representing that every moment they remained in beyond what was reasonable, in so plain a case, was only calculated to nourish a vain and delusive hope in the prisoner's breast, and lead him to the belief, that it was possible to take a favor-

able view of the case. The justice, the humanity of this was at once acquiesced in; and the jury-room door opened, and forth came a reluctant but conscientious jury. The issue paper was handed down. The clerk of the crown read over the names of the jurors, and read aloud, though his voice trembled as he uttered it, the awful word, "Guilty," adding the useless, but usual words, "have you any thing to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon you?"

The prisoner, on hearing the word "Guilty," had brought his hands together, stretched his arms along the front rail of the dock, and laid his head down upon the backs of his hands. In this position he remained evidently struggling with inward emotion. There was a death-like silence then, indeed, in the court, as there always is immediately previous to the sentence of death being passed. At length the judge—who had been gazing at some imaginary object in the air—said, "Prisoner."

At the word, the convict, for such, indeed, he now was, started up into an erect position, and pushing back his long dark hair, which had fallen down over his forehead and eyes, showed a face of marble whiteness, but an unstimulating eye of surpassing beauty.

"Prisoner," said the judge, again.

"My lord," said the prisoner, "I have been asked if I have any thing to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon me. If the question be not altogether an insult or a mockery, may I be permitted to say a few words to the Court—not, I am aware, that they can have any influence upon my fate, but, my lord, that they may be remembered when I am no more;" and his lips quivered.

The judge made no answer, rather permitting him to proceed, than giving him permission.

"My lord, I have been found guilty of a crime of which I am as innocent before heaven as any person who now hears me or looks upon me, standing here, in the eyes of the law, a convicted murderer, and about to receive sentence of death and execution—oh! terrible, terrible words. There may be eyes now looking at me, there may be ears now listening to me, of those who know and who could prove my innocence, even at this moment. If such there be in the court, [and the pri-

soner turned round and surveyed the crowd in rear of the dock,] let them behold me—let them listen to my words. Of course, my lord, I allude to the real perpetrators of this horrid crime, should any of them be here, and which is not impossible. Do I expect, then, that if they be, they or any of them will stand forth and avow it? Alas, no! I have no such hope; 'tis not in human nature; and the hearts which would perpetrate such a cruel deed will be but too glad to chuckle in the security of my conviction." [Here there was a great bustle in the center of the crowd behind the dock, and a strong-looking man, who had fainted from the heat, was removed into the street, where the fresh air soon revived him; but I do not believe he returned into the court, and I heard some body say that he was a stranger.] "They may hear," continued the prisoner, when silence was restored, "from the lips of a dying man, that they are about to commit another murder, and that, sooner or later, justice will overtake them, and my character will be redeemed, and my memory rescued from disgrace and shame—perhaps ere I be rotten in the grave."

Sir William knit his brow, and seemed as if he would have stopped him. He at once perceived it, and added:

"Pardon the expression, my lord—this is not a time for choice of words; but if I have used an undignified or improper expression while addressing your lordship, pardon me, I pray, and attribute it rather to the agony of the position in which I am placed, than to any want of respect."

The judge appeared satisfied, and the prisoner continued:

"My lord, I can not, and I do not, while asserting my innocence, quarrel with either your lordship's charge, or with the verdict of the jury; I do not even know how to quarrel with the evidence. I never injured any one of the witnesses; on the contrary, I had far other feelings at one time—perhaps far other objects than injury towards one of them. I can not, and I do not, believe that Catherine Murphy's poor old mother—her murdered mother—and my heart still bleeds at the contemplation of her sufferings and death—I can not believe, I say, that she rushed for judgment to her God with a perjured lie upon her lips; I can not believe that either she or Catherine has sworn what they knew to be

false. I can not believe that James has turned an innocent and casual conversation against me for a wicked purpose, knowing me to be innocent. He, at least, my lord, has sworn the truth. I freely admit the accuracy of the conversation detailed in his evidence; it was a casual matter, with no other object than to serve him, and founded upon the success of my own father upon similar occasions. Besides, were my object that which has been attributed to it, might I not as well have said to James Murphy: 'James, I wish you would go away to the fair of G— on Thursday next, for I want to murder your mother on that night,' as have acted the subsequent part I did, had such being the object of the conversation which actually did take? Who but a fool would have held such a conversation with him, had he not made arrangements to fly with his booty before he returned? Did I fly? You have heard where and how I was found. Intimately known, as I was, to the widow, to Catherine, and the servant girl, undisguised to have entered the house, and committed murder and robbery, and then returned to my own house, not more than a mile distant, sat down to my breakfast, and calmly waited the result; could I, I say, have courted an ignominious and shameful death more openly, more successfully, more promptly, than by such a course? But I have not alluded to my uncle. Can I believe that Philip Moran—the only brother of her whose heart I now see breaking almost beneath your lordship's bench, and which, I doubt not, in mercy, may be cold before my own—can I believe that he would join a foul conspiracy to take away the life of an innocent man, and that man his sister's son—a conspiracy, too, the success of which must be purchased by multiplied perjury of the deepest dye, and for which no depth of ingenuity can divine a motive? I can not believe that he or they have done so. What shall I say, then?—that I am guilty? No, my lord; as I stand before the God of heaven, who knoweth my heart, I am not guilty."

The convict here paused for a moment, and turned his head towards one of the side-boxes below him.

"I have just heard a remark, my lord," he continued, "expressing surprise that I did not address this statement to the jury before they retired, rather than to the

Court after the verdict. I doubt that the law would have permitted me to do so; but I do not doubt the futility of such a course, neither does the gentleman who defended my case; else, had he not been silent, were it lawful; had I been permitted, I should have declined to do so. And why? Because I felt the impossibility of any thing which I could say to contend against the evidence, and whatever I set forth must have been received by the jury and the public as false and hypocritical, coming at such a time, in the vain and delusive hope of swaying men's minds in my favor, and I should but too surely have added the brand of liar to that of murderer upon my name. It may not be so now, the die is cast—my doom is sealed. That short word, written in silence by your foreman, and spoken aloud by the officer of the Crown, has removed my case into a higher court. I stand now not so much before your lordship as before the Lord of heaven. At his tribunal I must soon appear; and falsehood, which could never have availed to save me, would be worse than useless now. I may, therefore, hope there are some, at least—perhaps many—here, who will believe my words, when I again declare, in this awful moment, that I am wholly innocent of act, part, or knowledge of this dreadful crime. I believe, my lord, that an inscrutable Providence, whose ways are past finding out, has permitted—for some mysterious purpose, which neither you, my lord, nor I can scan—a fatal delusion to fall upon the minds of all those who have this day witnessed against me. He has the power even still to dispel it; and should he hasten his mercy in time to save me from a cruel and ignominious death, how shall I live to thank him—to serve him? but if not?”—[Here the unhappy man exhibited great emotion; his lips quivered, his voice trembled, and his whole frame shook.] “But if not,” he continued, recovering himself, “and that my doom in this world shall, indeed, be fixed, I trust I can say, ‘His will be done;’ but, for the sake of my memory and my character, and for the sake of those who loved me here, I hope and trust he will reveal it when I am gone.”

He paused, and the judge, thinking he had finished, put his hand behind him, doubtless for the purpose of assuming the black cap.

“A very few words more, my lord, and I have done. I doubt not that your lordship will tell me that you perfectly coincide with the propriety of the verdict, and that no person who has heard the evidence can for a moment have a doubt of my guilt. Perhaps your lordship may tell me that a solemn declaration of my innocence in opposition to such evidence is only a fearful aggravation of my guilt; and although I can not, as I have already said, upon that evidence, quarrel with either the verdict or with that opinion, I once more, and for the last time—at least before your lordship—assert my innocence; and further most solemnly declare, that were an admission of my guilt to purchase the life which I must soon resign for a shameful, sudden, and, perhaps, a painful death, and to turn me, free and unshackled, from this dock, while my name and character were blasted with the crime, I would not, for I could not, truly make it. The Lord has laid his hand heavily upon me; it is a sore affliction which I can not comprehend, but which must take its course. May the Lord lighten the load, or increase my strength to bear it; to him I commit myself, soul and body. My lord and gentlemen, I have done, and I thank you for the patience and attention with which you have listened to me.”

The prisoner ceased, but not a word, not a whisper, not a stir in court. All eyes turned from the unhappy man to the judge, who, after an apparent consultation with his own mind, assumed the black cap with a trepidation very foreign to his usual mode. All persons present seemed to expect a long and, doubtless, a very feeling address to the unhappy convict, ere the final words of the sentence should close his earthy fate; but I never saw Sir William Smith so completely, so perfectly overcome. He made one effort to speak, in vain, and it was evident he would not make a second until he had mastered himself, and could command his voice. I had, too, a secret feeling that he believed in the innocence of the prisoner. After a prolonged and painful silence, he merely said:

“Thomas Courtney, I have listened with all the attention which I considered your unhappy position demanded, to your statement. Every person in the court, as well as the jury, has heard the evidence upon which you have been convicted; and in

the justice and propriety of that verdict there is not one solitary person who must not concur—nay, you yourself have done so. They have also heard your statement; and whether that statement be an aggravation of the crime or not, I shall leave to be settled by the final and eternal Judge before whom you soon must appear. I shall only add, that if your statement be false—and I can not reconcile its being otherwise, with the evidence, if it be true—you will find, perhaps, when too late, that it will be a dreadful aggravation, indeed.”

He then sentenced Tom Courtney to be hanged by the neck till he was dead, in the usual words, upon the next day but one following. The miserable man was then removed from the dock to the jail, amidst all the customary clamor and screaming of relations and friends.

The court was adjourned, and in one hour the town was as quiet as if nothing beyond the conviction of a petty sessions had taken place.

The weather was very fine and dry for the time of year, and Sir William, to the surprise of every one who had witnessed all he had gone through that day, directed the sheriff to have an escort ready in one hour from the closing of the court; and having made arrangements with his brother judge, (who had nothing to do in the record court,) he left for the next town on the circuit, by a clear, fine moonlight.

It was by this time very late; and as I felt harassed and fatigued both in body and mind, I retired to my lodging alone and depressed. The evening wore on: in a state of distraction I retired to rest, and soon fell into a confused slumber. How long I slept, or half-slept, I know not—at least I did not know until I was awakened by a thundering double-knock at the hall-door. I had an instinctive feeling that it was for me, and jumping up, I put my head out of the window, and asked: “Who was there?”

“Oh! come down, sir; come down as fast as you can,” said Ferriss, who, with another policeman, stood at the door.

“Why, what is the matter, now, Ferriss?” said I.

“Oh! come down, sir; dress yourself smart and come down, sir, and I’ll tell you.”

Of course, I lost not another moment in dressing myself and going down. As I passed the clock on the landing place, I

saw that it was not far from two o’clock. Something serious, I was certain, had happened, and I felt a dreadful presentiment that Ferriss’s news was, that Tom Courtney had put an end to himself. Judge of my astonishment, when I opened the hall-door, and his first words were, that Tom Courtney had made his escape from the jail, and that he had again arrested him in a public-house in the town.

“Quite and entirely impossible, Ferriss,” said I: “on every account impossible, out of the question.”

“Quite true, nevertheless, sir,” he replied. “I have him in the police-barrack, not forty perch from where you stand: and, what’s more, I have one of the fellows that was with him at the widow’s house, and who, I am sure, assisted him to make his escape. You remember the red-haired thief that Kitty swore she’d know again.”

“You’re dreaming, Ferriss; ’tis, I say, quite impossible; I can’t, and I don’t believe it.”

“And why not, sir? Why wouldn’t he, if he could? And, faith, if it wasn’t for Edmund Ferriss, he was a free bird before morning. Come down to the barrack, sir, yourself, and see him; may be you’ll believe your eye-sight.”

“Scarcely,” said I. “What did he say, Ferriss, when you took him? How did you know he got out? Where did you find him? Does he now admit his guilt?”

“He never opened his lips since I took him; but I heard him and his companion talking the whole business over of the attack, and how well they escaped. There can be no doubt of his guilt now, at all events. Oh! then, what a sweet tongue he had, sir. Did you hear him to-day—faith, I believe I may say yesterday—why, he had me almost persuaded, at one time, in spite of every thing, that he was innocent.”

We hastened to the barrack. As I entered the day-room, I there beheld Tom Courtney, sitting upon a form, handcuffed to another man, and a policeman on either end guarding them. He had changed his clothes, but did not appear to have had time to cut his hair, or otherwise disguise himself. There was a ferocity in his eye, and altogether in the expression of his countenance, I had never before seen, and which I did not conceive it capable of assuming. I looked him full in the face, and said:

"God help you, Tom Courtney; what is this you have done?"

He did not return my gaze, and he replied not.

Looking upon him from that moment as a condemned and hardened hypocrite, I turned from the room, and gave directions that no person whatever should be permitted to speak to him, or he to any one. I then brought Ferriss with me to Mr. —, the magistrate, whom I routed up as unexpectedly as I myself had been. As we went along, and while we were waiting for the magistrate to dress, and reconcile himself to so untimely a visit, Ferriss gave me the following account of Tom Courtney's second arrest.

He and his companion had retired to their lodgings rather tired and harassed, after the duties of the day. Their room was off a long narrow one which was used as a tap-room. There was, however, another door leading into their room from an outside passage, up three little three-cornered steps, which door was generally used when there was company drinking in the tap-room; but on this occasion it was very late, and as there were no persons in it, Ferriss and his comrades passed through it into their sleeping-room, and were retiring to bed. There was a chink of the door between the two rooms open. Ferriss's companion had got into bed, and he himself had taken off his clothes, and had just put out the candle, when he heard the door of the outside room open, and steps advance into it, and he saw a light. Now, Ferriss was a cautious, sensible man, where business or duty was concerned, although a smart, pleasant fellow, where it was not; he never did any thing in a hurry, and therefore seldom did it wrong; and, in this instance, he thought it was just as well to take a peep through the chink previous, as he thought, to stepping into bed. But Ferriss did not go to bed that night, near as he was to doing so; for, as he looked out, if ever he saw mortal man, he saw Tom Courtney sitting at the end of the table, directly opposite him; the candle shone right upon him—full on his face—he could not be mistaken. There was another man sitting sideways to the table, but turned round towards Courtney so that he could not see his face. But it was no matter; he saw Tom Courtney beyond a doubt; nay, if a doubt could have existed—which, under the circumstances, might have been natural—it was dispelled

by the following conversation, every word of which Ferriss drank in *erectis auribus*, with more than ordinary surprise.

"Well, Tom, my boy—for I can't help calling you Tom, though you bid me not—I hope I may congratulate you now, at least, on your escape from the halter, eh? Don't you think you may say you are safe? Give us your hand, old boy."

The other looked at him with a contemptuous curl of the lip—Tom Courtney's curl all over, and letting him take his hand, rather than giving it to him, replied:

"Yes, I hope we are safe, perhaps, from that job; but recollect, Martin, there are other things to the full as bad, if not worse, than the widow's; and the sooner we can get clear out of the country the better. My heart misgives me that there may be some mischance yet."

"Your heart is quite right for once, my lad, at all events," thought Ferriss; but he would not stir for the world until he heard more. "He was," as he said himself, "in the receipt of a bagful of information of the right sort."

"Don't be down-hearted, man," continued Martin; "here's the girl with the whisky."

It was just then brought in and laid on the table, and the girl left the room.

"Martin, you have no right to call me down-hearted. Recollect to-day, didn't I stand it like a man. It would be more like the thing if I called you a chicken-hearted coward; you were very near spoiling all."

"Well, well," interrupted the other, "you said enough about that already, and I told you I couldn't help it. The recollection of the poor widow Murphy's screams and the blood upon her gray hairs and face, and the way that *you* spoke, Tom, and wanted the people to stand back, that I might be seen, was too much for me, and the place was so hot, and altogether I could not help it; but it's all over now, and you promised you would not bring it up again; so no more about it. But let us hear your plan, Tom, what is it?"

"Just to drink my share of this half-pint, smoke a pipe, and be the best half of the way to Galway before daylight—will that do?"

"Right well; here's to you and me; there's not another man in Ireland would have escaped as you have."

They drank and helped themselves again.

All this time Ferriss was stealing into his jacket and trowsers like a mouse, and listening and peeping at the same time. He was glad to see what no man ever saw before—Tom Courtney charging a pipe, and preparing to smoke. This was nuts and apples to Ferriss: it was his time for business, and of all men in the force he was not likely to spoil a job by hurry. He therefore stole over, and very gingerly awakened his two comrades, and whispered to them:

"For their life not to open their lips or make a noise, but to dress themselves as smart and as quietly as possible. And," he added, "our fortunes are made."

This having been accomplished—not the making of their fortunes, but the dressing themselves—he told them who was in the outside room, and sent them in their *stockin'*-feet, but with their bayonets, through the little door of which I spoke to the outer door of the drinking-room, to prevent the escape of the men, and with directions to stand fast until they heard him inside. All being arranged as he directed, he returned to his former position, and taking a final peep, he saw Tom Courtney and his companion puffing away. Need I say, what next? Ferriss, throwing open the door, rushed like a tiger upon Tom Courtney, and gripped him by the throat; the other two men sprang in with drawn bayonets. There was a fearful struggle—'twas for life or death—and Courtney and his companion fought like persons who knew and felt what the result of defeat must be; but Ferriss and his comrades were no light customers, and the odds being in their favor, both as to numbers and being armed, (although they did not inflict any injury with their bayonets,) Courtney and his accomplice were ultimately overpowered and handcuffed, and in a very short time after were lodged in the police-barrack, where a strong guard was placed over them.

When Ferriss had finished the recital from which I have put the above into a form of detail, he pulled out an Isle-of-Man half-penny out of his pocket.

"Do you see that, sir?" said he, holding it on the palm of his hand in the moonlight.

I did; it had three legs kicking every way upon it.

"I wouldn't take a five-pound note for that half-penny; I never won a toss but the one I won with that, and it was the

means of my taking Tom Courtney, for the Tubberculen boys and us tossed up to see where we'd stop in town; we were for Hinnegan's, and they were for M'Coy's; if I lost the toss we'd have gone to M'Coy's, and Courtney was clean gone forever."

We were standing at the hall-door all this time, waiting for the magistrate. The door was at length opened, and we went up stairs to the drawing-room. I told him that Courtney was, indeed, a villain and a hypocrite; that he had made his escape from the jail, with the assistance of an accomplice; that Ferriss had overheard him fully admit the crime, and boast of how he had escaped; but most fortunately he had been enabled, with the assistance of his comrades, to apprehend them both in the lodging-house, and they were then under a strong guard in the police-barrack. I found it just as hard to persuade Mr. — of the fact as Ferriss had found it to persuade me; but he came up to the barrack and was there perfectly satisfied of the whole thing. Like myself, he asked him one or two questions, and receiving no answer, turned away. We determined, then, to remain up all night till the jail should be open in the morning, and we brought Ferriss back again to the magistrate's lodgings, where we took a very full statement from him, in writing, of the conversation and arrest of Courtney and the other man; and if a person could enjoy any thing at such a time, we almost did enjoy the idea of the governor's distraction, when he first heard of Courtney's escape, and his face again, when we should inform him that he had been retaken. Musing and thinking on these things, we turned our steps towards the jail long before the usual hour for its being opened, or the officials ready for business. When we turned the corner, early as it was, we saw the governor standing at the outer gate, with his hands in his black velvet jacket-pockets, and his head down.

"He does not look as if he had heard it yet."

"Oh! he must," said Mr. —, "look at him."

We approached him; there was nothing of excitement or hurry about him: rather a melancholy sadness, as he returned our "Good morning, governor."

"This is a bad business," said Mr. —; "but it might have been worse."

"Worse, sir! my God, sir, how could it be worse? The poor young fellow!"

"Poor young fellow! How so! He might have escaped altogether; he was within a snap of your fingers of being off."

"Escaped! being off!—what do you mean? Ah! no, no, poor fellow, I am quite certain he would not have moved a step, if the gates were open all night, and that it was to save his life."

Mr. — and I looked at each other; we did not suppose he had heard a word of what had happened.

"Was it late last night when you saw him? Or when did you see him last?" said I.

"Poor fellow, I have but just left him, and notwithstanding all the evidence, I declare to Heaven, gentlemen, my opinion is, that if ever a man was hanged in the wrong, that man will."

"What," cried Mr. — and myself, in a breath; "do you, indeed, say that he is here—that he has not made his escape?"

"O gentlemen! this is no time for joking; I am not able to bear it—indeed, I am not, and I did not expect it from either of you. Ah! poor fellow! I never saw so reconciled a creature. He says, but for his mother he could bear it all. Poor fellow! God help him."

"Indeed," said I, "we are not joking; it would be worse than cruel to do so at such a time; but you must be mistaken, for beyond a doubt, Tom Courtney did make his escape last night, and has been retaken with one of his accomplices, by some of my men; they will be here in a few minutes. One of my men—Ferriss—even heard him confess the whole business, while talking to his accomplice."

The governor looked at me as if he thought I was mad, and then at Mr. —, to see if he would confirm what I had said. Mr. — saw the state of excitement he was getting into, and said:

"When, indeed and in truth, did you see him last? This is most extraordinary!"

"Not ten minutes ago; why, I tell you I had but just left him not five minutes when you turned the corner, and came towards me; but come and you shall see him, yourselves, this moment, poor fellow. God, I say, help him; indeed, he has helped him wonderfully, for I never saw so reconciled a creature—he's like a lamb; come, gentlemen, and satisfy yourselves."

And, as he turned to lead the way, I saw, what I had never seen before, tears trembling in the eyes of the governor of a jail. I confess I had my doubts, as I followed him, of the state of his mind at that moment, as I felt confident of the impossibility of his showing us Tom Courtney. We arrived at the cell-door, and my heart beat violently—I knew not from what cause. The governor unlocked the door, and we entered; there sat the real, true Tom Courtney, as innocent before the Lord and his country of the murder for which he had been condemned as the newborn lamb. We had cautioned the governor on no account to make any allusion to the subject of our previous conversation; and having merely paid him a short visit of apparent sympathy, we left the cell.

On our return to the outer gate, the police were just coming in with the prisoners, and as they passed into the ante-room for examination, the governor actually started; he pinched my arm, and, turning aside, he said,

"My God, how perfectly alike—I see it all; it must be the case."

The truth had flashed upon us when we saw Tom Courtney in the cell; it now flashed upon the governor when he saw the prisoners pass him into the ante-room.

The room was then cleared, with the exception of the principal prisoner, the governor, and myself, and Ferriss was directed to remain. Mr. — having then cautioned the prisoner in the usual manner, commenced to examine him. He stated that his name was Michael Lynch, that he was from the county Galway, that he knew nothing whatever of any crime he was taken up for, or charged with; he was on his way to the fair of Enniskillen to buy pigs, when he was taken up by that gentleman there (pointing to Ferriss) for what he could not tell. This is all that could be got out of him, as he positively declined saying one word more, or answering any questions whatever. He was then removed, and the other prisoner brought in; and as they passed in the lobby, I heard Lynch say to the other, "*a dark night, friend*," at the same time giving him a significant look. Another dumb witness, thought I. This man was in like manner cautioned and examined. He said his name was Martin Cooney, that he "did not mind the caution he got one straw, he would tell the whole, if he

was to be hanged for it the next moment; and its longing I am since yesterday, when I heard him speaking to tell it." He was cautioned again, and it was fully explained to him that any thing he said would be written down and proved against him.

"So best, so best, gentlemen. I'll tell every thing. I have enough upon me, and I'll have no more—least of all, the blood of that poor innocent young man, Tom Courtney. Gentlemen, my companion's name is Peter Hopkins, I don't know what he told you; he's from one village with me, in the county Mayo; 'twas he, and I, and another boy—no matter who, but I'll tell if I am obliged—that broke into the widow Murphy's house, and robbed and murdered her. Tom Courtney never set a foot near it, no more than you did; but Hopkins is so like him, that he was taken for him by every one that saw him that night; even his own uncle, as Phil Moran turns out to be, swore to him. If you misdoubt me, gentlemen, you'll find an old purse in his small-clothes pocket this very moment, that belonged to the daughter; she swore to it yesterday, and she'll know it."

"Be gad you won't get it in *his* pocket," said Ferris, "for I have it in mine; but surely I got it in his pocket just now, when I searched him; here it is, gentlemen, and money enough in it too;" and he laid it on the table.

"The less I lie then, 'tis all the one thing," Cooney continued; "O gentlemen! I thank God I'm taken, for surely that young man is innocent, clean innocent. I had like to faint in the court-house, yesterday, when he was speaking about the real murderers—and Hopkins is the chief one, and I'm the other one. O Tom Courtney! a hair of your head shall never fall by me, now that I'm taken! and thank God, gentlemen, I am taken."

In this strain he went on, and the magistrate took down a full and detailed statement which he gave of the transaction at the widow Murphy's, but which you are too well acquainted with already. He further stated, "that when they heard a young man named Tom Courtney was charged with the murder, and taken up, they knew that it must have been from a strong likeness between him and Hopkins, as Hopkins had been called Tom, even Tom Courtney, on that night, by both the widow and her daughter, and also by Philip Moran, at the public-house. They

thought it a good chance, and were determined to let him suffer for it. He was quite sure he would have done so if he had not been taken up. There were two or three warrants out against him in the county of Mayo for different crimes, all bad enough, but no murder amongst them."

He then gave the name and residence of the third man, and repeated that he was willing and ready to abide by all he had stated; that his mind and conscience were easy since he was prevented from being accessory to the murder of Tom Courtney.

The prisoners were then committed for re-examination, and the governor was directed to keep them strictly separate.

The next step was to send for Catherine Murphy and Winefred Cox, in order to see if they could identify Martin Cooney, and what they would say upon seeing Peter Hopkins. For this purpose the prisoners were placed in a yard with ten or twelve others, and they stood next each other but two. Catherine Murphy was brought to the door of the yard, and desired to look in through a small square hole, and say if she saw any person she knew, or had ever seen before; but she had been kept in perfect ignorance of what had taken place. She looked for some time, ranging her eyes from one end to the other of the row. As they reached Cooney on each occasion, they stopped, and she gazed, for some seconds, at him; they also paused, but not so long, as they fell upon Hopkins, and I thought she turned a little pale. At length, turning to the magistrate, she said:

"Yes, sir, I do; I see another of the men who attacked my mother's house."

"Point out where he stands," said the magistrate.

"He is standing there, sir, next but two to the poor fellow who was condemned yesterday, but whose dress is greatly changed since then. That's him with the red hair; he's the man that Winny Cox grappled with. I'd take my oath to him upon a hundred books."

The magistrate then assured her that Tom Courtney was not in the yard at all. She did not appear to believe him, and she scrutinized the man again very closely, and said:

"Is not that him next but two on the right of the man I have just pointed out, with the red hair?"

The magistrate and the governor both solemnly assured her that was not Tom Courtney, and that he was not there. She appeared greatly confused, and burst into a profuse perspiration.

"Bring me into the room, for God's sake," said she, "and give me a drink of water. These are the two identical men, beyond a doubt. I see them together now as I saw them that night. O Tom Courtney! would I have mur——"

But ere she could finish the sentence, or had reached the room-door, she had fainted. Hopkins was then removed, (I can not say why, but the magistrate would have it so,) and Winefred Cox was brought to the door. She promptly and distinctly identified Cooney as the man with whom she had struggled on the night of the attack, and all she appeared to me to require to make her perfectly happy in this life was, then and there, to be *let at him*, with her bare hands.

"Let me at him; that's all ever I'll ask. Oh! let me at the villain, that's all I'll ask!" she repeated half a dozen times before she could be removed from the door.

Mr. — and I then requested the governor on no account whatever to permit any communication to be made to Courtney of what had transpired, for the present, as we intended to post off directly after the judge who had condemned him, to put him in possession of every thing that had occurred, and take his instructions.

Mr. —, who never forgot any thing which he ought to do, also arranged with the governor to wait upon the other judge at the earliest moment he could properly do so, and reveal to him the facts which had become known, and that we had gone after Sir William Smith to inform him. In the mean time the prisoners were to be kept separate, and all communication between them strictly prohibited.

I pass over our interview with the judge. I found that his lordship had, as I supposed, believed Tom innocent. His lordship sent me back to break the news to the poor fellow cautiously.

On our return I lost no time in speeding to the jail upon my mission of life and light to the dark and troubled heart of poor Tom Courtney. I met the governor in the yard, who told me that no person had since seen Courtney except himself, and that he had not the most remote idea

of what had happened. I told him, shortly, of our interview with Sir William Smith. He came with me himself, and, opening the cell-door, I entered, and he shut me in.

Tom Courtney was sitting on the side of his bed, but started up to meet me the moment I entered, and, stretching out both his hands to me, he said:

"O sir! I am glad you are come! I thought you would have been to see me to-day before this hour. My time is short. O sir! I have spent a miserably wretched night and day! death itself would be preferable to the night I spent. I wished to have told you this morning, but you hurried away, I knew not why. O sir! I have been nearly mad! at times I think I am mad. Can you wonder? Oh! how could it be otherwise? I wish it was all over. O sir! if I could subdue my heart to the will of God—if I could *feel* that I had submitted to his mysterious will—with what pleasure I could behold the light of that fatal morning now so near at hand; but I have had a fearful struggle, and, I hope—oh! yes, I do hope—that I have not lost the battle. At one time I feared I had been conquered, and that all was lost. O sir!" he continued, and a curious change came over him; "O sir! I have spent a miserable night. Oh! how I wish I had not slept at all—the waking to a new certainty of consciousness was frightful; and I had an extraordinary and tormenting dream. O sir! dreaming is a curious, a wonderful faculty of the brain. Have you ever been perplexed, during sleep, by one constant, unaccountable, irreconcilable idea—a confused, yet distinct idea—the certainty of an *impossible* fact—at one and the same moment knowing it to be *impossible*, yet believing it to be *true*—distinct, though confused—plain, but incomprehensible? 'Tis difficult clearly to explain what I mean; but, I dare say, you may have experienced some such thing, particularly if your mind has dwelt long upon any painful subject. Such I experienced last night to a very painful degree. I dreamed that I was in a foreign land—pardon me, sir, for all this, I must talk, for thought has nearly set me mad. I dreamed that I was in a foreign land, and that a horde of savages, naked and armed with knives, were pursuing me to take my life. There was one more ferocious than his fellows—a fiendish-looking man—and this man, I thought,

was James Murphy, although it was not from his appearance, with which I was well acquainted, that I recognized him, for he was tall and swarthy, naked; and tattooed like the others; but I was quite sure it was James Murphy. Instead of a knife, however, he had a rope, which he swung round him, as he ran and cried—

“Keep back, keep back—let me have him—’twas my mother he murdered—he’s mine. Keep back, I say, with your knives. The rope, the rope—he’s mine—I’ll have him. Now, now—ah! I missed him. Come on, come on—the widow Murphy shall have blood for blood.”

“And they still pursued. Soon my strength became exhausted, and they every moment gained upon me. I felt that I must be overtaken and strangled—perhaps cut up and eaten by those savages. Soon the moment of my doom arrived. Murphy overtook and seized me—the rest came speedily up, and, clashing and brandishing their knives over and around me, seemed eager to begin their feast. At this moment a man rushed into the midst, and striking down Murphy’s arm, who had just raised it to force the rope about my neck, called out:

“Murphy, touch not that man—that’s Tom Courtney; I charge you touch him not—lay not your fingers on him—’twas I that did it.”

“As if by magic, the horde of savages disappeared, and, except my deliverer, the whole scene vanished. I turned to look upon him—to thank him—then rose the impossible fact—the confused, distinct, plain, perplexing idea. I knew that it was impossible, yet I saw that it was true. Gracious God, sir, I gazed upon myself—a second, separate self. ’Twas as if I stood out of myself, and looked upon myself standing near—as if I was myself and some other person at the same time. I heard myself say that ‘It was I who did it;’ and yet I thought that I was saved, and my innocence made clear. I could not understand it—I awoke in a profuse perspiration—my heart was on fire; and ever since I have been haunted with the frightful idea of hope—frightful I call it, for alas! it must be forever extinguished with to-morrow’s sun. Another matter, sir, has served to perplex me perhaps even more than that curious dream. I thought—ah! it must have been but thought—but about two hours ago, that little window above my head was open as

it is now; and I fancied—I’m sure it must have been but fancy—but I did think I heard some one in the yard say:

“If that be true, it saves Tom Courtney.”

“I’m almost sure I heard the words, or some of them; but, surely, if there were any grounds for hope, you at least, sir, would not have left me so long a prey to despair.”

He hid his face in his hands, and leaned upon the edge of the table which was near the bed where he sat.

I had let him run on all this time, thinking it best to do so; indeed, I knew not how I could have stopped or interrupted him, such was the rapidity with which he spoke, without being too sudden and abrupt in my communication. I now sat down beside him on the bed, and took his hand; ’twas red hot; and I said:

“Tom, my good friend, I could wish to see you calmer and more composed; more totally thrown upon the Lord for help and comfort.”

He interrupted me with:

“O sir! the bitterest pang within my heart is that I have not been able to seek help and comfort as I ought; that I have not been able to submit myself blindly, entirely to His will, without questioning it. But I sometimes—ah! too often I want to know his reasons for this sore affliction—unmerited, indeed, sir, unmerited, so far as regards the crime which has been put upon me. I know it is as a child I should submit; but I inquire his *reasons*; I ask what I have done; I argue with him, and at times I fear I openly rebel; yet with all this there has been a constant prayer that it might be otherwise with me; and my state of mind for the last hour—oh! how precious, how invaluable is an hour to me—has been reconciled, and, I trust, submissive. I had intended, sir, had the Lord permitted, to have endeavored to serve him in a foreign land, for which choice there were many reasons. Having seen a bright light, I felt fired with zeal to wander amongst distant and unknown regions to impart it to others; hence, perhaps, the connection of naked savages with my sleeping thoughts; but there was too much of *I will* in my plans, and the Lord has, indeed, shown me that ‘man proposeth, but that God disposeth.’ His will be done; with his help, nothing shall again disturb my soul. God is good; his will be done.”

"He is, indeed, good, Tom," said I, pressing his hand, which still almost set mine on fire. "He is very good, and can save those who trust in him; he can save to the uttermost."

"I do trust him with my whole heart and soul; I am content. Here I am, O Lord!—thine—thine; do with me as thou wilt." And he hid his face again in his hands. "O sir!" he added, almost immediately starting up, and turning his full gaze upon me; "the valley of the shadow of death is dark, very dark; and to enter it while the sun is shining over me, and birds singing round me, and the fragrance of the blooming flowers fresh upon the breath of spring, and in the prime of life and health, full of young and ardent hopes; all this might, perchance, be borne, had sickness, or even accident, brought down an unsullied name to an untimely grave; but oh! thus to be cut off by a cruel and disgraceful death, with the stain of murder falsely stamped upon my name and race; O sir! it is a dark, a dreadful, a mysterious dispensation."

"God is powerful as well as good," said I; "his arm is not shortened that he can not save; trust in him even still, Tom," and I pressed his hand fervently.

He turned a piercing glance upon me.

"Take care, sir, oh! take care what you say: I told you I was content; strike not the spark of hope again, or I shall die mad, and perhaps be lost."

"Recollect, Tom, that the knife was actually raised in Abraham's hand to slay his son, before the Lord saw fit to interfere to save him. He can save you even still, Tom, if it be his will to do so."

"If, if," he repeated, convulsively, while the burning tears ran down his wrists into his coat-sleeves. "If: ah! sir, you could not be so cruel as to speak thus, if there be no hope."

"Tom," I continued, as he still kept his face hid in his hands; "do you remember ever to have given a purse to Catherine Murphy—the one I suppose, which she swore to in her evidence?"

He raised his head, and looked at me. There was a wildness in his eye, and a twitching about the corners of his mouth that almost frightened me, and I even still feared the effects of the communication that was rising on my tongue.

"Yes," said he, more calmly than I expected; "some years ago. Why do you ask?"

"Would you know it again, Tom, if you saw it now?"

"Surely, any where in the world; 'twas a leather purse, lined with silk, and letters marked upon the lining. But why do you talk of such things now? I should think of other matters. I expect the Rev. Mr. A—— every moment. Talk not of them now, I beseech you."

"Is that it, Tom?" said I, throwing it upon the table before him.

"Yes," said he, snatching it up, "that is the very purse. Where, where did you get it? Catharine Murphy swore it was taken away by the murderers. O sir! tell me, where did you get it? When? when?—how?—speak quickly."

"In the pocket, Tom, of as great a villain as ever lived," said I; "in the pocket of the real murderer."

"There! I am saved," shouted Tom, springing to his feet, and seizing me by the collar of the coat with both his hands and shaking me furiously. "I am saved; oh! tell me I am saved. My God, I thank thee. O my mother!"

"You are, Tom, saved, beyond the possibility of doubt; not pardoned, for they have nothing to pardon, but fully, freely saved."

He stood for a moment like one bewildered, like a statue; the burning flush fled from his cheek, and became as it was wont to be in Tom Courtney's happier hours. The water-gates of his heart were broken up, and gushed forth in torrents of soft, cool tears. He threw himself on his knees by the bedside, and I left the room.

A few words, by way of conclusion, are necessary to this story. It has already extended far beyond what I had anticipated when I commenced to take it down in the form of a narrative from the heads given in my private journal; but I do not hesitate to say that it is a faithful detail of facts which took place under my own knowledge. All the conversation in court, as well as Tom Courtney's address upon conviction, are stated precisely as they occurred, and were taken down by myself at the time.

Tom Courtney saw Hopkins before he left the jail; he smiled a scornful smile as he looked at him; he admitted there was a strong likeness between them, but he could not be so good a judge upon that point as others; he reminded me, however, of his dream, recurring to the

subject several times at some length, and declared at last that he fully and freely forgave the persons who swore against him, adding: "that had it been in the daytime, he could scarcely have forgiven them."

Sir William Smith it was who tried Hopkins at C——r, and he told me afterwards that even between twins he had never seen so perfect a likeness. Courtney's mother also saw Hopkins, and—oh! the fondness of a mother's heart—she strenuously denied that there was the *smallest resemblance* between him and her "boy;" that nobody but a common fool could mistake them. This opinion she maintained to the last, and I doubt not that she really believed it.

The day fortnight that I told Tom Courtney he was saved, an order for his discharge having arrived, there was a merry and a happy party at the jail-gate. The whole parish came in to give poor Tom a joyous greeting and a cheerful escort to his home once more. Cars of all descriptions, low-back and high-back, gigs and tax-carts, arriving every moment; such brushing of straps, and stitching of harness; such rubbing of stirrups, and punching of holes; such smoothing of cushions, and greasing of wheels, was never seen as had been going on from daylight. Upwards of sixty men, mounted on their country horses, three abreast in front; then came from fifteen to twenty cars and other vehicles of one sort or other, filled with the beauty and fashion of the parish. Next the jail-gate stood an empty jaunting-car, the horse's head covered with boughs of evergreen, nodding in the breeze, with now and then a proud impatient toss of the head, and a pawing of the ground by the animal; for he was old Ned Courtney's jaunting-car horse—and a good one. Billy was now mounting in the driving seat, with whip and reins in hand, ready for the start, while about two hundred men, women, and children, on foot, filed along the jail-wall, to the right and left of the gate, ready to follow, two abreast, in the rear.

Presently a monster key was heard struggling in the lock, and with a loud short shoot of the bolt, the gate was thrown open, and forth issued Tom Courtney leaning on his father's arm, while upon his own leaned his mother, smiling and joyous, though rescued, I may say at the last moment, from a broken-hearted grave. I wish you could have heard the shout that rent the air as they appeared; I have heard loud simultaneous shouts from assembled thousands—ay, tens of thousands—but so hearty, so enthusiastic, so devoted a cheer I never heard, and never can again hear. Shall I say it? yes, nor do I blush to own it, that it brought tears of sympathy and joy—of exultation—swelling up in my eyes. If they ran over, it is no affair of yours, but many there were that wept outright.

Tom Courtney and his mother mounted on one side, while his father and Philip Moran mounted on the other. Three cheers more rent the air; the word "forward!" ran from mouth to mouth; Billy Courtney cracked his whip; old Larry Murrin, the piper, dressed in a spick-and-span new suit, struck up a lively quick step in advance of the whole procession, which moved forward with smiling, happy, chatting faces; and in less than two hours, Tom Courtney, a free and happy man, sat at breakfast with a numerous party of delighted friends in his old home.

Somewhat about two years subsequent to the termination of the above transaction, Tom Courtney joined the Welseyan Methodist Society, and soon after was ordained one of their ministers, and hastened to fulfill the aspiration of his heart—I think it was to the coast of Africa. I saw a letter from him to a religious friend; he was well, and freely alluded to the incidents which I have endeavored to detail. He thanked God for what had occurred, saying that "he considered it had been the greatest of the many mercies with which he had been favored." That is now upwards of thirty years ago, since which period I have altogether lost sight or intelligence of him.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE readers of the *ECLECTIC*, we trust, will be particularly gratified, as are we, with the well-engraved and beautiful portrait of the world-renowned man of letters which adorns our present number. We believe it is the latest and best of the portraits of one who has, during a well-spent life, imparted imperishable treasures to the literary wealth of his country from the affluence of his own mind. Our very skillful artist, Mr. Sartain, has done admirably in the composition and arrangement of the portrait, and finished it within the past few days. Quite recently we spent an hour or two with the original of this portrait, at his beautiful villa, Sunnyside, which looks out from the deep verdure of embowering trees upon the quiet waters of the noble Hudson, and greatly wish we could print the feelings of veneration with which we listened to the silvery tones of his voice, and admired the rich intellectual radiance of those fine eyes, which have traversed such wide fields of observation and thought, for the mental gratification of countless thousands, of the present and coming ages. But we must tread lightly in such presence, only expressing the hope that long years will intervene before the inhabitant of that vigorous and venerated framework of humanity shall vacate its tenement.

We hope to transgress no rule of courtesy by adding a brief and imperfect sketch, which we gather from the *English Cyclopædia of Biography*.

Washington Irving was born April 3, 1783, in the city of New-York, where his father, a native of Scotland, had settled as a merchant. He received a home education under the superintendence of his elder brothers, who were young men of considerable literary attainments. Fortunately perhaps for his genius, his health being too uncertain to permit of his entering upon commercial pursuits, he spent much of his youth in wandering about the picturesque haunts of Manhattan Island, where, among the old-fashioned inhabitants, he picked up many of the quaint traditions which he subsequently turned to so much advantage, and early familiar-

ity with which, no doubt, (as was the case with Scott,) imparted something of that peculiar coloring which has distinguished his imaginative works. His health continuing weak, he was, when about twenty, advised to proceed to the south of Europe. On this tour he spent about three years, visiting Sicily, Naples, and Rome, and then passing by way of France to England.

Before his European trip, he had in 1802 contributed some letters, signed "Jonathan Oldstyle," to a newspaper, *The New-York Morning Chronicle*, conducted by one of his brothers; and on his return to America he joined with Mr. Kirke Paulding, a man of congenial humor, in writing "Salmagundi," a series of papers which, by their novelty of style and freshness of matter, at once obtained great popularity. The work, commenced at the beginning of 1807, was, owing to a difference with the publisher, brought to a sudden termination at the close of that year. After "Salmagundi" was ended, Irving continued to write occasionally for the magazines and newspapers; and in 1809 appeared the inimitable *History of New-York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, a work which at once raised its author to the first place among his countrymen for original humor and literary skill. It is said that, like *Gulliver's Travels*, it at first found many readers, who regarded it as a veritable though somewhat extraordinary history; and some among the soberer citizens, as well as many of the descendants of the old Dutch settlers, were with difficulty brought to forgive the author for so irreverently handling a grave historical theme; but by the great body of the New-Yorkers the wit was heartily relished, and Irving at once became, as he has ever since continued to be, the most popular of native writers.

Literature, however, was not as yet thought of by Irving as a profession. After his return from Europe he had entered upon the study of the law, in the office of Judge Hoffman. But the desultory habits he had formed while strolling about Manhattan, or traveling through Europe;

the celebrity he had acquired by the *Salmagundi* papers and occasional magazine articles; the literary investigations he had entered upon for his Knickerbocker history; and not least, perhaps, the possession of ample pecuniary means, which enabled him to follow at pleasure more immediately interesting pursuits, and seemed to render unnecessary any future dependence on professional position, combined to divert his attention from Coke and Blackstone; and though he was admitted to the bar, he seems never to have had any serious intention of practicing. On the outbreak of the war with England, Irving volunteered his services; was appointed aide-de-camp to General Tompkins, the Governor of New-York; created a colonel and employed on "special service." He also during this period edited a magazine. Peace put an end at once to his military and his editorial duties, and Colonel Irving laid down his title, and once more merged in the firm of Irving Brothers.

In 1818 he began his famous *Sketch-Book*. As he wrote the successive papers in England, they were transmitted to New-York, and there published. Their reception in New-York was enthusiastic, and they soon came to be heard of in England. The *Literary Gazette* printed large portions of them "with many encomiums," and Irving heard that it was the intention of a London publisher to collect and reprint them all. He says that he "had been deterred by the severity with which American productions had been treated by the British press," from himself preparing an English edition; but this report removed his apprehensions, and he resolved to do so. In the preface to an edition of the *Sketch-Book* published in 1848, he has given an amusing account of the difficulty he found in inducing a publisher to undertake the risk on favorable terms. In his perplexity, he applied to Sir Walter Scott, from whom he had some years before experienced a hospitable welcome at Abbotsford. Scott spoke with warm admiration of the specimens Irving sent him, but even he seems to have found it no easy matter to persuade Constable to undertake the publication.

The success of the *Sketch-Book* was beyond that of any previous volume of disconnected essays. The book became a universal favorite. Its genial wit, quaint grace, gentle pathos, and quiet Addisonian

style, were generally appreciated. The story of Rip Van Winkle acquired unbounded popularity; the other legends were hardly less admired, and the sketches of English scenery and English manners were as much relished in England as in America. Irving became at once famous in both countries. The second volume of the *Sketch-Book* appeared in 1820. His next work, written chiefly in Paris, was *Bracebridge Hall*, published in 1822, a work which amply sustained his reputation. In 1824 appeared the *Tales of a Traveller*, chiefly the result of his travels on the continent, but also, it may be noticed, containing the last of his sketches descriptive of English life.

Mr. Irving was still in France when he was informed by Mr. Everett, the United States Minister at Madrid, of important discoveries having been made in Madrid by S. Navarette, respecting Columbus; and invited to proceed to that city with a view to examining, and, if he deemed it advisable, translating these documents. Irving accordingly went there, but he soon became convinced that the best application of these new materials, would be to use them as the ground-work of a life of the great admiral. He accordingly applied himself diligently to the task, and as the Spanish archives were liberally opened to him he was enabled to embody in his work a great deal of new matter. The *History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* was published in 1828, and was succeeded in 1831 by a supplementary work on the *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*.

Mr. Irving's residence in Spain and his researches connected with its early history had excited in him considerable interest in the Moorish conquerors of Granada; and the result of further studies, was a kind of historical romance, entitled *A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, by Fray Antonio Agapida*, 2 vols., 1829. His Moorish studies, a residence of some months in the ancient palace of that remarkable people, and rambles about the old cities of Spain, led him to write in his old manner a series of sketches which he published in 1832, under the title of *The Alhambra*.

In the summer of 1829, Mr. Irving received the appointment of Secretary of Legation at London. Whilst in England, he mingled freely in the best society, and

was the lion of at least one season. He received, in 1830, one of the two gold medals of the Royal Society of Literature, the other being given to Mr. Hallam, and the University of Oxford bestowed on him the degree of LL.D. It was not till 1832, "after an absence of seventeen years," that he "saw again the blue line of his native land." His reception in New-York, as indeed in every part of America which he subsequently visited, was of the most enthusiastic kind. But he did not stay long in his native city; an opportunity offering, he, the same autumn, accompanied Mr. Ellsworth, the Indian commissioner, and Mr. Latrobe, the author of *Rambles in North-America*, in a journey to the far west, and, as of yore, "writing of what was suggested by objects before him," his journey produced a *Tour on the Prairies*. This work was not, however, published till 1835. He had, meanwhile, purchased an estate by the spot he had described as Sleepy Hollow, and the fitting up after his own fancy the old mansion of the Van Tassels, which he had named Woolfert's Roost, had occupied no small amount of time. The *Tour* was followed in the same year by his recollections of *Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey*, and by his *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*. To these, in 1836, succeeded *Astoria, or Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains*; and in the next year the *Adventures of Captain Bonneville; or, Scenes beyond the Rocky Mountains of the Far West*. In 1841, he received the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Spain. The appointment was a popular one in Madrid, where his previous residence, and his *Life of Columbus*, had gained him numerous friends. He remained there above four years, having only been recalled, at his own request, on Mr. Polk's election to the presidency, in 1846.

On his return to America, Mr. Irving retired to his beautiful residence on the Hudson, and renewed his literary avocations; his first employment being the publication of a carefully revised edition of his complete works. But he had for some years been pondering a work on the rise and progress of Mohammedanism, and it eventually took the form of a biography of the prophet, with sketches of his immediate successors: it appeared in 1849-50, under the title of *Mohammed and his Successors*. He also about this time published a pleasantly written biography of Oliver Goldsmith. He did not again appear before the world, as an author, till 1855, when he published a volume of sketches, some of which had appeared in the New-York magazines, entitled *Chronicles of Woolfert's Roost and other Papers*, which were marked by all the old polish and elegance, and very much of the humor and vigor which had rendered the *Sketch-Book* so general a favorite. But his countrymen were watching for a more important work. It was well known that he had been engaged even before his mission to Spain, in collecting materials for a new biography of the great founder of American independence, and that it was the task he had selected as his crowning literary labor. It was accordingly looked forward to with much eagerness, and the first volume of the *Life of Washington* (1855) met with a warm welcome. A second, third, and fourth have since appeared, and are to be followed by others. Like Mr. Irving's other historical works, it is marked by an excellent style of narrative, while it displays a just appreciation of the moral and mental character and conduct of the hero, and a warm sympathy with his grand enterprise: and above all, it has the great merit of being a thoroughly readable book.

female, simple and lucid explanations of that boundless and brilliant array of phenomena which light creates, and manifests, and develops. While it has given to astronomy and navigation their telescopes and instruments of discovery, and to the botanist, the naturalist, and the physiologist, their microscopes, simple, compound, and polarizing, it has shown to the student of nature how the juices of plants and animals, and the integuments and films of organic bodies, elicit from the pure sunbeam its prismatic elements—clothing fruit and flower with their gorgeous attire, bathing every aspect of nature in the rich and varied hues of spring and of autumn—painting the sky with azure and the clouds with gold.

Thus initiated into the mysteries of light, and armed with the secrets and powers which science has wrested from the God of Day, philosophers of our own age have discovered in certain dark rays of the sunbeam, a magic though invisible pencil, which can delineate instantaneously every form of life and being, and fix in durable outline every expression, demoniacal or divine, which the passions and intellects of man can impress upon the living clay. They have imparted to the cultivators of art their mighty secret, and thousands of traveling artists are now in every quarter of the globe recording all that earth, and ocean, and air can display

—all that man has perpetrated against the strongholds of his enemies, and all that he has more wisely done to improve and embellish the home which has been given him.

A branch of knowledge so intimately connected with our physical well-being, so pregnant with displays of the Divine wisdom and beneficence, and so closely allied in its æsthetical aspect with every interest, social and domestic, might have been expected to form a part in our educational courses, or, through the agencies of cheap literature and popular exposition, to have commanded a place in the school and in the drawing-room, and to have gilded, if not to have replaced, the frivolities of fashionable life. Such expectations, however, have not been realized. Men of science who are much in the society of the educated world, and especially of those favored classes who have the finest opportunities of acquiring knowledge, are struck with the depth of ignorance which they encounter; while they are surprised at the taste which so generally prevails for natural history pursuits, and at the passion which is universally exhibited even for higher scientific information which can be comprehended by the judgment and appropriated by the memory. The prevailing ignorance, therefore, of which we speak, is the offspring of an imperfect system of education, which has already given birth to great social

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Researches on the Influence of Light on the Germination of Seeds, and the Growth of Plants. By Mr. ROBERT HUNT, Secretary to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society. Reports of British Association, 1842, pp. 75–80.

Researches on the Influence of Light on the Germination of Seeds, and the Growth of Plants. By Mr. ROBERT HUNT, Secretary to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society. Reports of British Association, 1844, pp. 29–32.

Researches on the Influence of the Solar Rays on the Growth of Plants. By the Same. Reports of British Association, 1847, pp. 17–30.

On the Influence of Physical Agents on Life. By W. F. EDWARDS, M.D., F.R.S., Member of the Royal Academy of Medicine of Paris. Translated from the French by Dr. HODGKIN and Dr. FISHER. Pp. 504. London, 1832.

The Stereoscope—its History, Theory, and Construction, with its Application to the Fine and Useful

Arts, and to Education. By Sir D. BREWSTER, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S. London, 1856.

The Photographic Art Journal, illustrated. Nos. I., II., III., and IV. February, March, April, and May, 1858.

De L'Image Photochromatique du Spectre Solaire. Par M. E. BECQUEREL. *Comptes Rendus*, etc., tom. xxviii. p. 200. Feb. 1849.

Sur une Relation existant entre la Couleur des certaines Flammes Colorées, avec les Images Héliographiques Colorées par la Lumière. Par M. NIEPCE DE ST. VICTOR. *Comptes Rendus*, etc., tom. xxxii. p. 834. May, 1851.

Second Memoire sur Heliochromie. Par M. NIEPCE DE ST. VICTOR. *Comptes Rendus*, etc., tom. xxxiv. p. 215.

Troisième Memoire sur Heliochromie. Par M. NIEPCE DE ST. VICTOR. *Comptes Rendus*, etc., tom. xxxv. p. 696. Nov. 1852.

Memoires sur une Nouvelle Action de la Lumière Par M. NIEPCE DE ST. VICTOR. *Comptes Rendus*, etc., tom. xlv. p. 811. Nov. 1857, and tom. xlv. pp. 448–489, Mars, 1858.

Photographic Art Treasures. Inventor, PAUL PRETSCHE; Photographer, ROGER FENTON. Nos. I. to V., folio. London, 1856, 1857.

The Stereoscopic Magazine. No. I. London, June, 1858.

evils—to financial laws unjust to individuals, and ruinous to the physical and moral health of the community. If the public be ignorant of science, and its applications, in their more fascinating and intelligible phases; if our clergy, in their weekly homilies, never throw a sunbeam of secular truth among their people; if legislators hardly surpass their constituents in these essential branches of knowledge, how can the great interests of civilization be maintained and advanced? how are scientific men to gain their place in the social scale? and how are the material interests of a great nation, depending so essentially on the encouragement of art and science, to be protected and extended? How is England to fare, if she shall continue the only civilized nation which, amid the perpetual struggles of political faction, never devotes an hour of its legislative life to the consideration of its educational establishments and the consolidation of its scientific institutions?

Impressed with the importance of these facts, and in the hope that some remedy may be found for such a state of things, we have drawn up the following article, in order to show how much useful, and popular, and pleasing information may be learned from a popular exposition of the nature and properties of the single element of light, in its sanatory, its scientific, and its artistic or æsthetical relations. Should our more intelligent readers rise from its perusal with information which they had not anticipated, and which they had previously regarded as beyond their depth, our labor in preparing it will be amply rewarded, and we shall hope to meet them again in other surveys of the more popular branches of science.

I. In attempting to expound the *influence of light as a sanatory agent*, we enter upon a subject which, in so far as we know, is entirely new, and upon which little information is to be obtained; but, admitting the existence of the influence itself, as partially established by observation and analogy, and admitting too the vast importance of the subject in its personal and social aspects, we venture to say that science furnishes us with principles and methods by which the blessings of light may be diffused in localities where a cheering sunbeam has never reached, and where all the poisons and malaria of darkness have been undermining the

soundest constitutions, and carrying thousands of our race prematurely to the grave.

The influence of light upon vegetable life has been long and successfully studied by the botanist and the chemist. The researches of Priestley, Ingenhousz, Sennebier, and Decandolle, and the more recent ones of Carradori, Payen, and Maçaire, have placed it beyond a doubt, that the rays of the sun exert the most marked influence on the respiration, the absorption, and the exhalation of plants, and, consequently, on their general and local nutrition. Dr. Priestley tells us: "It is well known that *without light* no plant can thrive; and if it do grow at all in the dark, it is always *white*, and is in all other respects in a sick and weakly state." He is of opinion that healthy plants are in a state similar to sleep in the absence of light, and that they resume their proper functions when placed under the influence of light and the direct action of the solar rays.

In the year 1835, M. Daubeny communicated to the Royal Society a series of interesting experiments on the action of light upon plants, when the luminous, calorific, or chemical rays were made preponderant by transmission through the following colored glasses or fluids.

	Light.	Heat.	Chemical Rays.
Transparent Glass, ...	7	7	7
Orange do.	6	6	4
Red do.	4	5	6
Blue do.	4	3	6
Purple do.	3	4	6
Green do.	5	2	3
Solution of Ammonia, Sulphate of Copper, ...	2	1	5
Port Wine, ...	1	3	0

The general result of these experiments is thus given by their author: "Upon the whole, then, I am inclined to infer, from the general tenor of the experiments I have hitherto made, that both the exhalation and the absorption of moisture by plants, so far as they depend upon the influence of light, are effected in the greatest degree by the *most luminous rays*, and that all the functions of the vegetable economy which are owing to the presence of this agent, follow, in that respect, the same law."*

This curious subject has been recently studied in a more general aspect by Mr.

* Phil Trans. 1836, p. 162-3.

Robert Hunt, who has published his results in the reports of the British Association for 1847. Not content with ascertaining, as his predecessors had done, the action of the sun's white and undecomposed light upon the germination and growth of plants, he availed himself of the discovery of the chemical or invisible rays of light, and sought to determine the peculiar influence of these rays and of the various colors of solar light upon the germination of seeds, the growth of the wood, and the other functions of plants.

In order to explain the results which he obtained, we must initiate the reader into the constitution of the white light which issues from the sun. If we admit a cylindrical beam of the sun's light through a small circular aperture into a dark room, it will form a round white spot when received on paper. Now this white beam consists of *three visible* colored beams, which, when mixed or falling on the same spot, make white, and of two *invisible* beams, one of which produces heat, and the other a chemical influence called actinism, which produces chemical changes, the most remarkable of which are embodied in photographic pictures. The whole sunbeam, therefore, contains *luminous* or color-making rays, *heating* rays, and *chemical* rays.

When white light, therefore, acts upon plants, we require to know which of these rays produce any of the remarkable changes that take place; and as it is not easy to insulate the different rays and make them act separately, the inquiry is attended with considerable difficulty. By using colored glasses, and colored fluids, which absorb certain rays of white light and allow others to pass, Mr. Hunt made arrangements by which he could submit plants to an excess of *red*, *yellow*, or *blue* rays, or to an excess of the heating rays, or of the chemical or actinic ones. In this way, he was not able to study the pure influence of any of those rays in a state of perfect insulation, but merely the influence of a *preponderance* of one set of rays over others, which is sufficient to indicate to a certain extent their decided action. This will be better understood from a few results obtained with differently colored media.

	Light.	Heat.	Chemical Rays.
White light contains . . .	100	100	100
Solution of Bichromate of Potash, ...	87	92	27

	Light.	Heat.	Chemical Rays.
Solution of Sulphate of Chromium, ...	85	92	7
Series of Blue Glasses, . . .	40	72	90
Solution of Sulphate of Copper, . . .	60	54	93
Solution of Ammoniate of Copper, ...	25	48	94

It is very obvious that the action of the chemical rays will be obtained from the *three* last of these colored media, and the action of the luminous and heating rays from the two first, where the chemical rays are comparatively feeble. In this way Mr. Hunt obtained the following interesting results:

1. Light prevents the germination of seeds.

2. The germination of seeds is more rapid under the influence of the chemical rays, separated from the luminous ones, than it is under the combined influence of all the rays, or in the dark.*

3. Light acts in effecting the decomposition of carbonic acid by the growing plant.

4. The chemical rays and light (or all the rays of the spectrum visible to a perfect eye) are essential to the formation of the coloring matter of leaves.

5. Light and the chemical rays, independent of the rays of heat, prevent the development of the reproductive organs of plants.

6. The radiations of heat, corresponding with the *extreme red* rays of the spectrum, facilitate the flowering of plants, and the perfecting of their reproductive principles.

In *spring*, Mr. Hunt found that the chemical rays were the most active, and in very considerable excess, as compared with those of light and heat. As the *summer* advanced, the light and heat increased in a very great degree relatively to the chemical rays; and in *autumn*, the light and the chemical rays both diminish relatively to the rays of heat, which are by far the most extensive.

"In the spring," says Mr. Hunt, "when seeds germinate and young vegetation awakes from the repose of winter, we find an excess of that principle which imparts the required stimulus; in the summer, this exciting agent is counterbalanced by

* This important result has been confirmed by the observations, on a large scale, of the Messrs. Lawson and Sons of Edinburgh. See Hunt's *Poetry of Science*, 3d Edition, appendix, and *Researches on Light*, p. 375.

another possessing different powers, upon the exercise of which the structural formation of the plant depends; and in the autumnal season these are checked by a mysterious agency which we can scarcely recognize as heat, although connected with calorific manifestations, upon which appears to depend the development of the flower and the perfection of the seed."

The very curious fact of plants *bending towards the light*, as if to catch its influence, must have been frequently observed. Mr. Hunt found that "under all ordinary circumstances, plants, in a very decided manner, bent *towards the light*;" and, what is exceedingly interesting, when the light employed was *red*, from passing through red fluid media, *the plants* as decidedly bent *from* it. The property of bending towards the light is strikingly exhibited by the potato; and it has been found that the *yellow* or most luminous rays are most efficacious in producing this movement, while the *red* rays, as before, produce a repulsive effect.

If light, then, is so essential to the life of plants, that they will even exert a limited power of locomotion in order to reach it, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may be necessary, though to a less extent, for the development and growth of animals. When we look at the different classes of the inferior animals, we hardly observe any relations with light excepting those of vision; but, under the conviction that light does influence animal life, various naturalists have devoted their attention to the subject. In his chapter "on the influence of light upon the development of the body," Dr. W. F. Edwards has given us some important information on the effect of light in the development of animals, or in those changes of form which they undergo in the interval between conception and fecundation, and adult age—a process which, previously to birth, is generally carried on in the dark. "There are, however, animals," says Dr. Edwards, "whose impregnated eggs are hatched, notwithstanding their exposure to the rays of the sun. Of this number are the Batrachians, (frogs.) I wished to determine what influence light, independently of heat, might exercise upon this kind of development." With this view, he placed some frog's spawn in water, in a vessel rendered impervious to light, and some in another vessel which was transparent. They were exposed to the same

temperature, but the rays of the sun were admitted to the transparent vessel. *All the eggs exposed to light were developed in succession, but none of those in the dark did well.*

As almost all animals are more or less exposed to light after birth, Dr. Edwards thought it would be interesting to determine the peculiar effect of light upon *the development of the body*. As all animals, in growing, gradually change their form and proportions, and make it difficult to observe slight shades of modification, he chose for his experiments species among the vertebrata whose development presents precise and palpable differences. These conditions are combined in the highest degree in the frog. In its first period it has the form and even the mode of life of a fish, with a tail and gills, and without limbs. In its second period it is completely metamorphosed into a reptile, having acquired four limbs, and lost its tail and gills and all resemblance to a fish. Dr. Edwards employed the tadpoles of the *Rana obstetricians*, and he found that all those which enjoyed the presence of the light underwent the change of form appertaining to the adult. "We see, then," says Dr. Edwards, "that the action of light tends to *develop the different parts of the body in that just proportion* which characterizes the type of the species. This type is well characterized only in the adult. The deviations from it are the more strongly marked the nearer the animal is to the period of its birth. If, therefore, there were any species existing in circumstances unfavorable to their further development, they might possibly long subsist under a type very different from that which nature had designed for them. The *Proteus anguiformis* appears to be of this number. The facts above mentioned tend to confirm this opinion. The *Proteus anguiformis* lives in the subterraneous waters of Carniola, where the absence of light unites with the low temperature of those lakes in preventing the development of the peculiar form of the adult."

The experiments of M. Morren on the animalcules generated in stagnant waters, and those of M. Moleschott on the respiration of frogs as measured by the quantity of carbonic acid gas which they exhale, confirm the general results obtained by Dr. Edwards; but the most important researches on the subject have just been

published by M. Beclard, in the Note which appears among the works at the head of this article. During the last four years, he has been occupied with a series of experiments on the influence of the *white* and *colored* light of the spectrum, on the principal functions of nutrition; and, in the Note referred to, he has presented to the Academy of Sciences, in a concise form, some of the more important results which he has obtained.

Having placed the eggs of the fly (*Musca carnaria*) in six bell glasses, *violet*, *blue*, *red*, *yellow*, *transparent*, and *green*, he found, at the end of four or five days, that the worms were most developed in the *violet* and *blue* glasses, and least in the *green*; the influence of the other colors diminishing in the order we have named them from violet to green. Between these extremes the worms developed were as *three to one* both with respect to bulk and length.

In studying the influence of the differently colored rays upon frogs, which have an energetic cutaneous respiration equal, and often superior to their pulmonary respiration, M. Beclard found that the same weight of frogs produced more than twice the quantity of carbonic acid under the *green* than under the *red* glass. When the same frogs were skinned, the opposite result was obtained. The carbonic acid was then greater in the *red* than in the *green* rays.

In a number of experiments on the cutaneous exhalations of the vapor of water from frogs, the quantity was one half less in darkness than in *white* or *violet* light, in which the exhalation was the same.*

We come now to consider the influence of light upon the human frame, physical and mental, in health and disease, in developing the perfect form of the adult, and in preserving it from premature decay. We regret to find that our knowledge on

these points is so extremely limited, and we are surprised that physicians and physiologists should not have availed themselves of their numerous opportunities, in hospitals, prisons, and mad-houses, of studying so important a subject. We must grope our way, therefore, among general speculations and insulated facts, in the hope of arriving at some positive results; and we have no doubt that the direct influence of light over the phenomena of life, will not be found limited to the vegetable kingdom and the lower races of the animal world.

Man, in his most perfect type, is doubtless to be found in the temperate regions of the globe, where the solar influences of light, heat, and chemical rays are so nicely balanced. Under the scorching heat of the tropics, man can not call into exercise his highest powers. The calorific rays are all-powerful there, and lassitude of body and immaturity of mind are its necessary results; while in the darkness of the Polar regions the distinctive characters of our species almost disappear, in the absence of those solar influences which are so powerful in the organic world.

It is well known to all who are obliged to seek for health in a southern climate, that an ample share of light is considered necessary for its recovery. In all the hotels and lodging-houses in France and Italy the apartments with a south exposure are earnestly sought for, and the patient, under the advice of his physician, strives to fix himself in these genial localities. The salutary effect, however, thus ascribed to light, might arise from the greater warmth which accompanies the solar rays; but this can hardly be the case in mild climates, or indeed in any climate where a fixed artificial temperature can be easily maintained. Something, too, is doubtless owing to the cheering effect of light upon an invalid; but this effect is not excluded from apartments so situated, that out of a western or a northern window we may see the finest scenery illuminated by the full blaze of a meridian sun.

While our distinguished countryman, Sir James Wyllie, late physician to the Emperor of Russia, resided in St. Petersburg, he studied the effect of light as a curative agent. In the hospitals of that city there were apartments entirely without light; and upon comparing the num-

* "Professor E. Forbes and Mr. Couch have both remarked that the vegetables and animals near the surface of the sea are brilliantly colored, but that they gradually lose the brightness of their hue as they descend, until the animals of the lowest zone are found to be nearly colorless. . . . Organization and life exist only at the surface of our planet, and under the influence of light. Those depths of the ocean at which an everlasting darkness prevails are the region of silence and eternal death."—Hunt's *Researches, etc.*, Appendix No. vii. p. 386.

ber of patients who left these apartments cured, he found that they were only one fourth the number of those who went out cured from properly lighted rooms. In this case the curative agency could not reasonably be ascribed either to the superior warmth or ventilation of the well-lighted apartments, because in all such hospitals the introduction of fresh air is a special object of attention, and the heating of wards without windows is not difficult to accomplish.

But though the records of our great hospitals may not assist us in our present inquiry, yet facts, sufficiently authentic and instructive, may be gathered from various quarters. In the years of cholera, when this frightful disease nearly decimated the population of some of the principal cities in the world, it was invariably found that the deaths were more numerous in narrow streets and northern exposures, where the salutary beams of light and actinism had seldom shed their beneficial influences. The resistless epidemic found an easy prey among a people whose physical organization had not been matured under those benign influences of solar radiation which shed health and happiness over our fertile plains, our open valleys, and those mountain sides and elevated plateaus where man is permitted to breathe in the brighter regions of the atmosphere.

Had we the means of investigating the history of dungeon life—of those noble martyrs whom ecclesiastical and political tyranny have immured in darkness—or of those wicked men whom law and justice have rendered it indispensable to separate from their species, we should find many examples of the terrible effects which have been engendered by the exclusion of all those influences which we have shown to be necessary for the nutrition and development, not only of plants, but of many of the lower animals.

Dr. Edwards, whose experiments on animals we have already referred to, applies to man the principles which he deduced from them; and he maintains even, that in "climates in which nudity is not incompatible with health, *the exposure of the whole surface of the body to light will be very favorable to the regular conformation of the body.*" In support of this opinion, he quotes a remarkable passage from Baron Humboldt's *Voyage to the Equatorial Regions of the Globe*, in which he is speaking of the people called Chaymas:

"Both men and women," he says, "are very muscular; their forms are fleshy and rounded. It is needless to add, that I have not seen *a single individual with a natural deformity.* I can say the same of many thousands of Caribs, Muyscas, and Mexican Peruvian Indians, whom we have observed during five years. *Deformities and deviations* are exceedingly rare in certain races of men, especially those who have the skin strongly colored."

If light thus develops in certain races the perfect type of the adult who has grown under its influence, we can hardly avoid the conclusion drawn by Dr. Edwards, "That the want of sufficient light must constitute one of the external causes which produce those deviations in form in children affected with scrofula;" and the more so, as it has been generally observed, that *this disease is most prevalent in poor children living in confined and dark streets.*" Following out the same principle, Dr. Edwards "infers that, in cases where these deformities do not appear incurable, *exposure to the sun in the open air is one of the means tending to restore a good conformation.*" It is true, he adds, "that the light which falls upon our clothes acts only by the heat which it occasions, but the exposed parts receive the peculiar influence of the light. Among these parts, we must certainly regard the eyes as not merely designed to enable us to perceive color, form, and size. Their exquisite sensibility to light must render them peculiarly adapted *to transmit the influence of this agent throughout the system;* and we know that the impression of even a moderate light upon these organs produces in several acute diseases a general exacerbation of symptoms."

The idea of light passing into the system through the eyes, and influencing the other functions of the body, though at first startling, merits, doubtless, the attention of physiologists. The light, and heat, and chemical rays of the sun, combined in every picture on the retina, necessarily pass to the brain through the visual nerves; and, as the luminous rays only are concerned in vision, we can hardly conceive that the chemical and heating rays have no function whatever to perform.

If the light of day, then, freely admitted into our apartments, is essential to the development of the human form, physical and mental; and if the same blessed ele-

ment lends its aid to art and nature in the cure of disease, it becomes a personal and a national duty to construct our dwelling-houses, our schools, our work-shops, our churches, our villages, and our cities, upon such principles and in such styles of architecture as will allow the life-giving element to have the fullest and the freest ingress, and to chase from every crypt, and cell, and corner, the elements of uncleanness and corruption, which have a vested interest in darkness.

Although we have not, like Howard, visited the prisons and lazarettos of our own and foreign countries, in order to number and describe the dungeons and caverns in which the victims of political power are perishing without light and air, yet we have examined private houses and inns, and even palaces, in which there are many occupied apartments equally devoid of light and ventilation. In some of the principal cities of Europe, and in many of the finest towns of Italy, where external nature smiles in her brightest attire, there are streets and lanes in such close compression, the houses on one side almost touching those of the other, that hundreds of thousands of human beings are neither supplied with light nor with air, and are compelled to carry on their professions in what seems to a stranger almost total darkness. Providence, more beneficent than man, has provided a means of lighting up to a certain extent the workman's home, by the expanding power of the pupil of his eye, in order to admit a greater quantity of rays, and by an increased sensibility of his retina, which renders visible what is feebly illuminated; but the very exercise of such powers is painful and insalutary, and every attempt that is made to see when seeing is an effort, or to read and work with a straining eye and an erring hand, is injurious to the organ of vision, and must sooner or later impair its powers. Thus deprived of the light of day, thousands are obliged to carry on their trades principally by artificial light—by the consumption of tallow, oil, or carbureted hydrogen gas—thus inhaling from morning till midnight the offensive odors, and breathing the polluted effluvia, which are more or less the products of artificial illumination.

It is in vain to expect that such evils, shortening and rendering miserable the life of man, can be removed by legislation or by arbitrary power. Attempts are

gradually being made, in various great cities, to replace their densely congregated streets and dwellings by structures at once ornamental and salutary; and Europe is now admiring that great renovation in a neighboring capital, by which hundreds of streets and thousands of dwellings, once the seat of poverty and crime, are now replaced by architectural combinations the most beautiful, and by hotels and palaces which vie with the finest edifices of Greek or of Roman art.

These great improvements, however, are necessarily local and partial, and centuries must pass away before we can expect those revolutions in our domestic and city architecture under which the masses of the people will find a cheerful and well-lighted and well-ventilated home. We must, therefore, attack the evil as it exists; and call upon science to give us such a remedy as she can supply. Science does possess such a remedy, which, however, has its limits, but within those limits her principles and methods are unquestionable and efficacious.

Wherever there is a window there is light, which it is intended to admit. In narrow streets and lanes this portion of light comes from the sky, and its value as an illuminating agent depends on its magnitude or area, and on its varying distances from the sun in its daily path. But whether it be large or small, bright or obscure, it is the only source of light which any window can command; and the problem which science pretends to solve is to throw into the dark apartment as much light as possible—all the light, indeed, excepting that which is necessarily lost in the process employed. Let us suppose that the street is a fathom wide, or two yards, and that the two opposite faces of it are of such a nature that we can see out of a window a considerable portion of the sky two yards wide. Now, the lintel of the window generally projects six or eight inches beyond the outer surface of the panes of glass, so that if the window is at a considerable distance below the luminous portion of the sky, not a single ray from that portion can fall upon the panes of glass. If we suppose the panes of glass to be made flush with the outer wall, rays from every part of the luminous space will fall upon the outer surface of the glass, but so obliquely that it will be nearly all reflected, and the small portion which does pass through the glass will have no

illuminating power, as it must fall upon the surface of the stone lintel on which the window now rests. If we now remove our window, and substitute another in which all the panes of glass are roughly ground on their outside, and flush with the outer wall, a mass of light will be introduced into the apartment, reflected from the innumerable faces or facets which the rough grinding of the glass has produced. The whole window will appear as if the sky were beyond it, and from every point of this luminous surface light will radiate into all parts of the room. The effect thus obtained might be greatly increased were we permitted to allow the lower part of the window to be placed beyond the face of the wall, and thus give the ground surface of the panes such an inclined position as to enable them to catch a larger portion of the sky. The plates or sheets of glass which should be employed in this process, may be so corrugated on one side, as even to throw in light that had suffered total reflection. In aid of this method of distributing light, it would be advisable to have the opposite faces of the street, even to the chimney tops, whitewashed, and kept white with lime; and for the same reason, the ceiling and walls and flooring of the apartment should be as white as possible, and all the furniture of the lightest colors. Having seen such effects produced by imperfect means, we feel as if we had introduced our poor workman or needlewoman from a dungeon into a summer-house. By pushing out the windows, we have increased the quantity of air which they breathe, and we have enabled the housemaid to look into dark corners where there had hitherto nestled all the elements of corruption. To these inmates the sun has risen sooner and set later, and the midnight lamp is no longer lighted when all nature is smiling under the blessed influences of day.

But it is not merely to the poor man's home that these processes are applicable. In all great towns, where neither palaces nor houses can be insulated, there are, in almost every edifice, dark and gloomy crypts thirsting for light; and in the city of London, there are warehouses and places of business where the light of day almost never enters. On visiting a friend, whose duty confined him to his desk during the official part of the day, we found him with bleared eyes, strug-

gling against the feeble light which the opposite wall threw into his window. We counseled him to extend a blind of fine white muslin on the outside of his window, and flush with the wall. The experiment was soon made. The light of the sky above was caught by the fibres of the linen and thrown straight upon his writing-table, as if it had been reflected from an equal surface of ground glass. We recollect another case equally illustrative of our process. A party visiting the mausoleum of a Scottish nobleman, wished to see the gilded receptacles of the dead which occupied its interior. There was only one small window through which the light entered, but it did not fall upon the objects that were to be examined. Upon stretching a muslin handkerchief from its four corners, it threw such a quantity of light into the crypt as to display fully its contents.

But while our process of illuminating dark apartments is a great utilitarian agent, it is also an æsthetical power of some value, enabling the architect to give the full effect of his design to the external façade of his building, without exhibiting to the public eye any of the vulgar arrangements which are required in its interior. The National Picture Gallery of Edinburgh, erected on the Mound, from the beautiful designs of the late W. H. Playfair, is lighted from above, but there are certain small apartments on the west side of the building which can not be thus lighted, and these being very useful, the architect was obliged to light them by little windows in the western façade. These windows are dark gashes in the wall, about two feet high and one foot broad, and being unfortunately placed near the Ionic portico, the principal feature of the building, they entirely destroy the symmetry and beauty of its western façade. Had there been no science in Edinburgh to give counsel on this occasion, the architect should have left his little apartments to the tender mercies of gas or oil; but science had a complete remedy for the evil.

If it is important to obtain a proper illumination of our apartments when the sun is above the horizon, it is doubly important when he has left us altogether to a short-lived twilight, or consigned us to the tender mercies of the moon. In the one case, it is chiefly in ill-constructed dwelling-houses, and large towns and

cities, where a dense population, crowded into a limited area, occupy streets and lanes in almost absolute darkness, that science is called upon for her aid; but in the other, we demand from her the best system of artificial illumination, under which we must spend nearly *one third of our lives*, whether they are passed in the cottage or in the palace, in the open village or in the crowded city.

When we pass from the flickering flame of a wood fire to rods of pine-root charged with turpentine—from the cylinder of tallow to the vase filled with oil—from the wax lights to the flame of gas, and from the latter to the electric light—we see the rapid stride which art and science have taken in the illumination of our houses and streets. We have obtained a sufficient source of light: we require only to use it safely, economically, and salubriously. The method which we mean not only to recommend, but to press upon the public attention, unites the three qualities which are essential in house illumination; but till our legislators, and architects, and the leaders of public opinion, shall be more alive to the importance of scientific truths, in their practical phase, we have no hope of being honored with their support. True knowledge, however, advances with time. Vulgar prejudices are gradually worn down, and in less than a century, whether we have the electric light or not, we shall have our artificial suns shedding their beneficent rays under the guidance of science.

The present method of lighting our houses, by burning the lights within its apartments, is attended with many evils. The intolerable increase of temperature in well-lighted rooms, whether they are occupied by small or large parties—the rapid consumption of the oxygen, which our respiratory system requires to be undiminished—the offensive smell of the unconsumed gas—the stench of the oleaginous products of combustion—the damage done to gilded furniture and picture-frames—the positive injury inflicted on the eyes, by the action of a number of scattered lights upon the retina—and the risks of fire and explosion, are strong objections to the system of internal illumination. About half a century ago, the writer of this article proposed to illuminate our houses by burning the gas externally, or placing it within the walls of the

house, or in any other way by which the products of combustion should not vitiate the air of the apartment. The plan was received with a smile. It had not even the honor of being ridiculed. It was too Quixotic to endanger existing interests, or trench upon vested rights. Owing to the extended use of gas, however, its evils became more generally felt; but no attempt was made to alter the existing system till 1839, when a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the best method of lighting the House. Many eminent individuals were examined; and in consequence of the Report of the Committee, the new system was adopted of lighting from within, or in which the air breathed by the members is entirely separated from the air which supplies the burners. A similar change has, we believe, been made in the mode of lighting the House of Lords; but the new system, in its most general aspect, has been admirably carried out in one or more apartments in Buckingham Palace, where the light is distributed from the roof, as if from the sky above, without any of the sources of light being visible.

Dr. Arnott has taught us how to heat our apartments with coal fires without breathing either the gases or the dust which they diffuse. Why should we delay to light them without breathing the noxious gas, and overlaying the organs of respiration with the nameless poisons which are generated in the combustion of the animal and vegetable substances employed in the furnishing of our apartments?

SCIENTIFIC ASPECT.

II. Having thus treated of the element of light in its *sanatory relations*, we shall now proceed to consider it in its scientific aspect. We do not propose to write an essay on optics; our sole object is to show to the unscientific reader how much interesting knowledge may be conveyed to him on subjects which he has hitherto shunned, as beyond his depth. Though thirsting for scientific knowledge, he may have neither time nor taste for the perusal even of a popular treatise, and yet be delighted with instructive and memorable facts which can be interpreted by the eye, and with large views of the material world, which sometimes startle reason, and “make even the simple wise.”

How few ever ask themselves the question, What is light? and how few could give a rational answer to it, if put by their children! In a room absolutely dark, there is obviously no light. The moment we light a gas-burner or a candle, light streams from it in all directions, as if it were something material, but diminishing in brightness more rapidly than the distance increases; that is, at *twice* the distance from the burner it is *four* times weaker, at *thrice* the distance *nine* times weaker, and at *four* times the distance *sixteen* times weaker. Philosophers describe this property of light by saying, that it varies at the *square of the distance* from the burner—4, 9, and 16, the degrees of brightness, being the squares of the distances, 2, 3, and 4.

If light consists of material particles issuing from the sun, or an artificial flame, we might expect to feel them impinging upon our tender skins, as we sometimes think we feel them on the retina, when the eyes are extremely sensitive to the faintest light. If we open a bottle of musk in a very large apartment, the odoriferous particles immediately stream from it in all directions; but though they are *really material*, they neither affect the skin nor any other nerves but those of smell, and yet their size must be incomparably greater than those of light, which pass through glass, and all transparent bodies whatever.

It was the earliest opinion of philosophers—that of Sir Isaac Newton, Laplace, and others—that light does consist of material particles, emitted from luminous bodies, thrown off from them by some force or power of which we know nothing, and reflected from the surfaces of all ordinary bodies; but a number of very remarkable experiments, made chiefly in our own day, have led many philosophers to believe that light consists in the vibrations or undulations excited by luminous bodies in a medium called the luminiferous ether, which fills all transparent bodies, and extends to the remotest distances in space. It is supposed analogous to sound, which is propagated by vibrations or undulations in air; and the mode of its propagation may be illustrated by the beautiful circular rings or waves formed on the surface of stagnant water, round the spot where a stone has fallen upon it, or what is more instructive, by the motion propagated along a field of growing corn.

In the undulations on the surface of water, the waves do not advance, as they appear to do, but merely rise and fall, without carrying forward any light bodies that may be floating on their surface. In the field of corn, the motion passes from each stalk to its neighbor, and consequently there is nothing moved from its place—a motion merely being propagated from stalk to stalk, as it may be from particle to particle of the luminiferous ether.

Whether we adopt the emission theory of Newton, or the undulatory theory of Hooke and Huygens, we must be startled with *the fact*, almost incredible, that in the one case, the material particles are launched through space from all luminous bodies in all possible directions, without their impinging on one another; and that in the other, the waves or undulations of the elastic ether are circling in all directions from a thousand centers, without being defaced or obliterated. If a number of intense odors were to be let loose from the same center, they would soon mutually interfere, and the fine waves on a peaceful lake, if propagated from some adjacent centers, would soon disturb each other and disappear. It is otherwise, however, with the radiant locomotives of light. Whether they be material particles, or the vibrations of an elastic medium, they will ever carry, without the risk of collision, the great messages of the universe.

No less wonderful is the manner in which light performs its cosmical functions, the inconceivable rapidity with which it carries its dispatches, and the lengths of time and the depths of space of which it allows us to take cognizance. It is quite certain that light moves at the rate of 192,500 miles in a second of time. It travels from the sun to the earth in seven minutes and a half; so that it would move round the earth's surface, a distance of about 25,000 miles, in the eighth part of a second, a flight which the swiftest bird could not perform in less than *three weeks*. In applying this measure of the velocity of light, obtained from direct observations on the satellites of Jupiter, to the greatest distances in the universe, we get the following results:

From Earth to Moon, Light moves in	1½ second.
“ Sun,	“ 7½ minutes.
“ Jupiter,*	“ 52 minutes.

* When at its greatest distance.

From Earth to Uranus, Light moves in 2 hours.

- " Neptune, " 4½ hours.
- " Nearest Fixed Star, 45 years.
- " Star of 8th Magnitude, 180 years.
- " Star of 12th Magnitude, 4000 years.
- " The remotest telescopic stars, probably 6000 years.

Now it is obvious, that if any visible event were to happen on any of these planets or stars, it could not be seen to us upon the earth till after the time mentioned in the Table. If the nearest fixed star were to be destroyed, it would continue to be seen by us for 45 years after it had ceased to exist, the last rays which issued from it requiring that time to reach the earth. In like manner, if our earth had been created 6000 years ago, it would just now only have become visible at the most distant star, a point of space to which light takes 6000 years to travel.

These facts may be of some use to such of our readers as are familiar with certain recent speculations, which have as much science as to amuse us, and as much fancy as to mislead us. The ingenious author of a little work, entitled, *The Stars and the Earth*, asserts that "pictures of every occurrence propagate themselves into the distant ether upon the wings of the ray of light, and though they become weaker and smaller, yet at immeasurable distances they still have color and form; and as every thing possessing color and form is visible, so must these pictures also be said to be visible, however impossible it may be for the human eye to perceive them *with the hitherto discovered optical instruments.*" "The universe, therefore, incloses the *picture* of the past like an indestructible and incorruptible record, containing the purest and the clearest truth." The grave and pious Principal Hitchcock,* taking up these views, has carried them far beyond the limits of science and common-sense. The anonymous writer wants only new optical instruments; but the divine tells us, "that there may be in the universe created beings with powers of vision acute enough to take in all these pictures of our world's history, as they make the circuit of the numberless suns and planets that lie embosomed in boundless space. Suppose such a being at this moment upon a star of the twelfth magni-

tude, with an eye turned towards the earth. He might see the deluge of Noah just sweeping over the surface. Advancing to a nearer star, he would see the Patriarch Abraham going out, not knowing whither he went. Coming still nearer, the vision of the crucified Redeemer would meet his gaze. Coming nearer still, he might alight upon worlds where all the revolutions and convulsions of modern times would fall upon his eye. Indeed, there are worlds enough, and at the right distances, in the vast Empyrean, to show him every event in human history."

The anonymous speculator tells us that there are *pictures* of every occurrence inclosed by the universe on indestructible tablets; but he does not tell us what lens separates one picture from the infinite number of them which must exist, nor what is the tablet on which it is depicted, so that granting him his instruments, he himself could not tell us when and how to apply them, or what they would exhibit. Let Dr. Hitchcock, too, have his "created beings" with the highest powers of vision, and place them on a star which the rays proceeding from Noah's "deluge, sweeping over the earth," may just have reached. He forgets that the earth is revolving about his axis and moving round the sun—that clouds and darkness are periodically covering its visible hemisphere—that "every event in human history" does not occur in open day, and could not be seen by a contemporary observer placed any where above the earth's surface; and therefore, that all his speculations have not only no foundation in science, but no meaning in sense. The only truth which they so elaborately overlay is, that there are stars in the universe so remote from the earth, or from each other, that the light of the one can not reach the other till after the lapse of a great number of years—a simple corollary from the fact, that light moves with the velocity of 192,500 miles in a second. Not content, however, with torturing this little truth, he calls in the aid of *electric reëctions, odyllic reëction, chemical reëction, organic reëction, mental reëction, geological reëction*—all words without meaning, in order to prove, 1st, that our minutest actions, and perhaps our thoughts, from day to day, are known throughout the universe! and, 2dly, that in a future state, the power of reading

* *The Religion of Geology and its Connected Sciences.* Boston, 1851. LECT. XII. The Telegraphic System of the Universe.

the past history of the world, and of individuals, may be possessed by man !

Next in popular interest to the almost inconceivable velocity of light, is the number of influences or elements of which a white beam of the sun's light is composed. It had always been supposed that the sun's light was perfectly white, heating, as well as illuminating, every substance on which it fell ; and that the colors of the rainbow, and of all natural bodies, were changes produced somehow or other upon white light, or were caused by the mixture of *white* light with different degrees or kinds of *blackness*. Sir Isaac Newton found, however, that *white* light consists of *red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet* light in certain proportions, and that the *white* light which we see is a *mixture of all these seven colors*. If by any means we remove the *red* color, then the mixture of all the other colors will not be *white*, but have a *blue* tint ; and if by any means we can take away the *blue* rays, the mixture of all the rest will be *reddish* or *yellow*. In like manner, if we remove or extinguish out of a beam of white light any one of the *seven* colors, or any part of one of the colors, the light will be no longer *white*, but *red* or *reddish, yellow* or *yellowish, or blue* or *bluish*, according to the color or the quantity of it that has been removed.

Now, all the leaves of plants and flowers, and all natural bodies whatever, have the power of absorbing every sort of light which falls upon them, except light of their own color, which they reflect or radiate. When the sun's white light falls upon the red petal of the *scarlet* geranium, the petal absorbs nearly all the other *six* colors which exist in the white light, and reflects only the *red*. In like manner, when the sun's light falls upon the *blue* petal of the *tradescantia virginica*, the petal absorbs nearly all the other rays, and reflects only the *blue*. That the *red* petal of the geranium, and the *blue* petal of the *tradescantia*, are not in themselves *red* and *blue*, is evident from this, that if we throw upon them any other light, they will each appear *black* ; that is, they derive their *red* and *blue* light solely from their reflecting the *red* and *blue* rays, which form part of the *white* light of the sun. Now these statements are perfectly true, if the *red* color of the petal in the one plant, and the *blue* color of the petal in the other, were the pure *red* and *blue* colors of the sun's

light ; but they never are so exactly, so that, when other colors than *red* fall upon the *red* petal, it is not black, but of a dark color ; and when other colors than *blue* fall upon the *blue* petal, it is not *black*, but of a dark color—a result which Sir Isaac Newton thus expresses : “The colors of all natural bodies have no other origin than this, that they are variously qualified to reflect one sort of light in greater plenty than another.”

These observations on the origin of colors, and of the composition of white light, enable us to initiate the general reader into the subject of the *harmony of colors*, a species of knowledge easily acquired, and of essential importance in the art of painting, and in all the decorative arts. In studying the works of the ancient masters, it is obvious that they were not acquainted with the true principles of harmonious coloring ; and, in modern times, we know of no artist but Mulready who has evinced in his works any thing like a thorough knowledge of the subject. Without descending into particulars, we state that *red* and *green* are harmonic colors, and *blue* and *yellow*. If the *red* verges upon *orange*, the *green* must be *bluish-green*, and if the *blue* verges upon *green*, its harmonic *yellow* must verge upon *orange*. The reason why these colors harmonize with each other is, that *red* and *green* and *blue* and *yellow* make *white* light. For the same reason, any number of colors in a painting would be harmonious, provided they are in such proportions as to make white light. This of course is true only as a general principle ; for if the painting represented a brilliant sunset, there must be a predominance of *red*. In order to explain why harmonic colors should, when combined, make white light, we must refer to the curious physiological fact, that when the eye is strongly impressed with any one color, it sees at the same time its harmonic color, or the color required to make white light. If you look steadily upon a *red* wafer on a white ground for a few seconds, and turn the eye aside, you will see a *green* wafer. If you are in a room where the light of the sun passes through a bright *red* curtain, any hole or opening in the curtain will appear green. The reason of this is, that the eye is rendered less sensible to red light by looking at the curtain, and therefore, seeing less of red which is in the white light of the hole or opening, the

whole appears *green*. If a picture is painted with two leading colors which are not harmonic—suppose *bright red* and *bright blue*—then it is obvious that after the eye has been fixed on the *red* part, it will see *green*, and this green will appear as a spot on the *blue* part of the picture; whereas, if the two colors had been *red* and *green*, the green seen after looking at the red would not appear as a spot on the real green of the picture. When two colors are harmonic, and placed in juxtaposition, they brighten one another, and the forms to which the colors are applied are more distinctly seen. If the hour and minute-hands of a public clock, for example, are highly gilt, and the hours gilt on a *blue* ground, the time will be more distinctly seen than if any other colors had been employed.

Another department of optics which claims the notice of the general reader is that of vision—the way in which we see and are seen. When we are told by some wise people, that having two eyes we really see things double, though we have learned to consider them only single, and that we actually see objects upside down, though we have learned from experience that they stand upright, it is high time that we should know something on the subject. In the shutter of a dark room make a little hole, and place a small lens in it. Behind the lens hold a sheet of paper, and you will see the landscape inverted, and, if there are men in it, you will see on the paper their heads downwards and their feet upwards. This is the case in the human eye; every picture painted on the retina being inverted when we look at it behind, in an eye prepared for the purpose. But if in the dark room we place an eye behind the head of an inverted figure, and look through the hole or lens, we shall see the head uppermost, and if we place the eye behind the foot of the figure, and look through the hole or lens, we shall see the feet undermost, and conclude that the figure is erect. Now the eye is so constructed that every point of an image painted upon the retina is seen in a direction perpendicular to the point of the retina on which it falls, and hence it is absolutely necessary to have an inverted picture of objects on the retina in order to see them erect. With regard to double vision, it is quite true that when we see an object single we see two pictures of the same object, one with

each eye; but every one point of the one picture is seen in the same place and direction as every point of the other, and therefore the two pictures necessarily appear single throughout. If we had not the power by the muscles of our eyes to place the one image exactly upon the other, the two pictures would be visible. If we had an hundred eyes in the place of two, and the power of directing their axes to one point, we should still see only one object.

Of all the triumphs which science has achieved in any of its departments, the most magical, and the one, too, least understood by unscientific persons, are the powers of the microscope and telescope. The power to enlarge a thousand times and render visible the minutest parts of objects whose very existence the eye can not discover; and the power of magnifying to any extent, and bringing within the scrutiny of the astronomer, planets and stars, and other celestial objects, which the sharpest eye can not descry in the heavens. It is not easy to explain the method of doing this without diagrams; but a sufficiently intelligible explanation may be obtained from well-known properties of lenses. If we place any object before a lens, an image of the object is formed behind it. If the object is near the lens, and small, the image will be distant and large, the sizes of each being proportional to their distance from the lens. If a small object invisible to the eye, or imperfectly visible, is in front of a lens, and placed near it, its image will be enlarged so as to make it visible; and by looking at this enlarged image with another lens we may magnify it much more, rendering what was invisible visible, and exhibiting structures unseen by the eye.

In the case of the heavenly bodies, or of distant objects on our own globe, we can not bring them near a lens so as to produce an enlarged image of them to be afterwards magnified. We use, however, lenses of a great focal length (that is, which form their image at a great distance behind them; and these images of distant objects are much larger than the small images of them formed by the eye. These enlarged images are again magnified by viewing them with a small lens. But as light is always lost in magnifying an object, it is necessary, as in the finest achromatic telescopes of glass, to have

the lenses as large as they can be got, eighteen or twenty-four inches in diameter, to admit such light; and in the reflecting telescope, such as those of Lord Rosse, specula have been used three and six feet in diameter, to collect light enough to enable high magnifying powers to be applied to the images formed in the focus of the speculum.

There is one other property of light, discovered in our own day, of which it behooves every person to have some knowledge, however slight. It is the *polarization* of light—a remarkable property, which is often talked of by persons who do not know even the meaning of the name. If we reflect a ray of *ordinary* light, coming either from the sun or a candle, from the surface of any transparent body, solid or fluid, at an angle between 53° and 68° — 53° for *water*, 56° for *glass*, and 68° for *diamond*—the ray of light so reflected is *polarized light*. Receive the polarized ray—the ray polarized by glass, for example—upon another plate of the same glass at an angle of 56° , and turn the plate round 360° , a complete circle, keeping the ray always incident at the same angle of 56° , you will observe *four* positions, distant 90° , at which the light disappears, the glass being unable to reflect it, and other *four* positions, distant 45° from these, and 90° from each other, where the light reflected is the brightest; the light reflected in all other positions increasing from the dark to the bright position. The *polarized light*, therefore, possessing these properties, must have suffered some remarkable change by being reflected at an angle of 58° from the glass; and consequently it differs entirely from *ordinary light*, which is *equally* reflected from the glass during the rotation of the glass round the ray.

Let us now fix these two plates of glass so that ordinary light falling upon the first plate is polarized, and place the second plate in one of the four positions where the polarized ray will not be reflected, and the flame from which it proceeds appears as a black spot when we look into the second plate.* In this simple little apparatus, which a child may

make, we call the first plate of glass the *polarizer*, because it polarizes the ordinary light, and the second plate the *analyzer*, from reasons which we shall presently see. If we now take a thin slice of *gypsum*, or sulphate of lime, (which is as transparent as glass,) about the hundredth of an inch thick, and holding it between the polarizer and analyzer, we look into the analyzer so as to see the black spot through the slice of gypsum, we shall be surprised to find, upon turning the slice round, that there are four positions of it, distant 90° , where the gypsum will have the most brilliant color—suppose red—restoring the light of the vanished flame, and that in other four positions, distant 45° from these, where all color disappears, and the black spot returns. If we now fix the film of gypsum in the position where it gives the brightest *red*, and make the analyzer revolve round the polarized ray or black spot, we shall find two positions, 180° distant, where the *red* will be seen upon the black spot. At points 45° distant from these the *red* will disappear, and the black spot return. At other four points, distant 45° from them, the gypsum will be of a bright *green* color, the colors getting paler and paler as the analyzer comes to the position which gives the black spot. Hence we see that when the slice of gypsum revolves, only one color varying with the thickness of the slice is seen, and when the analyzer alone revolves, *two* colors, *red* and *green*, or *blue* and *yellow*, are seen; and these colors are always the *pure harmonic colors*. These two colors make pure white or colorless light, and they are analyzed by the analyzer which, in one position, reflects to the eye one color, namely, the *red*, but is not able, in the same position, to reflect the other color, namely, the *green*. In another position, however, it reflects the *green* and not the *red*, so that it has analyzed, when mixed, the two colors, *red* and *green*, which compose the colorless light transmitted by the slice of gypsum.

If, instead of the slice of gypsum, we place in the apparatus plates of *Iceland spar*, *quartz*, and *beryl*, etc., and make the light pass along the axis of the crystal, we shall observe the most beautiful phenomena of circular and highly-colored rings with a black cross; and if we use biaxial crystals, such as *arragonite* or *nitre*, we shall see the most brilliantly

* It will be found convenient to take the ordinary light from the sky, so that when we look into the second plate, we shall see a black spot on the reflected picture of the sky.

colored double system of rings along the principal axis of the crystal.

Our limited space will not permit us to give any further account of the wonderful properties of polarized light, and of the almost magical structures which it develops. When we look with the most powerful microscopes at many transparent bodies, animal, vegetable, and mineral, we see no structure whatever; but when we make polarized light pass through them, it emerges with certain changes in its state, produced by the structure of the body, and these changes are rendered visible by the analyzer in a variety of tints, either faint or brilliant.

ÆSTHETICAL.

III. We come now to consider light in its *æsthetical relations*, or as an auxiliary to art.

In an article on Photography, published in an early number of this journal,* we have given a very full account of the history of this wonderful art, and of the various processes on paper and on metal which were at that time known. So rapid, however, has been the progress of discovery, and so valuable the improvements that have been made in the art, that new materials and processes have been introduced, and the original method of taking the negative photographs on paper has almost entirely disappeared.

In our history of the early attempts to take pictures by the rays of the sun, we omitted to notice a very interesting and successful experiment made by our distinguished countryman, the late Dr. Thomas Young. In 1802, when Mr. Wedgwood was "making profiles by the agency of light," and Sir Humphry Davy was "copying on prepared paper the images of small objects produced by means of the solar microscope," Dr. Young was taking photographs upon paper dipped in a solution of nitrate of silver, of the colored rings observed by Newton; and his experiments clearly prove that the agent was not the luminous rays in the sun's light, but the invisible or chemical rays beyond the violet. The paper in which this experiment is described is entitled, "Experiments and Calcula-

tions relative to Physical Optics,"* and was read to the Royal Society of London in November, 1803, as the Bakerian Lecture. The passage we shall give in its entire state, from the sixth section of the paper, and is entitled, *Experiments on the dark rays of Ritter*:

"The existence of solar rays accompanying light more refrangible than the violet rays, and cognizable by their chemical effect, was first ascertained by Mr. Ritter; but Dr. Wollaston made the same experiments a very short time afterwards, without having been informed of what had been done on the Continent. These rays appear to extend beyond the violet rays of the prismatic spectrum, through a space nearly equal to that which is occupied by the violet. In order to complete the comparison of their properties with those of visible light, I was desirous of examining the effect of their reflection from a thin plate of air, capable of producing the well-known rings of colors. For this purpose I formed an image of the rings, by means of the solar microscope, with the apparatus which I had described in the journals of the Royal Institution, and I threw this image on paper, dipped in a solution of nitrate of silver, placed at a distance of about nine inches from the microscope. In the course of an hour, portions of three dark rings were very distinctly visible, much smaller than the brightest rings of the colored image, and coinciding very nearly in their dimensions with the rings of violet light that appeared upon the interposition of violet glass. I thought the dark rings were a little smaller than the violet rings, but the difference was not sufficiently great to be accurately ascertained; it might be as much as one thirtieth or one fortieth of the diameters, but not greater. It is the less surprising that the difference should be so small, as the dimensions of the colored rings do not by any means vary at the violet end of the spectrum so rapidly as the red end. For performing this experiment with very great accuracy, a heliostate would be necessary, since the motion of the sun causes a slight change in the place of the image; and leather impregnated with muriate of silver would indicate the effect with great delicacy. The experiment, however, in its present state, is sufficient to complete that analogy of the invisible with the visible rays, and to show that they are equally liable to the general law, (of interference,) which is the principal subject of this paper."

The beautiful process of the *Calotype* or *Talbotype*, viewed as a whole, was the undoubted invention of Mr. Henry Fox Talbot. As a new art which gave employment to thousands, he brought it to

* See this Journal, vol. vii. p. 465, August, 1847.

* This paper is reprinted in Dr. Young's *Lectures on Natural Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 639-643.

a high degree of perfection. He expended large sums of money in obtaining for the public the full benefit of his invention, and towards the termination of his patent he liberally surrendered to photographic amateurs and others all the rights which he possessed, with the one exception of taking portraits for sale, which he had conveyed to others, and which he was bound by law and in honor to secure to them.* As Mr. Talbot had derived no pecuniary benefit from his patent, he had intended to apply for an extension of it to the Privy Council; but the art had been so universally practiced, that numerous parties were interested in opposing the application, and individuals were found who laid claim to the use of some of the chemical materials used in the calotype, and who combined with others to reduce the patent, and thus prevent the possibility of its renewal. Although we are confident that a jury of philosophers in any part of the world would have given a verdict in favor of Mr. Talbot's patent, taken as a whole, and so long unchallenged, yet we regret to say that an English judge and jury were found to deprive him of his right and transfer it to the public. The patrons of science and of art stood aloof in the contest, and none of our scientific institutions, and no intelligent member of the Government, came forward to claim from the State a national reward to Mr. Talbot. In France, the Government, by the advice of M. Arago, acted a very different part to Niepce and Daguerre, the inventors of the *Daguerreotype*. The invention was given as a present from the State to France, and even to Europe, and Niepce and Daguerre received between them an annual pension of £833!

The great defect in Mr. Talbot's process, not in his patent, was, that *paper* was the substance upon which his calotype pictures were to be taken. He early saw the difficulty of obtaining this material of a suitable quality for photographic purposes, and he made many attempts to remedy the evil; but although several paper-makers exerted themselves to the utmost, and succeeded, to a certain extent, in manufacturing a highly improved article, yet the size employed, and various chemical substances used in the process, rendered it impossible to procure

paper of that fineness and uniformity of texture which the advanced state of the art required. When the artist had bestowed the greatest pains in taking a negative picture, and had taken it sometimes two or three times, he often found his own labor lost, and the expectations of his sitters disappointed.

Under these circumstances, the idea occurred to M. Niepce St. Victor, Commandant of the Louvre, to whom photography owes so many obligations, to reject paper altogether for negatives, and to use a film of albumen spread upon glass. To do this, he takes five ounces of the whites of fresh eggs, mixed with one hundred grains of iodide of potassium, twenty grains of bromide of potassium, and ten grains of common salt. This mixture is beaten up with a fork, and after resting all night it is ready in the morning for use; that is, it is ready to be spread into an uniform film upon glass, and employed instead of paper for taking negative photographs.

The great advantage of the albumen process is, that the film is perfectly smooth and homogeneous, and may be obtained of a very large size. Its defect, however, is its want of sensibility,* so that it can be employed only for statues and landscapes. It seems to have been very little used in England, but has been brought to great perfection by Messrs Ross and Thomson in Edinburgh, who, to use the words of Mr. Hunt, "have been eminently successful operators with it—many of their pictures, which are of a large size, exhibiting more artistic effect than is obtained by any other photographers. Some of the positives produced are very fine. At the last meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh, these gentlemen exhibited some positive images on glass plates; these were backed up with plaster of Paris for the purpose of exalting the effects, which were exceedingly delicate and beautiful."† We have now before us six of those magnificent photographs, 15½ inches by 15½, representing Edinburgh from the Calton Hill, interior of Holyrood Chapel, Melrose Abbey in two aspects, the Golden Gate of St. Andrew's Cathedral, and the north doorway of Dun-

* "It requires an exposure of at least *sixty* times longer than the same preparation on paper."—Hunt's *Manual*, p. 83.

† *Manual of Photography*, 1857. Edit. v. p. 84.

* Hunt's *Manual*, etc., p. 329.

fermine Cathedral, Benan, and Benvenu; and we have no hesitation in saying, that they surpass every thing that has been done in this country.

We have obtained from Messrs. Ross and Thomson the following account of the process by which these remarkable views were obtained :

"The whites of several eggs, having 18 drops of saturated iodide of potassium added for each egg, are beat up into a large mass of froth, and allowed to stand for ten or twelve hours, till the whole falls into a liquid. It is then poured plentifully upon the surface of a clean plate of glass, which, by means of a bent wire and a piece of worsted thread, is made to revolve at a moderate rate before a clear fire, till by the influence of the centrifugal force, a very perfect film of albumen is spread over the glass. When the albumen begins to crack at the edges, the plate is withdrawn from the fire, covered with minute cracks over the whole of its surface. It is now dipped in nitrate of silver, seventy grains to the ounce of water, having mixed with it a twentieth part in quantity of strong acetic acid. When taken out, it is washed with water once or twice, and before it is dry the picture may be taken upon it. If the object is a light one, four minutes will be sufficient to impress the image, but any thing red or green will take longer. The picture is developed by pouring the saturated solution of gallic acid on the albumen, and spreading it with a piece of cotton wool. The picture will then appear slowly and gradually of a reddish color, and when brought out as far as it will come, a little of the nitrate of silver solution mixed with gallic acid is spread over it with a piece of clean cotton wool. The picture will now assume a darker and more vivid appearance; and when fixed with a solution of hyposulphate of soda, may be washed with clean water. No varnish is required, and hundreds or thousands of copies may be taken from it. At a meeting of the Scottish Photographic Society in 1857, a dense negative of a statue was taken by gas-light in fifteen minutes. This was the highest state of sensitiveness that Messrs. Ross and Thomson ever saw. It was produced by an excess of iodide of potassium in the albumen; but they found that plates thus prepared are apt to crack and chip off the glass, when exposed to the sun in printing."

Owing to the great length of time required to take a photograph in albumen, various attempts have been made to render it more sensitive or to obtain a more sensitive material equally uniform and manageable. Mr. Hunt had, in 1844, recommended the use of the fluorides; and M. B. Everard has lately employed the fluoride of potassium, along with the iodide of potassium, as a means of obtain-

ing instantaneous images on albumen. Mr. Hunt has found that the image appears immediately on exposure in the camera, and anticipates great advantages from the use of the fluorides.*

For the same reason, M. Niepce St. Victor has recently published a process, in which, in place of albumen, he employs seventy grains of starch rubbed down in seventy grains of water, and then mixed with three or four ounces more of water. After $5\frac{1}{2}$ grains of iodide of potassium are added, the whole is boiled till the starch is properly dissolved. It is then laid upon a plate of glass, and is said to give tablets of great sensibility. The serum of milk, and gelatine and other substances have also been proposed, and used, to obtain a surface more transparent than paper, and more sensitive than albumen; but most of them have been abandoned, at least for portraits, since the introduction of *collodion* by Aröher in 1850.

The discovery and use of collodion is doubtless the greatest improvement that has been made in photography. Collodion is a limpid fluid of the color of sherry, and is made by dissolving gun-cotton in ether containing a little alcohol. Gun-cotton is made by mixing seventy grains of fine selected cotton with water, nitre, and sulphuric acid, in the proportions of three, four, and five ounces. After the cotton has been washed in this bath by stirring it with two glass rods, it is taken out, well washed with water to remove every trace of acid, and hung up to dry. Fifteen grains of gun-cotton, thus prepared, are placed in a mixture of nine fluid ounces of rectified sulphuric ether, with one ounce of alcohol 60° over-proof. The cotton will be almost wholly dissolved, with the exception of some fibers, which will fall to the bottom. The clear solution, or collodion, when poured off, is ready to be iodized, by adding to it a certain quantity, to be determined by experiment, of an alcoholic solution of the iodide of silver and the iodide of potassium. A glass plate, well cleaned from grease, is coated with a thin film of collodion, obtained by pouring a small quantity on the plate, and running it off by one corner into the bottle. This film, solidified by

* Grapo-sugar and honey have been successfully employed in greatly increasing the sensibility of albumen plates.

the evaporation of the ether, is now excited by a solution of thirty grains of nitrate of silver in one ounce of water. It is placed in the camera, and the image developed and fixed by processes, which we can not of course here find room to detail.

Collodion may be prepared from paper, flax, the pith of the elder, and many other vegetable substances. In whatever way it is made, the name of *pyroxyline* is given to it. *Lignine*, or the true substance of wood, is convertible into a substance analogous to true gun-cotton. *Lignine*, combined with strong nitric acid, forms a substance called *xyloidide*. The preparations of collodion by Mr. R. W. Thomas are in much esteem, and are sold under the name of *Xylo-iodide of Silver*.

Although M. Biot, in 1840, considered it as an illusion to expect photographs having the color of the objects which they represent, yet a certain advance, and one of some importance, has been made to this result. In a former article we referred to the attempts of M. Claudet and Sir John Herschel to copy the colors of nature. Mr. Hunt "produced colored images, not merely impressions of the rays of the spectrum, but copies in the camera of colored objects." But the most important results have been obtained by M. Edmund Becquerel, and M. Niepce St. Victor of Paris.

In November, 1848, M. Edmund Becquerel exhibited to the Academy of Sciences "a photochromatic image of the solar spectrum, and colored photographs obtained in the camera obscura." These photographs were on daguerreotype plates; and there can be no doubt that all the colors of the spectrum, and those of natural objects, were obtained by his process. Unfortunately, however, no method of fixing them could be found, and the colors disappeared very quickly when exposed to light, though they could be preserved for a long time in the dark.

M. Niepce St. Victor has pursued this subject with more success than his predecessors. Mr. Hunt has examined pictures of his on metallic plates, "in which every color of the original was most faithfully represented," but they eventually faded into one uniform reddish tint; and M. Niepce St. Victor tells us that he has made an hundred attempts to fix these *helio-chromes*, as he calls them, without the slightest success.

Important as these researches are, M. Niepce de St. Victor has just published two "Memoirs" on a new action of light, which will excite much interest in the scientific world. Having exposed for a quarter of an hour to the sun's direct rays an engraving, which had been kept several days in the dark, he applied the engraving to a sheet of sensitive paper, and after twenty-four hours' contact, he obtained a negative picture of the engraving! If the engraving, taken from a dark place, where it has been for several days, be applied to the sheet of sensitive paper, without exposure to the direct rays of the sun, no negative picture is produced. Wood, ivory, gold-beater's skin, parchment, and even the living skin, struck by light, will give a negative picture, but metals and enamels will not. If a film of mica, glass, or rock crystal is placed between the engraving and the sensitive paper, no negative picture will be got; but if the engraving is covered with a stratum of collodion or gelatine, the picture will be obtained. If the distance between the engraving and the sensitive paper is only three millimetres, or one eighth of an inch, a picture will be produced; and if the lines of the engraving are strong, a distance of a centimetre will not prevent it. If we take an opaque tube, shut up at one end and lined with white paper, and expose the open end for an hour to the direct rays of the sun, and if at the end of twenty-four hours we apply the open end of the tube to a piece of sensitive paper, we shall obtain a negative image of the opening. If the tube be hermetically sealed after exposure to the sun's rays, it will preserve for a long time the power of acting upon sensitive paper. M. Niepce St. Victor placed a sheet of white paper that had been in the dark in the camera, where it continued to receive for three hours an image brilliantly illuminated by the sun. When taken out and applied to a sheet of sensitive paper, it reproduced very visibly, in twenty-four hours, the original image in the camera obscura!

In his second Memoir our author exhibits this "persistent activity," or "storing up" of light, as he calls it, in another interesting experiment. He places a glass or paper negative upon a sheet of paper that has been several days in the dark, and after a sufficient exposure to the sun's rays, he takes out the paper in

the dark, and develops the picture by a solution of nitrate of silver, and fixes it by merely washing it in pure water. In order to obtain a picture more quickly and more vigorously developed, he impregnates the sheet of paper, till it becomes of a pale, straw yellow color, with an aqueous solution of *nitrate of uranium*, "which admits in a higher degree than the paper the luminous action of storing up with the persistent luminous activity." The picture, when taken, as before, is fixed by simple immersion in pure water till the salt of uranium is completely removed.* Thus fixed, the pictures resist the energetic action of a boiling solution of cyanuret of potash; and we may therefore hope that they will be indestructible by time. This great discovery of M. Niepce St. Victor will be received with surprise by the scientific world, who regard light and all its chemical influences as the effect of simple motion. When light has been stored up for days, it is difficult to understand how it can afterwards begin to vibrate and perform all its former functions.

Although M. Niepce St. Victor's experiment on the permanence of the nitrate of uranium photographs is very interesting, yet time only can solve the problem of their absolute indestructibility; and we must continue to practice the art with all the fears and misgivings of the past. It is fortunate, however, that several processes have been invented by which photographs can be rendered as permanent as engravings, and multiplied to any extent. The best of these processes is the photo-galvanographic one of Mr. Paul Pretsch, who, after securing his right by patent, established a company at Islington, and has published in a series of numbers magnificent specimens of the art. Solutions of glue in solutions of nitrate of silver, iodide of potassium, and bichromate of potash, are mixed according to a rule, and spread like albumen over the glass plate. A photograph or engraving is placed on the prepared plate, and a negative taken in sunlight. The glass is then placed in water with a little alcohol, and the darkened parts are rendered soluble, while the

other parts are insoluble, so that in a few minutes we have a picture represented not only by light and shadow, but by the unequal thickness of the gelatine on the glass. When the plate is dry, soft gutta-percha is pressed upon the picture till it hardens. The gutta-percha has consequently an image the reverse of the first. After rubbing it over with bronze, powder, or black lead, it is placed in a solution of sulphate of copper, and an electrotype plate taken from it, in the usual way, with a voltaic battery. From this plate others can be readily taken, and, as in ordinary copperplate printing, thousands of copies can be thrown off. "By this process," says Mr. Hunt,* "pictures, in which the most delicate details are very faithfully preserved, and the nice gradations in light and shadow maintained in all their beauty, are now printed from the electrotype plate, obtained from the photograph. The process of photo-galvanography is evidently destined to take a very high position as a means of preserving the beauties of nature and art."†

Since the publication of our former article, photography has had many new and valuable applications, not only to the fine but to the useful arts.

In miniature painting it has created a new profession. Mr. Duppa, a distinguished artist, after making his photograph transparent, paints with oil colors on the back of the photograph, so that he never can take away the original likeness. Mr. Dickinson, on the contrary, and others, paint upon the photograph itself; and, at a trifling risk of affecting the likeness, they have the power of correcting defects, both in form and expression, which exist in almost every sun-picture.

To the landscape and historical painter, photography has proved an invaluable assistant. Messrs. Ross and Thomson published some time ago the most beautiful photographs of plants for foregrounds, taken while growing at the foot of rocks and trees. Of these, the ferns, the dock leaves, the fox-glove, and the nettle are beyond all praise; * but charming as these

* *Manual of Photography*, pp. 269, 270.

† We regret to learn that the establishment at Islington is broken up, but we trust that Mr. Pretsch will resume his labors with wealthy and active co-adjutors.

* The paper is immersed five minutes in a solution of 20 grains of nitrate of uranium in 100 grains of water; or it may be floated on the solution, so as to penetrate through only half of the thickness of the paper.

* The French have executed fine photographs of plants after they have been placed in a vase or woven into garlands. English artists, too, have

arc, they are surpassed by two on a larger scale, which have recently appeared, under the names of "the Quiet Corner" and "the Dykeside." These photographs, $15\frac{1}{2}$ by $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches, full of the poetry of vegetable life, teem with wild plants of the most picturesque and lovely forms, and rich in the variety and luxuriance of leaf and stem. Though devoid of fragrance and of color, they allure us to the cooling fountain which waters them. They tempt us to nestle in the little rocky hollow which they adorn, and to weep with human sympathies amid creations that are fated but to bloom and die.

The most important application of photography has certainly been to the stereoscope, not only in reference to art, but to the great purposes of education, and to the illustration of works on every branch of knowledge. The surface of the moon has been drawn with singular beauty. The eclipses of the sun and moon have been delineated, and various other astronomical phenomena, which the observer could not otherwise have recorded. But perhaps one of the most curious applications of the art has been to microscopic

portraits, as executed with such skill by Mr. Dancer of Manchester. Some of these are so small that ten thousand could be included in a square inch, and yet, when magnified, the pictures have all the smoothness and vigor of ordinary photographs.

Upon looking into the past history of photography, it would be hazardous to predict its future. But though we dare not venture to shorten the arm of science, or limit its grasp, there are certain steps in advance which we may reasonably anticipate. Optical instruments are yet required to represent on a plane the human face, without deforming its lines and magnifying its imperfections. We still require a more sensitive tablet to perpetuate the tender expressions of domestic life, and to fix the bolder lines of intellect and of passion which are displayed in the forum and in the senate. But, above all, we long to preserve the life-tints of those we love—to give to the ringlet its auburn, and to the eye its azure—to perpetuate the maiden blush, and to rescue from oblivion even the hectic flush from which we are so soon to part.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

SHAWLS, AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

CASHMERE GOAT.

SCARCELY any article of apparel or decoration is so universally worn as the shawl. It is so common that the inquiry "where it comes from" is hardly thought of. Still, we think that a few observations on the subject may interest our readers.

The passion for shawls—says a late writer—among all women every where, is remarkable. In one country, the shawl may flow from the head like a veil; in another, it hangs from the shoulders; in another, it is knotted round the loins

like a sash; in yet another, it is swathed round the body like a skirt. Wherever worn at all, it is the pet article of dress. From a time remote beyond computation, the sheep of Cashmere have been cherished on their hills, and the goats of Thibet on their plains, and the camels of Tartary on their steppes, to furnish materials for the choicest shawls. From time immemorial, the patterns which we know so well have been handed down as a half-sacred tradition through a Hindoo ancestry, which puts even Welsh pedigrees to shame. For thousands of years have the bright dyes, which are the despair of our science and art, been glittering in Indian looms, in those primitive pits under the palm-tree

done the same with plants in a hot-house. See Brewster's *Treatise on the Stereoscope*, pp. 175-178.

where the whimsical patterns grow, like the wild-flower springing from the soil. For thousands of years have eastern potentates made presents of shawls to distinguished strangers, together with diamonds and pearls.

At this day, when an eastern prince sends gifts to European sovereigns, there are shawls to the value of thousands of pounds, together with jewels, perfumes, wild beasts, and valuable horses, just as was done in the days of the Pharaohs, as the paintings on Egyptian tombs show us at this day. And the subjects of sovereigns have as much liking for shawls as any queen. At the Russian Court, ladies judge one another by their shawls as by their diamonds. In France, the bridegroom wins favor by a judicious gift of this kind. In Cairo and Damascus, the gift of a shawl will cause almost as much heart-burning in the harem as the introduction of a new wife. In England, the daughter of the house spends the whole of her first quarter's allowance in the purchase of a shawl. The Paris grisette and the London dressmaker go to their work with the little shawl pinned neatly at the waist. The lost gin-drinker covers her rags with the remnant of the shawl of better days. The peasant's daughter buys a white cotton shawl, with a gay border, for her wedding; and it washes and dyes until having wrapped all her babies in turn, it is finally dyed black to signalize her widowhood. The maiden aunt, growing elderly, takes to wearing a shawl in the house in mid-winter; and the granny would no more think of going without it at any season than without her cap. When son or grandson comes home from travel, his present is a new shawl, which she puts on with deep consideration, parting with the old one with a sigh.

The Manchester or Birmingham factory girl buys a gay shawl on credit, wears it on Sunday, puts it in pawn on Monday morning, and takes it out again on Saturday night for another Sunday's wear, and so on, until she has wasted money that would have bought her a good wardrobe. Thus, from China round the world to Oregon, and from the queen down to the pauper, is the shawl the symbol of woman's taste and condition.

Whence come all these shawls? for it is clear that the supply that arrives in Asia over bleak continents and wide oceans can only be for the rich and great.

Some of the shawls from Bokhara sell, in the market on the Russian frontier, for two thousand four hundred pounds each. Whence come the hundred thousand shawls that the women of our country purchase every year?

To begin with the most costly, let us inquire where and how the Cashmere shawls are obtained. The genuine Oriental Cashmeres all come from Asia, and are manufactured from the hair or rather the wool of the Cashmere goat.

The Cashmere Goat, a nobler species of the common goat, is descended from the goat of Thibet, which pastures on the Himalaya. The climate in Thibet is subject to sudden changes. There is little rain, but much snow, as the cold in winter is below the freezing point. Thibet is situated at the northern descent of the Himalaya Mountains, and Cashmere at the southern; hence the latter is little warmer than Thibet.

In Thibet this goat is a domestic animal. It is not allowed a very luxuriant pasture. The favorite food of these animals is buds, aromatic plants, rue, and heath. The people of Thibet give their goats, at least once a week, some salt, which has always proved a useful accompaniment to the customary food of these animals. If they are transferred from their cold, mountainous abode into a warmer country, the natural consequence follows, that the wool becomes inferior in quantity and fineness. It grows, also, very slowly in the warm parts of the year, and more vigorously as the cold season approaches.

The head of the Asiatic goat is large, the horns situated backwards, and somewhat curved, the legs slender. The colder the region where the animal pastures, the heavier is its fleece. Proper food and careful tending increase the fineness of the wool. Yearlings, as is the case with the Merino sheep, afford the finest wool. A full-grown goat yields not more than eight ounces. The goats which pasture in the highest vales of Thibet have a bright ochre color. In lower grounds the color becomes of a yellowish white; and, still further downwards, entirely white. The highest mountains of the Himalaya, inhabitable by man, contain also a kind of goats with black wool, which, in India, and in the mountainous countries of the goats, obtains the highest price, as a material for shawls.

The goats of Thibet and Cashmere

have the fine curled wool close to the skin, just as the under-hair of our common goat lies below the coarse upper hair. The wool is shorn in the spring, shortly before the warm season, the time when the animal, in its natural state, seeks thorns and hedges in order to free itself from the burden of its warm covering. All the hard and long hairs are picked out most carefully. The wool, thus purified, is first washed in a warm solution of potash, and afterwards in cold water, in which process felting must be carefully avoided. It is then bleached upon the grass, and carded for spinning.

The shawl-wool is three times dyed—before carding, after spinning, and in the wool. The Asiatics avoid spinning the wool hard, in order that the shawl may be soft. They use a spindle, which consists of a ball of clay, with an iron wire attached. The finger and the thumb of the spinner are kept smooth by steatite powder. A large shawl of the finest quality requires five pounds of the wool; one of inferior quality, from three to four pounds. About 80,000 shawls are made yearly, in 16,000 looms, each of which employs three workmen.

Main, in London, has invented a machine which spins this wool in a very simple way, finer than can be done by the best spindles of Thibet; and, at the same time, of a firmer thread. The flesh of the Cashmere goat tastes as well as that of the common one; and its milk is as rich, if it is well tended.

Since 1820, this species has been introduced into France, and succeeds very well. The enterprising Baron Fernel ordered twelve hundred and eighty-nine of these goats to be brought to France, (1820,) under the care of the celebrated professor of oriental languages in Paris, Amadée Joubert. Joubert found these goats already spread from the Cashmere to the Ural, over Bucharia, in Independent Tartary; he purchased them in the deserts there, and transported them over the Volga, along the coast of Theodosia, in the Crimea, where they were put on board vessels to be carried to France.

On the voyage, which lasted a long time, a great number died. There remained, however, more than four hundred healthy animals, which were sent from Toulon and Marseilles, partly to the Pyrenees of Roussillon, partly to the lime-hills of

Provence, and to the pastures of Alsatia and Rambouillet.

A considerable number of Cashmere goats have been brought to England, and kept with advantage. In 1828 a Mr. Tower obtained from the Society of Arts, in London, their large medal for having produced a goat's-hair shawl, equal to those of Cashmere, though both the growth and manufacture of England. This gentleman kept his Cashmere goats on a farm in Essex, and, from four first imported, his flock amounted in a few years to more than two dozen. They did not feed upon the rich pastures, or relish the vegetation of the ordinary grazing ground. The dry common was their favorite resort; and their most common food was furze, the prickly shoots of which they preferred to every other vegetable.

Considerable attention was paid to the keeping of these animals; and the fine wool was obtained by combing their common or longer hair with an instrument not very unlike the curry-comb used for trimming horses. We believe that the fine wool is procured in the East by a process nearly similar; and it is possible that the fact of its being perfectly ripened on the back of the animal may contribute to its superior strength. It does not appear that the long hair is cast at the same season.

In all eastern countries, the shawl is ever considered the most essential and graceful part of ornamental dress; and even in Europe, with their many beautiful imitations, the true Cashmere shawl is still sought, and paid for at enormous prices. Even in India it is by no means unusual for a rajah to pay ten thousand rupees (five thousand dollars) for one of the finest of these productions, and which, in all probability, will have cost the labor of a whole family for a lifetime.

The following remarks of a contemporary writer refer chiefly to the dealers in Cashmere shawls. He says: "The persons who, in our own country, and at the present day, purchase worsted or woollen goods under the denomination of Cashmeres, are or ought to be aware that such goods are Cashmerian only in name. A real Cashmere shawl, made by the inhabitants of that Indian valley from the wool of a peculiar variety of goat reared on the plains of Thibet, is a most costly article,

eagerly sought after by the rajahs and sultans of the east, but finding its way to Europe very rarely indeed. To make a pair of large and handsome Cashmere shawls requires the labor of twelve or fourteen men for half-a-year. The late Bunjeet Singh, the chief of Lahore, gave five thousand rupees for a pair of these woolen shawls, the patterns of which represented his victories. The animals from which the material is obtained are covered by nature with two kinds of coat or clothing; the one fine, curly, generally gray, and imparting to the skin a down more or less thick, as if to guard it against cold and damp; the other coarse, lank, and giving a general color to the animal; and, as it is only the inner and finer coating which is used for the fine shawls, the quantity produced is limited, and therefore high-priced. The down called *poshm* is collected from flocks of goats on the plains of Thibet, and brought to the confines of Cashmere on the backs of sheep. It is then cleaned, and one fourth of it (being all that is fitted for the shawls) is carried on men's backs the remainder of the distance to Cashmere. When arrived at Cashmere, it passes into the hands of the merchants, who sell it in small quantities to the weavers at the rate of about two rupees per pound. The thread is dyed a great variety of colors, then stiffened with rice-water. Various articles are woven with these colored threads, the process being slow and tedious on account of the rude construction of the looms. Shawls, coverlets, handkerchiefs, turban-pieces, gloves, socks, and other garments are woven of this *poshm*. The shawls are washed after being woven, to remove the rice stiffening; and a fine pale-yellow color is imparted by means of sulphur-flames."

The trade in shawls at Cashmere is rather a curious one. M. Vigne, in his *Travels in Cashmere*, thus describes it:

"The *mokym* or broker, who transacts business between the shawl manufacturer and the merchant, is a person of great importance in the city; and the manner in which his transactions are carried on is singular. He has correspondents in most of the larger cities of Hindoostan, whose business it is to collect and forward every species of information connected with his trade. By their means he seldom fails to hear of any *sandaghur*, or merchant, who is about to start for Cashmere, even from

such a distance as Calcutta; and, if he be a rich man, the *mokym* will send as far as Delhi to meet him, and invite him to become his guest during his sojourn in the valley. Perhaps, again, when the merchant, half-dead with fatigue and cold, stands at length on the snowy summit of the Pir Panjal, or either of the other mountain-passes, he is suddenly amazed by finding there the servant of a broker, who has kindled a fire ready for his reception, hands him a hot cup of tea, and a *kubab*, a delicious *kalioun*, and a note containing a still more fresh and pressing invitation from his master. Such well-timed civility is irresistible; his heart and his boots thaw together, and he at once accepts the hospitality of the *mokym*, who, it may be, is awaiting the traveler with a friendly hug, at the bottom of the pass, two or three day's journey from the city, to which he obsequiously conducts him. He finds himself at home at the house of his new friend, and himself and his servants studiously provided with all he can require. His host, of course, takes care to repay himself in the end. He has an understanding with the shawl manufacturers who frequent his house, so that the guest is at the mercy of both parties; and, should he quarrel with the broker, and hope to make a purchase without his intervention, he would find it impossible. No shawl-vender can by any possibility be induced to display his stores until the approach of evening, being well aware of the superior brilliancy imparted to their tints by the slanting rays of the setting sun; and when the young *sandaghur* has purchased initiation by experience, he will observe that the shawl is never exhibited by one person only; that the broker, perhaps apparently inattentive, is usually sitting by, and that, under pretense of bringing the different beauties of the shawl under his more especial notice, a constant and free masonic fire of sneezes and pinches, having reference to the price to be asked, and graduated from one hundred to a five rupee power, is secretly kept up between the venders by means of their hands extended under the shawl. When the merchant has completed his purchase, the *mokym*, who was before so eager to obtain him as a guest, pays him the compliment of seeing him safe to the outside of the city, where he takes leave of him at *Chartuval*, the very last place within it."

The following article from a cotemporary journal contains the pleasant information that the Cashmere goat has been introduced into America :

"It is not, as yet, generally known, that the Thibet goat, from whose wool the famous Cashmere shawls are made, has been introduced successfully into the United States. This enterprising undertaking was achieved, a few years since, after many difficulties, by Dr. J. B. Davis, of Columbia, South-Carolina, at that time employed by the Ottoman Porte in experimenting on the growth of cotton in the Sultan's dominions. Dr. Davis succeeded, at vast expense, in securing eleven of the pure breed, which, on his way home, he exhibited in London and Paris. Since that period, the goat has been introduced from South-Carolina into Tennessee, where it is said to thrive. The value of a flock may be estimated from the fact that no real Thibet goat has ever been sold for less than a thousand dollars. This enormous price, moreover, is not a speculative one, for no fleeced animal has wool of such fineness, softness, and durability. The wool of all the Thibet goats in Tennessee, for example, has been engaged at New-York this year at eight dollars and a-half per pound, the purchasers designing to send it to Paisley (in Scotland) in order to be manufactured into shawls."

The prices paid for the real Cashmere shawls, or those woven in India, have sometimes been almost fabulous. A full-sized shawl, such as is called in America a long shawl, ordinarily commands in Paris or London from five hundred to five thousand dollars, according to the quality. Scarfs and square shawls, being smaller, sell for less. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that all those shawls are manufactured in India in the shape in which they are sold here. Generally, indeed, the centers and borders come out separately, and are put together afterwards in sizes, and often patterns, to suit customers. Moreover a large portion of the shawls sold as real India ones are actually made in France; for the Thibet

goat was introduced into that country more than thirty years ago, and the Cashmere shawls imitated with considerable skill. Judges of the article pretend to say, however, that the real India shawl can be detected, by its having a less evenly woven web, as also from its brighter colors. It is likewise said that the border of the genuine Cashmere shawl is invariably woven in small pieces, which are afterwards sewed together, as the whole border is subsequently sewn on to the center. But other authorities deny that the skill of India is insufficient to *broche* a shawl; in other words to weave the border and center in one piece, or run the pattern of the former over the latter.

Notwithstanding the successful imitation of these shawls, fashion and luxury still prefer the apparently ruder original. Just as laces, woven by hand, bring a price more than five times as great as the same pattern woven by machinery, so a Cashmere shawl, known to have come from India will fetch vastly more than the cleverest imitation. Probably however, this is not all. Persons familiar with both the article and the imitation, assert that the former is softer than the latter, and that this softness arises partly from the way the thread is spun, and partly because the Thibet goat, when exported from its native hills, sensibly deteriorates. There is also a shawl, known popularly as the French Cashmere, which is an imitation of the imitation; but this has none, or very little, of the wool even of the imported Thibet goat. The animal from which this valuable fleece is taken is a hardy creature, at least in its original locality; and their fine curled wool lies close to the skin, just as the under hair of the common goat lies under the upper hair. Eight ounces for a full-sized goat is a large yield, but the yearlings, from which the best wool is taken, give less. About five pounds are required to make a shawl of the largest size and finer quality; but three or four pounds are sufficient for an inferior one.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM THE FALL OF NAPOLEON.*

SINCE the date of our last notice of this work, Sir Archibald Alison has steadily pursued a task from which several contemporary writers appear to have shrunk with a just and intuitive diffidence. To write a history of one's own age is at all times difficult; for in matters of fact historic materials are rarely accessible, and, in matters of opinion, a writer is almost invariably compelled to deal with events imperfectly developed. To extend the scope of such a history to the whole of Europe, is an undertaking yet more arduous. To enter upon such a labor when one is incurably afflicted with the itch of political prophecy, is a rashness almost inconceivable. The requisites of such a history are, therefore, great labor, deep learning, keen perception, profound thought, and unbiased opinion. Perhaps the only living authors who could even have approached to these necessary conditions are, Mr. Hallam, Mr. Carlyle, and Sir George Cornewall Lewis. There are no more ardent worshipers of the political history of their own age, and few reasoners are at once calmer and more acute.

We suspect that Sir A. Alison's design was dictated by the belief that political history might create the excitement in this country that it creates in France. His work was, at least, a novelty in English literature. But we believe that it was so, not because others in past generations had not imagined such a form of history, but because they had rejected it as impracticable. Sir Archibald, however, in any such belief as that which we have ventured to impute to him, was greatly mistaken. The truth is, that we are, in the just sense of the term, a good old Conservative people. No amount of historic writing will ever drive us from our dogged and invincible belief, that our own

constitution, as it stands, is superior to any beneath the sun. We perpetually abuse, indeed, our system of government in the mere details of administration, but when we turn to philosophize upon its general merits, we are greater national egoists than the Chinese.

We hold, therefore, that—apart from true and lasting historic reputation—there is no task more utterly hopeless than the attempt to gain popularity by a depreciation and abuse of the British Constitution. It offends our *amour propre* in the most delicate quarter. We have all the gravity of the Turks, and all the self-opinion of the Yankees. The notion, consequently, of imitating M. de Lamartine, when he wrote his History of the Girondists, is merely preposterous. We are perfectly satisfied with our form of government; and we are not liable to be shaken by impulsive sentiments. When a thoughtless people, like the French, who had long lived under the tyrannical and corrupt government of Louis Philippe, read an exciting record of a great struggle for public freedom, the moral of the story inevitably penetrated to their inmost heart. But when a thoughtful people, like ourselves, who were living under liberty and order, read the dreary annals of potwallopers and the currency, the effect was naturally somewhat different.

“When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fettered thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic muse,
Her voice their only ransom from afar.”

But Sir Archibald Alison must be an extraordinary magician if he can kindle the same enthusiasm for rotten boroughs!

Besides these defects of *idea*, and of *execution*, the *scope* of the present work is gravely obnoxious to criticism. A “History of Europe” is a failure on the very face of its title. It can not be, what history ought to be, a *picture*. It admits neither of foreground nor of background

* *History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon*, in 1815, to the *Accession of Louis Napoleon* in 1852. By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L. Vols. V. and VI. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, 1856-57.

in delineation. There is no distinctive point of view, and there is no defined vanishing point. If all the world were civilized, and if, consequently, our relations with other continents were continuous, and not exceptional, these deficiencies would be supplied by the connection of Europe with extra-European states. The idea of such a history, indeed, suggests an anachronism; for it would have been too gigantic to have been written on this side of the Deluge. The all-pervading defect in treatment is, that this is a history not of one state and one nation in its relations with the rest of Europe, but of some thirty states and thirty nations equally. It is for this reason that it is preëminently defective as a work of art. And it is for this reason that, in order to satisfy the essential conditions of a History of Europe, it is preëminently tedious. Who cares for the domestic institutions of Turkey, for the Portuguese parliamentary history, or for twenty other details concerning other states, which (whenever they happen to be accurate) are a mere *réchauffé* of what every man, in the very countries to which they relate, has long ago forgotten?

A History of Europe, therefore, is, on two leading grounds, an absolute and inevitable failure. It is overpoweringly tedious, and it is therefore essentially defective. The utmost labor of which one mind—or at least such a mind as Sir A. Alison's—is susceptible, is to make it tedious without making it complete. He writes too much about foreign countries for our islanders, and too little for those countries themselves. In nine cases out of ten, we may perhaps say in ninety-nine out of a hundred, the language in which it is written will not be comprehended where it might be interesting: it is quite certain not to be worth translating; and it will probably prove inaccurate in an equal proportion.

We may anticipate Sir A. Alison's reply. He will say that he writes in order that his readers should be better acquainted with the history of other countries, than a history professing to supply the direct relations alone of those countries with Great Britain could well afford. To this we answer, that those relations of foreign countries with Great Britain, are fully as wide a scope of inquiry as any single mind can master; and that when we find Sir A. Alison gravely deficient in his

knowledge, not simply of those relations, but even of British history itself, our presumption is as just as it is obvious, that the extension of his subject does not extend his scope of accurate information.

One of the leading instances of the oblique reasoning of the author on the political philosophy of this country, is, that he has no notion of what the Conservative principle amongst us really is. He seeks it simply in external institutions, and those institutions mere points of detail. His "Conservatism" is of all kinds the most non-Conservative: it is comprehended simply in the act of standing still. He can not distinguish between institutions, permanent in their nature, because they apply to certain phases of society which are permanent, and institutions variable, because they apply to phases of society which are variable. He confounds every thing which exists at a given time, as equal and essentially an element of Conservatism.

It is thus that the discussions of Sir Archibald Alison, instead of rising with philosophy, sink into political jargon. His politics are nothing but the politics of the most empty-headed politicians: they are the mere adoption of the cries of party. Now, when party cries are put forth by patronage secretaries of the Treasury, and whippers-in of the House of Commons, they are put forth by them in the character of what the moral philosophy of Paley would entitle us to describe as justifiable, or, at least, palliable untruths. The whipper-in rarely stops to believe in his professions: he regards their necessity as the one exceptional vice of constitutional government. But, least of all, does he expect that they will be gravely reproduced, investigated, supported, worshipped, and adored, by a writer professing himself a historian, and spending his life in historic writing.

We believe what continues to render each successive volume of Sir A. Alison at once false in philosophy and false in fact, is less the incapacity of the author for reasoning and research, than a supreme *caecities scribendi*. He has not the patience to arrive at conclusions. In his fifth and sixth volumes there is the same desire to instruct and the same impatience of self-instruction. He impersonates the didactic principle. To feel that his pen is going, evidently gives him infinitely greater satisfaction than to feel that his mind

is thinking. It is easy, therefore, to see that cotemporary history—which, if it be *history*—involves infinitely profounder speculation than the history of a preceding age, is what Sir A. Alison is peculiarly unfit to write. This is the more true when the author's cotemporary history is the history of an age of peace. Such an age is full of political activity, and of intricate political problems. But, in describing a period of war, our author's space is so much consumed by mere narrative, that animated descriptions clothe the baldness which a history, void of true political philosophy, would otherwise present. It is chiefly for this reason that Sir Archibald's earlier history is beyond comparison superior to that of which we now treat. His descriptions of battles are often vivid; and the whole theater of Europe is so gay, that it would be impossible to give it a somber representation. But when a historian loses all this extrinsic support, arising from the vividness of his subject, and falls back upon the intrinsic resources of his own reflection, to describe an age of peace and of political theories, the interest of his writing becomes very doubtful. He then needs preëminently what we may term the pictorial art, to make attractive that which is dull, and the speculative art to make clear in philosophy that which is obscure. It is from no bias, and from no adverse prepossession, that we express our conviction that Sir A. Alison has not fulfilled either of these two conditions.

If this be the result, Sir A. Alison assuredly has no grounds of complaint. When he undertook a labor which the public at first received with attention, it was announced that the whole would be completed in five volumes. The bulk of these volumes is so great, that it might have been supposed that the publisher had dwelt in the land of Brobdignag. We quite understood that Sir Archibald was to have as much for his contract as possible; and that if he bound himself to five volumes, he was under no sort of restraint as to pages; and accordingly we have had some six hundred pages a volume. It was stated, also, in the advertisement of the first volume, that the last would "be accompanied by a copious index." When, therefore, the fifth volume appeared, we looked in hope for the said index, somewhat as an Arabian pilgrim looks for water in the mirage that is before him. But alas! there was no such

gratifying symbol of a concluded labor! A sixth volume appeared: our eyes darted mechanically to its close; but the mirage deceived us again; and there was no index. A seventh volume has in turn appeared. The eighth volume is supposed to have been long in progress. Let us hope that the index is preparing!

We will now glance at each of the two volumes—the fifth and the sixth—which we have proposed on this occasion first to review.

The first two chapters of the former—and they are of about a hundred pages each—are devoted to German history, between 1815 and 1848. The one relates to government, the other to its literature. That chapter which deals with German politics is on the whole just and moderate. But it has unfortunately much of that want of interest which we pointed out as inevitably incidental to the scheme of the work, the character of the period, and the treatment of the author. It is in fact not very dissimilar from an analysis of those eminently fascinating periodicals termed the *Augsburg Gazette* and the *Leipsig Zeitung*. In fact, all the narcotic elements of those two journals appear to have been distilled and preserved with singular care and fidelity.

What, however, arrests the attention of the reader as a defect at the very outset of the author's treatment, is what we must term his theory of the infallibility of a Conservative power. No lover of true Conservative principles desires to see such arrogations put forward, because they are obviously untenable, and tend, from the moment that they are analyzed, to produce a recoil which unduly depreciates the force of those principles. These preconceptions in the mind of Sir A. Alison are the more to be deplored, because they lead him into the strangest inaccuracies of fact. Now he contrasts very strongly, and also very justly, the patriotic motives of the German powers in 1813, with the tyrannizing policy of France. No one disputes his reasoning. But he goes on to expatiate on the "extreme moderation of the German demands on the peace," in the following terms:

"From this peculiarity in the German character it was, that after the transcendent and decisive successes which attended the close of the war, the whole nation immediately relapsed into pacific habits and pursuits. Moderation, uni-

paralleled after so many triumphs, regulated their demands in the hour of victory. They neither imitated the example of Louis XIV., who, in many successful campaigns despoiled them of their territories on the left bank of the Rhine; nor of the Russians who have never made peace for a century and a half without an accession of territory; nor of Napoleon, who by the treaty of Tilsit, robbed Prussia of half its dominions in a single (?) campaign. Scarcely a village was taken from France after the double capture of its capital, by the arms of the German nations. 'France as in 1789,' was the basis of the treaties of Paris in 1814 and 1815. To this singular moderation in the hour of victory, the solid foundation and the long continuance of the peace concluded within the French capital is mainly to be ascribed. Had provinces been reft from Old France after the battles of Leipsic and Waterloo, as they were reft from Prussia and Austria, after those of Jena and Wagram, the same heart-burnings and animosities would have been excited."—Vol. v. pp. 2, 3.

It would be difficult to point out any paragraph more superficial in reasoning, and more incorrect. The author argues as though the conditions laid on France in 1814 were similar to those for which Germany went to war in 1813. Now, we venture to assert, that no civilized powers, on the successful close of hostilities, ever made such sweeping demands. If the reader cares to refer to the sixteenth volume of M. Thiers' *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, he will see that the Congress of Prague were ready to give Napoleon, not simply "old France," but the line of the Rhine, the whole of the Low Countries, and the kingdom of Italy. It was, therefore, to keep the French Empire within these colossal limits that Germany went to war. But when the Allies reached Paris, they stripped France of the line of the Rhine, of Holland, and of Italy. So much for moderation in point of territory.

Secondly, the comparison which the author institutes between a body of eight powers and a single despot altogether fails. The three comparisons are "Louis XIV.," the "Russians," and "Napoleon." Now, there is abundant evidence that the German Powers would have done the same as the Bourbons, the Russians, and the Bonapartes, if they had not been restrained by that reciprocal jealousy which constitutes in fact, "the balance of power." As it was, they did not escape being felicitously criticised by Lord John Russell, in his "Essay on the English

Constitution," in being compared, when in Congress at Vienna, to an "assembly of mediæval barons convened to dispose of their serfs." Now, if Sir A. Alison had ever read the Castlereigh Correspondence, he would have met with a very different picture. He would there have seen with what voracity Prussia endeavored to swallow up Saxony, the ally of Napoleon; with what steadfastness Russia clung to the French Grand Duchy of Poland, which ought to have reverted, not to her, but to the Poles themselves; and with what pertinacity the Emperor of Austria adhered to his resolve to declare war against Bavaria, in order to secure a portion of the territories of that state—here also, therefore, the analogy fails.

If we turn lastly, to demands on France herself—to the "moderation" to which Sir A. Alison ascribes the long peace which followed, we shall find in the correspondence of the Duke de Richelieu, that they were so onerous, that the Duke (then Prime Minister of France, in which allied troops were still quartered) announced his resolve of declaring war against Austria, rather than submit to her heavy exactions. The importance of this criticism is, no doubt, rather illustrative than direct. The "facts" and the reasoning are not of great practical import at this day; but they prove two things—the superficiality of the author's view, and the limited extent of his research, even in the published memoirs of his own country.

We will pass to the question of public education. Sir A. Alison has a misanthropic theory, which he cherishes with invincible affection, that the more you pursue national education, the worse you make the nation that you educate. This is certainly an alarming picture for nearly all Europe, and especially so for Great Britain.

We are therefore to assume that the great condition of national moral excellence is *ignorance*; that the essence of public morality is instinct; that its existence is so subtle that secular knowledge would banish it forever. But this is not all. There are degrees of crime proportioned to degrees of education. If you remain *ignorant*, you remain, generally speaking, moral; if you have the misfortune to grow *educated*, your high principles desert you as a nation: but if you chance to become *ENLIGHTENED*, you sink

into a state of crime which it is horrible to contemplate!

The author thus proceeds with his paradoxical theory:

"In Austria there is little commerce or manufactures; the capital only contains 411,000 inhabitants; there are few great towns. The industry of the country is mainly agricultural. Secluded on their little domains, of which they for the most part enjoy the property, the peasants read nothing but the little books prepared for their use by the clergy or government authorities."—P. 14.

Now, even if we concede Sir A. Alison's statistics to be accurate, did it never occur to him to question the correctness of the reasoning that he founded upon them? He asserts that in Prussia education is more widely spread than in Austria; and that crime is also more frequent. Be it so. But does it therefore necessarily follow that the increase of crime is caused by the increase of education? Can he imagine no other influences at work?

Now, in the first place, he tests the extent of crime (and he has no other means of doing so) by the extent of conviction. It is clear that the proportion of *convicted legal* crime to *committed moral* crime in one country may be very different from what it is in another. This difference may arise from three principal and some other secondary causes. It may be that laws are more harsh, and that recognized crimes are more numerous in one than in another. It may be that the practical administration of justice is more slow in one country than in another. It may be that temptations to violate particular laws are more numerous in one than another; and this consideration is of great force, when we know that some codes of jurisprudence are chiefly directed to the repression of moral crime on abstract grounds, while others are chiefly directed to *constitute* crime with a direct view to the special protection of that property which is specially obnoxious to temptation.

Before, therefore, we can found an argument on this analogy, we shall have to examine the criminal law of each country, and the relative efficiency of its judicial system. Nor is this all: we must inquire into the probable accuracy of the returns. This we can not *presume* of countries so alien from each other as Austria and Prus-

sia. How can we conclude, with any strong probability, that the returns made up in Hungary are as careful and reliable as the returns made up within the centralized monarchy of Prussia? And this brings us to yet another distinction, independently of public instruction. The institutions under which the two states are governed are different enough in themselves to account for a wide difference in the results of crime.

It is not the office of a reviewer to point out the exact place which each of these considerations should hold. *That* is the historian's duty. It is our task to indicate the defects in the reasoning on which Sir A. Alison has built up a gigantic paradox; and we think he will have the candor to acknowledge that he has wholly failed to substantiate it.

We will take one more illustration of Sir A. Alison's treatment of German affairs. Let us glance, then, at his view of the Revolutions of 1830. Sir Archibald tells us that these events retarded the development of popular liberty. The mainspring of the great change is to be found, he maintains, not in active cries for reform, but in the warlike spirit which the dread of French invasion evoked. "The warlike spirit," says the author, "became universal in the Prussian youth: it entirely and at once supplanted that of internal discontent." (P. 44.) Now it is very well known to every one but Sir A. Alison, that it was one of the chief results of the revolutionary movements of 1830, to give birth to constitutional government. This was true, not in France, only, but in many of the States of Germany. It is very difficult to see how Sir Archibald makes out his paradox even here. He states that the German movements of 1830 opposed the tendency to political freedom. Yet he describes their result as quenching discontent: and he has before repeatedly asserted that every manifestation of discontent merely brought about a recoil of the previous despotism. It seems therefore that both according to fact, and also according to Sir A. Alison, (whose theory is opposed to fact,) the movements of 1830 favored freedom. It is true that Poland was extinguished during this period: but it is difficult, when we consider the determination of the Czar Nicholas to destroy that state, and the indirect relation of the Polish movement to the movements of Western Eu-

rope, to regard this as a fair illustration. At any rate, it is the only important instance of lost liberty arising out of the events of 1830, which bestowed freedom in many other instances.

The cause of this distinction in the results of the movement of 1830, and of that of 1848, rests in the fact, that the former was a social and the latter an anti-social movement. The middle classes joined with the civil power in putting down the revolutionary spirit in 1848, because it was directed against society in general; but they supported the movements of 1830, which were commonly directed in the interest of society. Sir A. Alison, however, does not appear to perceive this distinction: and he inveighs against them with equal and indiscriminate violence. The spirit of 1830 was the spirit of reform: the spirit of 1848 was the spirit of destruction.

It certainly affords an amusing evidence of Sir A. Alison's defective knowledge of the plainest and most important events of his own time, to peruse his frequent tirades against the separation of Holland and Belgium. The constitutional monarchy of Leopold is the *bête noire* of his foreign politics. It haunts him through each phasis of continental affairs. He thinks each shock or crisis in France must extinguish it. Yet it stands before him as a dogged, intrusive specter, that will not vanish. Whenever such a crisis happens, he rubs his eyes, and looks again, to see if it be not at length gone. He forgets the true Conservatism of his own land, that consists in a just distribution of power, and a fair representation of classes; and when he diverges to the continent he wonders that any other government than a pure despotism can be firm and stable. But what is more important is his extraordinary misconception of the manner in which Belgium arrived at independence in 1830 and 1832:

"Still greater was the impression produced in Germany by the *entente cordiale* which ensued between France and England in consequence of the Reform Revolution in the latter country. When the reality and sincerity of this new and unprecedented alliance were evinced in the union of the two kingdoms to support the pretensions of Belgium against Holland, and the junction of the fleets of the one power with the armies of the other to effect the reduction of the citadel of Antwerp, a universal consternation seized the whole of Germany. It seemed impossible that Germany

could avoid being drawn into the quarrel; for the King of the Netherlands had appealed, as Grand Duke of Luxemburg, to the Diet of Frankfort, to protect him in his rights to that Duchy which formed part of the Confederation."—P. 46.

It appears, then, that Sir A. Alison is not aware that the Great Powers generally were consenting parties to the pacification of the Low Countries by France and Great Britain: and in effect, that the two latter Powers acted nearly as directly on behalf of the rest, as Austria, under the direction of the Congresses of Laybach and Proppaw, acted in Italy in behalf of her allies; and as France, under the directions of the Congress of Verona, acted in their behalf in Spain.

We return Sir A. Alison our best acknowledgments for his laudable desire of describing German literature and German art during this period. The subject, we admit, is one of great difficulty. Few writers of history can be supposed to be masters of the poetry, the historic writing, the philosophy, the science, the sculpture, the painting, and the music, of a great and intellectual people during some thirty years. Of defects, therefore, every critic must be tolerant. But we hardly think Sir A. Alison was exactly the writer to have encountered a task involving such varied knowledge, such exquisite taste, and such deep thought. When Sir Archibald deals with German historians, he is true and accurate enough. The field is a cognate one. Take, however, the great subject of German painting, which the author hastily and crudely dismisses in two paragraphs:

"The modern school of German painting is not less characteristic of the combined caution and daring, imitation and originality, industry and genius, which nature appears to have impressed as its signet-mark on the Teutonic race. In portrait-painting it has by no means attained the level of Titian or Vandyck, of Reynolds or of Raeburn: perhaps the existing society in Germany does not afford sufficient encouragement for such a school to arise in that department of art. But it is otherwise in landscape painting: in that branch the German masters have attained an eminence beyond their contemporaries in any other country of Europe, and, in some respects, on a level with the finest remains of ancient art."—P. 162.

Now it happens that it is precisely in landscape painting, as nearly every tourist

knows, that German art has made least progress. The whole genius of modern Germany has been peculiarly directed to what we may term the representation of thought, not to the representation of the picturesque. It is to be observed, also, that Sir A. Alison smoothly generalizes through his subject without mentioning either painting or painter! There is not a word either of Kaulbach or Cornelius—probably the two greatest painters of modern Germany, and distinctively the painters of portraits, figures, and groups.

Neither is there a single word in this treatise on the extraordinary development to which painting on glass has attained at Munich. Nothing is more rare than to see such painting really artistic; and its excellence in Bavaria at this day presents the most striking feature in the whole range of German art.

In speaking of sculpture there is some approach to accuracy. But, again, there are many laughable errors. Rauch, the apostle of Prussian art in sculpture, is spelt Rausch; and we are referred to his *bronzes* as the chief indications of his talent, whereas it is admitted without dissent in Germany, that his master-pieces are in marble. The author deals with much vague encomium on the Walhalla,* on account of its similarity to the Parthenon: but if he entered the building, he would have noticed the celebrated statue of Stein, the Prussian statesman, by that sculptor which is probably the greatest achievement that the chisel has ever worked.

Let us pass to domestic politics. We will glance at Sir Archibald's chapter on the Reform of Parliament. We are quite ready to agree with him that the present House of Commons is any thing but a perfect body. It was not permanently constituted in 1832; and the divergence between it and the classes of society now, is greater than it was a quarter of a century ago. The result, indeed, could hardly have been otherwise. Its composition was not framed by a single party acting according to their own views. It was the result of a clash of interests, of sentiments,

and of sympathies. The ministry was nearly as often beaten on questions of detail as the opposition. No other result can, therefore, have been expected, but the result which happened. It was altogether a defective measure, and it satisfied no party in the State.

But, with these views, we certainly do not concur with Sir A. Alison, that the old constitution was every thing that was excellent. The panegyric which he pronounces on that obsolete and defunct form of polity is quite startling. He tells us that its distinctive virtue was, that every interest was represented by it. It is strange, if so, that the representation should have been so unavailing—that our laws in that day teemed with class legislation. It is only just to observe that Sir A. Alison does combat the question whether our legislation was class legislation or not, and that he gives his reasons for asserting that it was not. But the manner in which he argues the point is rather amusing. He takes the corn laws, the West-India interest, and a few other instances. He then asserts that, as *each* of these interests was protected, there could have been no class legislation.

Now, of course, the question is, whether these interests were coextensive with the aggregate interests of the community, or whether they merely represented rival monopolies. It is very easy to protect a certain number of monopolies, and to be preeminently unjust to the mass of society. We do not care to enter upon the question of the real tendency of these measures. To do so would be beside our duty. It is our place to write criticism and not politics; and to point out to Sir A. Alison that he has not by any means made out his position as a controversial argument. He does not attempt to grapple with the question between himself and his opponents—whether these interests were monopolies or general benefits? We do not profess to entertain controversial politics; and we simply indicate to Sir Archibald the shortcomings of his argumentation.

Moreover, the author, occasionally, in displaying his political prepossessions, hurls upon himself the keenest and most unconscious sarcasm. At p. 359 of Vol. V. we meet with a paragraph entitled "*Extreme wordiness of the new House, and new regulations in consequence.*" It runs thus:

* A modern white marble palace on the north bank of the Danube, 300 feet above the water; five miles below Ratishon, and filled with marble busts and statuary of eminent men of past ages, surpassing in beauty of execution any we have seen in Italy, save that of ancient Greece. Americans abroad lose much who do not visit it.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

"Important as these divisions were, as testing the strength of the two extreme parties in the House of Commons from whom most danger was to be apprehended, they yet yielded in consequence to the impression which the debate on the address produced on the country. It lasted *nine nights*—from January 30th to February 9th—and never were fervent hopes and highly-wrought expectations more disappointed than by its result. *Wordiness was its grand characteristic*; and if there is any thing more than another which wears out the patience, and cools the fervor of political ambition, it is a copious effusion of words."—P. 359.

We think Sir A. Alison has spoken with no common truth; and that a reason may suggest itself to him, on the basis of so just a remark, for the declining popularity of his own history. "Wordiness" truly is the great characteristic of this history; nor has any thing "cooled" our own "fervor" for it more effectually than his "copious effusion of words." But Sir A. Alison tells us that, in the House of Commons, in reference to this wordiness, there were "new regulations in consequence." The literary public is less fortunate. We fear that there are no "new regulations" to curb the inveterate wordiness of Sir Archibald himself.

The chapters in the author's sixth volume, which sketch the progress of legislative reform, consequent on the reconstruction of the House of Commons, are, certainly, a faithful exposé of our constitutional history in a period of general change. Nor are we much misled by the author's reasoning. The reforms are all of a subordinate character; and they are not capable of being made a theme of high-flown constitutional tirades. What the public have long wanted has been a history of our domestic politics since 1830. Mr. Roebuck, it is true, has written a history of "The Whig Ministry." This, however, is simply the history of Lord Grey's Administration; and it deals with few other reforms than the great measure of 1832. It was not until after the return the Whigs to power in 1835, that they *systematized* the principle of Reform, and carried out its precepts in reference to nearly every department of the State.

We will not say that Sir A. Alison has supplied the want of which we speak; but he has at any rate filled a gap. That it should have been supplied fully was as impossible in such a work, as it was impossible from such an author. The work is too diffuse in its scope, and the author is

too much biased. It is but just to observe, however, that Sir Archibald has very faithfully recorded the progress of such questions as the "Scotch Burgh Reform," the "Municipal Corporation Reform," "Ecclesiastical Reform," and the "Poor Law Reform." His view of our colonial history, so far as *facts* are concerned, is lucid, and, we believe, also accurate. It is when the author enters upon political dissertations, that he depreciates so greatly the character of his work. Narrative is his forte; sagacious, philosophical induction, his preëminent weakness.

He has certainly a happy method of relieving dry detail by anecdote. These anecdotes, it is true, occasionally extend themselves into rather long descriptions; which, while they keep alive the interest and insure the amusement of the reader, are somewhat impolitic interpolations on the part of a writer, who has not a happy style. They bring his own writing into invidious contrast. It is thus that Sir Archibald refreshes us with the admirable description which Sydney Smith has left us of Lord Melbourne:

"'Viscount Melbourne,' says Sydney Smith, 'declared himself quite satisfied with the Church as it stood! but if the public had any desire to alter it, they might do so if they pleased. He might have said the same of the monarchy, or of any other of our institutions; and there is in the declaration a permissiveness and good-humor, which, in public men, has seldom been exceeded. Carelessness, however, is but a poor imitation of genius; and the formation of a wise and well-reflected plan of reform, conduces more to the lasting fame of a minister, than the affected contempt of duty, which every man sees to be mere vanity, and a vanity of no very high description. Every thing about him seems to betoken careless desolation; every one would suppose from his manner, that he was playing at chuck-farthing with human happiness; that he would giggle away the Great Charter, and decide it by the method of teetotum, whether my Lords the Bishops should retain their seats in the House of Lords. All this is the mere vanity of *surprising*, and making us believe he can play with kingdoms, as other men can with nine-pins. I can not however, allow to this minister, the merit of indifference to his actions: I believe him to be conscientiously alive to the good or the evil he is doing; and that his caution has more than once arrested the gigantic projects of the Lycurgus [Lord John Russell] of the other House. I am sorry to be obliged to brush away the magnificent fabric of levity and gayety that he has reared; but, while I accuse our minister of honesty and diligence, I deny that he is careless or rash;

he is nothing more than a man of good understanding and good principles, disguised in the external and somewhat wearisome affection of a political *roué*.'—Vol. vi. pp. 161-2.

We suspect this happy characterization of Lord Melbourne was written when Sydney Smith had lost his hopes of a Bishopric. It is not too just for a Whig; but it is too severe for a courtier. There are some descriptions of Sydney Smith's which are too excellent to be abbreviated, and this is undoubtedly one of them.

One of the oddest misconceptions in this part of Sir A. Alison's history, is the idea of the author, that we are being ruled by a Saxe-Cobourg dynasty. It is thus that he tells us of the Queen's marriage in 1840:

"Thus did the family of Saxe-Cobourg ascend the throne of England—a memorable event in British annals, when it is recollected that, since the Conquest in 1066, only five changes in the reigning family had taken place—the Normans, the Plantagenets, the Tudors, the Stuarts, and the Hanoverians. The nation had good reason to congratulate itself that on this occasion the scepter had passed to a new family, not by the rude grasp of conquest, or amidst the agonies of civil war, but by the free choice of a young princess, the undoubted sovereign of the realm, who, in singleness of heart, bestowed her hand on the deserved object of her youthful predilection."—Vol. vi. p. 391.

It is certainly somewhat startling to be told that the House of Brunswick has ceased to reign. Sir A. Alison's declaration reminds us of the formal announcements of Bonaparte—the imperial King-maker and King-dethroner—that particular dynasties which were, from time to time, objects of his enmity, had ceased to exist. But is it true as a fact? We pass over the uncourtierlike *prévoyance*, that the time will come when Her Majesty will cease to rule these realms; and the suggestion is not a very grateful return for his baronetcy; for sovereigns are usually supposed to live forever. But the matter which he really intends to bring before us, is one of very deep interest. Does our reigning House expire, as such, because the inheritance is transmitted through the female line? We think not. Precedents, no doubt, are in some degree arbitrary and conflicting. The House of Brunswick was regarded as a distinct house from that of Stuart, because the descent was not lineal; and also because a reigning family had come over from Germany to reign in this country.

If Prince Albert had come over from Germany on the death of William IV., as collateral heir to the crown, to rule these kingdoms, undoubtedly the reigning house would have been changed. This was the manner in which George I. took the crown from Anne; and in which James I. took it from Elizabeth. This was chiefly true also of the House of Tudor: for Henry VII. was no heir of his predecessor on the throne. When we ascend to the Houses of York and Lancaster, we find the same want of direct succession: the House of Normandy, too, was as closely related to the dynasty which preceded the conquest, as the Stuarts were related to the Tudors, or the Brunswicks to the Stuarts. The line of Plantagenet is the only exception (and that a questionable one) to these concurrent precedents.

It is impossible, therefore, to say from precedent, that the marriage of the Queen with Prince Albert, and the birth of heirs by that marriage, is an event which threatens the extinction of the House of Brunswick, and the substitution of the House of Saxe-Cobourg. We apprehend that if the children of Queen Anne, by Prince George of Denmark, had survived her, they would by no means have mounted the throne of Great Britain as the House of Denmark. That the distinctive title of House of Orange was given to the throne during the reign of William III. arose from the fact that he was chief of the House of Orange when he came over to this country; and (more than all) that he was a revolutionary Prince. There was scarcely a question of *title* entertained. He was a grandson of Charles I., indeed; but he did not ascend the throne as his grandson. If he had contended for the crown as a Stuart, his claim would have been defeated at once. The precedent of foreign countries is as strong as our own. Austria is still held to be governed by the Hapsburgs, even though Maria Theresa married Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and left the throne to the issue of that marriage. It is true that the dynasty is called the House of "Lorraine-Hapsburg;" but the collocation of the letters, shows that the name of "Lorraine" has been shelved, even though Francis was no more Prince Consort, but Emperor of Germany in his own right. With all due deference, therefore, to Sir A. Alison, we hold that the Prince of

Wales is heir apparent of the House of Brunswick, and that the House of Brunswick alone can be impersonated in him.

That portion of these two volumes which is at this moment of highest interest, is probably the author's detail of our Indian campaigns and of our Indian administration. Very little has been known of the civil and military history of India during the last thirty years. When we consider that even the sixth volume, in which it is contained, was written previously to the outbreak of the recent mutinies, credit must be given to the author for the laborious manner in which he has amassed facts, for which there then could have seemed little prospect of a recompense. The event has decided contrary to the anticipation; and we believe that it is more particularly to this, than to any other circumstance, that the sixth volume has owed its circulation.

It is certainly surprising that such incidents as Sir A. Alison records, should not have opened the eyes of the Indian Government, to the perilous precipice on which their power rested. The mutiny for instance of 1824, at Barrackpore, is one which, when we calmly read of it at this day, renders it surprising that a period of thirty-three years should have followed, without a general outbreak.

"An event of a very painful character occurred at the commencement of the Burmese war, which proved the precarious foundation on which our Indian Empire rested, and the necessity of 'conquest to existence,' as strongly felt there as by the French Revolutionists, or Napoleon in Europe. In September, 1824, a dispute arose between the 47th Native Infantry stationed at Barrackpore, and the Government, about the party which was bound to be at the expense of providing bullocks to carry the extra baggage of the sepoys, who had been ordered to prepare to march into the Burmese territories. . . . Tardy concessions, however, arrived too late to extinguish the spirit of discontent, which, from this cause, and the general unpopularity of the Burmese war, from its being carried on beyond the sea, had seized a large part of the native troops. The men were ordered to parade on the 30th of October in marching order; but they refused to obey, and declared they would not go to Rangoon or elsewhere by sea, or march at all by land unless they had double batta, or marching allowances. Two regiments besides the 47th were ascertained to share these sentiments."—Vol. vi. p. 258.

This mutiny, singularly originating

with three regiments at Barrackpore like that of our own day, was thus dealt with:

"Matters had now reached such a point, that the speedy suppression of the revolt was indispensable, at whatever cost of life; for the concessions demanded, by justice, if now made, would have been ascribed all over India to fear, and given a fatal blow to the moral ascendancy of Great Britain. In this crisis, the conduct of the military chiefs was vigorous and decided. Sir Edward Paget, so famed in the Peninsular wars, arrived from Calcutta, accompanied by the 1st Royals, 47th Regiment, and a battery of Light Artillery, and a part of the Governor-General's body-guard. The forces intended to act against the mutineers, both in front and rear, having taken their ground, the latter were informed that their fate would depend on their obedience to the order they were about to receive. The command was to 'order arms,' which was instantly obeyed; but to the next, 'ground arms,' a few only yielded obedience. Upon this, on a signal given, the guns in the rear opened with grape, and a few discharges dispersed the mutineers, who were hotly pursued by the dragoons, a few cut down, but great numbers taken, of whom three were executed, and several sentenced to hard labor in irons, for various terms. The 47th Regiment was erased from the army list, and the European officers transferred to other regiments. Thus terminated this dangerous mutiny."—P. 380.

This is very well told; and we have reason to think it accurate. There are many other points relating to India which are not less apt. Thus, Sir A. Alison describes the progress of the system of abstracting from the army all officers of capacity, for the sake of civil and diplomatic offices. This, however, is certainly done better by Sir Charles Napier:

"With whatever diplomatic advantages such a practice may be attended, nothing is more certain than that it was in the last degree prejudicial to the army. It not only deprived the officers, so abstracted, of a large part of their military experience, but it rendered them strangers to their men. Neither had confidence in the other, because neither knew each other."—P. 547.

The great evil, however, rested in the fact, that every man of ability was systematically withdrawn. It was thus that the army was so devoid of a body of skillful officers. The men who were left in charge of the army, were not simply without ability, but effeminate. It is to the combination of stupidity and effeminacy that Sir Charles Napier chiefly ascribed the evil which he distinctly foresaw.

The political transactions of Lord William Bentinck's administration; the restoration of the passage by the Red Sea; the *interim* government of Sir C. Metcalfe; and the liberation of the Indian press, are all matters of public interest, in which Sir A. Alison has been fortunate as regards his selection, and more so than in point of execution.

We have not, however, the space to follow him; but while we entertain these notions of the momentary utility of his choice, in dilating at this length on Indian affairs, we are not of opinion that it is one which will tend to the ultimate value of his history. It will rather lessen that value. The importance of the Indian crisis will lead to the writing of a good history of the India of the last half-century. The defects of administration will, before long, be more clearly traced than they can possibly have been traced by Sir A. Alison; who (by extending the compass of his treatment of India) will have enlarged the proportion of his work, which will be put to unfavorable contrast with forthcoming works on India. It is an old and a true saying, however, that "beggars must not be choosers;" and Sir A. Alison has so marred his earlier volumes by indefensible paradoxes, wearisome and inaccurate statistics, vain verbiage, and twenty other incongruities, that he is obliged to accept a little factitious popularity, by falling in with the sympathies of the moment. This, we believe, has alone kept his sixth volume alive; and we much doubt if he have found many readers for his seventh, or will meet with more for his eighth.

The seventh volume, which has but lately appeared, strikingly indicates the fatal defect on which Sir A. Alison's whole design is based. The author is compelled to wade through the dreary annals of countries with which his own countrymen have no sympathies, and to describe events in which his imagination is certainly not ardent enough to inspire popular interest. In this volume, however, Sir Archibald's history extends nearly into our own times; and the sketches that it affords of the latter years of the Orleans dynasty possess an attraction which tends to counterbalance the wearisome prolixity to which he stretches the *effete* question of the Corn Law Repeal, and his own doomed opinions thereon.

It may be a graceless task to make perpetual complaint towards an author who gives us something more than a volume a year; but it is certain that any critic would fail in his duty who suffered to pass unchallenged the characteristics of contemporary French statesmen which form a prominent part in Sir Archibald's French chapters. Let us glance, for example, at the following monstrous distortion of the character and antecedents of M. Thiers, which (though we never rated Sir A. Alison's knowledge of contemporary character very high) reads like a burlesque on the author's own want of knowledge:

"Never was contrast more complete than was exhibited by the great rival of the Conservative minister, [Guizot,] M. Thiers. Headless of principle, he was devoted to ambition; careless of consistency, he was set only on self-elevation. There is no side in politics which he has not embraced in his long career; but in these various espousals of different interests there was not only no inconsistency, but there was the most thorough uniformity in the motives of action. There was no side for which he ever contended, there was no motion to which he ever gave his support, in which he had not clearly before his eyes the polar star of interest."—P. 498.

We entirely acquit Sir A. Alison of any desire to depreciate, by this blind censure, a rival historian, by whom he has himself been immeasurably surpassed in power of execution. It is not, apparently, one of Sir Archibald's failings to show jealousy of other writers. We believe, indeed, the truth to be, that he is too prejudiced against all professors of liberal opinions to be able to discern merits which he would readily concede, if they were of the "right color."

But the criticism shows that the author knows absolutely nothing of M. Thiers' career. Far from being "careless of consistency," it is probable that no man ever clung so heroically to one profession of political opinion. Under Louis Philippe, under the Republic, and under the Third Napoleon, he was an equally firm and avowed supporter of constitutional monarchy; and there is no doubt, that, if he had been ready to change his opinions in 1848, as Sir A. Alison pretends he was ever willing to do, he might then have led the French Republic; or that, if he had avoided this inconsistency, he might more recently have been the Prime Minister of the Empire.

The following passage betrays, however, some shadow of justice :

"M. Thiers was the true orator of the middle classes ; and it was to the ability with which he followed out that career that his popularity and influence were chiefly owing. He never attempted to lead, and rarely opposed them ; he put himself in the rear of opinion, not in its front. A man of expedience—light, airy, plausible—he seldom appealed to principle, and never to the great foundation of morality and religion."—P. 498.

There *may* be some force in *this* censure. M. Thiers undoubtedly has not given the prominent recognition to the highest springs of action, which we should desire to witness as actuating every public man. But were we forced to choose, we doubt whether we should not prefer the extreme to which M. Thiers has suffered himself to be led, to the opposite extreme of Sir A. Alison, who invokes doctrines of transcendental metaphysics to aid him in his condemnation of a contracted currency !

Let us take the following sketch of M. de Lamartine :

"Lamartine differed widely from both these very eminent men ; and in his public career is to be discerned the clearest proof of the unfitness of the 'literary character' to meet the dangers and withstand the temptations of real life in arduous times. Never did genius appear in brighter colors ; never was lofty and chivalrous sentiment couched in more eloquent and touching language than flowed from his persuasive lips ; never was courage more determined sustained by feeling more exalted. Descended from an ancient and noble family, he inherited from his ancestors the feelings of disinterested loyalty. Abreast of his age in thought, he inhaled the whole spirit of modern philanthropy. Monarchical in principle, religious in sentiment, benevolent in feeling, brilliant in conception, eloquent in expression, enjoying unbounded popularity, he seemed to unite all that was reasonable in the associations of the olden time with all that was required by the wants of the present."—P. 500.

After drawing this picture, which represents by much more what M. de Lamartine *was not*, than what he *was*, the author tries to explain, in the next paragraph, the singular opposition between such a view of his character and the known facts of the case :

"The secret of his discreditable tergiversation not only in action but in thought, is to be found in that common and lamentable weakness of men of genius, *personal vanity*. After hav-

ing earned for himself a high and honorable place in the Chambers, by several years' service as representative for Macon, he aspired, in 1841, to become its President. Had he succeeded in that object, he would, without doubt, have attached himself permanently to the throne, and been found alongside of M. Guizot when the Revolution broke out."—P. 501.

Thus far, therefore, M. de Lamartine is represented as a staunch Conservative. Let us see how Sir Archibald turns him into a Republican :

"But having been approved by Government, and foiled in attaining the object of his ambition, his next move was to win a place of distinction by taking a place in the opposition. This it was which made him support the regency of the Duchess of Orleans : he aspired to be her prime minister, in the probable event of the crown opening to her son during minority, by the demise of Louis Philippe. *He himself tells us* that by a word in the Chamber, on the 23d February, 1848, he could have put the Regent's crown on the head of the Duchess of Orleans, and secured the succession for her son ; but being blinded by vanity and dazzled by ambition, he then aspired to nothing less than becoming Dictator himself, and for a few weeks he actually enjoyed a perilous and divided share of Government."—P. 501.

But "he does not tell us," also, that he was "blinded by vanity and dazzled by ambition ;" the inference is Sir A. Alison's own, and it springs from the fact that Sir Archibald has misconceived the character of Lamartine as widely as that of Thiers. Why should this writer throw such a slur on the motives of this eminent man ? Why assume that it was for mere "vanity and ambition's" sake that he declined to promote the regency of the Duchess, when his antecedent writings, when his antecedent speeches in the Chambers, had breathed a spirit of undisguised Republicanism on which no other Deputy would have ventured ? Lamartine's Republicanism (as any man who had carefully read his writings or had glanced at his orations would have known) long preceded the Revolution of 1848 ; and his sanction of the scheme of the Regency, on the death of the Duke of Orleans, when the King was still firm on the throne, was an expedient in which the most consistent Republican might have acquiesced, as a means of securing the transmission of the powers of Government under the only polity that was then practicable.

The following sketch of Louis Blanc is very just :

"M. Louis Blanc belonged to a different school from either Lamartine or Marrast, but it was one which, in the end, proved more formidable to society than the ambition of either of these men. A philanthropic fanatic, deeply impressed with the social evils around him, ignorant of the real cause to which they were owing, and without any of the practical knowledge that might have served to correct his visionary speculations, he aimed at founding a new sect in politics, and establishing a new order in society. . . . Under his system, the whole territory of France was to be divided, as among the fellahs of Egypt, or the ryots of Hindostan, among certain communities or convents, by whom every thing was to be enjoyed in common; and the last stage of European civilization was to be the general establishment of Asiatic socialism, and the despotism of the Pharaohs."—P. 504.

Let us turn to the catastrophe of Sir R. Peel's administration in 1846. Sir A. Alison has not, even in his seventh volume, lost a particle of his veneration for the old corn laws. Sir Archibald excuses the conduct of the Duke of Wellington at the expense of Sir Robert Peel; and it is no light thing for him to excuse any man, living or dead, on such a matter. The extraordinary want of thought in the following criticism, indicates that Sir A. Alison does not grow more logical as he grows older :

"The truth was, that the Duke of Wellington's habits of military obedience had rendered one principle in his breast paramount to all others, and that was, *duty to his sovereign and country in moments of danger*. This duty he felt himself bound to discharge, even at the hazard of his own consistency. If there is much to admire in this noble feeling, which certainly is that which should ever animate a soldier's breast, *there is much to dread in it when it becomes the guide of a statesman's career*."—P. 194.

We should ourselves have imagined that "duty to one's sovereign and country" at all times, but especially "in times of danger," ought to be the very highest "guide of a statesman's career." Sir A. Alison meets us, on the contrary, with the astounding proposition, that "duty to one's sovereign and country" is "much to be dreaded"!!!

Let us see next how Sir Archibald deals with Sir Robert Peel for his share in this transaction :

"But though these circumstances, joined to

peculiar habits and a military life, may vindicate the Duke of Wellington for his sudden conversion on this subject, no similar apology can be admitted for Sir R. Peel. He created the necessity to which the Duke of Wellington yielded. There was no earthly (?) necessity for repealing the corn laws prospectively in January, 1846, *to take effect three years after*, whatever there may have been to open the ports entirely, by an order in council at the moment. The engrafting of a *permanent change of policy on a temporary calamity*, was a *gratuitous and uncalled-for measure* on his part, which never should have been adopted but with the *full concurrence of the party which had placed him in power*. There was plenty of time to do so. *He had three years to think of it*, and select his own opportunity for making the communication; and, if not acquiesced in, of resigning office, without inconvenience to the Queen's service, and supporting free trade as a private individual."—P. 221.

Never was a paragraph so full of indefensible crotchets. We are first told that Sir R. Peel "*created the necessity*" to which the Duke yielded. Sir A. Alison appears to ignore the fact that the settlement of this question sprang, not from the conversion of the minister, but from the mere growth of public knowledge, of which he, as the minister, was the organ.

Again, we read that "there was no earthly necessity for repealing the corn laws *prospectively* in January, 1846, *to take effect three years after*." It is surely obvious, that, let the statute enacting the repeal have been carried when it may, so great a change to existing interests could only have been carried after a considerable notice; and, in fact, it was carried by the gradual diminution of the duty during each of the three intervening years. Does Sir Archibald imagine that it would have consulted the interests of the country, that the illusion of free trade should have been maintained for three more years, and in 1849 the duties have been suddenly swept away, without gradual diminution or even notice?

Once more—"to engraft a permanent change of policy on a temporary calamity was a *gratuitous and uncalled-for measure*." Really, every one is aware that the repeal of the corn laws was dictated by solid and permanent principles, which bore but a casual relation to the Irish famine, and would be not less applicable in 1849 than in 1846. At any rate, during the twelve years that have elapsed since the passing of the law, no attempt has been made for its revocation, *either on the*

ground of its special applicability to a period gone by, or to any other.

The following is Sir Archibald's sketch of Lord George Bentinck, the type of his party :

"Born of the ducal house of Portland, he inherited from his long line of ancestors [it happens that the founder of his family was a mere adventurer under William III.] the genuine Whig principles by which they have always been distinguished. Early in life he was for three years private secretary to Mr. Canning, who was married to a sister of the Duchess of Portland; and under his tuition he combined with the old principles of the family, the wide philanthropic views so eloquently supported by that brilliant Parliamentary leader."—P. 296.

The great Protectionist leader seems to have been a cross between a Whig and a Canningite. The following view of his shortcomings is just :

"He was, comparatively speaking, inexperienced in debate, was little skilled in oratory and was by no means gifted by nature with the physical qualities which are generally so powerful in ruling popular assemblies. His person was tall, his figure fine, and his air commanding; but his voice was shrill and feeble, and when he began to speak, he generally labored under what was to his auditors a painful hesitation in expression."—P. 297.

Sir Archibald's eulogy is, however, carried far beyond justice. Thus, he writes of Lord George :

"Free from prejudices, his large mind sympathized with all classes of the realm. His courage and constancy were never surpassed by man. *He valued life only as a means of fulfilling duty; and truly may it be said of him, that he feared nothing but God.*"—P. 296.

To describe a man who had sat in Parliament during twenty years, and who during seventeen of those twenty had been known simply as a Steward of the Jockey Club, as "valuing life only for the means of fulfilling public duty," is too absurd to call for the slightest comment. Moreover, independently of the manner in which all but the three last years of Lord George Bentinck's life were wasted, he was by no means the noble-minded man which he is described. When Sir Robert Peel had given to the calumnies brought against him by Lord George a refutation which satisfied Lord John Russell and the Whig leaders in opposition, Bentinck, instead of withdrawing accusations, of the falsity of which every other speaker

had declared himself convinced, rose in his place, and recklessly repeated them, without caring to offer another argument, or another circumstance in their support.

We turn to Sir A. Alison's narrative of the French Revolution of February, 1848. The incidents are recorded with a good deal of graphic power; they are, we believe, at least as faithful as those which have lately been published by Lord Normanby, and are drawn from the French writings which have appeared on the subject during the last ten years. After describing the insidious conduct of the National Guard in thrusting themselves between the mob and the regulars, somewhat as armed mediators, with a view at once of supporting the Revolution, and of obviating a direct collision, the author tells us :

"In this extremity a council was hastily summoned in the King's Cabinet, in the Tuilleries, which the Queen was invited to attend. M. Guizot was, from a feeling of delicacy, absent. The first words she uttered were : 'If M. Guizot has the slightest feeling of devotion to the King and to France, he will not remain an hour longer in power—he is ruining the King.' 'Madame,' replied M. Duchâtel, 'M. Guizot is determined, like all his colleagues, to defend to the last extremity, if necessary, the King and the monarchy; but he has no intention, any more than ourselves, of forcing himself on the Crown.' 'Do not say such things,' interrupted the King, 'if M. Guizot knew —.' I desire nothing more than that he should know,' resumed the Queen. 'I would say that to himself: I esteem him sufficiently for that: he is a man of honor, and will understand me.'"—P. 726.

M. Duchâtel then went for M. Guizot. In his absence the Duke of Montpensier proposed the transmission of a message to the Chambers, conceding Parliamentary Reform. When M. Guizot arrived, Sir Archibald represents the King as unwilling to accept his resignation :

" 'I would rather abdicate,' said he. 'You can not do that, my friend,' replied the Queen; 'you belong to France, not to yourself.' 'True,' replied the King, 'I am more to be pitied than my ministers—I can not resign.' "

At length policy seemed to triumph over friendship, and the King himself suggested a resignation :

"Then turning to M. Guizot, he said : 'Do you believe, my dear President, that the Cabinet is in a situation to make head against the storm, and to triumph over it?' 'Sire,' replied

M. Guizot, 'when the King proposes such a question, he himself answers it. The Cabinet may be in a condition to gain the victory in the streets, but it can not conquer at the same time the royal family and the crown. To throw a doubt on its support in the Tuileries is to destroy it in the exercise of its power. The Cabinet has no alternative but to retire.' The King then consulted his ministers for a few minutes as to who should be sent for to construct a new ministry, and Count Molé was mentioned. He, then, shedding tears, embraced his ministers, who were not less affected. 'How happy you are,' said the King: 'you depart with honor; I remain with shame!'"

Sir A. Alison thus sketches one of the most determining incidents of the Revolution :

"A small detachment, armed with sabers and pikes, broke off from the main body on the Boulevards, and moved towards the Hotel of Foreign Affairs, occupied by M. Guizot, in front of which a battalion of infantry was stationed, in consequence of its having been attacked the preceding evening. . . The crowd halted at the line of bayonets which barred the street, and the horse of the Commander reared and fell backwards in the line, which closed and surrounded its chief. At this moment, when the battalion was standing with loaded pieces in their hands, a shot was discharged by Lagrange at the soldiers, and they, deeming themselves attacked, replied by a volley which killed or wounded fifty men."

The manner in which the mob availed themselves of this incident is well described :

"Hardly had the unhappy persons who were killed or wounded fallen, than as many of them as it could contain were placed in a large wagon, apparently brought up with the crowd for the occasion. On it they were skillfully arranged with artistic talent for theatrical effect, the bloody wounds being carefully exposed to view, and the whole surmounted by a female figure half-naked, who had fallen in the fray. When the hideous mass was thoroughly arranged, the cry was 'To the *National*;' and thither they went, surrounded by a crowd every instant increasing, and in the highest state of excitement."

When they reached the doors of the *Réforme*, Sir A. Alison says :

"There the crowd was harangued by the leaders, who represented them as the bodies of those who had fallen under a cruel and vindictive tyranny. No one suspected what was the truth, that the conflict had been got up, without a thought of its victims, to add to the excitement and fury of the people. From the office of the *Réforme* the procession continued

its course all night by torchlight through Paris, surrounded by a dense crowd, in a frantic state of excitement, shouting and howling aloud, and spreading consternation and the thirst for vengeance wherever they went."

The King of the French would have made head against the Revolution but for the timidity of his own counsels. Paris had been given up to the military, and (under himself) Marshal Bugeaud was the only depositary of power in Paris. The success of the troops on the last night of the insurrection is thus told :

"The orders were to advance rapidly forward, and destroy all the barricades on their passage, and await further orders when they had reached the point to which they were ordered to advance. Such was the vigor employed in the movements, that by seven the whole columns had reached their points of destination, except the second, which was a little behind. . . . Twenty-five thousand men, who had advanced in the four columns, had done the whole, and had done it by the mere force of an advance, without firing a shot. The barricades had all been surmounted and leveled, the important posts occupied, Paris was militarily won, the victory gained, the horrors of revolution arrested."

The result, however, was just the converse of the saying, that the darkest hour is next the dawn; and the illusion of victory vanished in an instant :

"At this moment, Marshal Bugeaud received an order, signed by Thiers and Odillon Barrot, to cease the combat and withdraw the troops. He at first refused to obey it unless accompanied by an order under the sign-manual of the King; but soon one, signed by the Duke de Nemours, compelled submission."—P. 784.

The advice of the new ministers for the withdrawal of the troops, was, of course, fatal towards a sort of Asiatic mob, who would construe every concession into fear. The conflict of counsels is happily described by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, where he designs Astutio for M. Guizot, at the moment of his critical advice to the King :

"'A Hydra, sire, a Hercules demands,
So, if not Hercules, assume his vizard.'
The advice is good, the Vandal wrings his hands,
Kicks out the sage and rushes to a wizard;
The wizard waves his wand, disarms the sentry,
And wondrous man, enchants the mob—
with entry!"

We prefer the account of this tragedy

by Sir A. Alison to the account by Lord Normanby; and we are truly glad to part from our author with a word of eulogy. We fear however, that that these incidental gleams of interest will not materially affect the general credit of his history; and that the opinion of the literary world already is, that Sir Archibald has by no means added to his repute by his *Continuation of the History of Europe*.

From Tait's Magazine.

MARRIAGE AND THE ROMANCE OF LIFE.

AMONG the ethical commonplaces never done with is the relation of marriage to "the romance of life." It is really a very simple matter, if approached with a *little* reserve of experience and with complete intellectual as well as moral sincerity. I am reminded of it by seeing a passage from the remains of a deceased gentleman, in whom what was wanting was the experience, not the sincerity. The passage is as follows:

"The romance of life gone! when with the humblest and most sordid cares of life are intimately associated the calm delights, the settled bliss of home; when upon duties, in themselves perhaps often wearisome and uninteresting, hang the prosperity and the happiness of wife and children; when there is no mean hope, because there is no hope in which regard for others does not largely mingle—no base fear, because suffering and distress can not affect self alone; when the selfishness which turns honest industry to greed, and noble ambition to egotistical lust of power, is exorcised; when life becomes a perpetual exercise of duties which are delights, and delights which are duties. Once romance meant chivalry; and the hero of romance was one who did his knightly devoirs, and was true and loyal to God and his lady-love. If with us it has come to mean the sensual fancies of nerveless boys, and the sickly reveries of girls for whose higher faculties society can find no employment, it is only another instance in which the present is not so much wiser and grander than the past, as its flatterers are fond of imagining. To us it appears that where the capacity for generous devotion, for manly courage, for steadfast faith and love, exists, there exists the main element of romance, and that where the circumstances of life are most favorable for the development of the qualities in action, they are romantic circumstances whether the person displaying them be, like Alton Locke, a tailor, or like King Arthur, a man of stalwart

arm and lordly presence. Nor do we see that the giants, dragons, and other monsters of the old romance, are in themselves one whit more interesting than the obstacles that beset the modern true knight in his struggles to perform manfully the duties of his life, and to carry out the noble spirit of that vow which he has solemnly taken at the altar, to love, comfort, honor, and keep in sickness and in health the woman who has put her youth, her beauty, her life, and happiness into his hands."

Now the design of this style of comment, and the moral *spirit* of it, is noble, but one fears the *tendency* may not be so good, because there is in it an unintentional shirking of the fact. Nobody that reads such moral criticism can be fully satisfied with it. The experienced mind will see that there *is* something dropped; the most inexperienced will have a presentiment of a note of interrogation to be set up some day. What then, is the real truth in this most-unnecessarily-fussed-about question of marriage and romance? Simply this—that, *as a complaint*, the popular saying that with marriage the romance of life is over, is base, but that, *as an approximate statement of fact*, it must be accepted. A moralist who wants a text for a homily, or a rhetorician who seeks a pretext for a flourish, or a prig who is fumbling for some nice distinction to stand upon, so that he may look over others' heads—either of these may put his own signification upon the word "romance," and forthwith be wise, eloquent, or superior, to his heart's content; but when any reasonable, common mortal, neither base of heart nor crotchety of brain, says that "with marriage the romance of life is over," he means two

things—1st, That the mystery and anticipation (and it is those elements which are the soul of "romance") of the sweetest of human relationships are over when the relationship is an accomplished fact; 2d, That in the conventional model of connubial life there are circumstances of sordidness and vulgar familiarity which interfere with every individual ideal, and are felt to be accidental and not necessary, though one may not see his way to stripping them off. Can either of these clauses be fairly challenged?

With regard to the former, it amounts simply to saying that you can not experience a first realization twice over. Is it disputed that there is a charm, a freshness, a "romance," about the early stages of love which can not survive a certain point? Dispute it if you please—you only rob Peter to pay Paul! What is the good of taking so much bliss away from courtship and laying it on to wedlock? There *is* the bliss, a fact confessed by all men and all women in all ages, a bliss peculiar to "love's young dream," and conventionally known as "the romance of life." With realization it vanishes. If you choose to carry it over to the account of wedlock, you do something quite arbitrary. The thing that is, *is*: and, as the American writer says about the opening passages in Maud: "What's the use of screaming at the calm facts of the universe?" "But wedlock has its own peculiar bliss." Ah! pardon me! That is another proposition. It is what the popular doctrine, that the "romance of life" passes away after marriage, does not at all deny. It is quite incontestable, and brings us to the second of the above clauses.

The statement that with marriage the romance of existence is gone may be taken as an accusation, if you please. It may be taken to mean that there is so much that is sordid and base in the custom-

ary method of married life that the spring blossoms and summer flowers of emotion are rudely brushed away at once, instead of giving place by degrees to the hazy, golden tints of autumn, and the gray solemnities of winter. I shall not go into this subject. It is not merely that Strephon now sees Sylvia in curl-papers, and Sylvia wakes to find Strephon snoring; from shocks like these "affection recovers itself, (I quote the beautiful words of a friend of mine,) shaking with pleasant laughter, like a bowed osier." But the vulgar sense of possession takes the place of the solicitude and tremblings of unguaranteed affection, and both parties presume upon the "certainty" of the situation. Whether there should be any sort of Domestic Tribunal which might take cognizance of misconduct on either side, or what other means might be devisable for holding the rod over the latent devil of self, I will not now discuss. But, as things go, "romance" does *not* exist in the wedlock of the million, nor can it. I am bound to say that I think the passage quoted from Mr. Brimley's papers (like similar passages which have become very rife of late years) is empty verbiage. Married life has its own proper interests and delights, but of them "romance" forms no part. This *should* not involve any accusation. When Channing—at sixty—was asked which was the happiest age, he said "sixty." There is no doubt that goodness like his can make almost any condition, as well as any age, happy; but no sincere mind, however saturated with poetry, can pretend that "the romance of life" survives adolescence. It is true that in late middle age there is a sort of Indian summer of the affections which repeats the theme of earlier years—with variations; but that, like the "romance" of youth-time, is *sui generis*, and will have its own time, and place, and conditions.

From the Quarterly Review.

PHENOMENA AND CAUSES OF SHIPWRECKS.*

THERE is no nobler or more national sight in our island than to behold the procession of stately vessels as they pass in panoramic pride along our shores, or navigate the great arterial streams of commerce, to witness the deeply laden Indiaman warped out of the docks, or to see the emigrant-ship speeding with belly-ing sails down Blackwell Reach, watched by many weeping eyes, and the depository of many aching hearts. It would, however, spoil the enjoyment of the least interested spectator if the veil could be lifted from the dark future; if that gallant Indiaman could be shown him broadside on among the breakers; or that stately vessel with bulwarks fringed with tearful groups, looking so sadly to the receding shore, were pictured to him foundering in mid-ocean—gone to swell the numbers of the dismal fleet that yearly sails and is never heard of more. Sadder still would be his reflection if another passing ship could be shown him, destined perhaps to circle the globe in safety, and when within sight of the white cliffs of Albion, full of joyful hearts, suddenly, in the dark and stormy night, fated to be dashed to atoms, like the *Reliance* and *Conqueror*, on a foreign strand. If such dramatic contrasts as these could be witnessed, we should without doubt strain every nerve to prevent their recurrence. As it is, the sad tale of disasters at sea comes to us weakened by the lapse of time and the distance of the scene of the catastrophe: instead of having the harrowing sight before our eyes, we have only statistics which raise no emotion, and even rarely arrest attention. In connection with these annual returns there is published a fearful-looking map termed a wreck chart, in which the shores of Great Britain and

Ireland are shown fringed with dots—the sites of wrecks, collisions, and other disasters. From this we perceive how all the dangerous headlands and sandbanks of the coast are strewn with

“A thousand fearful wrecks,
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels—
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.”

Strange to say, these dismal finger-posts to marine disasters are generally found grouped around the sites of lighthouses. If we analyze the chart for the year 1857, we perceive at a glance the relative dangers of the three sea-boards of triangular England, and that a fatal preëminence is given to the east coast. Out of a total of 1143 wrecks and casualties which took place in this year, no less than 600, or more than one half, occurred between Dungeness and Pentland Frith. Along this perilous sea, beset with sands, shoals, and rocky headlands, no less than 150,000 vessels pass annually, the greater part ill-constructed, deeply-laden colliers, such as we see in the Pool, and wonder how they manage to survive a gale of wind. The south coast, extending from Dungeness to the Land's End, is comparatively safe, only 84 wrecks having taken place in 1847, whilst from the Land's End to Greenock, where the influence of the Atlantic gales is most sensibly felt, the numbers rise again to 286, and the Irish coast contributes a total of 173.

If we take a more extended view of these disastrous occurrences by opening the wreck chart attached to the evidence of the select committee on harbors of refuge, given in 1857, containing the casualties of five years, from 1852 to 1856, both inclusive, we shall be the better able to analyze their causes. Within this period no less than 5128 wrecks and collisions took place, being an average of 1025 a year. According to the evidence of Captain Washington, R.N., the scientific and indefatigable Hydrographer of

* An Abstract of the Returns made to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, of Wrecks and Casualties which occurred on and near the Coasts of the United Kingdom, from January 1st to the 31st of December, 1857. London: 1858.

the Admiralty, these casualties consisted of

	Vessels.
Total losses by stranding or otherwise, .	1940
Total losses by collisions, .	244
Serious damage having to discharge, .	2401
Collisions with serious damage, .	543
Total, . . .	5128

The total losses from all causes, therefore, amounted to 2184 vessels, or to an average of nearly 437 in each year. The destruction of life consequent upon these casualties was 4148 persons, or, upon the average of five years, nearly 830 in each year. In 1854 no fewer than 1549 persons fell a sacrifice.

How such a calamity should have been so long tolerated in a civilized country, without any proper attempt at a remedy, it is not easy to comprehend. Still more incomprehensible, in a trading country, is the apparent disregard of the pecuniary sacrifice. It appears in evidence that the loss by total wrecks is estimated at £1,000,000 a year at least, and by other casualties at £500,000, making together £1,500,000 as the annual loss to the country from the accidents on our own coasts—a sum which in two years would be ample to build all the harbors of refuge that are needed around our shores.

The first step towards a remedy for this state of things is to inquire into the causes of shipwreck. There can be little hesitation in naming the Marine Insurance as the chief destroyer. Unseaworthiness and overloading of vessels, their being ill-found in anchors, cables, sails, and rigging, defects of compasses, want of good charts, incompetency of masters, may all be attributed to this source. If the ship-owners were not guaranteed from loss they would take care that their vessels were seaworthy, commanded by qualified persons, and furnished with every necessary store. The terms of the insurance, moreover, offer a direct premium to create in all cases of casualty a "total loss." For instance, a ship strikes the ground and becomes damaged, but under able management, might be got off and repaired. In this case, however, the assured has to bear one third part of the loss, whereas, if the loss is total, he gets the whole of his insurance. Under these circumstances, even when there is no deliberate desire to perpetrate a wrong, the captain will leave the ship to her fate instead of using his energies to preserve her to the detri-

ment of his employer. It is the opinion of many that if the insurers were to agree to pay the whole insurance, whether the damaged vessel were got off or not, that we should see a marked diminution in the list of total losses at sea, for the natural inclination of the captain to save his ship would then no longer be counterbalanced by his desire to save the pocket of the owner.

There is a class of casualties, however, which are the product of villainy, against which we see no protection excepting in the vigilance of the insurers—we refer to those cases of wilful casting away, which are not unknown even in this country, as the late trial of a captain, as the Old Bailey, will testify; but which are most frequent on the Florida Reef. It is notorious that our American friends are in the habit of sailing ships into these waters, with the deliberate intention of steering them to destruction. So well is this known, that those on shore can predict, with tolerable accuracy, from the handling of the vessel, whether she is about to be sunk or not. When it is not the skipper's interest to lose his craft, he will allow the wreckers, who swarm as plentifully as sharks in those waters, to act as pilots, and to put the ship in dangerous positions for the purpose of making a claim for salvage, which the swindling captain shares with them. In the years 1854, 1855, and 1856, 189 ships were either lost or put into Key West. The salvage upon the latter class amounted to \$298,400.05, a large portion of which was, without doubt, obtained by fraud. It is far from our purpose to insinuate, that the Americans are worse than our neighbors in this particular; had the English the same opportunity, there would always be found persons to enter upon similar practices. The memory of wrecking is not yet extinct in Cornwall, and only a few years since it was notorious that the pilots of the Downs were in the habit of recommending the cables of the vessels in their charge to be slipped in very moderate gales of wind, because these worthies had a good understanding with the chain and anchor-maker of the neighboring ports who would have to supply fresh tackle.

It must be admitted, that the same cause which prompts these villainies operates in some measure as an antidote. The underwriters at Lloyd's and the different

marine insurance offices, act in a certain degree as the police force of the seas. Their agents are as plentiful and ubiquitous as flies, and there is no port of the old or new world without one or more of them. Through the medium of these marine sentries, whose eyes are always upon the ocean, disasters at sea are speedily made known to the underwriters, and in those cases where the telegraph is at hand, a ship has scarcely broken up or come ashore, before hundreds are reading the account of the disaster upon the "Board" at Lloyd's. With this spider-like web of intelligence spreading from port to port, and from ocean to ocean, the chances of wreckers either on shipboard or on land must certainly diminish. The acuteness of the underwriters sharpened by self-interest is brought to bear upon the distant point, and all the resources of a powerful corporation are put in force to detect fraud when suspected and to punish it when confirmed. A singular instance of the vigor and ingenuity displayed by their agents in pursuing the marine robber was afforded by the case of the American ship *W. T. Sayward*. This vessel was reported by her skipper to have been lost off *Loo Choo*, on her voyage from San Francisco to Shanghai, and the sum claimed of the insurers in this country was £50,000, the value of the cargo, which was reported to have comprised, among other things, 50,000 Carolus dollars. It struck the gentleman engaged to settle the claim that it was very unusual to ship such a quantity of this "Pillar" dollar, and on inquiring of the money-changers, he learnt that there was not a tithe of that number at present in existence out of China. This discovery at once aroused suspicion, and agents were sent to the spot where the ship had been lost, when it was found that the sailors, suspecting some roguery, returned to the wreck after the Captain had departed, dived into her hold and discovered that she had been willfully scuttled. They lighted, by happy chance, upon some of the boxes in which the "dollars" were shipped, and they were found to contain only iron nails and leaden bullets. The nails were selected for the sake of the chink. The assured having heard of what had occurred never ventured to repeat their claim.

In a more recent case, that of the brig *Cornelia*, a regular trader between the coast of Mexico and San Francisco, which

was willfully scuttled off San Quentin, on the 27th of March last, it was reported that she had 48,000 Mexican dollars on board, 19,000 shipped at Mazatlan by an English house, and 29,000 by other persons. On the captain's own confession the 19,000 dollars were removed by him just before he scuttled the vessel, and hidden in the sand at Cape San Lucas, on the coast of Lower California; the remaining sum of 29,000 dollars he admitted had never been shipped at all, bills of lading having been fabricated, and a mythical consignee improvised for the occasion. Had not the agent been on the alert, this knave would have robbed the underwriters at one swoop of \$48,000.

From the chief moral, or rather immoral, cause of shipwreck and loss at sea, we pass to a consideration of the physical agents which act directly in producing these disasters. Of these there are so many, and of such various natures, that it is difficult to group them. Currents of the ocean, fog, lightning, icebergs, sandbanks, water-logged ships, defective compasses, and imperfect charts, are all dangers which beset the path of navigators, and especially of such as have to run the gauntlet in ill-found ships. The effect of currents in taking the sailor out of his reckoning is an old, and formerly perhaps a frequent, cause of shipwreck. This source of danger is now much obviated by the more intimate knowledge we are acquiring every day of the general laws which produce the currents. One of the most effectual as well as simple methods of detecting surface currents is that known to seamen as the Bottle experiment. This has been practiced since 1808, but more especially of late years, and has been deemed of sufficient importance by the Admiralty to justify an order by which all Her Majesty's ships are enjoined to throw bottles overboard containing a paper, on which is noted the position of the ship and the time the frail messenger was sent forth on its voyage. The bottle carefully sealed up, traverses the ocean wherever the winds and surface-drift may carry it, and, after a passage of longer or shorter duration, is perhaps safely washed by the tide upon some beach. Without doubt many are smashed upon the rocks, others again are sunk by weeds growing to them, some are destroyed by the attacks of birds or the jaws of hungry sharks, or if by chance they avoid all these

dangers, they may be consigned to oblivion upon an uninhabited shore. It is estimated, however, that at least one tenth is recovered. A collection of upwards of 200 has been made at the Admiralty, and are laid down in a chart called the Current Bottle Chart.

A single glance at this chart displays the principal well-known currents of the Atlantic ocean. The general tendency of the bottles to go to the eastward in the northern parts of this sea, and to the westward in lower latitudes, is at once apparent. It is equally evident that to the southward of the parallel of 40° N. on the eastern side of the Atlantic the bottles drift to the southward, while those again in the vicinity of the Canaries and Cape Verd Islands take a westerly direction. Those further south, lose themselves among the West-India Islands, and some penetrating further are found on the coast of Mexico, between Galveston and Tanesied. A few manifest the effects of the counter-current of the celebrated Gulf stream, while others again, on the western side of the Atlantic, from about 40° N., are set to the eastward. Indeed, there seems to be a determination of all to the northward of the parallel of 40° , or that of Philadelphia on the American sea-board, to make their way to the eastward—some to the coast of France, in the Bay of Biscay, others to the western shores of Great Britain and Ireland, and others again to the shores of Norway.

We thus recognize distinctly, first the Portugal current, setting southward; then the equatorial current, influenced by the trade-winds; then the extraordinary effects of the waters of the Gulf stream flowing northward along the American coast, over the banks of Newfoundland—one portion following its north-east course and penetrating to Norway, and another continuing easterly into the Bay of Biscay. But let us particularize a few of the remarkable journeys made by these glass voyagers over the deep. The *Prima Donna* was thrown over off Cape Coast Castle, on the west coast of Africa, and after a voyage of somewhere within two years was found on the coast of Cornwall. Now to have arrived there it must have been carried eastward by the well-known Guinea current, and reaching the Bights of Biafra and Benin it would meet the African current then coming from the southward, with which it would recross the

equator and travel with the equatorial current through the West-India Islands, and getting into the Gulf stream, would be carried by this to the north-east, and thus would be landed on the Cornish coast, after making a detour of many thousand miles.

But curious as this is, it is not the only instance, for we find that the *Lady Montagu*, setting out in nearly 8° S. lat., about midway between Brazil and Africa, a position which would fairly place it in the equatorial current, made the same voyage, but landed at Guernsey, having accomplished the course in 295 days, or between the 15th October, 1820, and the 6th of August, 1821. Confining ourselves now to the area included between 30° N. lat. and the equator, the general effect of the heat of the Gulf of Mexico in forcing the waters thither is plainly indicated by the direction which the bottles have followed that are included within those limits. Those thrown overboard in the Mexican Gulf, to the north of Cape Catoche, of Yucatan, are hurried away with it and cast on the American shore, near St. Augustine and Charleston. Other instances show the effects of the counter-current of the Gulf stream on its eastern or ocean side, in driving bottles to the south-east, a current that must have affected the ships of Columbus in his first discovery, and which, upon his return northward among the islands, without doubt met and opposed his progress.

A curious example of the effects of the wind on the surface-waters is shown by a bottle thrown over from H.M.S. *Vulcan* in the midst of the Gulf stream, about 130 miles southward of Cape Hatteras. The ship was on her way to Bermuda, where she arrived, and the bottle, instead of being carried by the current to the north-east like others, actually went after her and arrived at Bermuda also. But we find noted on the paper that a strong northerly wind was blowing when the bottle started. This must have been sufficient to have checked its progress to the north-east, but allowed it to approach the eastern border of the Gulf stream, whence it would drift into the eddy or counter-current, and thus become thrown on Bermuda. Again, between the Gulf stream and the American coast bottles have found their way to that shore, while those to the northward of the parallel of 40° have invariably gone eastward; and many

thrown over near the meridian of 20° have drifted into the Bay of Biscay, and been cast on the French coast.

Among the numbers of bottles which have traveled westward with the equatorial and tropical current two are remarkable, as being thrown overboard about 700 miles from each other and yet arriving at nearly the same destination. They were thrown from sister-ships when on their errand of carrying relief, by way of Behring Strait, to Franklin and his devoted crew. The first was dropped from the Investigator, Sir R. Maclure, in lat. 12° , long. 26° , the 27th of February, 1850, and was found the 27th of August following on Ambergris Cay, on the Yucatan coast; the second was sent afloat on the 3d March, 1850, by Captain Collinson, in the *Enterprise*, in lat. 1° N., long 26° W., and drifted to the coast inside of that cay, about thirty miles to the northward of it. That the two bottles should take their western course was to be expected; but that they should have gone to resting-places so near each other is singular, considering that their points of starting were so far asunder.

The Gulf stream, the limits of which are so clearly intimated by these little messengers, is but a sample of a grand system of currents which are produced by the unequal temperature of the different zones. These currents of hot and cold water are accompanied by atmospheric changes equally extraordinary; and, taken together, they largely affect the course of the navigator from the old to the new world, and, not unfrequently, are the cause of the most fearful shipwrecks.

Lieutenant Maury, in his *Physical Geography of the Sea*, has boldly likened the causes at work to produce the celebrated Gulf stream to the mechanical arrangements by which apartments are heated. The furnace is the torrid zone, the Mexican Gulf and the Caribbean Sea are the caldrons, and the Gulf stream is the conducting-pipe by which the warm water and the air above it are dispersed to the banks of Newfoundland and to the north-western shores of the old world.* By this beneficent process the cold of our north-

ern latitudes is greatly ameliorated. The waters sent north and north-east are edged by return currents, the one finding its way close to the banks of Newfoundland and along the sea-board of the States, and the other returning by the North Sea, the Bay of Biscay, and the West Coast of Africa, until about the latitude of the Cape de Verdes it crosses westward again to fill up the void caused by the waters issuing from the Gulf of Florida. Thus the grand circuit is forever maintained, not always, however, exactly in the same form, but varying according to the season. In the winter, the cold current coming S.S.W. along the Atlantic Coast of North-America is greatly augmented, and pushes the Gulf stream further to the south-east. With the return of summer this stream, in its turn, thrusts aside the waters coming from the Polar Ocean. Between these two periods the trough of the Gulf stream, to use Lieutenant Maury's forcible expression, "wavers about in the ocean like a pennon in the breeze." The temperature of the Gulf stream, even in the winter, is at the summer level as it runs between two walls of nearly ice-cold water. Sir Philip Brooke found the air on either side of it at the freezing point, at the same time that that of the stream was at 80° . This difference in the temperature of air and water is probably the cause of those terrible hurricanes that occur in the Atlantic and among the West-Indian Islands, and which make it the most dangerous navigation, during the winter, in the world. The average of wrecks on the Atlantic sea-board of the United States during these rigorous months is not less than three a day. Sailors term the Gulf stream "the weather-breeder," and well they may, considering its frightful effect in producing commotion in sea and air. In Franklin's time it was no uncommon thing for vessels bound in winter for the Capes of Delaware to be blown off land, and forced to go to the West-Indies, and there wait for the return of spring before they could attempt to make for this port. The snow-storms and the furious gales which greet the ship as she leaves the warm waters of the Gulf and nears the shores of North-America, are quite dramatic in their effect. One day she is sailing through tepid water, and enjoying a summer atmosphere, the next, perhaps, driving before a snow-storm, her rigging a mass of icicles, and her crew frozen by

* We may more truly liken the system to the warming apparatus of a hot-house. The hot waters of the Gulf, conducted across the Atlantic, are the forcing power which stimulates the vegetation of Cornwall, whence the London market is supplied with its early vegetables.

the piercing blast. The Gulf stream is answerable for another phenomenon—the fogs which invariably shroud the Banks of Newfoundland, and which render the approach to the North-American coast in winter so particularly dangerous. The hot water of the Gulf stream gives up its vapor to the cold air, and hangs about the coasts an impenetrable curtain, which baffles the navigator's skill, renders useless his chronometer, and but too often sends his bark to destruction upon the hidden shore.

Another danger of the stormy Atlantic arises from the flow southward, in the spring and summer months, of icebergs. These stupendous masses have their breeding-place in Davis' Strait, from which they issue in magnificent procession directly the current increases in a southerly direction. Polar navigators have been surprised to find these huge monsters moving against the wind, apparently by some inherent force, and crashing through vast fields of ice, as if impatient to escape from the silence and desolation of the Polar seas. The explanation of this singular occurrence is, that powerful under-currents are acting upon the submerged portions, which, in all cases, vastly preponderate over the glittering precipices of crystal that appear above the water-line. As the icebergs advance into the open waters of the Atlantic, they at last come to the edge of the Gulf stream, where, in "the great bend," about latitude 43°, they harbor in dangerous numbers, and without doubt send many a noble ship headlong to the bottom. In all probability the ill-fated President was thus destroyed, and some towering iceberg, that has long since bowed its glittering peaks to the solvent action of the warm water of the Gulf stream, was, perhaps, the only witness of the calamity which placed the noble Pacific among the list of ships that have sailed forth into eternity.

If the northern latitudes of the Atlantic have their dangers of ice, the southern latitudes, especially the Caribbean Sea, in common with all intertropical oceans, have their dangers of fire. The hurricanes of those latitudes are generally accompanied by visitations of fearful thunder-storms, in which many a good ship is enveloped and destroyed. In the midst of a summer sea a clipper-ship may be suddenly assailed by one of those tremendous conflicts of the elements, of the approach of which

the silver finger of the barometer, unless carefully watched, has scarcely had time to give warning. However prepared by good seamanship and an active crew, there she must lie on the vexed ocean, her tall masts so many suction-tubes to draw down upon her the destructive fire from heaven. In his Report to the Admiralty, laid before Parliament in 1854, entitled "Shipwrecks by Lightning," Sir William Snow Harris—whose exertions to find a remedy for this evil are above all praise—states that in six years, between 1809 and 1815, forty sail of the line, twenty frigates, and ten sloops were so crippled by being struck, as in many cases to be placed for a time *hors du combat*. In fifty years there were 280 instances of serious damage to ships in the British navy. Of these the *Thisbey* frigate, off Scilly, in January, 1786, affords a melancholy example. The log represents her "decks swept by lightning, people struck down in all directions, the sails and gear aloft in one great blaze, and the ship left a complete wreck." In the merchant service the list of disasters is fearful. Since the year 1820 thirty-three ships, varying from 300 to 1000 tons, have been totally destroyed by lightning, and forty-five greatly damaged.

"A great peculiarity," says Sir William Snow Harris, "may be observed in cases of ships set on fire by lightning, namely: A rapid spreading of the fire in every part of the vessel, as if the electric agency had so permeated the mass as to render the extinction of the fire by artificial means impossible." Take, for instance, the burning of the *Sir Walter Scott*, in June, 1855. This fine passenger-ship, of 650 tons, was struck in the Bay of Biscay: the lightning shivered the foremast, completely raked the vessel, and instantly set fire to the cargo. The passengers and crew had scarcely time to jump from their beds and put on their clothes, and leap into the boats, when the masts went over the sides, the flames shot up into the air, and the ship went down like a stone. Such extraordinary catastrophes as these seem to set forth in unmistakable terms the feebleness of man in the presence of the tremendous powers of nature. In reality, they are only forcible instances to call upon him to use the means for dominating the peril. Of all the dangers that beset the mariner at sea, danger by lightning is the only one that he can thoroughly guard against. To Sir William Snow

Harris we owe the perfecting of the lightning-conductor for marine purposes, and the power of braving unscathed the direst electric storms. The permanent conductor adopted in the navy in 1842 is arranged so as to extend along the masts, from the truck to the keelson, and so out to sea. In the hull various branches ramify, and admit of a free dispersion of the electric fluid in all directions. Thus armed, the ship is impregnable to all the forked lightnings that may dart about her. Since the system of fitting men-of-war with this apparatus has been adopted, no vessel of the Royal Navy has been injured. The log of the frigate Shannon, commanded by the late gallant Sir W. Peel, on his voyage out to China, affords a striking example of the manner in which the fury of such electric storms as are only to be met with in the Indian Ocean, was baffled by a contrivance which may truly be called, in the words of Dibdin—

“The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
And takes care of the life of poor Jack.”

“When the ship was about 90 miles south of Java she became enveloped in a terrific thunder-storm, and at 5 P.M. an immense ball of fire covered the maintopgallant-mast; at 5.15 the ship was struck a second time on the mainmast by apparently an immense mass of lightning; at half-past 5 another very heavy discharge fell upon the mainmast, and from this time until 6 P.M. the ship was completely enveloped in sharp forked lightning. On the next day her masts and rigging were carefully overhauled, but, thanks to Sir Snow Harris's system of permanent lightning-conductors, no injury whatever to ship or rigging was discovered.”

If we compare this remarkable case with that of His Majesty's frigate, *Lowestoffe*, when near the island of Minorca in 1796, we perceive how great is the protection science affords to the seaman. The frigate was struck, it appears, at 12.25 P.M. by a heavy flash, which knocked three men out of the tops, one of whom was killed on the spot. Within five minutes the ship was again struck, and her topmast was shattered to atoms. In another minute a third shock shivered the foremast and mainmast, and set fire to the vessel in many places, raked the deck from end to end, killed one man, paralyzed and burnt others, and knocked several persons out of the tops. In two parallel cases, the addition of a rod of copper made all the difference between

safety and havoc. The example of the Royal Navy is being followed by the merchant-service, but not so speedily as it should be. When it is remembered that the treasure-clippers trading between Australia and this country often bring home nearly a million sterling, in addition to a large complement of passengers, it does seem remarkable that the lightning apparatus is not considered as essential to their equipment as the boats, especially as they have to traverse an ocean where thunder-storms are of common occurrence. The cost of the whole apparatus is not above £100, and if the cupidity of the merchant is not sufficient to induce him to supply it, we think that Government should compel him, in order to insure the safety of the stream of passengers who annually leave our shores.

In the whole catalogue of disasters at sea, those which present the most terrible features are water-logged timber ships. The timber trade between Great Britain and her American colonies employs a very considerable fleet of large vessels. As wood is a “floating cargo,” old worn-out West-Indiamen, which would not be used for any other purpose, are frequently employed. A few years since, in addition to a full cargo, they carried heavy deck-loads, which so strained their shattered fabrics, that they often became water-logged, and were sometimes abandoned in the middle of the Atlantic. The sufferings of the crews on these occasions in their open boats were appalling. Beating about for weeks on the waste of waters without food or drink beyond the rain that fell from heaven, they were obliged to sustain existence by preying on the bodies of their dead companions, and not rarely they cast lots for the living. Since the passing of the Act prohibiting deck-loading, these disasters are far less frequent; but they have by no means ceased.* At this time there are several timber-ships drifting about the ocean, floating heaps of desolation, at the mercy of the Gulf-stream, which will ultimately cast them on some European shore, or drift them into the North Sea, to serve ultimately as fuel for the Esquimaux. In turning over

* The effect of this Act, which passed in 1839, was most marked. In the three years previous, the average annual loss of timber ships was 56½, and the loss of life 300. In the three years subsequent to its coming into operation the loss of ships fell to 23½, and the loss of life fell to 106.

the leaves of Lloyd's List, we find indications of these dreary wrecks, which, clothed in sea-weed, are driven over the face of the waters, and sighted by passing ships, of which they often cause the sudden destruction, whilst careering along in seeming security. When these waifs and strays of the deep drift into much frequented ocean paths, they are doubtless the cause of many of those dreadful catastrophes witnessed only by the eye of God, and our only knowledge of which is a curt notice on the "Loss-book," at Lloyd's, "Foundered at sea, date unknown." A recent instance, in which possibly no damage was done, will yet suffice to show the risk. The *Virago*, loaded with teak from Moulmein, in the Indian Ocean, to Queens-town, Ireland, became water-logged, and was abandoned on the 5th of March last, 155 miles south-west of Cape Clear. The next day she was passed by the American liner, *Eagle*; on the 17th of the same month, a steamer, on her way from Rotterdam to Gibraltar, reports having seen her; on the 5th of April she was passed by the *Naiad*, on her passage from Palermo to Milford; and on the 15th the *Samarang*, on her way to Tenby, met with her; on the 18th she was seen 160 miles off the Lizard, "in a very dangerous position," by the *Champion of the Seas*; again, on the 3d of May, the *Alhambra* steamer on her voyage to Southampton, met her in latitude 47°; about the same time and place she was seen by the *Peru* steamer, "and appeared as if run into;" and, finally, on the 20th of May, the telegraph sends word that she was stranded near Brest, and her cargo was being discharged. It is curious to note how, amid the tossing of the ocean, her name became gradually obliterated, till it was totally effaced, a type of the progressive decay and final destruction of the vessel herself. At first she is properly reported to Lloyd's as the *Virago*; the next ship makes her out to be the *Argo*; still later her cognomen is cut down to the —go; and then the name disappears until the French find her upon their strand. Here we suppose her half-obliterated papers were found, and our neighbors, according to their usual wont, transmute the *Virago* into the *Neroggogi*. From these reports it is evident that a number of large vessels passed quite close to the wreck, and it is even probable that a collision may actually have occurred, and no one have

been left to tell the tale. In some cases where the circumstances of wind and current are favorable, water-logged ships are taken in tow by other vessels and become valuable prizes. When, however, these wrecks are in such a condition that it is clear they can not be brought in, we think it would be well if they could be destroyed. A few pounds of powder, judiciously placed, or a beam or two sawn across by the ship's carpenter, would break the bond that binds these logs together, and, once separated, they would not be likely to do much damage.

Many disastrous wrecks can be distinctly traced either to a defective compass, or to an ignorance of the effects upon it of the magnetism of the ship's iron. There is a melancholy example in the loss of H.M.S. *Apollo*, of 36 guns, in 1803, with 40 sail of merchant ships, out of a convoy of 69 vessels, bound for the West-Indies. The *Apollo* was leading the way, with her train of outward-bound sugar ships following in her wake, little suspecting the catastrophe which was to follow. At the very moment her defective compasses drove her ashore, she imagined she was some forty miles off the coast of Portugal, and so close was the merchant fleet upon her, that upwards of half of them took the ground and were dashed to pieces. More recently we have had the instances of the *Reliance* and *Conqueror*, wrecked near Ambleteuse, on the French coast, in sight of the cliffs of Albion, after voyaging from India. The former is known to have had an immense iron tank on board, the influence of which upon her compasses must have been very great. The *Birkenhead*, wrecked near the Cape of Good Hope, and the ship *Tayleur* in the Irish Channel, are additional instances of the destruction to which the trembling finger of the magnetic needle points the way, where ignorance or willfulness have placed impediments to its truthful action.

Of the numerous errors that may be classed under the general term of compass defaults, we may mention defective compasses arising from imperfect workmanship, or from an ignorance of the principles of mechanical and magnetical science, compasses perfectly adjusted but placed injudiciously either with reference to the magnetism of the ship, or in immediate proximity to concealed and unsuspected portions of that metal. Ignorance of the

degree of compass error arising from the ship's magnetism, and of its varying amount in changes of geographic position, and a consequent belief, that in all places and under all circumstances the needle is true to the north, are frequent causes of shipwreck.

With regard to the defective mechanical construction of compasses, it must be admitted that great improvements have taken place of late years, and the chief credit, we believe, is due to the British Admiralty. Nearly twenty years ago they instituted a Committee of Inquiry, and the silent working of the measures then advocated, and the adoption of the improvements suggested first under the direction of the late Captain Johnston, and more recently under that of Mr. Frederick Evans, R.N., have infused into the manufacturers, and a large portion of the mercantile marine and ship-owners, a degree of caution, skill and attention to details, which has brought forth good fruit. A large portion of the superior compasses of the United States navy are manufactured in this country, entirely on the Admiralty pattern, and several foreign governments have recently obtained the same instruments as models. It must not, however, be supposed that defective compasses have ceased to exist. Our coasting vessels and many of our noble sailing ships are miserably equipped, and there are many captains who still look on the compass as a cheap and common article, fit to be classed with hooks and thimbles and other articles of the boatswain's store-room.

There can be no doubt that great errors in navigation are induced by inattention to placing the compasses. It is common to see the binnacle within two feet, and even less, of the massive iron-work of the rudder and wheel, which again is in immediate contiguity with an iron stern post. The local deviation is consequently great, magnet adjustment is had recourse to, and a temporary alleviation of the evil follows, which is only magnified on the ship approaching some distant port. Numerous examples are on record of iron being introduced by some addition to the equipment of the ship, which has perhaps been lost in consequence within a few hours after quitting port.

Among the causes which thus operate, we may name the fancy rails leading to state-cabins and saloons. These beneath

a highly-polished covering of brass often conceal many hundred weights of iron. Cabin stoves and funnels, immediately under and alongside the compass, are frequently unsuspected. A noble transport during the late war, carrying troops and stores, pursued her course by day with unswerving fidelity, but at night the compass was as wild as the waves themselves. After diligent search it was found that the brazier, in preparing the binnacle lamps, had introduced a concealed iron wire hoop to strengthen their framework. The stowage of iron in cargo does not receive the attention it deserves, and we consider it should be imperative for every vessel which carries it, to be swung for the local deviation before quitting port, and a certificate duly lodged before clearing the Customs. When the *Agamemnon* adjusted compasses preparatory to sailing upon the last unsuccessful expedition to lay the Atlantic cable, it was discovered that the presence of the enormous coil in her hold caused a deviation of no less than 17 degrees! Had she been a merchant ship, no similar verification would have been made, and the sign-post which showed the path upon the trackless waters would only have pointed to mislead.

It is remarkable how much misapprehension on the nature of magnetic action exists even among men of high intelligence. A competent witness, in a recent law trial, in a case of wreck, arising chiefly from a want of knowledge of the laws of magnetism in the navigation of the ship, stated that seamen in general believed, that if a cargo of iron was covered over, its effects were cut off from the compass. A leading counsel in the case sympathized with the general ignorance, because he confessed that he shared it. The adjustment of compasses by magnets is a most delicate operation, and has received much attention from some of our leading men in science. An able Committee, under the auspices of the Board of Trade, are now engaged in the midst of an iron navy in the port of Liverpool in elucidating the whole of the subject. We feel bound, however, to record our opinion against the indiscriminate employment of all the nostrums prescribed by the compass doctors or quacks at many of our seaports. Let the ship-owner consult such Reports of the Liverpool Committee as have been already published, or follow the Admiralty plan of having at least one good compass

in a position free from all magnetic influences. In some of the large ocean steamers a standard compass is fitted high up in the mizzen-mast, and we hear that it is proposed to build a special stage on board the *Leviathan*, in order to keep the compass from being affected by the immense body of iron in her fabric.

A perusal of the evidence given in those inquiries which take place relative to the loss of ships, under the Mercantile Marine Act, would lead to the supposition that defective charts were even a greater cause of wrecks than compass defaults; but this is not the case. The fact is, incorrect charts afford an excuse for a master who may have lost his ship, which is but too readily accepted by the members of courts of inquiry and of courts-martial. The defense set up for the wreck of the *Great Britain* steamer in Dundrum Bay, on the east coast of Ireland, was that *St. John's Light*, placed two or three years previously, was not inserted in the most recent charts of the Irish Channel procurable at Liverpool, and that consequently it was mistaken for the *Light at the Calf of Man*. But these two lights are at least thirty miles apart, and it is monstrous to suppose that a steamer should be so much out of her reckoning within a few hours of leaving port. Again, in the more recent case of the wreck of the *Madrid* steamer, off *Point Hombre*, at the entrance of *Vigo Bay*, several masters were examined, who stated that they had invariably passed equally close to the same headland, in reliance on the correctness of the chart. "Under these circumstances," said the Court, "the loss of the *Madrid* can not be attributed to the wrongful act or default of the captain." His certificate was therefore returned; and at the same time he was informed that, as a general rule, "150 yards is not a sufficient wide berth to allow in passing headlands." We should think not; and furthermore we imagine that, if the omission of every insignificant rock close to shore in government charts is to be taken as an excuse for shaving a dangerous headland, we may expect to hear of many repetitions of the disaster. The *Orion* wrecked on the west coast of Scotland, and the much-abused *Transit*, in the *Bauca Strait*, owed their fate to the unseamanlike love of hugging the shore.

It must be admitted, however, that the charts in common use on board merchant

ships are very faulty, both with respect to the position and character of lights, buoys, and beacons, and to the variation of the compass, which is not unfrequently half a point wrong—an error which may be fatal in shaping a course up Channel or in a narrow sea. From this great evil the seaman has at present no protection. The remedy lies in the hands of the legislature, who have only to compel all chart-sellers to warrant their charts corrected up to the latest date, at least with respect to lights and buoys. There are but three or four publishers of private charts, as far as we are aware, in the United Kingdom; their stock of plates can not be very large, and, once examined and set right, the corrections and additions could be easily inserted. Either the Board of Trade or the Admiralty should be intrusted with this duty. The latter are obliged to correct their own charts, and we understand it is the practice of the hydrographer to cause every new light, or change of light, or buoy, or beacon, to be inserted in the plate within twenty-four hours of the time of the intelligence reaching the Admiralty. A large number of notices to mariners—upwards, we believe, of a thousand a week—are printed and published, both by the Trinity House and the Admiralty, and distributed among those connected with shipping; and every chart-seller should be bound under a penalty to give proof to the Board of Trade or to the Admiralty that he had inserted the corrections in his copper-plate within forty-eight hours of the appearance of the notice.

It is a startling fact that the materials for constructing charts, even of parts of the waters which wash the shores of Europe, are not yet in existence. Of the coasts of Europe generally we are tolerably well informed, although there are many portions that require closer examination; but on the African and Asiatic portions of the Mediterranean, the early seat of civilization, and the best known sea in the world, there is still much to be done. When *M. de Lesseps* brought forward his romantic proposal for a Suez Canal, no survey existed of the coast of Egypt from *Alexandria* to *El Arish*. Of Syria we know nothing accurately; Cyprus, Rhodes, and the western half of Crete, are still almost blanks. But it is in the Eastern seas and in the Asiatic Archipelago that we are most at fault. The Persian Gulf, portions of the coast of India, Ceylon,

Burmah, Malacca, Cochin China, the Yellow Sea, Corea, Japan, the southern and eastern part of Borneo, Celebes, etc., are hardly so correctly mapped as the mountains in the moon. The north and east coasts of New-Guinea again are unsurveyed. As long as the Spice Islands and the unknown lands washed by the Indian seas were given up to pirates and to the imagination of poets, this want was

not felt; but now that our clippers swarm in these seas, and that Australia herself is beginning to trade there extensively, we shall assuredly hear of fearful shipwrecks from want of surveys. Then indeed it will be truly said, that imperfect charts are the cause of shipwrecks, unless, when India passes under the Imperial Government, vigorous steps are taken to remedy this grievous defect.

From the British Quarterly.

SOCRATES: HIS LIFE, TEACHING, AND DEATH.*

FROM the modern Christian and Protestant champion of intolerance to the ancient martyr to heathen bigotry seems almost like a climax. We are not even sure that the Roman Catholic author of this interesting and erudite monograph, a Member of the Philosophical Faculty of the University of Vienna, has not imbibed from his study of Socrates a more intense hatred of persecution than he is likely to have learned from Stahl. There are several tempting topics in the pages before us, on which, had we space, we could have wished to say a word. Such are his views of the theology of the great Grecian sage, and on that old *questio vexata*, the Demon of Socrates. But what has most struck us, is the startlingly close parallel which he draws between the heathen philosopher and the Great Teacher, which has never been carried so far as it is here. It will be, of course, understood, that the comparison relates to our Lord's human nature exclusively. M. Lasaulx goes so far as to say, in closing his remarkable essay: "I do not hesitate openly and boldly to avow my belief, that amongst the personages of the Old Testament, none furnishes so perfect a type of Christ as the Greek Socrates; and that in like

manner the best part of the ethics of Christianity is incomparably more closely related to Hellenism than to Judaism." His synopsis of the ingenious though sometimes far-fetched analogies which he discovers between the life and death of Socrates and those of the Son of Mary, is too curious to be wholly omitted from even this brief notice.

"As to the history of the youth of both men, we know, alas! far too little of that of the Saviour to be able to carry out a comparison. Nevertheless, some points of resemblance are to be found. The one was the son of a statuary, the other was the reputed son of a carpenter; accordingly both belong by birth, not to the learned class, but to that of artificers and mechanics. . . . At the birth of Christ, Maji from the east came to worship him; a Maje who had come out of Syria to Athens is said to have foretold to Socrates his violent death. Even the manner in which both called their disciples shows remarkable similarities. When Jesus came to the lake of Galilee he found two brothers, Simon and Andrew, who were casting their nets to catch fish, and said to them, Follow me, I will make you fishers of men; and immediately they forsook their nets and followed him. Once, when Socrates was passing through the streets of Athens and met Xenophon in a narrow lane, he blocked up the young man's path by holding his stick across it, and asked him where such and such sorts of provisions were to be bought.

"When Xenophon had answered him this question, he asked him further: Do you know, too, of any place for training virtuous and good men? And when upon this the blood flew to the young man's cheek, Socrates said, Follow

* *Des Sokrates Leben, Lehre und Tod nach den Zeugnissen der Alten dargestellt.* Von ERNST VON LASAULX. (Socrates: his Life, Teaching, and Death, according to the Testimonies of the Ancients.) München, (Munich:) 1858. London: Williams and Norgate.

me, and learn. And from that hour Xenophon became his faithful hearer.

"Just as remarkably does Nicodemus, who, from fear of men, came to Christ by night in order to hear the Master, remind us of Euteleedes, who, at the peril of his life, went by night from Megara to Athens to hear Socrates. Even the manner of their presenting themselves in public, and the popular style of their teaching altogether, are very closely related. As Christ taught on the lake, by the side of Jacob's well, in the temple, and in Solomon's porch, so Socrates in the market-place, in the Lyceum, in the Cynosarges, and in the porch of Zeus the Liberator; both teaching the most important truths in the simplest parables and proverbial sayings—as, indeed, it is always the surest sign of genius to present in simplicity what is most sublime as something akin to itself. For the same reason, also, both were friends of children. . . . But most wonderful of all is the resemblance between the two which meets us in all that relates to the last events of their lives: here almost every trait finds its counterpart.

"As Christ in Jerusalem was persecuted and accused by the Pharisees, the hypocritical

zealots for the old orthodox Judaism, so Socrates by the democrats of Athens, who, in like manner, were burning with zeal for the old popular religion and polity: as the one charged our Lord with seducing the people, so the others charged Socrates with corrupting the youth: in the one case as in the other, and as at all times the zealots of the law are they who form the opposition to the teachers of new and better doctrines. In like manner, the symposium described by Plato admits of being compared to a certain extent with the last meal of Christ and his disciples. . . . As further manifest parallels we have the following—that Christ is betrayed and sold for thirty pieces of silver by a faithless disciple, whilst the faithful disciples of Socrates wished to buy a reprieve for their master for thirty minæ, and that, as the traitor Judas hanged himself, and Pilate also, who condemned the Lord of life to death, was afterwards the author of his own death, in an altogether similar manner also, the accusers of Socrates, despised and cursed by all men, at last hanged themselves; as, indeed, it has often been remarked, that great criminals at last imbibe a hatred of life, and seek to flee from it by their own hands."

From the British Quarterly.

LORDS JOHN RUSSELL, STANLEY, AND BROUGHAM.*

THIS volume of 600 pages consists of "Inaugural Addresses and Select Papers," bearing on the several departments of inquiry into which the labors of this Association have been divided. These departments are five in number, and are designated as follows: 1. Jurisprudence, and Amendment of the Law. 2. Education, embracing Middle Class Education, Foundation Schools, and Education of the Working Classes. 3. Punishment and Reformation. 4. Public Health. 5. Social Economy. The names of the noblemen and gentlemen who have contributed papers to this volume are more than a hundred. The papers vary in length, from a page to many pages, and they have a gradation, as will be supposed, in regard

to merit. But it is a volume for the statesman, and for every man professing himself a friend to social progress. An Inaugural Address was delivered by Lord Brougham; and addresses of that nature were delivered by Lord John Russell; by Sir John S. Pakington, M.P.; by Lord Stanley; and by Sir B. C. Brodie—that by Lord John Russell on Jurisprudence and Amendment of the Law; Sir John Pakington discoursed on Education; Lord Stanley on Public Health, and Sir Benjamin Brodie on Social Economy. Surely a volume made the depository of their wisdom by such men, and by nearly a hundred men deemed fit to be their coadjutors, should have some value. Where the topics are so various, and there is so much that is excellent, it is not easy to make the sort of selection in the way of extract that may best serve the object of this publication. Lord John Russell concludes his

* *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science*, 1857. 8vo. John W. Parker and Son.

address on the Amendment of Law by reminding us of a great fact in the history of jurisprudence:

"The laws must be made consistent with the spirit of the times; and this opens for consideration a great question to which many men of influence and talent have devoted themselves. For my own part, I have come to the conclusion that the consolidation of the laws must be preceded by their amendment. I know but of two great precedents for a code of laws. After the Roman Republic had devised in the freest spirit, and the spirit of justice, the great principles of law—after those laws had remained unwritten for years with the prætors—after various edicts, the Emperor Justinian decided upon laying down a code of laws, for which purpose he assembled to his assistance the greatest and most learned men of his day. No doubt the work produced contained within it the great principle of justice as regarded the criminal law, but it also contained the edicts of one tyrant after another. It also contained the errors of Justinian himself—one of the worst tyrants of the Roman Empire, and of his advisers, who, whatever their talent, appeared to have had no moral principle. After a long period—almost in the present day—came the code of the Emperor Napoleon. There could be no doubt that that was a wonderful work, and Napoleon was assisted in it by the most eminent lawyers of France, some of them who had been the most devoted Royalists, and others the most determined Republicans—all, however, assisting in the work with the view of benefiting their country. Napoleon, like Justinian, had absolute power, but it was controlled by the opinions of the times, which made it necessary to agree to much which had been enacted under the old monarchy, and much also which, without reference to justice or religion, was derived from the dregs of the revolution from which the country had just emerged. There were, then, but two codes—that of the Roman Emperor and that of Napoleon. In this country it is not by means of the will of the sovereign that laws can be enacted for the government of this country, but by the action of opinion; and when the code has been explored by the light of those ancient beacons of civil and religious liberty which have blessed this free nation, we may, indeed, have a code of laws more comprehensive and more complete than those which had their existence under Justinian or Napoleon. Let us then hope that under the beneficent sway of our beloved Queen we may live to see our code of laws improved, and an edifice erected which shall be of such an order of architecture and of such materials as to command the admiration of the other nations of the globe, and fit to withstand the assaults of time."—Pp. 34, 35.

One fact adduced by Lord Stanley on the comparative mortality by war and by preventible disease, we must cite for the

benefit of some of our pugnacious champions for peace principles. "During the revolutionary war, in twenty-two years, (1793–1815,) there were killed 19,800 men: in the single year, 1848–9, there died of cholera and other epidemics 72,190. In those twenty-two years of war the wounded were 79,700, in the one year of cholera those attacked were 144,860." Yes, and what may thus be said of the bad atmospheres which our great humanitarians do so little to amend, may be said in a still greater degree of the bad governments, which they are not only disposed to leave to themselves, but for which upon occasions, they can get up all sorts of apologies. The cant of humanity, like the cant of religion, is the worst thing put into the place of the best. Put down military feudalism if you please—but put it down for what it is, and not under false pretenses. Clear thy mind of cant, says Thomas Carlyle, and so say we. Those fighting people, the old Romans, were in this respect men of a more genuine humanity than ourselves. Their city above ground was comparatively devoid of ornaments or cost, until they had completed those vast substructions of sewerage, which wind their way like the streets of a great city to this day beneath the ruins of edifices reared two thousand years ago. The spirit in which this was done, was that true old Roman spirit in which Lord Stanley concludes his address:

"Only take with you this last word. Dry and unattractive as sanitary studies may appear, they belong to the patriot no less than to the philanthropist—they touch very nearly the future prosperity and the national greatness of England. Don't fancy that the mischief done by disease spreading through the community is to be measured by the number of deaths which ensue. That is the least part of the result. As in a battle, the killed bear but a small proportion to the wounded. It is not merely by the crowded hospitals, the frequent funerals, the destitution of families, or the increased pressure of public burdens, that you may test the suffering of a nation over which sickness has passed; the real and lasting injury lies in the deterioration of race, in the seeds of disease transmitted to future generations, in the degeneracy and decay which are never detected till the evil is irreparable, and of which even then the cause remains often undiscovered. It concerns us, if the work of England be that of colonization and of dominion abroad, if wild hordes and savage races are to be brought by our agency under the influence of civilized man, if we are to maintain peace, to extend commerce, to hold our own

among many rivals alike by arts and arms—it concerns us, I say, that strong hands should be forthcoming to wield either sword or spade—that vigorous constitutions be not wanting to endure the vicissitudes of climate and the labors of a settler in a new country. I believe that, whatever exceptions may be found in individual instances, when you come to deal with men in the mass, physical and moral decay necessarily

go together, and it would be small satisfaction to know that we had, through a series of ages, successfully resisted every external enemy, if we learnt too late that that vigor and energy for which our stands confessedly preëminent among the races of the world, were being undermined by a secret but irresistible agency, the offspring of our own neglect, against which science and humanity had warned us in vain.”—Pp. 61, 62.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

RESPIRATION AND SUFFOCATION.*

A YOUNG man, in all the vigor of abounding life, shuts himself up in his room, prevents the access of fresh air, closing the windows, chimney, and chinks, lights a pan of charcoal, and seating himself at his writing-desk, begins to unburden his heart of its sorrow, in the tragic eloquence of one for whom such sorrow is insupportable. The poor boy has been refused the hand of the girl he loves, and believing that without her life would be worthless, he has resolved on suicide. As his pen hurries over the paper, the vapor from the burning charcoal fills the room. His pulses throb, his head is hot, his breathing oppressed. The candle is beginning to burn dimly, and its flame lengthens. He is unable to continue. He walks languidly up and down the room, and finally crawls to the bed. Life slowly ebbs. On the following morning, when his door is burst open, a corpse is stretched upon the bed.

A few hours later, she whom he loved, and who loves him, hears of this rash act, which annihilates even hope. In her despair she flings herself into the dark and sullen Seine. The next morning a corpse is exposed at the dreadful Morgue. The casual spectator gazes on it with undefinable awe, as he thinks of the stillness of that wondrous organism, which but a few hours before was so buoyant with life. Where is all that mystery now? The

body is there, the form is there, the wondrous structure is there, but where is its activity? Gone are the graceful movements of those limbs, and the tender sweetness of those eyes; gone the rosy glow of youth, and the soft eagerness of womanly grace; gone the music of that voice, and the gayety of that heart. The mystery of Life has given place to the mystery of Death.

What has thus suddenly arrested the wondrous mechanism, and, in the place of two palpitating, vigorous beings, left two silent corpses? The cause seems so trifling that we can only marvel at its importance, when revealed in the effect; it was the same in both cases, in spite of the difference of the means: that which killed the one, killed the other; the fumes from the charcoal-pan, and the rushing waters of the Seine, interrupted the exchange of a small quantity of gases, and by preventing the blood from getting rid of its carbonic acid, in exchange for an equivalent of oxygen, the fervid wheels of life were suddenly arrested. It is the same cause, acting with milder force, which makes the faces pale of those who issue from a crowded church, and gives a languor to those who have sat for some hours in a theater, concert-room, or any other ill-ventilated apartment, in which human beings have been exhaling carbonic acid from their lungs. A breath of fresh air quickly restores them, and after breathing this fresh air, during a walk home, they scarcely feel any evil results of the late partial suffocation. Had the

* An exceedingly interesting and instructive article, which should be read and studied.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.

young man's door been burst open, and fresh air admitted to his room, or had the girl been rescued from the river, and made to breathe within a few minutes after her plunge, both would have been finally restored, as our concert-goers are restored; and the concert-goers, if kept much longer in that ill-ventilated room, would have perished, as the lovers perished.

Among the earliest experiences of mankind must have been the necessity of fresh air for the continuance of life; but the complete explanation of the fact, in all its details, is a scientific problem, the solution of which only began to be possible when Priestley discovered the gases of which the air is composed, and the relation these bear to the organism; nor is the problem even now entirely solved, in spite of the labors of so many illustrious men. We have learned much, and learned it accurately; but the difficulties which still baffle us are many and considerable. The ancients really knew nothing of this subject; nor did the men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries lay any solid foundation-stone. That was laid by Priestley, when he discovered the oxygen contained in atmospheric air to possess the property of converting venous into arterial blood. Lavoisier carried out this discovery, and founded the chemical theory of Respiration. Goodwyn (1788) applied the new views to Asphyxia, showing, by a series of experiments, that when air was excluded, venous blood remained unchanged; and when it remained unchanged, death inevitably followed. Bichat instituted a number of striking experiments to prove that an intimate relation existed between Respiration, Circulation, and Nervous Action; he showed how the access of venous blood to the brain stopped its action, and subsequently stopped the action of the heart. Legallois extended these observations to the spinal chord. But by far the most brilliant investigations on the subject of Respiration, are those of Spallanzani, whose *Mémoires* still deserve a careful study, both as models of scientific research, and as store-houses of valuable facts. He was succeeded by W. F. Edwards, whose *Influence des Agents Physiques sur la Vie* (which may be found on the old book-stalls for a couple of shillings) still remains one of the best books the science can boast of. During the present century, hundreds of

physiologists have devoted labor to the elucidation of the various difficulties which darken this subject, and a vast accession of valuable facts has been the result. The chief points which have been cleared up we may now endeavor to exhibit.*

And first, let us ask, what is Respiration? a question which many may regard as idle; yet, until it is answered in something like a definite manner, we shall find our inquiries constantly obstructed. Reduced to its simplest elements, Respiration appears to be nothing more than the interchange between the blood and the atmosphere of carbonic acid and oxygen: but although this is the simple formula to which analysis of the process conducts us, we shall be led into important errors if we see in it the whole of the process. It is the *physical fact* upon which the vital process depends, but it is not the *vital function* itself. This interchange is effected by every tissue—even when separated from the organism. They all absorb oxygen, and exhale carbonic acid. A fragment of muscle, so long as it retains its irritability, is found to absorb oxygen from the air, and to exhale carbonic acid; but we do not call such interchange Respiration, because Respiration is something more than a mere exchange of gases; it is an animal Function, which, although dependent on the physical laws of gaseous interchange, derives its special character from the organism in which it is effected. In the course of our inquiry we shall have occasion to observe how the neglect of the distinction now insisted on, between Respiration, as the Function of an apparatus of organs, and Respiration as the mere interchange of gases, determined by physical laws, has led to error; for the present, it is enough to have drawn attention to the true physiological conception. In the higher animals we see this Function performed by two different organs—gills and lungs. In both organs we find that a large quantity of blood is exposed to the air by means of a network of ves-

* In the following works will be found most of the facts cited or alluded to in our exposition: SPALLANZANI: *Mémoires sur la Respiration*; EDWARDS: *De l'Influence des Agents physiques sur la Vie*; CLAUDE BERNARD: *Leçons sur les Effets des Substances toxiques*; MILNE EDWARDS: *Leçons sur la Phys. et l'Anal. Comp.*; LEBMANN: *Physiologische Chemie*; and the Treatises on Physiology of BÉRARD, MÜLLER, FUNKE, DRAPER, etc.

sels spread over the surface. The blood arrives there black, and passes away scarlet. It has exchanged some of its carbonic acid for some of the oxygen of the air; it has become changed from venous into arterial blood. This oxygenation of the blood is therefore the special office of Respiration; and although all animals exhale carbonic acid and absorb oxygen—although every tissue does so—yet we must rigorously limit the idea of Respiration, as an animal Function, to that which takes place in the gills or lungs. True it is, that the simpler animals effect such exhalation and absorption by their *general surface*, and not by any *special modification of it*—such as gills or lungs; true it is, that even fish and reptiles, furnished with gills, also respire by their skin; and that, when the lungs of a frog are removed, the necessary oxygenation of the blood may be effected through the skin, if the temperature be low; nay, it is also true, that even man himself, in a slight degree, respire by the skin; so that the student tracing upwards the gradual complication of the organic apparatus, and finding *first*, the whole of the general surface effecting the aëration needed; *secondly*, a part of the surface formed into a gill, in which aëration is far more active; and, *finally*, finding this gill replaced by a lung, may be tempted to say: “If the aëration of the blood is the office of Respiration, and if this is effected in some animals by the skin alone, in others by the skin and the gills, and in others principally by the lungs, but still in a slight degree also by the skin, how can you pretend to establish a distinction, other than a simple distinction of degree; how can you expect me to lay much stress on a verbal difference such as that between Function and general Property or Tissue?”

In reply to this plausible objection, we must observe that in science verbal distinctions are often extremely important; they keep attention alive to real though subtle distinctions. It is difficult to keep to such distinctions; for, as Bacon says, “words are generally framed and applied according to the conception of the vulgar, and draw lines of separation according to such differences as the vulgar can follow: and when a more acute intellect, or a more diligent observation, tries to introduce a better distinction, words rebel.” In strict physiological language, no animal without blood ought to be said to

breathe; for Respiration in such animals is not effected by a special apparatus of breathing organs; and in Physiology *the idea of Function is inseparably connected with that of Organ*, as the Act is with its Agent. Professor Bérard says, that, penetrated with the idea of a special organ being necessary for Respiration, he experienced a singular disappointment in reading the experiments of Spallanzani, which proved that every tissue of the body absorbed oxygen, and gave out carbonic acid; and he “only recovered his contentment on perceiving that the essence of Respiration consisted in this interchange of gases, so that, wherever a nutritive fluid was in contact with the atmosphere, Respiration must take place.” Here the Professor seems to us to have made an oversight, confounding the general with the particular, as completely as if a savage visiting England, and observing the transport of men and goods by rail-ways, and “penetrated with the idea of a special method of transit being necessary,” were afterwards to observe that vans, carts, and wheelbarrows also conveyed goods, from which he would conclude that the essence of transport being the removal of goods from one place to another, every means of transport must be a rail-way. The interchange of gases, like the transport of goods, may be effected by various means, but we only call the one Respiration when it is effected by gills or lungs, and the other rail-way transit when it is effected by rail-ways. Professor Bérard was right in conceiving that a special organ was necessary for Respiration; and his error arose from confounding the *action of the organ* with the *result of that action*. Respiration effects the interchange of gases, and the aëration of the blood, by means of a peculiar organic apparatus, without which the due aëration would not take place in the higher animals. In the simpler animals this apparatus is not needed, because the nutritive fluid, being easily accessible, requires no function to bring it into contact with the air; but no sooner does the organism become so complex that a direct aëration of the nutritive fluid ceases to be possible, than an apparatus is constructed, the function of which is to effect this aëration. In the gills and lungs we see such an apparatus. Unless distinctions like these are established, Respiration ceases altogether to be a vital process; and every interchange of

carbonic acid and oxygen, no matter where effected, will have an equal claim to be designated as a respiratory act. Therefore, as it is of the first importance in all physiological inquiries to keep constantly in view the part played by the organism in modifying physical laws, the philosophic reader will see at once that any verbal distinction which aids us in this must of advantage. We should, perhaps, do well to indicate the special distinctions by using phrases, such as "pulmonary respiration," "bronchial respiration," and "cutaneous respiration," for the various classes of animals.

If now we ask, What is Respiration? the answer will be this: *The function of the lungs or gills by means of which the blood absorbs oxygen, and parts with carbonic acid and some other noxious elements.* Oxygen is the great inciter of vital changes; its presence is the indispensable condition of life. It is at once fuel and flame; it feeds, and it destroys: constantly withdrawn from the blood, by the ceaseless activities of vital change, it is as constantly drawn into the blood by the process of Respiration. If the blood rushing through our lungs does not meet there with a supply of oxygen, the torrent carries venous in lieu of arterial blood to the tissues, and the consequence is an arrest of all the vital changes. If in passing through the lungs the blood only meets with a small supply of oxygen, an imperfectly arterialized fluid is carried to the tissues, and a partial arrest takes place, which is seen in the diminished vigor of the organism: all the functions are depressed; and if this depression continue, death arrives.

An organism and a medium—these are the two factors in the sum; yet, strangely enough, in trying to solve the problem of Respiration, men have principally directed their attention to one actor, the *medium*, forgetting the equally important influence of the organism. What is that medium? It is an atmospheric ocean forty-five miles in depth, whirling with our planet, while that planet whirls round the sun, subject to incessant fluctuations, yet always preserving the same composition. This atmosphere is chiefly composed of two gases—oxygen, which forms about one fifth, and nitrogen, which forms nearly the remaining four fifths; to these must be added about $\frac{1}{1000}$ of carbonic acid, and traces of ammonia. Such being the medium,

let us now glance at the organism. Here there is nothing constant; not only are all animals different, and consequently their action on the atmosphere is different, but the same organism varies at different periods. As a general fact, the action of the animal organism may be succinctly stated to be the absorption of oxygen from the atmosphere, and the exhalation of carbonic acid into it. It matters not whether the animal lives in air or in water—the real respiratory medium is always the air—for water, deprived of its air, or of its due proportion of oxygen, is as fatal to marine as to terrestrial animals. It matters not by what organ or surface the respiratory exchange takes place, it is always a twofold act of exhalation of carbonic acid on the one hand, and of absorption of oxygen on the other. The variety of respiratory organs is great. In the Molluscs we find some kinds having no "organs" at all; some kinds having gills, others having lungs, and one kind (*Oncidium*) having both gills and lungs. In the Crustacea we find rudimentary gills. In spiders there are both gills and lungs. Fish have only gills. Frogs and salamanders begin with gills, which disappear and give place to lungs. Reptiles, birds, and mammals, have lungs of different degrees of complexity. Cutaneous Respiration is effected when the air, either in the water or as atmospheric air, comes in contact with the moist skin in which the blood is circulating. Gill Respiration is effected in a similar way; the water rushing over the delicate surface, parts with oxygen, and takes up carbonic acid. In Pulmonary Respiration the air is no longer outside, but inside the organ: it is drawn in from the atmosphere; the exchange is effected in the organ, and the altered air is then driven out, to be replaced by fresh air.

To understand the mechanism of Pulmonary Respiration, let us commence with an examination of the Newt, (*Triton*), which presents us with the simplest form of the lung, and will therefore best enable us to understand the more complex forms. On opening the chest of this Newt, recently caught from a neighboring pond, we observe two elongated air-sacs of thin membrane; these are the lungs. We remove one sac, and find an artery with its ramifications rushing down one side, and a vein running up the other. Into this sac the air enters by the windpipe; when

there, it is in contact with the delicate blood-vessels lying in the membranous wall: the exchange of gases takes place; and the vitiated air is expelled by a contraction of the abdominal muscles; as you may see by observing the live animal in a glass vessel. The reptile's lung is thus an air-sac, on the surface of which blood-vessels are distributed; and if we now examine the lung of a man, we shall find that, in spite of its apparently different structure, it is little more than an almost endless repetition, on a smaller scale, of this very air-sac. The windpipe, instead of simply dividing into two branches, each branch terminated by a large air-sac, divides and subdivides like the branches and twigs of a tree, and these tubes are called the *bronchial tubes*; each tubelet terminates in a cell, forming, as Kölliker justly says, the miniature representation of the reptile's lung. The lung of a man is thus an aggregation of bronchial tubelets and air-sacs: these air-cells are very minute, sometimes the two hundredth of an inch, occasionally the seventieth of an inch. Between these air-cells run the capillary blood-vessels. Thus each side of a blood-vessel is exposed to the air contained within a cell, and the gases pass to and fro through the delicate wall of the cells, and through the walls of the capillaries, with perfect facility. So crowded are the blood-vessels, that the diameter of the meshes formed by their network, is less than the three thousandth of an inch, and the number of air-cells is calculated at not less than six hundred millions!

With this brief description of the organ, let us pass on to the function. When we breathe, we draw in the air by our nostrils, which penetrate the trachea, or windpipe, from thence passing into the bronchial tubes and tubelets, and from thence into the air-cells. Here it yields part of its oxygen to the blood, receiving carbonic acid in exchange. It was drawn in by a dilatation of the chest, and is driven out again by a contraction of the chest. Science has accurately measured the amount of air thus inspired and expired—namely, about twenty or twenty-five cubic inches each time. But we never empty our lungs by an expiration; there is always a much larger quantity of air remaining in the air-cells; this quantity varying, of course, with the force of the effort. Herbst found that, while twenty-

five cubic inches was the quantity expelled in ordinary quiet breathing, the quantity would rise to ninety, and even two hundred and forty cubic inches by very energetic efforts. It is therefore calculated that an adult man, with a well-developed chest, will retain about one hundred and seventy cubic inches of air in his lungs, after each expiration, during ordinary breathing; and as twenty-five inches will be added at the next inspiration, there will be alternately one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred cubic inches of air acting on the blood which rushes over the vast area of the lungs. The phrase "vast area" is no exaggeration; for small as the bulk of those organs truly is, the amount of surface on which blood is exposed to the air in them, has been calculated by Lindenau at not less than two thousand six hundred and forty-two square feet. Is it not wonderful to reflect that, in the course of a single year, one hundred thousand cubic feet of air have been drawn in and expelled, by something like nine millions of separate and complicated actions of breathing, to aerate more than three thousand five hundred tons of blood?

The injurious effect of tight-lacing has often been pointed out, and in England, at least, women have pretty generally learned to see the danger, if not always the hideousness of those wasp-waists once so highly prized. A single fact elicited in the experiments of Herbst will probably have more weight than pages of eloquent exhortation. It is this: the same man who, when naked, was capable of inspiring one hundred and ninety cubic inches at a breath, could only inspire one hundred and thirty when dressed; now, if we compare the tightness of women's stays with the tightness of a man's dress, we shall easily form a conception of the serious obstacle stays must be to efficient breathing; and the injurious effect of this insufficient breathing consists, as we shall see hereafter, in its inducing a depression of all the vital functions.

In Respiration we draw in and give out a *similar quantity* of air; but this air is by no means of *similar quality*. It has been altered—vitiated. The ancients had no other notion of Respiration than that it served to cool the blood, as the air cools the heated brow. We know that it serves to supply the indispensable conditions of vital changes, by removing carbonic acid

from the blood, and supplying its place with oxygen. The air which is expired differs profoundly from that which was inspired; it has lost much of its oxygen, and has gained from 3 to 6 per cent of carbonic acid, a large amount of vapor, traces of ammonia, hydrogen, and volatile organic substances, with an increase of heat. It was pure, respirable air when it entered, and is now so vitiated that after a few repetitions of the process it becomes irrespirable. The vitiation results from the carbonic acid. The quantity of this gas which is momentarily thrown into the atmosphere by each individual, varies according to sex, age, physical and mental condition, and according to the season of the year and time of day. We are constantly exhaling carbonic acid, but not in constant quantities. Men exhale much more than women; during the ages of from 16 to 40 the quantity exhaled by men nearly doubles that exhaled by women of the same ages. In men it is observed that the amount gradually increases from the age of 8 to that of 30, making a sudden start at the approach of puberty. From the age of 30 it decreases gradually, till at extreme old age the amount is no greater than it was at 10. In women a noticeable phenomenon is observed; the amount increases from infancy to puberty, just as in men; but at that epoch the increase suddenly ceases, and remains stationary till the change of life, when the amount increases. Besides such variations dependent on age and sex, there are others dependent on the muscular activity and physical condition of the individual. The amount of carbonic acid exhaled during digestion is greater than that exhaled during fast, and greater in sunlight than in darkness. Wines, spirits, tea, coffee, and narcotics lessen the amount; not, however, because they interfere with the process of Respiration, but because they cause less carbonic acid to be produced by the organism—they protect the tissues from the destructive action of oxygen.

The carbonic acid thus thrown into the air is the product of the disintegrated tissues—the ashes of the vital flame. The blood in the capillaries parts with its oxygen, received in the lungs, and, according to the current hypothesis, takes up in exchange the carbonic acid produced by the action of the tissues. If we were permitted to designate every interchange of these gases by the name of Respiration,

we should have to speak of two different kinds of Respiration; one taking place in the lungs, where carbonic acid is exchanged for oxygen, the other taking place in the tissues, where oxygen is exchanged for carbonic acid; but a more accurate and philosophical nomenclature, which seeks its terms in a consideration of functions, and not in the results effected by those functions, will not permit such confusion.

The exchange of these gases, considered simply as an exchange, is a physical fact resting on well-known physical laws. There have been, and there still are, disputes as to whether the gases are *free* in the blood, as in water, or are in a state of slight chemical combination; but the facility with which the exchange is made seems to be as great as if they were free. If blood be shaken in a vessel containing air, it will absorb more than a tenth of its volume of oxygen from that air. It is then saturated; and if now poured into a vessel containing carbonic acid, and there shaken, it will abandon almost all its oxygen, and absorb carbonic acid.

This is a simple illustration of the interchange effected in the lungs and in the tissues; for, as previously indicated, the delicate walls of the blood-vessels oppose no obstacle to this interchange. It is only necessary that the blood should be brought in contact with an atmosphere, or a fluid, of a composition specifically different from its own; in the lungs, the carbonized venous blood comes in contact with air containing scarcely any carbonic acid; in the tissues the oxygenized arterial blood comes in contact with a plasma which contains scarcely any oxygen; and in both cases the blood yields up its own gas in exchange for another. In the normal process the exchange is always that of *these gases*; but to prove the simple physical nature of the exchange, we have only to substitute hydrogen for oxygen, and the animal confined in a vessel containing this gas will be found to exhale carbonic acid with the same facility as when atmospheric air is breathed. No animal can continue long to breathe hydrogen, simply because that gas does not furnish the conditions of vitality; but while the animal breathes in hydrogen, the exhalation of carbonic acid is as perfect as at any other time; thus showing that the exhalation depends on the difference in the nature of the gases in the atmosphere, and in the blood.

When we breathe over and over again the same air, we gradually vitiate it by the constant exhalation of carbonic acid, which gradually brings the air up to the point where the difference between it and the blood—as regards the proportions of carbonic acid—disappears. The blood ceases to be arterialized, and the vital functions are arrested. In vain does the air still contain a quantity of life-giving oxygen; the blood can not take it up, because it can not get rid of the carbonic acid, and it can not get rid of its carbonic acid because the conditions of the exchange are absent. To make an animal breathe air overcharged with carbonic acid, is equivalent to a gradual prevention of his breathing at all. Suffocation results from vitiated air in precisely the same manner as from interception of the air. Although burking and gagging are crimes which appall the public, that public seems almost indifferent to the milder form of the same murder when it is called “want of ventilation.” In spite of the historical infamy of the Black Hole at Calcutta, our prisons, hospitals, theaters, churches, and other public buildings, were left disgracefully neglected, until, thanks to the energetic labors of our sanitary reformers, public attention was aroused. That thousands have been the victims of public ignorance on this important matter, may be shown by a single example. The deaths of new-born infants between the ages of 1 and 15 days, which, in the Dublin Lying-in Hospital, amounted in the course of four years to 2944 out of 7650 births, were suddenly reduced to only 279 deaths during the same period, after a new system of ventilation had been adopted. Thus, more than 2500 deaths, or 1 in every three births, must be attributed to the bad ventilation. In England the public is daily becoming more enlightened on the subject of ventilation, although a dangerous indifference, springing from want of elementary knowledge, is still prevalent, and taxes the patience of reformers; but in the country where these lines are written, it is painful to observe that even highly-cultivated men seem almost insensible to the importance of fresh air. The Germans sit for hours in low crowded rooms, so dense with tobacco smoke that on entering you can not recognize your friends; and so vitiated is the atmosphere by the compound of breath, bad tobacco, human exhalations, and an iron stove, that

at first it seems impossible for you to breathe in it. Even in their private rooms they breathe a hot, musty, *dry* air, which makes an Englishman gasp for an open window. It is true that after a while you get accustomed to the air. You also get accustomed to that of the smoke-filled tavern. On entering, you felt it would be impossible to stay there ten minutes; but in less than ten minutes it has become quite tolerable, and in half an hour scarcely appreciable. If you quit the room for a few minutes, and return once more after having breathed fresh air, again you perceive the poisonous condition of the atmosphere, but again you will get accustomed to it, and seem to breathe freely in it.

Was this atmosphere really not injurious? or have your sensations, like sentinels asleep, ceased to warn you of the danger? To answer this, we will first bring forward some experiments instituted by Claude Bernard, on the influence of vitiated air. A sparrow left in a bell-glass to breathe over and over again the same air, will live in it for upwards of three hours; but at the close of the second hour—when there is consequently still air of sufficient purity to permit *this* sparrow's breathing it for more than an hour longer—if a fresh and vigorous sparrow be introduced, it will expire almost immediately. The air which would suffice for the respiration of one sparrow suffocates another. Nay more, if the sparrow be taken from the glass at the close of the third hour, when very feeble, it may be restored to activity; and no sooner has it recovered sufficient vigor to fly about again, than, if once more introduced into the atmosphere from which it was taken, it will perish immediately. Another experiment points to a similar result. A sparrow is confined in a bell-glass, and at the end of about an hour and a half it is still active, although obviously suffering; a second sparrow is introduced; in about ten minutes the newcomer is dead, while the original occupant flies about the lecture-room as soon as liberated.

One can not try experiments on human beings as on animals, but accident and disease frequently furnish us with experiments made to our hand. What has been just related of the birds, is confirmed by an accident which befell two young Frenchwomen. They were in a room heated by a coke-stove. One of them was suffocated,

and fell senseless on the ground. The other, who was in bed, suffering from typhoid fever, resisted the poisonous influence of the atmosphere, so as to be able to scream till assistance came. They were both rescued, but the healthy girl, who had succumbed to the noxious air, was found to have a paralysis of the left arm, which lasted for more than six months. Here, as in the case of the sparrows, we find the paradoxical result to be, that the poisonous action of a vitiated air is better resisted by the feeble, sickly organism, than by the vigorous, healthy organism. This paradox admits of a physiological explanation. In the vitiated air of a German *Kneipe*, as in that of the houses of the poor, we find those who have had time to adjust themselves to it, breathing without apparent inconvenience, although each new-comer feels the air to be vitiated; and because they "get accustomed to it," people very naturally suppose that no injurious effect can follow. Here lies the dangerous fallacy. They get accustomed to it indeed, and only because they do so are they contented to remain in it: but at what price? by what means? By a *gradual depression of all the functions* of nutrition and secretion. In this depressed condition less oxygen is absorbed, and there is less needed in the atmosphere. A vitiated air will suffice for the respiration of a depressed organism, as it would amply suffice for the respiration of a cold-blooded animal. When we enter a vitiated atmosphere, our breathing becomes laborious; the consequence of this is a depression of all the organic functions, and then the breathing is easy again, because we no longer require so much oxygen, and we no longer produce so much carbonic acid. Were it not for this adjustment of the organism to the medium by a gradual depression of the functions, continued existence in a vitiated atmosphere would be impossible; we see the vigorous bird perish instantaneously in air which would sustain the enfeebled bird for upwards of an hour. Thus does Physiology explain the paradox; but at the same time it points out the fallacy of supposing that bad air can be harmless because we "get accustomed" to it. However fortunate a circumstance for those who have to breathe bad air, that the organism is quickly depressed to such a point as to render such air respirable, no one will deny that depressions of

this kind are necessarily injurious, especially when frequently experienced. There is indeed a wonderful elasticity in the organism, enabling it to adapt itself to changing conditions; but a frequent depression of functional activity must be injurious, and fatal if prolonged.

It is interesting to observe the effect of a *gradual* adjustment of the organism, as contrasted with one less gradual. The longer the time allowed, the easier is this adjustment. Thus a bird will live three hours in a certain quantity of air; in the same quantity, two birds of the same species, age, and size, will *not* live one hour and a half, as might be supposed, but only one hour and a quarter. Conversely, the bird which will live only one hour in a pint of air, will live three hours in two pints.

Enlightened by these remarkable results, we shall now be able to regard Respiration as a physiological function rather than as a simple physical process. On more than one occasion we have had to protest against the tendency to explain vital phenomena by physical and chemical laws only, without regard to the order of conceptions specially belonging to vital phenomena; and we must repeat that protest in the present case. That Respiration is ultimately dependent on physical laws, no one thinks of disputing; and in the arduous endeavor to detect the operation of those laws, it is natural that men should neglect the still more difficult study of vital laws. But we think it can be shown that however far analysis may trace the operation of the laws of gaseous interchange and diffusion, and the condensing action of moist membranes, these will only conduct us to the threshold; they will never open for us the temple. These physical laws reveal only one part of the mystery. Respiration is not a simple physical fact. It is the function of a living organism, and as such receives a specific character from that organism. No sooner do we cease to regard the exclusively physical aspect of this function—no sooner do we fix our attention on the organism and *its* influence, than the whole theory we have raised on the laws of gaseous interchange suddenly totters and falls.

It seems easy to explain why warm-blooded animals cease to breathe in an atmosphere charged with a certain per centage of carbonic acid, although there may

still remain sufficient oxygen to permit a candle to burn in it, and even to permit continued respiration if the carbonic acid be removed. The presence of a certain amount of carbonic acid in the air prevents the exhalation of that gas from the blood. As we read the explanation, nothing can seem clearer, and we admire the skill with which the laws of the absorption of gases are brought to bear on the fact. But as we pursue our researches, various difficulties arise; and as we extend the inquiry from the respiration of warm-blooded to that of cold-blooded animals, we learn that the fact so luminously explained is not at all true of the simpler organisms. Let us for a moment consider one striking contradiction in the theory; the air which has once passed through the lungs of a man, and which, in losing four or five per cent of its oxygen, has become charged with three or four per cent of carbonic acid, will yield but very little of its remaining oxygen when again passed through the lungs; and if this air be breathed over and over again, until the sense of suffocation forces a cessation, the air will still be found to contain ten per cent of oxygen—that is to say, nearly half its original quantity. In air thus vitiated, the respiratory process is impossible, but only impossible for warm-blooded animals in health: frogs, reptiles, fish, and molluscs, instead of perishing when the air has lost about half its oxygen, continue to breathe, and to absorb oxygen, almost as long as there is any left. Spallanzani, Humboldt, and Matteucci, have placed this beyond a doubt by their experiments; and when we consider how long these experiments have been before the world, it is a matter of surprise that the contradiction they give to all the purely physical theories of Respiration has not been insisted on. If the process depends simply on the proportion of gases in the atmosphere, how is it that one animal can continue to breathe in an atmosphere irrespirable by another? If it be simply the interchange of oxygen and carbonic acid, and this interchange be frustrated whenever eleven per cent of oxygen has disappeared, the law must be *absolute*, and as applicable to reptiles and molluscs as to birds or mammals. Instead of this, we find that reptiles can continue to breathe long after such a limit has been passed; they continue to absorb oxygen as long as even only three per

cent remains, in spite of the continually increasing proportion of carbonic acid. How is it that the physical laws of absorption frustrated the Respiration of one class of animals, and were powerless with another class? Why is it that, when a bird and a frog are confined in the same vessel, the frog will continue to absorb oxygen from the vitiated air in which the bird has long perished? Clearly the cause of this difference lies in the difference of the organisms; and we must no longer seek in the mere quantities of gases an explanation of interrupted respiration; we must no longer say that “breathing becomes impossible when the air is charged with a certain amount of carbonic acid, *because* that amount prevents the gaseous interchange;” but we must say that such an amount prevents the gaseous interchange, because it interferes with the organic action of the pulmonary apparatus. The distinction becomes palpable when we have an organism which is not affected by this amount of carbonic acid, and is even more palpable when we see a warm-blooded animal capable of breathing for a long period the air which, under a different condition, it would find irrespirable. We have seen how a bird, with its functions depressed, can continue to breathe for an hour in an atmosphere which immediately suffocated another bird of the same species; whereby it became clear that the lungs of one warm-blooded animal could absorb oxygen from an atmosphere in which there was such a proportion of carbonic acid, that sufficient oxygen could not be absorbed by a vigorous animal of the same species.

The intervention of organic conditions, modifying the simple physical laws of gaseous exchange, is sufficiently evident from what has just been said; but we have as yet no clear insight into the nature of this intervention; we do not know why blood, charged with carbonic acid, can not in the one case exchange that gas for the oxygen, of which 10 per cent still remains, since in another case the same blood *can* effect the exchange when there is even less than 10 per cent of oxygen.

Atmospheric air contains only 21 per cent of oxygen. But if 50 per cent of oxygen be mixed with 50 of carbonic acid, a warm-blooded animal is suffocated in it, in spite of there being more than double the amount of oxygen there is in ordinary atmosphere. Bernard, who made the

experiment, thinks that the carbonic acid in this mixture prevented the oxygen from entering the blood, not only because of its greater solubility, which gives it a tendency to displace the oxygen, but also because of the obstacle it presents to the exhalation of carbonic acid. On the other hand, the extensive and careful experiments of Regnault and Reiset show that Respiration will take place quite well in an atmosphere which contains as much as 23 per cent of carbonic acid, if at the same time it contains as much as 40 per cent of oxygen. How are we, on physical principles, to reconcile such facts as those just cited? In the one case we see that 50 per cent of oxygen is insufficient if the amount of carbonic acid be also 50 per cent; in another case we see that 40 per cent of oxygen suffices if the carbonic acid do not exceed 23 per cent; and we could explain both by saying, that unless the amount of oxygen nearly doubles that of carbonic acid, respiration is impossible, were it not for the irresistible objection that reptiles breathe in an atmosphere which has become charged with carbonic acid, and has gradually lost all but 3 per cent of its oxygen.

We have raised difficulties which we can not pretend to remove. It is enough to have called attention to the physiological problem involved, as a justification of our skepticism in presence of the physical explanations. Respiration is not a simple interchange of gases, but an organic function, which chiefly consists in exhaling carbonic acid and absorbing oxygen; whatever interferes with the exhalation or the absorption, checks Respiration, no matter what may be the condition of the atmosphere. As a final proof of the correctness of this conception, we will add that oxide of carbon, by preventing the exhalation of carbonic acid from the blood, prevents all Respiration, whatever amount of oxygen may be in the air. Moreover, experimenters are now agreed that there is no accurate correspondence between the amounts of oxygen absorbed and carbonic acid exhaled, as there ought to be were the process one of simple exchange. Spallanzani placed four couples of snails in four separate vessels containing atmospheric air; he found that two of these couples absorbed 20, one 19½, and the fourth only 17 of oxygen, but that the amount of carbonic acid exhaled was strikingly at variance. In two vessels he

found 20 and 17 of oxygen replaced by 3 of carbonic acid; in two others, 20 and 19½ by 4 and 8 of carbonic acid; clearly showing that the exhalation had been one process, and the absorption another.

If we have gained some idea of Respiration, we shall be able to understand what Suffocation is, and why carbonic acid in the air is so injurious. Carbonic acid is not a *poison*, as was formerly maintained. Its accumulation *in the blood* is only fatal when there is such an accumulation *in the atmosphere* as prevents its exhalation; its mere presence seems to be quite harmless even in large quantities, provided always that it be not *retained* there. Carbonic acid, when absorbed into the blood, which is alkaline, can not there exert its irritant action as an acid, because it will either be transformed into a carbonate or be dissolved. Bernard has injected large quantities into the veins and arteries and under the skin of rabbits, and found no noxious effect ensue. The more carbonic acid there is in the blood, the more will be exhaled, provided always that the air be not already so charged with it as to prevent this exhalation.

Oxide of carbon seems, however, to be truly a poison. The *blue* flame which rises from the coals or lighted wood is this same oxide, the product of an imperfect combustion; and being notoriously poisonous, it has by some writers been selected as the real agent in those numerous deaths by asphyxia, occurring from voluntary and involuntary exposure to the fumes of charcoal in closed chambers. Carbonic acid was said to be innocent, and oxide of carbon had to bear the whole infamy. There is no doubt, however, that although carbonic acid is not a poison, it will produce asphyxia, and deaths from charcoal-fumes may occur either from this asphyxia or from poisoning by oxide of carbon, or from a conjunction of the two. Oxide of carbon is truly called a poison, because its action is deleterious even in slight doses, no matter what may be the state of the atmosphere; but carbonic acid is only deleterious when the quantity in the atmosphere is such that the absorption of oxygen is frustrated. But how does this oxide of carbon act? If venous blood be exposed to it, we see at once the change into scarlet blood take place. It acts on the blood like oxygen? you will ask. Not precisely; for if venous blood be exposed to oxygen, it becomes

scarlet ; but when left to itself, it becomes black again, (except at the surface,) probably because the oxygen has gradually formed carbonic acid. After exposure to oxide of carbon, the blood remains scarlet for days and days—nay, even for weeks, according to Bernard. Prussic acid acts in a similar manner. *Poisoning by prussic acid or oxide of carbon, may be detected by this scarlet color of the venous blood.*

The effect of oxide of carbon is to render the blood-discs incapable of that process of exhalation, on which, as we have seen, the activity of the organism depends. The blood, to all appearance, preserves its vitality, for neither the form nor the color of its discs is altered ; but the blood is really dead, because its restless changes are arrested. Ever wonderful is the fact constantly obtruding itself upon us, that Life is inseparably linked with Change, and that every arrest is Death. Only through incessant destruction and reconstruction can vital phenomena emerge, an ebb and flow of being. The moment we preserve organic matter from destruction, we have rendered it incapable of the restless strivings of Life. A spirit like that of Faust seems ranging through all matter ; and if ever it should say to the passing moment, "Stay ! thou art fair," its career will be at an end.

The reader has doubtless often heard, with surprise, that the rusting of iron, the burning of a candle, and the breathing of an animal, are only three forms of the same process, three names for Combustion, or Oxidation. There is a certain fascination in such generalizations, and one always regrets to find them not correct. The rusting of iron and the burning of a candle are indeed two forms of one oxidizing process ; but Respiration can no longer be considered as in any sense a process of combustion—it is a twofold process of exhalation and absorption. The interesting experiments of Priestley will enable us to set forth the differences between Respiration and Combustion. He placed mice in a bell-glass, where in due time they were suffocated by the air which they had vitiated ; other mice were introduced, and they expired immediately. In another bell-glass a candle went out, after having in its combustion absorbed a part of the oxygen ; another burning candle was introduced, and it was at once extinguished by this vitiated air. In both of these vessels some

mint was now placed, where it flourished, and so completely revived the air, by absorbing its carbonic acid and giving out oxygen, that mice could again breathe in the one, and a candle burn in the other. In these experiments we seem to have a demonstration of the identity of Combustion and Respiration—and this, indeed, was the conclusion drawn ; but that the conclusion is erroneous, appears from the experiments of Claude Bernard, who takes a bell-glass containing an atmosphere of 15 per cent of oxygen, and 2 per cent of carbonic acid—the rest of the oxygen having disappeared to form water with the hydrogen of the candle which has just gone out. In this atmosphere, in which a candle will not burn, a linnet will breathe at ease for some time. He reverses the experiment, and makes an atmosphere in which a candle will burn, but in which an animal instantaneously perishes—an atmosphere composed half of oxygen and half of carbonic acid, in which a candle will burn better than in the air, because of the greater amount of oxygen ; but in which the animal perishes, because, in spite of the amount of oxygen, that oxygen can not be absorbed. The bird, when about to expire in vitiated air, will be recalled to life if the carbonic acid be removed by the introduction of potash—showing that it is owing to the presence of this carbonic acid that Respiration is impeded ; but we can not thus restore the expiring flame of the candle by removing the carbonic acid. Take two bell-glasses, and as soon as the combustion grows feeble, introduce into one glass some potash to remove the carbonic acid ; you will, nevertheless, find that the candles in both glasses will go out at the same instant. The experiment is very simple, and its significance is plain. By it we see the difference between Combustion, which is only oxidation, and Respiration, which is not oxidation but exchange. In the combustion of the candle the oxidation is every thing, and no process of exchange takes place. In the breathing of an animal the exchange is every thing. The candle expires because there is not enough oxygen in the air ; the animal expires because there is too much carbonic acid in the air.

Further, to prove that Respiration is an exchange of gases in the lungs, and not a process of oxidation, we need only refer to the experiments of Spallanzani

and W. Edwards—experiments so celebrated, that one is amazed to find one's self citing them in this discussion, which they ought long ago to have closed. These physiologists found that cold-blooded animals will breathe in an atmosphere of pure hydrogen, almost if not quite as easily as in ordinary air; the carbonic acid is exhaled, and hydrogen absorbed.* This proves that carbonic acid preëxists in the blood, and is not formed during respiration by the oxygen as it enters; and proves, likewise, that the respiratory process is one of exhalation and absorption, which can take place as well with hydrogen as with oxygen; and we are thus forced to exclude the idea of oxidation altogether. Although Respiration can take place without oxygen, life will not long continue without it; for, as before stated, oxygen is the power which burns organic matter into life.

Why is death inevitable when the access of fresh oxygen is excluded? The fact we know—of the reason we are ignorant. There still remains a large quantity of oxygen in the blood of the expiring animal; nor will death be sensibly retarded if fresh oxygen is injected into the veins and arteries. How is this? The process of Respiration brings oxygen to the blood; yet, if the oxygen be brought there through a more direct channel while respiration is impeded, the animal will die as quickly as if left to itself. Bernard tied a dog's head in a bag, which would in a certain time produce suffocation, and he found that period by no means retarded when he injected oxygen into the arteries.

Quitting for a moment this labyrinth of difficulty and doubt, which alternately fascinates and disheartens us when we strive to gain some explanation of the myriad processes of Life, let us stand apart and contemplate the marvel of respiratory interchange no longer as an animal function, but rather as a planetary phenomenon; let us endeavor to picture to ourselves the silent creative activity every where dependent on this interchange. The forests, the prairies, the meadows, the corn-fields, and gardens—the mighty expanse of plant-life covering

mountain and valley—subsist on the carbonic acid which is exhaled from the lungs and bodies of animals. Plants take up this carbonic acid from the atmosphere, mould the carbon into their own substance, and set free the oxygen, once more returning it to the atmosphere. Animals reverse the process, taking up the oxygen, and giving out carbonic acid for the nourishment of plants. This beautiful rhythmus of organic life has been so often described, that it has almost become a commonplace, without, however, losing its charm for the contemplative mind. The dependence of plant on animal, and of animal on plant, united in one mystery, and ever acting each for the advantage of the other, is not an idea to lose its charm by becoming familiar; but it sometimes leads to misconceptions. What, for instance, seems more natural than that the influence of trees planted in our cities should be very beneficial? If trees can thus withdraw the noxious carbonic acid from the vitiated air of cities, would it not be desirable—nay, ought it not peremptorily to be demanded—that as many trees should be planted in our streets as we can find room for? Such conclusions are soon reached by swift logicians. But nature is apt to elude the grasp of swift logicians, and she repeatedly declines to fall into the most symmetrical of their formulas. Not that Nature is capricious or illogical; but logicians are apt to draw inferences before they have collected sufficient data. Nature, in the present case, point-blank declares that the influence of vegetation on the atmosphere is totally *inappreciable*, unless the atmosphere be in a closed chamber or vessel, and *then* the influence is striking. Human wit has discovered no test delicate enough to appreciate the influence of plants on the free atmosphere in which we live. The depth and compass of this air-ocean are too vast, and the amount of oxygen absorbed by animals too trivial in comparison, for any effect to be appreciable; moreover, the mixture of the gases in the air, and their mutual diffusion, is so rapid, that no difference has yet been detected in the proportions of oxygen and carbonic acid in the air of crowded towns or wooded valleys.

The air of cities will hold more noxious exhalations suspended in it, but its gaseous composition will be the same as that of the country. To give an idea of the in-

* The same is true of warm-blooded animals when newly born, but after they have breathed for a few hours, they no longer possess this capability. The reason is unknown.

significant part played by animals as vitiators of the great air-ocean, we may mention the calculation made by the distinguished chemist Dumas, that all the oxygen consumed by all the animals on the surface of the globe during one hundred years would not amount to more than the $\frac{1}{1000}$ of the quantity in our atmosphere; and even supposing all vegetation to be annihilated, consequently no oxygen to be returned to the air by the incessant reduction of the carbonic acid, there would still need a period of ten thousand years before the diminution of the oxygen could become appreciable by any instruments we have hitherto invented.

After having thus described the essential characters and conditions of the respiratory process, it will be interesting to glance at the results obtained by various investigators respecting the variations among different animals, and in different states of the same animal. We learn, for example, without surprise, that animals of large bulk consume more air than the smaller animals; horses and oxen more than men; men more than dogs and cats. But, to use an Eastern figure, it raises the eyebrow of astonishment when we learn that the proportion of carbonic acid exhaled by a man and a horse bears no sort of correspondence to the differences in their relative bulk—the proportion being one hundred and eighty-seven to sixteen. We are, in like manner, puzzled to find that a full-grown cat only exhales one and two thirds of carbonic acid, where a rabbit produces more than two. How is this to be explained? Is there not a streak of light trembling on this question when we bring forward the fact previously mentioned, that the vegetable feeders uniformly exhale more carbonic acid than the animal feeders, and that carnivorous animals exhale more than their usual quantity if they are fed on vegetables? Some light may fall from this source, but it does not suffice to clear up the obscurity. Another interesting problem also arises here. Although the larger the animal the greater is the *absolute* amount of carbonic acid it produces,* yet the smaller the animal the greater is the *relative*

amount it produces. Thus, supposing the production of carbonic acid be estimated according to each pound weight of the animal, then we shall find that the smaller the animal the greater will be its proportion. But it is not size and weight alone which determine the differences in the amount of air consumed; far greater differences will arise from the varieties of organization. We may accept it as an axiom in physiology, that the activity of Respiration is inseparably connected with vital activity—not simply muscular activity, as some writers maintain, but all processes whatever involving chemical change within the body. The most striking confirmation of this axiom is perhaps to be seen in the phenomena of hibernation or winter-sleep. No sooner are the vital functions reduced to this extremely feeble condition, in which we may almost say life is suspended, than these hibernating animals are so incapable of ordinary respiration that they may be placed in an atmosphere of pure carbonic acid and remain there unhurt for four hours; whereas if they were placed in such an atmosphere when their breathing was going on, they would instantly perish.

One would imagine, on hearing this, that our ordinary sleep would also bring with it a diminution of the quantity of air consumed. And in as far as sleep may be considered a diminution of the vital activity, such a conclusion must be correct. But in how far is sleep a diminution? That is a question not hitherto asked, consequently without as yet an answer. In sleep there is very obvious diminution of some forms of vital activity, but we are by no means sure that the organic changes are so much less rapid on the whole. We are led to this by the experiments of Moleschott and Böcker, which establish that the chief cause of the difference noticed between the amount of carbonic acid produced during the day and night is the influence of *sunlight*; and that a man lying quietly awake will produce *less* instead of more than a man asleep, if the conditions of light and temperature are the same. Sleep, *as* sleep, is not therefore a diminution of the vital activity; although the sleep which we take at night

* This applies, of course, only to animals of the same kind. "Vous serez étonné," says Spallanzani, "quand je vous dirai qu'une larve du poids de quelques grains s'approprie presque autant d'oxygène

dans le même tems, qu'un amphibie mille fois plus volumineux qu'elle."—*Mémoires sur la Resp.* p. 69. This is because the insect lives so much more rapidly than the reptile.

after the fatigues of the day must of course be considered as accompanied by a diminution. It is quite certain that, partly from fatigue and partly from the absence of sunlight, less carbonic acid is formed at night than during the day. Boussingault found that the same turtle-doves during day and night showed a difference of ninety-four and fifty-nine on one occasion, and of seventy-five and fifty-three on another. Lehmann confirmed the observations.

If it is true that all vital activity increases the amount of carbonic acid exhaled, and if every diminution is accompanied by a corresponding diminution of the amount, we may readily believe that intellectual fatigue, and the lassitude which succeeds mental or emotional excitement, will be accompanied by a corresponding depression of the respiratory function. Nay, even the concentration of the mind on any subject will produce this. Every one knows the state of "breathless attention." Whenever the mind is preoccupied by a powerful impression of some duration, the breathing becomes so feeble that from time to time we are forced to compensate this diminished activity by a deep inspiration. This is the rationale of *sighing*, an action commonly attributed only to grief, but which is the accompaniment of all mental preoccupation. The philosopher, brooding over his problem, will be heard sighing from time to time, almost as deeply as the maiden brooding over her forlorn condition. All men sigh over their work, when their work deeply engages them; but they do not remark it, because the work, and not their feelings, engages their attention, whereas during grief it is their feelings which occupy them.

It is an interesting fact, and one which throws light on the intimate connection between respiration and vital activity, that a very considerable increase in the production of carbonic acid swiftly follows after eating; consequently an enormous reduction in the amount is found to accompany starvation. The fact was established by Spallanzani, and has been repeatedly confirmed. Boussingault found that pigeons, when fasting, did not produce half the amount which they produced when well fed. Spallanzani suggests that the food during digestion gives off carbonic acid, and this passing into the blood, is exhaled in respiration — a suggestion

which receives additional force from the fact that vegetable food uniformly produces more carbonic acid in respiration than animal food. But this will scarcely account for the whole of the increase, and we are led to seek in the greater activity of the nutritive processes for the other cause thereof: the fasting animal has a depressed vitality.

Temperature has considerable influence on respiration. The fact has been ascertained by experiment, but it might have been deductively established; for the influence of temperature on the vital activities is well known, and whatever influences them must affect respiration. It is only by the aid of such an axiom that we can find our way amid the apparent contradictions of this subject. The remarkable difference noticed between the capabilities of warm and cold-blooded animals in breathing vitiated air, is not less than the difference in the effect of temperature on these two classes. We remember our astonishment on learning from Spallanzani that increase in the temperature brings with it an uniform increase in the amount of oxygen absorbed by molluscs and reptiles; it was a statement in direct contradiction to the well-established fact in human physiology, that more oxygen was absorbed in cold than in hot weather. Our difficulty was lightened, however, when we learned that Spallanzani's statement is only true of cold-blooded animals, and true of them only within certain limits; too great a heat ceases to increase the amount, and gradually diminishes it, as with warm-blooded animals. What are these limits, and why this cessation of increase? The limits are these: take a frog and place it in an atmosphere a little above the freezing-point; as the temperature rises from 36° to 45° Fahrenheit, the amount of oxygen absorbed uniformly increases; it remains nearly stationary from 45° to 57°; at 58° it begins to decrease, and this decrease continues till 104° is reached, and then the frog perishes. The reason is very simple: a certain amount of heat stimulates all the vital functions of the frog, and consequently increases its need for oxygen; when the heat becomes too great, it ceases to be a stimulant, and depresses the functional activity, till at length a point is reached when the organism can no longer exist.

On warm-blooded animals, the effect of

temperature is apparently different, but really the same. Every increase of heat is found to *diminish* their respiration, every increase of cold to *augment* it. Thus it is ascertained that the smaller mammals, at a temperature of 86° to 104° Fah., consume one half the quantity they consumed at freezing-point. Various experiments on man have elicited the general fact, that under the influence of a moderately cold atmosphere the respiration is increased by one sixth more than in a moderately warm atmosphere. Precisely as too intense a degree of heat diminishes the respiration of the frog, by enfeebling its vital activity, does too intense a degree of cold diminish the respiration of a warm-blooded animal by enfeebling its vital activity. There are certain limits of temperature within which every increase of heat raises the respiration of the frog, because the increase raises its vital activity; and there are certain limits within which every decrease of heat raises the respiration of the man, because the decrease raises his vital activity; but if these limits be overstepped, the stimulant is changed into a debilitant.

We see this very curiously illustrated by the hibernating animals, the dormouse, marmot, bat, hedge-hog, etc. They occupy, in this respect, an intermediate position, between the cold-blooded and the warm-blooded animals; for although they are really warm-blooded animals, the effect of temperature on them is closely allied to that produced on the cold-blooded. No sooner is there a fall of external temperature than their respiration diminishes. Unlike the rest of warm-blooded animals, their organism seems to have little power of resisting the changes of external temperature; they can not produce heat with sufficient rapidity to counterbalance the loss they sustain from the surface of their bodies when the air is cold. Instead of acting on them as a stimulus, which would accelerate the respiratory process, cold acts on them with a depressing influence which gradually reduces their respiration almost to zero. But no sooner have they passed into this winter-sleep, and their organic activity has become almost null, than we can at pleasure reawaken it to any degree by raising the surrounding

temperature, and as the vital activity once more begins to manifest itself, the respiration (which is only one form thereof) likewise becomes manifest.

Why do we breathe? The foregoing pages have given some answer to the question, *How* do we breathe? but have not hinted at the *why*; yet after reading about the respiratory process, a natural curiosity prompts the inquiry as to its cause. Unhappily, nothing but extremely vague answers can be given. We know that the chest expands and contracts with beautiful rhythm, and mostly, as an involuntary, automatic process. We know that our attention is not required, that no effort is needed, and indeed that no effort of ours can prevent the regular alternation of inspiration and expiration. We can by an effort accelerate or retard these motions, but we can not prevent them. The process, then, clearly depends on a stimulus given to the involuntary part of the nervous system; it is called into action by nervous stimulus, and physiologists have vainly endeavored to discover the nervous apparatus which is involved, and the rationale of its action. The pressure of carbonic acid in the air-cells, or of venous blood in the capillaries, may act as a stimulus to the pneumogastric nerve; but what is the rationale of whipping a newly-born child's back and continuation, as a means of making it draw breath? Generally, the stimulus of the cold air on the child's face suffices to make it draw breath, which it expires again in a well-known cry, to mothers' ears most musical; but this stimulus is often insufficient, and the doctor or nurse initiates the little stranger into that experience of "external local applications" which, in later years, will also be freely used as a stimulus to virtue or learning. The fact we know; but why such "local applications" excite the respiratory activity, we do not know, for we do not know the nervous apparatus which regulates the actions of respiration. It is probable that the researches of physiologists will, ere long, clear up this point, as they have cleared up so many others; meanwhile we must content ourselves with vague answers to our question, *Why do we breathe?*

THE STREAM OF SORROW.

ONE stream there is which crosseth every way
That man can tread, a stream of bitter savor ;
To some more bitter, showing seeming favor :
How ruled by strictest Justice who shall say ?

Sometimes, a Child, who chaseth butterflies
Through primrose-meadows, comes upon this
river,

And plungeth with a helpless cry and shiver.

Anon, a Maiden with love-languid eyes,
Plucking blush-roses on the hidden brink,
Unwary slideth down the bush-green grasses
Which clothe the banks, thorn-wounded as she
passes

To pitiless death. She and her roses sink.

A feverous Youth, all wild with throbbing
blood,

In willful pride and wanton daring, diveth
Into mid-stream ; and, rising sobered, striveth,
And gains the shore beyond the bitter flood.

Again, a Mother with a sucking child
On treacherous mosses coucheth, cavered
under

By creeping waters. Dashing waves asunder,
She batteth with a spirit more strong and wild
Than they, and lands the babe on further bank.

A Dreamer, folded deep in flowery vision,
Down-falleth, and awakeneth in transition
To death-embrace of weedy fetters dank.

A Crafty-man with coldly-glistening eye,
Whose scrupulous velvet-feet were ever choosing
The safest ground, his wariest footing losing,
Sinks in the marsh, and can not live or die.

A Gray-beard, who for four-score years hath
trod

On shaven lawns, athwart his pathway seeth
The stream, and neither stays his steps nor
fleeth,

But wearily commits his soul to God.

This stream is ever-changeful ; gliding now
A sinuous thread o'er-bridged by margin-rushes,
Humming a mournful lullaby which hushes
To melancholy dreams ; or, creeping slow
A shallow sluggish river, night-mare bound
By bat-winged winds through all its silent
spaces ;

Or, deep and rapid, undermining bases
Of tangled banks which lapse with sullen sound.
Now narrowing, its torrent waters roar
Through stride-broad gorges, piteously hurling
Strong victims to and fro, and onward whirling
Torn limbs which vainly grasp the further
shore ;

Anon, like Death, it lies in fathomless pools,
Unstirred by any breeze, and voiceless ever,

Through all its depths. No phantom-sound
doth sever

The silence that with icy scepter rules :
Or, broadening far and wide, its waters sleep—
A placid sea, whose dreary levels vanish
In sombrous brooding mists, and, endless,
banish

All hope from such as float upon that deep ;
For some there be who from their very birth
Herein are launched and find a life-long dwell-
ing—

Who learn to love its frozen bosom, quelling
Their infant-loathing—who, in utter dearth
Of other nurture, drink the poisonous tide,
Quaffing with parched lips full many a potion
Of bitter-sweet from this lethargic ocean.
Pale are these Nereids, wan and mistful-eyed,
With patient faces dusked by twilight smiles,
Of listless form, with weary heads down-droop-
ing—

Thus drift they onwards lonely, never grouping ;
And come, at times, on little floating isles
Of colorless water-lilies, (for this mere,
Else-barren, hath its pallid, shadowy flowers,)
And gazing, rain from mistful eyes sweet
showers

Of thankful tears, in unaccustomed cheer.

Full many a mortal course this stream doth end ;
But such as stem its greedy waters, gaining
The thither bank, look back with no complain-
ing,

But rather hail the terrible pass a friend.
Their severed pathways lie before them still,
O'er softer swards, through greener pastures
leading,

'Neath shadier trees, by cooler fountains feeding
Perennial flowers which sweeter scents distill.
More glorious sunlight streams from bluer skies
O'er all the breadth of these thrice-blessed do-
minions ;

And balmier airs come borne on gentler pinions,
Breathing a calmer sleep on quiet eyes.

Brother ! this stream atwart *our* pathway lies.
Perchance, where flowers and fruits are thick-
est growing,

Even at our feet, 'tis treacherously flowing.
Oh ! let us not be taken by surprise ;
But breast the hungry flood with resolute soul,
With meek submission not with vain repining,
Seeing how God's eternal Sun is shining
Full where the bitter waters murkiest roll.

J. A.

From the National Review.

GHOSTS OF THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL.*

Mrs. CROWE's work is not new; but as the most compendious collection of ghost-stories in the language, serves better than any other as a text for what few words we have to say on the subject of the old-fashioned ghosts. The writer is a woman of genius. Her stories of *Susan Hopley* and *Lilly Dawson* are models of straightforward narration. A female De Foe could not have told them better; if, indeed, such stories can be said to be told, which seem rather like the conscientious detail of real incident. The power of producing this effect is not the result of art, any more than that undefinable tone which lies in a man's voice when he means what he says, is the result of art. It is the untraceable transfer of something in the writer to his page. It is the influence, how exerted we can not analyze, of a peculiar sort of mind and imagination. Such writers stamp their pages with the intensity of their own convictions. It is a characteristic of their minds that they will have reality or nothing. Most of us possess a certain nebulous district in our minds, inhabited by the things we are not sure of; we keep a suspense account of matters not yet determined, and many of which we are content enough to see no present hope of determining. But the De Foe school of mind has no such half-beliefs. Truth to them consists not so much in accumulation of evidence as in firmness of grip. When they have got fast hold of a thing, they believe it; that is, there is with them a belief of the imagination stronger than the belief of the reason. With the sort of bull-dog tenacity which they possess, they fasten upon things new and old, false and true; and the differ-

ence between these things is merged in the common vividness with which they stand before the eye of the mind. These are the people to tell ghost-stories and make you believe them: they make tangible things where names are the names for nonentity. They grasp a specter as if it were a walking-stick, and hold a disembodied spirit hard and fast by the button. The confidence which other men repose in their senses, or in their intuitions, is a bagatelle to the blind earnestness of conviction with which these minds hold to the phantasmata of their imaginations.

De Foe believed his own invented facts as much as if they were real external ones; and his imaginative fictions, from the strength of his own hold upon them, became lies to other people. This is not Mrs. Crowe's way. She invents no apparitions, and tells no history of a Cavalier; but she shows a common nature in the placid depths of conviction with which she handles her favorite subject-matter. You, she says to her reader, may believe in ghosts or not, as you please; I merely state these facts, and leave you to dispose of them as you can. For herself, she would far rather "doubt truth to be a liar." Thus she tells her stories well: she always has her eye firmly on the ghost she knows is there; and steadily pressing through to get at him, she brushes away the imperfect evidence, doubts, and hesitations, which obscure him from our more hesitating vision. The more wonderful a story is, the more ardently she welcomes it; the more incredible it is, the less is she inclined to question the foundation on which it rests; and in her own heart she believes it impossible that it should be false, provided it be but sufficiently near being impossible. If she speaks of evidence at all, it is boldly to reverse all the usual and natural practice of the mind. She summons us, irrespectively of the testimony, to believe what is foreign to our experience unless we can disprove it. The majority of persons, she tells us, "forget that nobody has a right to call any belief

* A very sensible article, suited to correct and cure the notions of modern Spiritualists.—ED.

The Night Side of Nature. By CATHERINE CROWE. London: J. C. Newby, 1848.

Spirit Drawings: a Personal Narrative. By W. M. WILKINSON. London: Chapman & Hall, 1858.

An Angel's Message: being a Series of Angelic and Holy Communications, received by a Lady. London: John Wesley & Co., 1858.

superstitious until he can prove that it is unfounded."

This is an alarming assertion. Has even Mrs. Crowe herself acted on it? If so, she must have gone through a vast course of inquiry, to make her competent to disbelieve in very little. We should like to know some of the results. Is Aladdin's lamp true or disproved? What is the logical demonstration that ghouls, "jinns," and afreets do not exist? Is that true about the bottle of smoke which expanded into a giant? Is it proposed to recognize or disprove the spiritual existence of the members of the Hindoo mythology, from Vishnu down to the substratum of tortoise; of "Peor and Baalim," "Isis and Orus and the dog Anubis;" the deities of Greece and Rome, of Odin, Baldur, and the tree Ygdrasil; of the Great Spirit, the premundane bear and squirrel, and all the chaos of pagan and savage superstitions? Are there just limits, and if so, what limits founded on disproof, to our belief in fates, furies, norns, nymphs, naiads, oreads, hamadryads, nereids, fairies, goblins, trolls, peris, deevs, imps, familiars, nickers, dwarfs, mermen and maids, the Sandman, Rumpelstilzkin, Dr. Faustus, and the dog Cerberus? Hades, we know, is much in vogue just now; but is Charon the correct thing? and how about the Elysian fields? Do Antony and Cleopatra there walk "hand in hand, and with their sprightly port make the ghosts gaze"? How would this idea of Mrs. Crowe's, if widely received, affect our education, and especially our theology? Imagine "Arguments against Fetish-worship," by the Archbishop of Canterbury; "Wooden Idols proved not Gods," by the Dean of Carlisle; and a "Discrediting of Diana of the Ephesians," in seven sermons, by Father Newman. All we can possibly say against the reëpearance of the dead, continues Mrs. Crowe, is, not that it is impossible, but that we do not believe it; and if we say this, we ought at once to be subjected to the interrogation: "Have you devoted your life to sifting all the evidence that has been adduced on the other side from the earliest periods of history and tradition?" Unless we have done this, we are bound to believe; and even when we have done this, we shall be bold inquirers if we think ourselves entitled to say more than that the question is open. This is shifting the burden of proof with a vengeance. Fortunately for us, how-

ever, we all know disbelief is not the result of elaborate inquiry of this sort; but is due to the mind being occupied by certain positive convictions, which by their simple presence exclude those matters which are inconsistent with them; and that where no such inconsistent prepossession obtains, it is instinctive with us to seek some sort of evidence for that which claims our belief, rather than to believe until we can obtain satisfactory evidence of a negative. This seems elementary; and it is not doing justice even to ghosts to claim our belief in them on principles of inquiry so directly opposed to those which are true and natural.

Any value which Mrs. Crowe's book might have as an attempt at the solution of some of the most puzzling facts of our experience, is destroyed by the indiscriminating voracity with which she devours every thing that bears the semblance of the marvelous. In a book which claims to collect facts on a subject in which the original authorities are for the most part unattainable, and the evidence peculiarly slight and precarious, we are in an especial degree dependent on the cool judgment and sagacity of the writer, on the degree in which we can rely on his caution in accepting authority, and his skill in weighing and investigating evidence. Mrs. Crowe's mind, as we have said, is remarkably ill-constituted for work of this sort. Things are true to her because she is determined they shall be so. She begs all the facts, and only asks you to scrutinize the explanation of them. She shares largely in a not uncommon delusion, that we extend the boundaries of knowledge by inventing new theories to account for unascertained facts; and she is simply blind to the idea that any story about spirits can be false. An anecdote has only to send up its card with "ghost" written on it, and it is at once admitted into the innermost penetralia of her convictions. The unquestioning way in which she receives and tells the story of the "Grecian Bride," may serve as an instance of how ready she is to think a story true, and how impossible it is for any degree of the *à priori* incredible to overtask the willingness of her credence.

"The story of the Grecian bride is still more wonderful; and yet it comes to us surprisingly well authenticated, inasmuch as the details were forwarded by the prefect of the city in which the thing occurred to the proconsul of his pro-

vince, and by the latter were laid before the Emperor Hadrian; and as it was not the custom to mystify Roman emperors, we are constrained to believe that what the prefect and proconsul communicated to him they had good reason for believing themselves.

"It appears that a gentleman called Demonstratos, and Charito, his wife, had a daughter called Philinnion, who died; and that about six months afterwards, a youth named Machates, who had come to visit them, was surprised, on retiring to the apartments destined to strangers, by receiving the visits of a young maiden, who eats and drinks and exchanges gifts with him. Some accident having taken the nurse that way, she, amazed at the sight, summons her master and mistress to behold their daughter, who is there sitting with the guest. Of course they do not believe her; but at length, wearied by her importunities, the mother follows her to the guest's chamber: but the young people are now asleep, and the door closed; but looking through the keyhole, she perceives what she believes to be her daughter. Still unable to credit her senses, she resolves to wait till morning before disturbing them: but when she comes again the young lady has departed; whilst Machates, on being interrogated, confesses that Philinnion had been with him, but that she had admitted to him that it was unknown to her parents. Upon this the amazement and agitation of the mother were naturally very great; especially when Machates showed her a ring which the girl had given him, and a bodice which she had left behind her; and his amazement was no less when he heard the story they had to tell. He, however, promised that if she returned the next night, he would let them see her; for he found it impossible to believe that his bride was their dead daughter. He suspected, on the contrary, that some thieves had stripped her body of the clothes and ornaments in which she had been buried, and that the girl who came to his room had bought them. When, therefore, she arrived, his servant having had orders to summon the father and mother, they came; and perceiving that it was really their daughter, they fell to embracing her with tears. But she reproached them for the intrusion, declaring that she had been permitted to spend three days with this stranger, in the house of her birth; but that now she must go to the appointed place; and immediately fell down dead, and the dead body lay there visible to all.

"The news of this strange event soon spread abroad, the house was surrounded by crowds of people, and the prefect was obliged to take measures to prevent a tumult. On the following morning, at an early hour, the inhabitants assembled in the theater; and from thence they proceeded to the vault, in order to ascertain if the body of Philinnion was where it had been deposited six months before. It was not; but on the bier there lay the ring and cap which Machates had presented to her the first night she visited him; showing that she had returned there in the interim. They then proceeded to

the house of Demonstratos, where they saw the body, which it was decreed must now be buried without the bounds of the city. Numerous religious ceremonies and sacrifices followed, and the unfortunate Machates, seized with horror, put an end to his own life."

The next story shows how eager is her preference for a recondite hypothesis:

"The following very singular circumstance occurred in this country towards the latter end of the last century, and excited at the time considerable attention; the more so, as it was asserted by every body acquainted with the people and the locality that the removal of the body was impossible by any recognized means, besides that no one would have had the hardihood to attempt such a feat.

"Mr. William Craighead, author of a popular system of arithmetic, was parish school-master of Monifieth, situate upon the estuary of the Tay, about six miles east from Dundee. It would appear that Mr. Craighead was then a young man, fond of a frolic, without being very scrupulous about the means, or calculating the consequences. There being a lykewake in the neighborhood, attended by a number of his acquaintance, according to the custom of the times, Craighead procured a confederate, with whom he concerted a plan to draw the watchers from the house, or at least from the room where the corpse lay. Having succeeded in this, he dextrously removed the dead body to an outer house, while his companion occupied the place of the corpse in the bed where it had lain. It was agreed upon between the confederates, that when the company was reassembled, Craighead was to join them, and at a concerted signal the impostor was to rise, shrouded like the dead man, while the two were to enjoy the terror and alarm of their companions. Mr. C. came in, and after being some time seated, the signal was made, but met no attention: he was rather surprised; it was repeated, and still neglected. Mr. C., in his turn, now became alarmed; for he conceived it impossible that his companion could have fallen asleep in that situation; his uneasiness became insupportable; he went to the bed, and found his friend lifeless! Mr. C.'s feelings, as may well be imagined, now entirely overpowered him, and the dreadful fact was disclosed; their agitation was extreme, and it was far from being alleviated when every attempt to restore animation to the thoughtless young man proved abortive. As soon as their confusion would permit, an inquiry was made after the original corpse, and Mr. O. and another went to fetch it in, but it was not to be found. The alarm and consternation of the company was now redoubled; for some time a few suspected that some hardy fellow among them had been attempting a Roland for an Oliver; but when every knowledge of it was most solemnly denied by all present, their situation can be more easily imagined than described—that of Mr. O. was little short of distraction. Daylight came

without relieving their agitation; no trace of the corpse could be discovered, and Mr. C. was accused as the *primum mobile* of all that had happened. He was incapable of sleeping, and wandered several days and nights in search of the body, which was at last discovered in the parish of Tealing, deposited in a field about six miles distant from the place from whence it was removed.

"It is related, that this extraordinary affair had a strong and lasting effect upon Mr. C.'s mind and conduct; that he immediately became serious and thoughtful, and ever after conducted himself with great prudence and sobriety."

One would think that among people where one was found with boldness enough to play the part of Craighead's accomplice, another might have been found with hardihood enough, and dexterity enough, to remove the body; and that this should be so, would be held more probable than that the body should have removed itself, or been the subject of supernatural transference: but "the assertion of every body," which generally means a complete assertion made out of the incomplete assertions of a number of people, is enough, if, indeed, any assertion were required, to satisfy Mrs. Crowe of the impossibility of an explanation so simple, and so destructive of the requisite supernatural elements in the story.

Ghosts are a theory. It is with reluctance we refine further upon their already shadowy existence; yet what, after all, are they but an hypothesis to solve certain phenomena that have been presented? Men have seen, or have thought they have seen, the persons of those dead as if they still lived. Various solutions of such experiences have been proposed: one of them is, ghosts—that these figures are actual persons reappearing among us—*revenants*. When the phenomena shall have been sufficiently established, and ghosts shown to be the most consistent and satisfactory solution of their existence, they will be entitled to the honors of a scientific discovery. No one can say it is an impossible solution; *a priori* we do not know why it should be considered an improbable one. Where we know so little, it is not wise to deny much; but it is at least as hard to affirm without good grounds. And it can not be denied, that the proving of a ghost is a matter attended with very peculiar difficulties; and the first and most important of these are connected with the ascertainment of the facts on which we are to base our conclusion.

You can not subject a ghost to scientific scrutiny under a microscope, or otherwise; nor can you, except rarely, and in a very slight degree, test the event of its appearance, as you do the truth of most events, by its consistency with other events which surround it. He comes when it suits his own purpose, not yours; and has never shown any willingness to subject himself to experiment. He simply presents himself: if you believe in him, well and good; if not, it is impossible for him to produce credentials. He is out of harmony with the world of matter in which he appears, and has nothing to fall back upon. His main stronghold lies, not in any evidence that can be adduced in his favor, but in the common prepossessions—superstitions, if you will—of our nature. We have all, if we would admit it, a sympathy with the candid objector, who confessed that while stoutly denying the possibility of the appearance of spirits, he felt a cold stream down his back. It is the strong internal conviction which men in all ages have had of a spiritual world existing not far from their own, and of occasional trespasses across the common boundary, that makes ghost-stories possible. It is for this reason that they are the received hypothesis to explain various occurrences that puzzle us, and the popular and willingly accepted scapegoats of startling events. When strange noises are heard in a house, we rather say it is haunted than that material substances are moving about of their own accord; we rather believe that a ghost than a man walks through a bolted door. In these and similar cases, the supposition of spiritual interference, though it clashes with our experience, is more in harmony with our nature than one which infringes the ascertained laws of material existence. Men, naturally and rightly, are more ready to refer unexplained exhibitions of force to hidden living wills than to occult properties of matter.

Hence general arguments in favor of ghosts carry us with them; but though we listen with interest to particular recitals of their appearance, it is few who in their hearts believe them. If we are to do so without having ourselves experienced them, it must be as a pure matter of trust in those who allege they have done so. Such trust, no doubt, mingles in all our belief. The mass of knowledge in most men is supported more or less by reliance upon others; but it is rarely mere

personal trust. Many of us are very imperfectly acquainted with the chain of reasoning and calculation which convinces that an eclipse will occur at a given moment; but we know the kind of knowledge on which it depends—we exercise ourselves, in a more or less degree, the same faculties are those by which others have attained to this result, and we know too that among all competent persons who do examine the question there is an absolute coincidence of opinion. It is a matter which has received great corroboration; but more than this, it is in its nature capable of unlimited corroboration, for every man may if he chooses test its truth for himself. Our confidence in such a case is not so much trust in men, as faith in the capacity for right working of the human mind. It is one thing to rely upon another person for the truth of a certain fact, it is another to be dependent upon him for its truth. We trust him just because we are not dependent on the sole evidence of his assertion, because there is other evidence if we choose to seek it. In the inverse proportion, as facts are permanent or repeated under circumstances open to varied observation, and as they are capable of experimental test, does our belief in them depend on individual human trustworthiness. Though I may have never seen the sea, I believe in the ebb and flow of the tides on different grounds to those on which I believe in a remarkable meteor which my neighbor tells me he saw at ten o'clock last night. My belief in the latter depends almost entirely on my personal confidence in my neighbor; not quite entirely so, because others may have seen it; his statement is open at least to corroboration or refutation; and I know from other sources that such things are not uncommon. When, however, he tells me he saw a ghost, that in the dead of the night his grandmother stood by his bedside in a shattered cottage-bonnet or otherwise, I am absolutely dependent on his veracity and powers of accurate observation; and by veracity we mean to specify, not unwillingness to tell a lie, but all the moral and mental characteristics which enable a man to transmit correctly to another mind his own experience—characteristics which those who have had any experience in collecting evidence will admit to be rare. But this position of absolute reliance on the individual who professes to have seen it, is

the highest certainty we can attain to of the existence of a ghost. For ourselves, we rarely think it worth while to ask any one if he has seen a ghost; we content ourselves with inquiring, Have you ever seen a person who has seen a ghost? It is rarely indeed that you can get one of these stories at first hand. They are almost always exposed to the chances of error which accumulate in all secondary evidence, from imperfect recital, imperfect comprehension, imperfect memory, and imperfect truthfulness; all swayed one way by love of the marvelous, and the still more deeply-rooted human passion, love of a good story. A man who has seen a ghost has good evidence to go on. A man who hears the account of a trustworthy man who says he has seen a ghost, has evidence more or less reliable; but a man who reads in a book that an unknown person, X, appeared to an unknown person, Y, what evidence has he?

Take as an instance of the sort of testimony we are generally dependent on in ghost-stories, and of the way in which they are retailed, the following brief anecdote from Mrs. Crowe's book:

"The American case—I have omitted to write down the name of the place, and forget it—was that of a mother and son. She was also a highly respectable person, and was described to me as perfectly trustworthy by one who knew her. She was a widow, and had one son, to whom she was extremely attached. He, however, disappeared one day, and she never could learn what had become of him; she always said that if she did but know his fate she should be happier. At length when he had been dead a considerable time, her attention was one day, whilst reading, attracted by a slight noise, which induced her to look round, and she saw her son, dripping with water, and with a sad expression of countenance. The features, however, presently relaxed, and they assumed a more pleasing aspect before he disappeared. From that time she ceased to grieve, and it was subsequently ascertained that the young man had run away to sea; but no more was known of him. Certain it was, however, that she attributed her recovered tranquillity to having seen her son as above narrated."

Now in this case we are dependent on the accuracy, 1, of the author; 2, of her informant; 3, of the respectable widow. We have no grounds for impugning it in any of these cases; but, on the other hand, it is practically not easy to place implicit confidence in the perfect accuracy of three unknown persons, and inac-

curacy in any one of them destroys the story. If Mrs. Crowe were to tell one of us in print that a person had informed her that he, the informant, had been told by a trustworthy American widow that in a certain place was buried a crock of gold, say £1000 worth, to be had for the fetching—would this induce a rush of readers across the Atlantic? Would any single person be found credulous enough to set the probability of success in such an enterprise against the certainty of seasickness? We apprehend not. And as a slight specimen of the inaccuracy of Mrs. Crowe's mind, we may observe that this story is cited to prove that persons reappear at periods some distance from their deaths. But if nothing was ever heard of the young man, how it is known that he died a considerable time before he appeared to his mother?

The evidence, however, for this class of phenomena rests, as Mrs. Crowe very properly urges, not on any one story, but on the general consent of many. We may take exception to every single instance, and not find one supported by evidence sufficiently unimpeachable to entitle it to claim our positive belief; but there remains the indisputable fact that an immense number of persons, under very various circumstances, and at very various times, have professed to see certain unusual appearances which have a great deal in common. It is difficult to say they were all either false or mistaken. That there is a certain body of phenomena which have been explained, whether rightly or wrongly, by the theory of *revenants*, or ghosts, no one can doubt. But these phenomena have not hitherto been ascertained with sufficient exactitude to give us data for the solution of the problem they involve. It is as Dr. Johnson said of the propriety of wearing night-caps—we do not know, and perhaps no man at any time will ever know, whether ghosts exist or not. Happily it is not a practical question. Mrs. Crowe, indeed, has a ghost (a German one) who drinks beer; an invisible hand raises the jug and the beer flows out, disappearing ere it reaches the floor in the region, at once diaphanous and opaque, of a ghostly stomach. *Valeat quantum*: but were such ghosts common, as by the kindly arrangement of Providence they are not, the subject would indeed be one to oc-

cupy us. As it is, we can afford to wait until it forces itself upon our notice.

Prophetic dreams and second-sight have this advantage—or disadvantage, as the case may be—over ghostly phenomena, that in those rare and exceptional cases in which they are clearly made known before the event, there is something to test them by. But the correspondence between a prophecy and its fulfillment is not in general a very trustworthy matter. To make them exactly coincide is at once the easiest and most effective way of narrating them. Who cares to remember the discrepancies, especially when they spoil every thing? We doubt whether coincidence would not bear the whole burden of prophetic dreams, if we could have them fairly before us. If we consider how many dreams each of us dreams every night, and how many millions of us there are all dreaming together in this London only, it would be strange if we never anticipated any events. The old question has been set aside by zealous believers, but remains as much in point as ever: Where are the unfulfilled prophecies, and what proportion do they bear to the fulfilled ones? Often the finest basis for a wondrous tale is spoiled by the perverseness of the sequence. We lately saw a lady in her usual health, whose landlady and her son had both dreamed the same dream, that she lay at the foot of the bed in her coffin; and in passing through one mouth only, the story assumed the dimensions of each of them having dreamed it three times the same night. Less than this would have served for a triumphant case of prophecy. Thus in Mrs. Crowe's book a gentleman and his bailiff dream that a corner of the house was blown off, (we are not told whether it was a windy night, and they had cause for anxiety about the house.) However, the prophecy is fulfilled by the gentleman's death soon after, and would have been equally well fulfilled by his marrying a Quaker. The following singular instance of bad taste in the narrator, and bad prophecy in the dreamer, is quoted by Mrs. Crowe as "a very curious allegorical dream." It is dated, "Wooser's-Alley Cottage, Dunfermline-in-the-Woods, Monday morning, 31st May, 1847.

"DEAR MRS. CROWE: *That dream of my mother's was as follows: She stood in a long, dark, empty gallery; on her one side was my*

father, and on the other my eldest sister, Amelia; then myself, and the rest of the family according to their ages. At the foot of the hall stood my youngest sister, Alexes, and above her my sister Catherine—a creature, by the way, in person and mind more like an angel of heaven than an inhabitant of earth. We all stood silent and motionless. At last *It* entered—the unimagined *something* that, casting its grim shadow before, had enveloped all the trivialities of the preceding dream in the stifling atmosphere of terror. It entered, stealthily descending the three steps that led from the entrance down into the chamber of horror; and my mother *felt It was Death*. He was dwarfish, bent, and shriveled. He carried on his shoulder a heavy axe; and had come, she thought, to destroy ‘all her little ones at one fell swoop.’ On the entrance of the shape, my sister Alexes leapt out of the rank, interposing herself between him and my mother. He raised his axe, and aimed a blow at Catherine; a blow which, to her horror, my mother could not intercept, though she had snatched up a three-legged stool, the sole furniture of the apartment, for that purpose. She could not, she felt, fling the stool at the figure without destroying Alexes, who kept shooting out and in between her and the ghastly thing. She tried in vain to scream; she besought my father in agony to avert the impending stroke but he did not hear, or did not heed her, and stood motionless as in a trance. Down came the axe, and poor Catherine fell in her blood, cloven to ‘the white halse bane.’ Again the axe was lifted by the inexorable shadow over the head of my brother, who stood next in the line. Alexes had somewhere disappeared behind the ghastly visitant; and, with a scream, my mother flung the footstool at his head. He vanished, and she awoke. This dream left on my mother’s mind a fearful apprehension of impending misfortune, ‘which would not pass away.’ It was *murder* she feared; and her suspicions were not allayed by the discovery that a man—some time before discarded by my father for bad conduct, and with whom she had somehow associated the *Death* of her dream—had been lurking about the place, and sleeping in an adjoining outhouse on the night it occurred, and for some nights previous and subsequent to it. Her terror increased; sleep forsook her; and every night, when the house was still, she arose and stole, sometimes with a candle, sometimes in the dark, from room to room, listening, in a sort of waking nightmare, for the breathing of the assassin, who she imagined was lurking in some one of them. This could not last. She reasoned with herself; but her terror became intolerable, and she related her dream to my father, who of course called her a fool for her pains—whatever might be his real opinion of the matter. Three months had elapsed, when we children were all of us seized with scarlet fever. My sister Catherine died almost immediately—sacrificed, as my mother in her misery thought, to her (my mother’s)

over-anxiety for Alexes, whose danger seemed more imminent. The dream-prophecy was in part fulfilled. I also was at death’s door—given up by the doctors, but not by my mother: she was confident of my recovery; but for my brother, who was scarcely considered in danger at all, but on whose head *she had seen* the visionary axe impending, her fears were great; for she could not recollect whether the blow had or had not descended when the spectre vanished. My brother recovered, but relapsed, and barely escaped with life; but Alexes did not. For a year and ten months the poor child lingered; and almost every night I had to sing her asleep; often, I remember, through bitter tears—for I knew she was dying, and I loved her the more as she wasted away. I held her little hand as she died; I followed her to the grave—the last thing that I have *loved on earth*. And *the dream was fulfilled*. Truly and sincerely yours,
J. NOEL PATON.”

We quote this piece of vulgar and affected writing only as a specimen of the way in which prophecies may be and are got up. People have a sort of vanity in being supposed to be more close to what is supernatural than their fellows. To have a relation to a ghost, or to have dreamed an anticipatory dream, is in its way a distinction, and makes one a subject of interest. People who in the bottom of their hearts don’t believe in their ghosts, are not unwilling that others should do so; and by affirming occurrences within your experience of which a ghost is the common explanation, and denying your belief in it, you are distinguished at once for your adventure and your strength of mind. Nothing makes even an unbeliever so sore as to throw doubts on his own ghost-story; the surest way to bring it out in strong relief is to suggest explanations, which are always met by appropriate facts; so that the crevices by which doubt may creep in are gradually filled up, and the narrator very soon conscientiously believes his narrative in its amended form. Of “*that dream*” we have only to observe that, according to it, Catherine ought to have met with a violent death; that whether “my brother” survived or not, the prophecy was equally fulfilled and unfulfilled, and that Alexes ought to have escaped. The dream suggested murder to the mother, and by a particular man. He, however, does not murder any of the children; but three months after, Catherine dies of scarlet fever, the brother recovers from it, and Alexes dies in a year and ten months. A similar liberality of interpretation would supply any num-

ber of fulfilled prophecies. There are, however, doubtless much completer stories than these, where the minutest details have been found or made to correspond; and there are the stories of Scottish second-sight, of which Dr. Ferriar gives one or two singular instances, vouching for their accuracy without giving any explanation of them. Of his often-referred-to work it is impossible not to observe, that it contrasts strongly with its pretensions; and that the fact of spectral illusions does not meet many of the cases he himself adduces.

Doubtless there is a border-land of matter and spirit, in which lies at once the most perplexing and the most interesting field of human investigation. That the phenomena are most difficult of observation, the evidence of facts extremely precarious and unreliable, and especially hard to value, are only reasons why the scrutiny should be most searching, and the inquiry conducted with the utmost deliberation and caution. In many of these subjects the temperament best fitted to judge of the phenomena is the one least fitted to experience them; and, on the other hand, those whose nature adapts them to throw light by their own experience on the relations of body and spirit, and the more recalcitrant and exceptional working of the human faculties, are generally very ill-suited to form correct opinions upon the phenomena they exhibit. If there was ever a man who combined the two necessary conditions, it was Swedenborg. A man of vast intellect, trained in scientific investigation, became the prophet of a special revelation. But not even he could exercise his judgment upon a side of his character so different. There are sets of

facts which demand a more searching and persevering investigation than they have yet received, either that they may finally be disposed of as false, or reduced to scientific order. Such are the appearance of ghosts, the power of second-sight, of clairvoyance, and other phenomena of magnetism and mesmerism; the nature of sleep and dreams, of spectral illusions, (in themselves a decisive proof that the sense of sight may be fully experienced independently of the eye;) the limits and working of mental delusions and enthusiastic excitement. But these things have little interest for the mass of scientific minds; they are at once remote from their sympathies, and irritating from the way in which they elude the intellect—used only to grapple with definite, exactly ascertainable minutiae; and it is probable that scornful apathy on the one side, and visible enthusiasm, delusion, and imposture on the other, will long leave these and similar questions in a state which makes a suspended judgment the wisest attitude for those who have no special call or opportunity for such investigations, and justifies the mass of men in coming to no conclusion whatever about them. There is such a thing as a wise, because a real, ignorance; and it would be well if we were not always so ridiculously ready with our “because.” Those who do devote themselves to this class of inquiries will do well to remember Lord Bacon’s warning on a similar subject, that “who-soever shall entertain high and vaporous imaginations, instead of a sober and laborious inquiry of truth, shall beget hopes and beliefs of strange and impossible shapes.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

From the British Quarterly.

LETTERS ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND.*

MR. BAILEY is a writer of great acuteness. His power of analysis is such as few men possess; and the terms in which his distinctions are expressed are carefully se-

lected, and give his meaning with great precision. He is thoroughly conversant with the Scotch school of metaphysicians, and has studied the philosophy of Kant and of other Germans with good effect. We are not sure that the difference between him and Dr. Reid is so great as he

* *Letters on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.* By SAMUEL BAILEY. Second Series. 8vo. Longmans.

seems to suppose; and we greatly admire the rational tone by which his speculations are pervaded. There are three sections in this volume on "The Prominent Characteristics of German Philosophy and their Causes," which our readers will find well worthy of an attentive reading. The drift of these sections may be inferred from the following passage:

"You will, I think, agree with me that the tone of German Philosophy does not, generally speaking, harmonize with the English understanding, and is even decidedly repugnant to it. Largely as the philosophy in question appears to have engaged the attention of our Continental neighbors, and chimed in with their train of thought, it has found few cordial followers here; and it is worth while to search for the source of this dissonance and antipathy.

"The principal causes of the mysticism, obscurity, vagueness, and, I may add, extravagance, which, in the estimation of most Englishmen, and, I must frankly declare, in my own, characterize the speculations of German philosophers, and repel many of us from the study of their works, appear to me to be the following:

"1. Regarding perception through the organs of sense as something to be analyzed, explained, or accounted for, instead of considering it as a

primary fact of consciousness, the only possible explanation in relation to it being an explanation of the physical conditions on which it depends.

"2. Personifying what are usually termed the faculties of the mind, and even what may be called 'mental incidents,' and treating them as distinct entities.

"3. Treating in a similar way the abstractions, generalizations, and other expedients of language relating to the objects and events of the material world.

"4. Adducing imagery or fictitious events as facts, sometimes in explanation of realities, and sometimes in explanation of other fictions—a practice which is an inevitable consequence of the before-mentioned errors, although frequently the result of different circumstances, and especially of the unbridled spirit of hypothesis."—Pp. 130, 131.

These are not statements lightly made. The pages which follow show the grounds of this judgment. We can not now go further into Mr. Bailey's volume. We commend it to such of our readers as are accustomed to thought on subjects of this nature. It is a book designed for such readers, and such readers will not bestow their attention upon it in vain.

From Titan.

CHILDREN CARRIED OFF BY WOLVES.*

WOLVES are numerous in the neighborhood of Sultanpoor, and, indeed, all along the banks of the Goomtee river, among the ravines that intersect them; and a great many children are carried off by them from towns, villages, and camps. It is exceedingly difficult to catch them, and hardly any of the Hindu population, save those of the very lowest class who live a vagrant life, and bivouac in the jungles, or in the suburbs of towns and villages, will attempt to catch or kill

them. All other Hindus have a superstitious dread of destroying or even injuring them; and a village community within the boundary of whose lands a drop of wolf's blood has fallen, believes itself doomed to destruction. The class of little vagrant communities above mentioned, who have no superstitious dread of destroying any living thing, eat jackals and all kinds of reptiles, and catch all kinds of animals, either to feed upon themselves, or to sell to those who wish to keep or hunt them.

But it is remarkable, that they very seldom catch wolves, though they know all their dens, and could easily dig them out as they dig out other animals. This is supposed to arise from the profit which they make by the gold and silver

* *A Journey through the Kingdom of Oude, in 1849-1850; by direction of the Right Hon. the Earl of Dalhousie, Governor-General. With Private Correspondence relative to the Annexation of Oude to British India, etc. By Major-General Sir W. H. SLEEMAN, K.C.B., Resident at the Court of Lucknow. In 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley, 1858.*

bracelets, necklaces, and other ornaments worn by the children whom the wolves carry to their dens and devour, and are left at the entrance of their dens. A party of these men lately brought to our camp alive, a very large hyæna, which was let loose and hunted down by the European officers, and the clerks of my office. One of the officers asked them whether this was not the reason why they did not bring wolves to camp, to be hunted down in the same way, since officers would give more for brutes that ate children, than for such as fed only on dogs or carrion. They dared not deny, though they were ashamed or afraid to acknowledge that it was. I have myself no doubt that this is the reason, and that they do make a good deal in this way from the children's ornaments, which they find at the entrance of wolves' dens. In every part of India, a great number of children are every day murdered for the sake of their ornaments, and the fearful examples that come daily to the knowledge of parents, and the injunctions of the civil authorities, are unavailing against this desire to see their young children decked out in gold and silver ornaments.

There is now at Sultanpoor a boy who was found alive in a wolf's den, near Chandour, about ten miles from Sultanpoor, about two years and a half ago. A trooper, sent by the native governor of the district to Chandour, to demand payment of some revenue, was passing along the bank of the river near Chandour, about noon, when he saw a large female wolf leave her pen, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all-fours, and seemed to be on the best possible terms with the old dam and the three whelps, and the mother seemed to guard all four with equal care. They all went down to the river and drank, without perceiving the trooper, who sat upon his horse watching them. As soon as they were about to turn back, the trooper pushed on to cut off and secure the boy; but he ran as fast as the whelps could, and kept up with the old one. The ground was uneven, and the trooper's horse could not overtake them. They all entered the den, and the trooper assembled some people from Chandour with pickaxes, and dug into the den. When they had dug in about six or eight feet, the old wolf bolted with her three whelps and the boy. The trooper mounted and

pursued, followed by the fleetest young men of the party; and as the ground over which they had to fly was more even, he headed them, and turned the whelps and boy back upon the men on foot, who secured the boy, and let the old dam and her three cubs go on their way.

They took the boy to the village, but had to tie him, for he was very restive, and struggled hard to rush into every hole or den they came near. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him but an angry growl or snarl. He was kept for several days at the village, and a large crowd assembled every day to see him. When a grown-up person came near him, he became alarmed, and tried to steal away; but when a child came near him, he rushed at it, with a fierce snarl like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. When any cooked meat was put before him, he rejected it in disgust; but when any raw meat was offered, he seized it with avidity, put it on the ground under his paws, like a dog, and ate it with evident pleasure. He would not let any one come near him while he was eating, but he made no objection to a dog coming and sharing his food with him. The trooper remained with him four or five days, and then returned to the governor, leaving the boy in charge of the Rajah of Hasunpoor. He related all that he had seen, and the boy was soon after sent to the European officer commanding the First Regiment of Oude Local Infantry at Sultanpoor, Captain Nicholetts, by order of the Rajah of Hasunpoor, who was at Chandour, and saw the boy when the trooper first brought him to that village. This account is taken from the Rajah's own report of what had taken place.

Captain Nicholetts made him over to the charge of his servants, who take great care of him, but can never get him to speak a word. He is very inoffensive, except when teased, Captain Nicholetts says, and will then growl surlily at the person who teases him. He has come to eat any thing that is thrown to him, but always prefers raw flesh, which he devours most greedily. He will drink a whole pitcher of butter-milk when put before him, without seeming to draw breath. He can never be induced to keep on any kind of clothing, even in the coldest weather. A quilt stuffed with cotton was given to him when it became very cold

this season, but he tore it to pieces, and ate a portion of it, cotton and all, with his bread every day. He is very fond of bones, particularly uncooked ones, which he masticates apparently with as much ease as meat. He has eaten half a lamb at a time without any apparent effort, and is very fond of taking up earth and small stones, and eating them. His features are coarse, and his countenance repulsive; and he is very filthy in his habits. He continues to be fond of dogs and jackals, and all other small four-footed animals that come near him; and always allows them to feed with him if he happens to be eating when they approach.

Captain Nicholetts, in letters dated the 14th and 19th of September, 1850, told me that the boy died in the latter end of August, and that he was never known to laugh or smile. He understood little of what was said to him, and seemed to take no notice of what was going on around him. He formed no attachment for any one, nor did he seem to care for any one. He never played with any of the children around him, or seemed anxious to do so. When not hungry he used to sit petting and stroking a paricar or vagrant dog, which he used to permit to feed out of the same dish with him. A short time before his death, Captain Nicholetts shot this dog, as he used to eat the greater part of the food given to the boy, who seemed in consequence to be getting thin. The boy did not seem to care in the least for the death of the dog. The parents recognized the boy when he was first found, Captain Nicholetts believes, but when they found him to be so stupid and insensible, they left him to subsist upon charity. They have now left Hasunpoor, and the age of the boy when carried off can not be ascertained; but he was to all appearance about nine or ten years of age when found, and he lived about three years afterwards. He used signs when he wanted any thing, and very few of them except when hungry, and he then pointed to his mouth. When his food was placed at some distance from him, he would run to it on all-fours like any four-footed animal; but at other times he would walk upright occasionally. He shunned human beings of all kinds, and would never willingly remain near one. To cold, heat, and rain, he appeared to be indifferent; and he seemed to care for

nothing but eating. He was very quiet, and required no kind of restraint after being brought to Captain Nicholetts. He had lived with Captain Nicholetts' servants about two years, and was never heard to speak till within a few minutes of his death, when he put his hands to his head, and said "It ached," and asked for water: he drank it, and died.

At Chupra, twenty miles east from Sulttanpoor, lived a cultivator with his wife and son, who was then three years of age. In March, 1843, the man went to cut his crop of wheat and pulse, and the woman took her basket and went with him to glean, leading her son by the arm. The boy had lately recovered from a severe scald on the left knee, which he got in the cold weather, from tumbling into the fire, at which he had been warming himself while his parents were at work. As the father was reaping, and the mother gleanning, the boy sat upon the grass. A wolf rushed upon him suddenly from behind a bush, caught him up by the loins and made off with him towards the ravines. The father was at a distance at the time, but the mother followed, screaming as loud as she could for assistance. The people of the village ran to her aid, but they soon lost sight of the wolf and his prey.

She heard nothing more of her boy for six years, and had in that interval lost her husband. At the end of that time, two sipahees came, in the month of February, 1849, from the town of Singramow, which is ten miles from Chupra, on the bank of the Khobae rivulet. While they sat on the border of the jungle, which extended down to the stream, watching for hogs, which commonly come down to drink at that time in the morning, they saw there three wolf-cubs and a boy come out from the jungle, and go down together to the stream to drink. The sipahees watched them till they had drunk, and were about to return, when they rushed towards them. All four ran towards a den in the ravines. The sipahees followed as fast as they could; but the three cubs had got in before the sipahees could come up with them, and the boy was half-way in when one of the sipahees caught him by the hind leg, and drew him back. He seemed very angry and ferocious, bit at them, and seized in his teeth the barrel of one of their guns, which they put forward to keep him off,

and shook it. They, however, secured him, brought him home, and kept him for twenty days. They could for that time make him eat nothing but raw flesh, and they fed him upon hares and birds. They found it difficult to provide him with sufficient food, and took him to the bazaar in the village of Koeleepoor; and there let him go to be fed by the charitable people of the place, till he might be recognized and claimed by his parents. One market-day, a man from the village of Chupra happened to see him in the bazaar, and on his return mentioned the circumstance to his neighbors. The poor cultivator's widow, on hearing this, asked him to describe the boy more minutely, when she found that the boy had the mark of a scald on the left knee, and three marks of the teeth of an animal on each side of his loins. The widow told him that her boy, when taken off, had lately recovered from a scald on the left knee, and was seized by the loins when the wolf took him off, and that the boy he had seen must be her lost child.

She went off forthwith to the Koelee bazaar, and, in addition to the two marks above described, discovered a third mark on his thigh, with which her child was born. She took him home to her village, where he was recognized by all her neighbors. She kept him for two months, and all the sporting landholders in the neighborhood sent her game for him to feed upon. He continued to dip his face in the water to drink, but he sucked in the water and did not lap it up like a dog or wolf. His body continued to smell offensively. When the mother went to her work, the boy always ran into the jungle, and she could never get him to speak. He followed his mother for what he could get to eat, but showed no particular affection for her; and she could never bring herself to feel much for him; and after two months, finding him of no use to her, and despairing of even making any thing of him, she left him to the common charity of the village. He soon after learnt to eat bread when it was given him, and ate whatever else he could get during the day, but always went off to the jungle at night. He used to mutter something, but could never be got to articulate any word distinctly. The front of his knees and elbows had become hardened from going on all-fours with the wolves. If any clothes are put on him, he takes them off,

and commonly tears them to pieces in doing so. He still prefers raw flesh to cooked, and feeds on carrion whenever he can get it. The boys of the village are in the habit of amusing themselves by catching frogs and throwing them to him, and he catches and eats them. When a bullock dies, and the skin is removed, he goes and eats it like a village dog. The boy is still in the village, and this is the description given of him by the mother herself, who still lives at Chupra.* She has never experienced any return of affection for him, nor has he shown any such feeling for her. Her story is confirmed by all her neighbors, and by the head landholders, cultivators, and shop-keepers of the village.

The Rajah of Hasunpoor Bundooa mentions, as a fact within his own knowledge, besides the others, for the truth of which he vouches, that, in the year 1843, a lad came to the town of Hasunpoor, who had evidently been brought up by wolves. He seemed to be twelve years of age when he saw him—was very dark, and ate flesh, whether cooked or uncooked. He had short hair all over his body when he first came, but having, for a time, as the Rajah states, eaten salt with his food, like other human beings, the hair by degrees disappeared. He could walk, like other men, on his legs, but could never be taught to speak. He would utter sounds like wild animals, and could be made to understand signs very well. He used to sit at a bunneca's shop in the bazaar, but was at last recognized by his parents, and taken off. What became of him afterwards he knows not. The Rajah's statement regarding this lad is confirmed by all the people of the town, but none of them know what afterwards became of him.

About the year 1843, a shepherd of the village of Ghutkoree, twelve miles west from the cantonments of Sultanpoor, saw a boy trotting along upon all-fours, by the side of a wolf, one morning, as he was out with his flock. With great difficulty he caught the boy, who ran very fast, and brought him home. He fed him for some time, and tried to make him speak,

* In November, 1850, Captain Nicholetts, on leaving the cantonments of Sultanpoor, where he commanded, ordered this boy to be sent in to me with his mother, but he got alarmed on the way, and ran to a jungle. He will no doubt find his way back soon if he lives.

and associate with men or boys, but he failed. He continued to be alarmed at the sight of men, but was brought to Colonel Gray, who commanded the first Oude Local Infantry, at Sultanpoor. He and Mrs. Gray, and all the officers in cantonments, saw him often, and kept him for several days. But he soon after ran off into the jungle, while the shepherd was asleep. The shepherd afterwards went to reside in another village, and I could not ascertain whether he recovered the boy or not.

Zoolfukar Khan, a respectable landholder of Bankepoor, in the estate of Hasunpoor, ten miles east from the Sultanpoor cantonments, mentions that about eight or nine years ago a trooper came to the town, with a lad of about nine or ten years of age, whom he had rescued from wolves among the ravines on the road; that he knew not what to do with him, and left him to the common charity of the village; that he ate every thing offered to him, including bread, but before taking it he carefully smelt at it, and always preferred undressed meat to every thing else; that he walked on his legs like other people when he saw him, though there were evident signs on his knees and elbows of his having gone, very long, on all-fours; and when asked to run on all-fours, he used to do so, and went so fast that no one could overtake him; how long he had been with the trooper, or how long it took him to learn to walk on his legs, he knows not. He could not talk, or utter any very articulate sounds. He understood signs, and heard exceedingly well, and would assist the cultivators in turning trespassing cattle out of their fields, when told by signs to do so. Boodhoo, a Brahmin cultivator of the village, took care of him, and he remained with him for three months, when he was claimed and taken off by his father, a shepherd, who said that the boy was six years old when the wolf took him off at night some four years before; he did not like to leave Boodhoo, the Brahmin, and the father was obliged to drag him away. What became of him afterwards he never heard. The lad had no hair upon his body, nor had he any dislike to wear clothes, while he saw him. This statement was confirmed by the people of the village.

About seven years ago, a trooper belonging to the king, and in attendance on Rajah Hurdut Sing of Bondee, alias Bum-

notee, on the left bank of the Ghagra river, in the Bahraetch district, was passing near a small stream which flows into that river, when he saw two wolf-cubs and a boy drinking in the stream. He had a man with him on foot, and they managed to seize the boy, who appeared to be about ten years of age. He took him up on the pommel of his saddle, but he was so wild and fierce, that he tore the trooper's clothes, and bit him severely in several places, though he had tied his hands together. He brought him to Bondee, where the Rajah had him tied up in his artillery gun-shed, and gave him raw flesh to eat, but he several times cut his ropes and ran off; and after three months the Rajah got tired of him, and let him go. He was then taken by a Cashmeeree mimic, or comedian, (*bhand*), who fed and took care of him for six months; but at the end of that time he also got tired of him, (for his habits were filthy,) and let him go to wander about the Bondee bazaar. He one day ran off with a joint of meat from a butcher's shop, and soon after upset some things, in the shop of a *bunneeah*, who let fly an arrow at him. The arrow penetrated the boy's thigh. At this time Sanaollah, a Cashmere merchant of Lucknow, was at Bondee, selling some shawl goods to the Rajah, on the occasion of his brother's marriage. He had many servants with him, and among them, Janoo, a khidmutghar lad, and an old sipahee, named Ramzan Khan. Janoo took compassion upon the poor boy, extracted the arrow from his thigh, had his wound dressed, and prepared a bed for him under the mango-tree, where he himself lodged, but kept him tied to a tent-pin. He would at that time eat nothing but raw flesh. To wean him from this, Janoo, with the consent of his master, gave him rice and pulse to eat. He rejected them for several days, and ate nothing; but Janoo persevered, and by degrees made him eat the balls which he prepared for him; he was fourteen or fifteen days in bringing him to do this. The odor from his body was very offensive, and Janoo had him rubbed with mustard-seed soaked in water, after the oil had been taken from it, (*khullee*), in the hope of removing this smell. He continued this for some months, and fed him upon rice, pulse, and flour bread, but the odor did not leave him. He had hardened marks upon his knees and elbows,

from having gone on all-fours. In about six weeks after he had been tied up under the tree, with a good deal of beating and rubbing of his joints with oil, he was made to stand and walk upon his legs like other human beings. He was never heard to utter more than one articulate sound, and that was "Aboodeea," the name of the little daughter of the Cashmere mimic, who had treated him with kindness, and for whom he had shown some kind of attachment. In about four months he began to understand and obey signs. He was by them made to prepare the hookah, put lighted charcoal upon the tobacco, and bring it to Janoo, or present it to whomsoever he pointed out.

One night, while the boy was lying under the tree, near Janoo, Janoo saw two wolves come up stealthily, and smell at the boy. They then touched him, and he got up, and, instead of being frightened, the boy put his hands upon their heads, and they began to play with him. They capered around him, and he threw straw and leaves at them. Janoo tried to drive them off, but he could not, and became much alarmed; and he called out to the sentry over the guns, Meer Akbur Allee, and told him that the wolves were going to eat the boy. He replied, "Come away and leave him, or they will eat you also;" but when he saw them begin to play together, his fears subsided, and he kept quiet. Gaining confidence by degrees, he drove them away; but, after going a little distance, they returned, and began to play again with the boy. At last he succeeded in driving them off altogether. The night after, three wolves came, and the boy and they played together. A few nights after, four wolves came, but at no time did more than four come. They came four or five times, and Janoo had no longer any fear of them; and he thinks that the first two that came must have been the two cubs with which the boy was first found, and that they were prevented from seizing him by recognizing the smell. They licked his face with their tongues as he put his hands on their heads.

Soon after, his master, Sanaollah, returned to Lucknow, and threatened Janoo to turn him out of his service unless he let go the boy. He persisted in taking the boy with him, and his master relented. He had a string tied to his arm, and led him along by it, and put a bundle of

clothes on his head. As they passed a jungle, the boy would throw down the bundle, and try to run into the jungle, but on being beaten, he would put up his hands in supplication, take up the bundle, and go on; but he seemed soon to forget the beating, and did the same thing at almost every jungle they came through. By degrees he became quite docile. Janoo was one day, about three months after their return to Lucknow, sent away by his master for a day or two on some business, and before his return, the boy had run off, and he could never find him again. About two months after the boy had gone, a woman, of the weaver caste, came with a letter from a relation of the Rajah, Hurdut Sing, to Sanaollah, stating that she resided in the village of Churey-rakotra, on his estate, and had had her son, then about four years of age, taken from her, about five or six years before, by a wolf; and, from the description which she gave of him, he, the Rajah's relation, thought he must be the boy whom his servant, Janoo, took away with him. She said that her boy had two marks upon him, one on the chest of a boil, and one of something else on the forehead; and as these marks corresponded precisely with those found upon the boy, neither she nor they had any doubt that he was her lost son. She remained for four months with the merchant Sanaollah, and Janoo, his kidmutghar, at Lucknow; but the boy could not be found, and she returned home, praying that information might be sent to her should he be discovered. Sanaollah, Janoo, and Ramzan Khan, are still at Lucknow, and before me have all three declared all the circumstances here stated to be strictly true. The boy was altogether about five months with Sanaollah and his servants, from the time they got him; and he had been taken about four months and a half before. The wolf must have had several litters of whelps during the six or seven years that the boy was with her. Janoo further adds, that he, after a month or two, ventured to try a waist-band upon the boy, but he often tore it off in distress or anger. After he had become reconciled to this, in about two months, he ventured to put on him a vest and a pair of trousers. He had great difficulty in making him keep them on, with threats and occasional beatings. He would disencumber him-

self of them whenever left alone, but put them on again in alarm when discovered; and to the last often injured or destroyed them by rubbing them against trees or posts, like a beast, when any part of his body itched. This habit he could never break him of.

Rajah Hurdut Sewae, who is now in Lucknow on business, tells me (28th January, 1851) that the sowar brought the boy to Bondee, and there kept him for a short time, as long as he remained; but as soon as he went off, the boy came to him, and he kept him for three months; that he appeared to him to be twelve years of age; that he ate raw meat as long as he remained with him, with evident pleasure, whenever it was offered to him, but would not touch the bread and other dressed food put before him; that he went on all-fours, but would stand and go awkwardly on two legs when threatened or made to do so; that he seemed to understand signs, but could not understand or utter a word; that he seldom attempted to bite any one, nor did he tear the clothes that he put upon him; that Sanaollah, the Cashmeeree merchant, used at that time to come to him often with shawls for sale, and must have taken the boy away with him, but he does not recollect having given the boy to him. He says that he never himself sent any letter to Sanaollah with the mother of the boy, but his brother or some other relation of his may have written one for her.

It is remarkable, that I can discover no well-established instance of a man who had been nurtured in a wolf's den having been found. There is, at Lucknow, an old man who was found in the Oude Tarae, when a lad, by the hut of an old hermit who had died. He is supposed to have been taken from wolves by this old hermit. The trooper who found him brought him to the king some forty years ago, and he has been ever since supported by the king comfortably. He is still called the "wild man of the woods." He was one day sent to me at my request, and I talked with him. His features indicate him to be of the Tharoo tribe, who are found only in that forest. He is very inoffens-

ive, but speaks little, and that little imperfectly; and he is still impatient of intercourse with his fellow-men, particularly with such as are disposed to tease him with questions. I asked him whether he had any recollection of having been with wolves. He said, "The wolf died long before the hermit;" but he seemed to recollect nothing more, and there is no mark on his knees or elbows to indicate that he ever went on all-fours. That he was found as a wild boy in the forest, there can be no doubt; but I do not feel at all sure that he ever lived with wolves. From what I have seen and heard, I should doubt whether any boy who had been many years with wolves, up to the age of eight or ten, could ever attain the average intellect of man. I have never heard of a man who had been spared and nurtured by wolves having been found; and, as many boys have been recovered from wolves after they had been many years with them, we must conclude, that after a time they either die from living exclusively on animal food, before they attain the age of manhood, or are destroyed by the wolves themselves, or other beasts of prey, in the jungles, from whom they are unable to escape, like the wolves themselves, from want of the same speed. The wolf or wolves, by whom they have been spared and nurtured, must die or be destroyed in a few years, and other wolves may kill and eat them. Tigers generally feed for two or three days upon the bullock they kill, and remain all the time when not feeding, concealed in the vicinity. If they found such a boy feeding upon their prey, they would certainly kill him, and most likely eat him. If such a boy passed such a dead body, he would certainly feed upon it. Tigers often spring upon and kill dogs and wolves thus found feeding upon their prey. They could more easily kill boys, and would certainly be more disposed to eat them. If the dead body of such a boy were found any where in the jungles, or on the plains, it would excite little interest, where dead bodies are so often found exposed, and so soon eaten by dogs, jackals, vultures, etc., and would scarcely ever lead to any particular inquiry.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

THE THUNDER GUST.

It was a bright evening in July—not a cloud in the clear, blue sky, not a breath of air in the heavens, not a leaf stirring on the trees—an evening when all nature seemed to be possessed of the very spirit of repose, which had hushed the song of the birds, the hum of the summer insect, and even given to human voices a soft and modulated tone, such as many, at least, were guiltless of during the toil and struggle of the long working-day.

Brightly and serenely the sun was sinking to its rest, casting deeper and deeper shadows, yet leaving the world no less fair than it had been during the dazzling light of noon. Many scenes, indeed, were rendered fairer and more attractive by the gentle approach of evening; and, perhaps, none more so than the one to which I am about to introduce my reader—the white, thatched-roofed, ivy-covered cottage of the old sailor, Edward Bruce.

For sixty years he had served his country, but from want of interest he still remained a lieutenant, to which post he had been promoted on the occasion of cutting out a French sloop of war under almost fabulous difficulties. Soon after this, when the war was at its height and England wanted hands to man her ships, he was sent down, in charge of a press-gang, to the retired village of Datchley, it having been ascertained that many disguised seamen were lurking in its vicinity.

In this place he was singularly successful. About dusk the small ale-house was filled with dissipated-looking Quakers and red-faced clergymen, (the favorite disguises of the sons of Neptune at that period,) for the ale-house was a sort of decoy the sailors could not resist; and though night after night some were taken, yet night after night did they frequent it. Many a desperate struggle now took place in its hitherto quiet parlor, and many a fatal wound was here given and received.

One evening the disguised mariners had

assembled in great force; they counted some nineteen or twenty, and now they no longer feared the press-gang, but wished to measure themselves with it. They sang uproarious songs, and did all they could to attract attention. About midnight they were gratified; a desperate encounter took place, the parlor, the tap-room, the bar, all and each became the scenes of fearful conflict. But the King's men were overmatched, driven back, beaten down; and Ned Bruce was stunned with a crowbar, trampled under foot, and had his left arm broken. When he came to himself, the struggle had ceased—all was utter darkness; he tried to rise, but fell back into a pool of his own blood. Half an hour passed, and the moon rose, darting its uncertain rays through the broken window-panes, upon the sanded floor, and upon the pale face of a dead man. It was the boatswain's mate, who had accompanied Bruce on his dangerous enterprise.

Seaton was a tall, powerful man, and the rays of the moon made him look gigantic. His under-lip he had bitten right through in his agony; his blue-checked shirt was stiff with congealed blood; a knife had found its way to his heart, his right hand was clenched, and in its grasp was a handful of human hair.

Bruce gazed with horror upon the ghastly features beside him, and, enfeebled from the effects of the blow he had himself received, fell, without sense or motion across the dead body of his old ship-mate.

A long and severe illness followed, during which he was carefully tended by the village surgeon and his daughter, the prettiest and—as Ned Bruce soon began to think—the sweetest girl in Datchley. Before he was quite recovered they were engaged; and four months from the time he had been wounded, they were married.

Many years after, he quitted the navy, and settled down with his wife and only

laughter in the cottage above mentioned. Kate Bruce was now eighteen—far handsomer than her mother had been; and the old man would gaze almost with adoration on the beautiful face of his child, or listen to the soft tones of her voice as she read aloud to him from some favorite author, recalling the time when his gentle Susan had soothed in the same way the tedious hours of suffering so many long years ago.

And now, on the evening I have described at the commencement of my story, they were all sitting under the green porch of their sunny home, the old man smoking his pipe, the mother at her knitting, and Katie reading aloud a stirring tale of the sea.

"Who are these?" said the latter, suddenly pausing in her task, as footsteps sounded on the gravel path of the little garden.

Bruce and his wife raised their eyes at the same moment, and saw, standing within a few paces of them, a man and a boy, the boy apparently leading the man, who had a black bandage over his eyes. There seemed something almost supernatural in his aspect. In figure he was straight as a dart, rather below than above the middle height. His shoulders were of great breadth, and looked even broader from his slender waist. He was dressed in a sailor's jacket, and a pair of flowing white duck trousers, with a clean blue-checked shirt, and a Manilla hat, completed his attire. His whiskers and hair—at least such parts as were visible—were as white as snow, forming a startling contrast to his youthful figure. The boy was a ragged little urchin of about twelve.

"Will you give me a glass of water, if you please?" said the sailor, touching his hat. "I have walked far and am thirsty, and the boy says I am near a house."

"To be sure I will, shipmate," answered the boy.

Kate ran into the house and brought out a bowl of milk. The man put the vessel to his parched lips, but stopped abruptly.

"Here, youngster," he said, addressing the boy, "you must want it as much or more than I."

"Here, young man," returned the boy, "there is more where that came from."

The stranger needed no further incen-

tive, but took a long, deep draught of the cool liquid.

"Will you have some more?" asked Mrs. Bruce. "If you would like it, do not be ashamed to say so."

"No lady, I thank you——"

"Shipmate," cried Bruce, interrupting him, "how old are you?"

"Nine-and-twenty. You start, sir—I do not wonder. I look older, and they tell me I am gray."

"They tell you you are gray," said Bruce, with astonishment; "don't you know that you are so?"

"How should I?" answered the stranger, bitterly. And, as he spoke, he lifted the bandage from his eyes. His features were handsome, but where his eyes had been were only two white, sightless orbs!

The mother and daughter could scarcely suppress a scream, and even Bruce shuddered as he said:

"But how did this happen, lad? Have you been long blind?"

"Not long enough to get accustomed to it. Three months ago I saw as well and as far as most men. I lost my sight by lightning, reefing the main-top-sail, off the island of Madagascar. But good-night, sir. Thank you, ladies, I have yet far to go."

"By the living jingo," said the old man, "but we don't part like that. You shall sleep here to-night, and have a good supper and a good bed, and tell me all about yourself, and all the ins and outs of the gale in which you lost your daylight. Kate, give the poor fellow a chair, and a pipe of the precious weed."

The stranger hesitated; he seemed struggling with some inward feeling; a refusal was on his lips, when Mrs. Bruce interposed:

"Oh! do stay," she said, with earnest kindness.

And Kate repeated eagerly: "You must stay."

A ruddier glow overspread the tanned cheek of the mariner as he silently sank into the chair that the last speaker had placed for him. After a few minutes he seemed to collect his thoughts, and began his story thus:

"My father I never knew. He was a boatswain's mate in the Royal Navy, and lost his life some few months after my birth——"

"In action?" asked the old lieutenant.

"Ay," answered the seaman, mournfully, "in action; but in such action as a sailor loves not to die in. He was fighting against his own countrymen."

"Against his own countrymen!" repeated Bruce, in astonishment. "Surely not under an enemy's flag?"

"He died as he had lived," said the mariner proudly, "serving his king and country; and there are, perhaps, even now, some in this village who can tell you so. He was sent down here with a press-gang, under the command of a lieutenant of the name of Bruce——"

Bruce, old and enfeebled as he was, bounded from his chair.

"What was his name?" he cried eagerly.

"The same as my own," answered the stranger, evidently much startled, "Angus Seaton."

"And so you are the son of poor Seaton," said the old man, violently affected. "As you say, he died as he had lived, well and nobly. A better seaman, a braver heart, never stepped aboard a ship. Ay, I remember it well," he continued, as his thoughts carried him back to the fierce and deadly struggle. "He was fighting near me when he fell, pierced to the heart, dragging a living man with him. Oh! the agony I suffered after the fight, lying close to the corpse of your poor father——"

"You knew my father, sir," interrupted the mariner—"you saw him die—your name is Bruce. I have often heard my dear mother speak of you; how, out of your scanty pay, you sent her ten pounds. God bless you, sir." And his voice quivered with emotion.

"Come," said Bruce, "go on with your story, or I shall be making a fool of myself. I think, Susan, (addressing his wife,) I must have caught cold to-night, for my eyes are so weak."

As he spoke, he wiped two large rebellious tears from his bronzed cheek.

The mariner now continued:

"At ten I lost my mother, and, being destitute of friends or patrons, I went to sea for a livelihood in the old Dale Park, West-Indiaman. I was bound to her as apprentice for five years, for which I was to receive thirty-five pounds. I served my full time, obtained my indentures, and shipped in a vessel called the Forester, as able seaman. In her I made three successive voyages, and received an ex-

cellent character from my captain. I then went to China in a brig called the Manfred, left her in the country, and joined an American, sailed in her to New-York, and came home in a liner by the run. When in England I joined the Two Sisters as second mate, and sailed for Calcutta. We were on our homeward-bound voyage; as yet we had had a favorable passage, and we were abreast of Madagascar. It was a dead calm, yet there was motion in the clouds; they seemed to be coming from all points of the compass, and gathering into one black mass overhead. The barometer, too, had fallen so suddenly that the captain thought it must be injured. Light sails had been handed—I mean royals, flying-jib, and mizzen-top-gallant sail.

"'Mr. Seaton,' said the captain, 'furl the fore and main top-gallant sails.'"

"'Ay, ay, sir,' I answered.

"It was done. The cloud overhead was getting darker and darker; it was now so dense you might almost cut it with a knife.

"'All hands shorten sail,' shouted the captain. 'In spanker, up mainsail! down jib!'

"'It is done.'

"'Reef topsails—stand by your topsail halliards.'

"The yards were lowered down, weather-braces hauled in, reef-tackles hauled out, buntlines hauled taut, and the word was given to lay aloft.

"'How many reefs?' I asked, as I sprang into the main-rigging.

"'Three,' was the short answer.

"'Hurrah, lads!' shouted Mr. Allister (the chief mate) to the men on the fore-topsail-yard—'hurrah, and beat the second mate!'

"I was at the weather earing. There was no wind. I was liked by my watch, and they lighted the sail to windward with a will. 'Haul out to leeward!' I had twice shouted, and two reefs were fast. I had just passed the third reef-earing. 'Haul out to leeward,' was again on my lips, when a flash of lightning, so blue, so vivid, so forked, ran along the iron jackstay, and showed me the pale faces of my shipmates on the yard.

"'Lay down, for your lives,' bellowed the hoarse voice of the captain.

"There was a sound as of one in great bodily agony—a moaning sound; the water was torn up in white foam, and the

squall came, roaring and tearing on. The ship bowed to its weight, careened over on her broadside on her beam ends, the rigging strained, the masts cracked—another flash. O God! the whole vault of heaven seemed in a blaze; then all was darkness. I felt my eyeballs burn, my brain on fire. I had been struck by lightning.

"Then came a crash as of a thousand thunderbolts. Louder roared the gale, the lanyards parted like pack-thread, shrouds, backstays, masts, and all gave way. I felt as if I were falling through space—I sank many fathoms in the boiling sea—I struck out—I rose to the surface; all was night, for I was blind.

"Suddenly I touched something which I knew by their feel to be the topmast cross-trees, and with my neckhandkerchief I lashed myself to them.

"The squall was over; it was morning; I knew it, though I could not see it. The ocean was calm; but there was a burning sun over-head, which scorched my brain, and drove me near to madness. I prayed for death, but death spared me. He had had a brave feast with the gallant crew of the Two Sisters. I thought of my dead shipmates. Where was old Captain Green? Where Allister? Where my watch? Where his watch? There would be no more emotions of rivalry between us. All, all had gone to face their Maker; and I was the only living thing belonging to the ill-fated ship that floated on the blue water.

"How many hours I remained so I

know not; but at last, when hope had long been dead, I was picked up by a little schooner called *The Devil*, that traded between the islands of St. Helena and Madagascar. I was brought to the first-named place, and a passage given me to England. When I arrived I found that the owners of the *Two Sisters* had failed, and I was in my native country—blind, and without a penny in the world."

Three years have passed away since Angus Seaton told his sad story to the old lieutenant and his family, amongst whom the blind man lingered long and found consolation for the bitter sufferings he had endured—consolation from the hearty sympathy of his father's old shipmate, from the unvarying kindness of his warm-hearted wife, but, above all, from the gentle and increasing friendliness of Katie Bruce, whose soft, low voice was becoming daily more and more soothing to his ear:

"She loved him for the dangers he had passed,
And he loved her that she did pity them."

The ivy has grown thicker round the cottage-porch; Bruce and his wife have been laid side by side in the village churchyard, but their places are not vacant. In Bruce's old chair sits Angus Seaton, and close to him sits his adored Kate—she watching the gambols of their little ones, he listening to their joyous laugh.

It is with no common love that the blind sailor loves his wife and children.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ELEANOR VAUGHAN; OR, TWICE AVENGED.

PART I.

"Not this waltz, nor the next, Eleanor!" exclaimed Paul Fletcher, in a tone of slight reproach. "Have you not one more dance to spare me this evening?"

"Two, by and by, Paul dear," was the answer; but I am engaged to Lord Holmdale for the next, and you know he

is a stranger here, and papa is anxious I should be civil to him, and as far as possible make him enjoy the ball. So I can't help myself—and you won't be angry, I know."

Angry? Paul Fletcher angry with her!

He stood leaning in the doorway, watching her as she floated with that

swan-movement so peculiar to her towards the upper end of the brilliantly lighted ball-room, never once letting his eyes wander from her over the gay groups among whom she passed; following her with those loving eyes as he ever did with his loving heart.

She stood for a few moments beside her father, a gray-haired man, master of the house, and then the music recommenced, her partner claimed her, and with a momentary pang Paul saw them whirling round the room. Only a momentary pang, however, for he liked to see her enjoying herself; he had such perfect confidence in her, knowing that she was so entirely his own, his betrothed, that it never occurred to him to be jealous.

As they paused in the dance, Eleanor and her partner stood within a few yards of him, and at that moment she looked even unusually lovely. The exercise had tinged her cheek, ordinarily of a transparent paleness, with rose-bloom; her dark gray eyes and high but delicately marked features, her sunny braids of hair, seemed more perfect than ever; while the exquisite *pose* of her head and neck, and her tall but gracefully rounded figure, in its white flowing dress, stood out against the dark oak paneling of the wall like some cameo from its setting. Her companion, Lord Holmdale, (the new member for —shire, and heir to the earldom of St. Arvon,) was a high-bred looking man of about thirty, spoiling the picture by his want of contrast; for he, too, had a pallid countenance and finely marked features, with almost colorless eyes, though they came under the denomination of blue; eyes with no depths in their orbits, and yet shedding a steady intellectual light. His stature was not below the average, but Eleanor's made it appear so.

And now again they glide past, and are lost among the throng of dancers, but not before a bright smile from the girl has made Paul Fletcher's heart beat quicker as she passes. Her smile is so very lovely, and cast such radiance over the face, in general cold and calm almost to a fault.

The night advances, and at length Paul obtains the boon he has craved—the *one* dance more. But now Eleanor is tired with the arduous part she has that night performed, the transient flush has faded away, and too dispirited for conversation, she hangs languidly on her lover's arm. Happiness sufficient this for him, though

he insists that she shall not weary herself further with dancing merely to gratify him. Tenderly as a mother for a child he cares for her, anxiously watching till the guest shall disperse and leave her to rest. Eleanor Vaughan is only nineteen, but for years she has been mistress of Vaughan and despotic ruler of her father, and of every member of the household besides, individually and collectively. People wondered that Mr. Vaughan allowed his daughter's engagement to Captain Fletcher, who, though doubtless very charming, they said, and of very good family to boot, still every one knew had nothing to live upon but his pay. But when Eleanor had quietly announced to her father that she had promised to marry Paul Fletcher, Mr. Vaughan acquiesced at once, as he always did to any thing that she wished. He might have looked higher for her, he said, but he had a great opinion of Captain Fletcher, and if Eleanor liked him—why, she was heiress of Vaughan, and there was plenty for them both to live upon.

"Eleanor, will you walk to the Copsewood with me this morning?" asked Fletcher, the day after the ball. "This is such a bright day that it will do you good after your exertions last night; and it's our favorite walk, isn't it?"

"Such a charming morning for it, Paul, and I may as well finish that sketch. But oh! I forgot, I have promised to go through the gardens with Lord Holmdale, and as I'm rather on ceremony with him, I shall have to give up the Copsewood—and Paul."

"But you can go through the gardens in the afternoon, Eleanor; and I shan't be here much longer, you know, to torment you," he said, in a tone of laughing reproach.

"Paul!"—she laid her hand on his arm chidingly—"but in the afternoon papa says we must all ride to Crawland, as Lord Holmdale wants to call there; the Moores exerted themselves so much about this election. You think he might go by himself?"—for Fletcher's countenance intimated that he did not quite see the necessity of Miss Vaughan and himself returning thanks for the said exertions also. "It would be scarcely civil to let him, and papa wishes us to go. Besides, I want to talk to Milly Moore about her wedding."

"I wish you would speak a little seriously about your own, Eleanor," Paul said, taking her hand. "Whenever I have alluded to it lately, you have put me off with the election occupying you too much at present to think seriously of any thing, or this ball, or some equally trifling matter; but now you will have nothing to distract your thoughts you will give a few of them to me? You promised——"

"*I promised, Paul,*" Miss Vaughan said, a little haughtily, "and that ought to be enough."

"It is more than I deserve," Paul hastened penitently to say, "and indeed I do trust your word, Eleanor, more than any thing on earth. I would mistrust myself rather than you; but be a little indulgent to me!"

A smile flitted over Miss Vaughan's fair features, and she said more softly:

"Indeed, Paul, I will think seriously of it, and give you a more definite answer soon; only wait till Lord Holmdale is gone, and we are quiet again."

Paul breathed an inward aspiration that propitious fates would therefore speed his lordship's departure, but he said no more to Eleanor. Her last speech had already granted much, and it was he, Paul, who was impatient and exacting, and not Eleanor who was to blame. She always had some good and unselfish motive in all she did; he would not tease her any more for a long time. You must know, reader, that Eleanor Vaughan was Paul's first love, and that his love and reverence for her amounted almost to adoration.

And to put his good resolutions into practice, he even tried not to *look* disappointed when that afternoon, on their ride to Crawland, Miss Vaughan was under the necessity of doing the honors of the road to the new member, leaving Paul to ride beside her father, whereas he longed to be at his accustomed place by her bridle-rein. He was sure Mr. Vaughan must have a great many political questions to discuss with Lord Holmdale. However, there would be the ride home.

But after their visit at Crawland was over, and their horses' heads turned homewards, it somehow happened that they all rode abreast, and Paul hardly interchanged a word with his betrothed, Lord Holmdale directing the greater part of his conversation to her. In the evening there was a dinner-party, and of course,

Lord Holmdale sat next her; and Paul, who was at the other side of the table, between a portly dowager and a deaf old gentleman, made, we fear, sad blunders in the conversation; for, do what he would, he could not help looking towards where Eleanor sat, and wishing he were near her. Two or three times she also looked towards him and smiled, and then he thought she wished it too. Paul did not think he much liked Lord Holmdale, but his conversation was clever, and seemed amusing at present, and at any rate it would be much pleasanter up there than between these male and female fogies. At last, after they were all gone at night, Eleanor was able to spare him a few words, and to thank him for having exerted himself so much at dinner, (!) when she was sure old Mr. Dozely and Lady Clucker must have bored him dreadfully.

"What a pleasant change it will be to be quietly by ourselves again, Paul, won't it?" she added.

"Thank you for expressing my thoughts of this whole day, Eleanor!" Paul answered, his grateful heart speaking in his face. For this speech was a great deal from Eleanor, and he, trusting her so entirely, felt it meant far more than the mere words expressed. "But shall we soon be alone again? for you know my leave is very short."

"Soon, I hope, dear Paul; but I know you will be patient and good, as you always are." And after that what more was there to be said? But when the next day, and the day after, Lord Holmdale still remained, without any apparent reason for prolonging his stay—when Paul found that Eleanor's time was still very unequally divided between him and her stranger guest, and that Lord Holmdale's attentions to her became unmistakably marked, even his patience and forbearance gave way.

"Is this always to go on, Eleanor?" he asked, when on the third morning since the ball she had excused herself from fulfilling some request of his, and immediately after complied with one from Lord Holmdale.

"What?" said Miss Vaughan, innocently.

"This preference given to Lord Holmdale in every thing," Paul blurted out, turning red as he spoke. "Indeed, I have tried all this time to bear it, but I can't any longer."

"Jealous, Paul?" Miss Vaughan said, laughing carelessly. "How silly of you! though it's rather pleasant to see you *can* be so sometimes."

"No, no, Eleanor," Paul went on hurriedly. "I'm not jealous; I wouldn't be so unworthy of you as to be jealous, but — but — I'm only mortal after all, and — and — that fellow Holmdale, does he know of our position with regard to one another, Eleanor? If he knows you are my affianced wife, how does he dare——"

"I suppose he knows it," Miss Vaughan said very quietly, though her cheek flushed a little; "every body knows it, and if you mean 'how does he dare' speak to me as much as he does, I suppose also he considers that as your *affianced* wife I am as safe as if I were your real one, and that there can be little danger for any one who loves Paul Fletcher from the society of even a Lord Holmdale."

She said it very gracefully, putting her head a little to one side as she spoke, and smiling one of her own rare, beautiful smiles at poor Paul as she held out her hand. Paul clasped it between both his own, half blaming himself again for precipitancy, and wholly glad that it had called forth so much expression of feeling from this cold, proud Eleanor.

"But is he soon going away?" Paul began again, after a few moments' pause, "for my leave expires in three days, and I have hardly seen you at all, and I can't be back again till Christmas."

"Poor, dear Paul!" the girl answered, as if she were soothing a child, "it has been very hard upon us both; but I think he goes to-morrow."

And to-morrow, fortunately for Paul, he did go, and the two days that followed were, perhaps, all the happier to him from his previous disappointment. Eleanor was charming, gentler than usual, and doing all she could to make up to him for his temporary vexation; and when Paul Fletcher's turn came to say good-by, he felt that never had he loved her as he now did—never had his life's happiness seemed more bound up in her.

Paul's regiment was quartered in Ireland, and there he spent the autumn as best he could, hearing frequently from his betrothed, who once or twice mentioned Lord Holmdale's having been with them. Only a day or two at a time, it seemed, and so openly did Eleanor speak

of him, that Paul's jealous fears did not reawaken. His *anxiety*, however, was once excited, for at the beginning of the winter a long interval without letters made him think that Eleanor must be ill; but just as, in a distracted frame of mind, he was going to write to Mr. Vaughan, a long letter arrived explaining her silence. They had had the house *so* full of people—all her cousins the Lesters, and Caroline Ellis, and Lord Holmdale; and they had had charades; (she wished so much he had been there!) and then Milly Moore's marriage to Captain Heathcote had taken place, etc., etc. That was the reason her time had been so much taken up as to prevent her writing to him; and he should scold her when he came at Christmas, which would be very soon now. It was still three weeks to Christmas, but Paul did not hear again from her in the mean time. However, owing to a brother-officer's illness, he was very busy in the interim, and soon the time had hurried away, and he found himself once more at dear old Vaughan. Eleanor received him most cordially—in fact, with more *empressment* than usual; but after the first excitement of happiness had subsided, Paul remarked wonderingly that her whole manner had undergone some change. Only so close an observer as he could remark it; to others, Miss Vaughan appeared as cold and calm as usual. But when Paul's eyes rested lovingly on her, a slight flush would pass over her face; if they sought hers, her eyelids dropped beneath the look, and a perceptible restlessness of manner when Paul was alone with her told him that some change had passed over her since they last met. It was not always so, and often he accused himself of being fanciful; but fight against it as he would, an undefined fear rose up in his heart. And yet he could not tell her of this feeling, for there was no thorough confidence between them; even in their most unreserved intercourse, and when Paul felt that she really loved him, and had told her all that lay in his heart, Eleanor's had still remained in her own keeping—fast locked. Now, if he had spoken, she would have chidden him for want of trust, laughed at his foolish susceptibility. As it was, whenever he ventured to allude to the subject of their marriage, a chilling reserve crept over Miss Vaughan's manner, or again flushing, (she

never *blushed*.) she would give the conversation an immediate turn. Paul Fletcher was not happy.

One morning they sat together in the library which Mr. Vaughan had just quit. "I know you and Paul like to have the morning to yourselves, my dear," the placid old man had said, patting Eleanor on the shoulder, as he left the room. But if this were the case it seemed difficult to tell why, for Paul sat in a window-recess reading, and Eleanor was busily employed at the table, writing indefatigably, the scratch of her pen accompanied by the monotonous ticking of the clock. It was the day after Christmas, and as Paul now and then looked through the window-panes, the prospect without was not enlivening. A dull leaden sky spread over-head, not a leafless twig dared to stir in the stillness, and even the robins crept quietly in under thick fir branches, scarcely chirping a remonstrance against the snow that was coming. Paul let his book drop, got up, yawned, and sat down again. Still Eleanor's pen scratched unceasingly.

"Pity the sorrows of an idle man, Eleanor," Paul at length said, laughing. "I can't read any more; the book is dull, and the sky is dull, and I am dull. I want my sunshine."

"One moment, Paul, dear! I have just done." And the pen squeaked along another line.

"What a nice long letter to get, Eleanor!" Paul went on. "Who are you writing to?" And without thinking much of what he was saying, Paul turned from the window, and coming to the table knelt down by Eleanor's side and put his arm round her.

"Caroline Ellis," Eleanor answered, folding up the letter and addressing it. "I had such a funny letter from Mrs. Heathcote the other day, with two or three messages for you. I can't quite remember what they were, but if you care to read it, it is in the pocket of my writing-book." And she pushed it towards him.

"I don't want to read it; I want to talk to you," Paul grumbled.

"But I want you to read it," Eleanor persisted laughingly, "so look for it directly."

Paul could of course only obey, and pulled a letter out of the blotting-book.

"No, that isn't it," Eleanor said; "that's only a circular."

"Then this *must* be it," Paul continued, "for it's the only other letter there. But this is your own handwriting, Eleanor." And as he spoke Paul drew forth a letter, sealed and stamped for posting, and carelessly glanced at the address. A crimson flush mounted to his temples. "I did not know Lord Holmdale was a correspondent of yours," he said, dropping the letter on the table before her.

Eleanor involuntarily stretched forth her hand to cover it.

"I wrote to him on a matter of business," she returned hastily.

Something in her tone struck Paul Fletcher, and he as suddenly looked up. Calm as she strove to appear, it yet was evident that this simple discovery was in reality a more than ordinarily agitating one to Miss Vaughan. Her cheek and lips were colorless, and the hand which held the letter shook visibly. Fletcher fixed his eyes on hers with a long scrutinizing gaze, as if he were trying through those portals to plunge deep into her heart. For a few moments Eleanor's eyes met his, then shrank furtively and fell. Paul leaped to his feet from the kneeling posture he still maintained beside her.

"Eleanor!" he cried out, "what does it mean? There is more in this, and I *will* know it. Have you written to Lord Holmdale before?"

She assented; Paul's violence for the moment frightened her.

"Has he written to you more than once?"

Again she bent her head. But now her courage returned, her proud spirit came to her aid in her time of need. She, too, rose from her seat and stood before him, trembling still, but now undaunted.

"Lord Holmdale and I have interchanged letters," she said, "on a subject that interested us both. What that subject was, no one has a right to inquire, neither do I recognize the right of any one to regulate with whom I shall or shall not correspond. I am not yet responsible to any human being for my actions."

"Pardon me," Paul said, in a low voice of suppressed anger. "In this instance you are undoubtedly responsible to me. As my betrothed wife, I have a right to ask of you an explanation of this sudden intimacy with one who, the last time I staid in this house, perpetually stood between us, and whom, in order to please you, I then yielded to. One word from

you, Eleanor, is sufficient explanation. You will not refuse it?"

"I will and do," Miss Vaughan answered, haughtily, but quite calmly, as she threw her fair head slightly back. "I say again, that I do not recognize your right to call my conduct in question every time your boasted 'confidence' in me yields to the slightest trial. I prefer myself regulating the degrees of intimacy I shall accord to my own and my father's friends; and therefore, if it is my position as your betrothed wife which deprives me of that liberty, I from henceforth resign the honor of the distinction."

For a moment Paul Fletcher did not speak. He fixed his eyes on the beautiful face before him, so cold and emotionless in its perfection, and becoming deadly pale. "Be it so," he said through his clenched teeth, and then turned abruptly to leave the room. But before he reached the door his justly irritated feelings yielded to softer emotion, as the meaning of Eleanor's last words rushed more distinctly on his mind, and as hurriedly as he had left her he now stood again by her side, an irresistible impulse forcing him back. Taking both her hands in his, he drew her towards him, and with sorrow, anger, and supplication blending in his eyes, looked long and steadfastly into her face. "Eleanor!" he said at length, in a low tone tremulous with intense emotion, but terrible in its quietness. She did not answer, but her beautiful gray eyes met his without shrinking—quite dispassionately. "Eleanor, my darling!" Paul said, again; and this time there was unutterable pathos in the tone. Still no further answer than what those unyielding eyes gave.

Paul let go her hands, and for one moment pressed his to his forehead.

"I have long thought it, Paul," Miss Vaughan now said; "though how much the thought distressed me I can not tell you, nor how much I feel your present distress. But we are not suited to one another, and never shall be, and it is better to find this out now than later. You are of too exacting a nature, and mine, I confess, is not sufficiently docile. You expect your wife to be a slave—and I do not wish to find a master. Therefore——" but just as Miss Vaughan was concluding her peroration, a servant came to say that her father wished to speak to her, and she swept gracefully out of the

room, glad of the excuse, and doubtless purposing to resume the subject when Paul was quieter. It was very natural he should be overcome at present. But when dinner-time came, instead of Paul there appeared a servant, who presented a note from him to Miss Vaughan. In their present position with regard to one another, he said, he *could* not remain under the same roof with her. He had gone only to Hurston, (the nearest town,) and he besought her not to let her father know what had occurred until he had written to her. She should hear from him next day. So Miss Vaughan considerably told her father that Paul had been called away suddenly on business and would write next day, and with this the old squire was quite satisfied. "Paul is always at liberty to come and go as he pleases, you know, my dear," he said kindly. "He is quite like my own son already."

"Quite at liberty, papa," Eleanor repeated, with a queer emphasis.

Meanwhile, what Paul endured it would be difficult to describe. When Eleanor left the room, he had at first been too bewildered rightly to understand what had passed between them. In giving way to the fit of passionate jealousy that had seized him at sight of her letter to Lord Holmdale, he had of course never foreseen the possibility of its leading to such a result, for, believing that Eleanor loved him, he never could have imagined that she would so lightly shake off the ties that bound her to him. A despairing reaction succeeded his excitement, and it was not till he reached Hurston that he became calm enough to view the state of matters a little more reasonably. Paul Fletcher was a young man—younger than the twenty-seven years of life he had gone through; very fresh and buoyant in his feelings. We have told you that Eleanor Vaughan was his first love, but that does not convey an adequate idea of all that she was to him. Paul had no very near relations; he had lost his father very early, his mother's death a few years ago had been his one great sorrow. Eleanor was all that he now loved best in the world. After God, he had faith in her. And now that faith could not be so easily shaken.

He was again in fault—that mad outburst of jealousy! It was no wonder she had resented it, for if there was one fault

he could allow in her character, it was pride, and his tone had been so dictatorial that he had roused this feeling. After all, (but here Paul gulped down the anger that would rise,) her letters to Lord Holmdale might have been necessary; Mr. Vaughan might have made her write on business. And yet, if so, why did she not explain as he had entreated? But she would explain now—he would write to her and ask her to forgive his violence, and tell her it was only his love for her that caused it and overmastered him; and then Eleanor would unsay the words that had made him so miserable, and it would all be forgotten again between them. So Paul wrote—not a high-flown letter, but with the manly straightforward simplicity that distinguished his character, taking the greater part of the blame to himself with great humility, and yet still adhering, though gently, to his original idea of their mutual relations. Not even for Eleanor could he give up what he held to be true; but casting himself on her mercy, he prayed that she would grant him merely those few words of explanation, and not let resentment of his violence cause their separation. Paul was very hopeful after he had sent this letter; surely it would bring an immediate recall to Vaughan, and once with Eleanor, every thing would be smooth again.

The answer *was* immediate. It was very kindly worded, and written in a very clear, flowing hand, not a scratch nor a blot on the paper. She assured Paul that the momentary displeasure she had felt at their last meeting had vanished at once, and that of course, if his opinion on the subject of their disagreement was such as he expressed it, why, every one had a right to adhere to his own opinion. She begged his forgiveness for all the pain she had caused him, and still more for that which she feared she was about to inflict. But since he left she had given the matter more mature consideration, and she was now more fully convinced that they ought to part. They never should be happy together; each had certain faults that must clash with the other. And more than this—would Paul, *dear* Paul, ever forgive her?—she had carefully examined into her own heart, and discovered that what she—at the time of their engagement a girl of eighteen—had mistaken for love, was in reality but sincere affection for him. She would not deceive him—

nothing more! And this she felt was utterly unworthy to give in exchange for his noble love, and so it was better for them both that they should break an engagement which never could be for the happiness of either. She should always feel for him a lasting, etc., etc., and she hoped that in time, etc., etc. And she remained his sincere friend, Eleanor Vaughan.

For long, Paul Fletcher could not realize it, could not believe that thus it was to end. Ah! surely she would relent, surely she had wrongly read herself, surely, surely she *must* love him! He had given her his manhood's strong love, his reverence, his faith—was it to be all in vain? And then wild gleams of hope would shoot up in his heart, bred of his very despair, dancing like corpse-lights over the grave of his love. Surely it never could be given to one human being to cause another such misery? in moments of bitterness he would ask himself, he who had never wronged her by thought, word, or deed! But such moments were rare. Paul Fletcher loved Eleanor too truly to feel great anger against her. Better had he done so—better had burning anger filled his heart than such profound sorrow, such forbearing love for her. He would not blame her even to himself; self-accusing, he ever sought excuse for her.

The truth was, as you will perceive, that though Paul Fletcher's idol had cast back the worship of her votary, refused the incense offered at her shrine, still the image was not thrown down from its pedestal. He worshiped still; he had not lost his faith in her.

Now, however, he determined there was nothing to do but to wait; time might work in his favor. His leave had expired, and he returned to Ireland wearing as impenetrable a mask as he could assume. He must wait—he must try and wait patiently.

II.

PAUL FLETCHER had not long to wait. A month after his return he one morning received a letter from Mrs. Moore, a good-natured dowager who had taken a great fancy to him during his frequent visits at Vaughan, and who now found some ingenious excuse for writing to him. After a long preliminary on the important

object of her letter, (whatever that might be, for Paul did not pay much attention to it,) Mrs. Moore suddenly assumed a confidential tone. Paul must excuse her broaching a painful topic—she considered herself an old and very sincere friend—but she had at once become acquainted with the fact of Eleanor's quarrel with him, and it was upon the subject of the latter that she wished to write to him. (Did you ever observe what a knack of communicating disagreeable information, dropping uncomfortable innuendoes, good-natured people often have?) She wished to be the first to write it to him, for if it were told him unexpectedly it might distress him more. Had he heard of it?

"*It?*—what did she mean?" Paul exclaimed impatiently. "Could she not say at once what she wished to communicate?" And he turned eagerly over the page.

It had taken people a good deal by surprise, and no one more than Mr. Vaughan, for it was so very shortly after—In a word, Eleanor's second engagement was announced. To the new member, Lord Holmdale. "And we all think," Mrs. Moore went on consolingly to say, "that dear Eleanor Vaughan has made a very bad exchange. In fact, though you know how much I love the dear child, I almost feel inclined to congratulate *you*, dear Captain Fletcher, for I fear her disposition must be very fickle."

Eleanor was engaged to Lord Holmdale! This was how it had ended. The play was played out, and Paul was the dupe of the piece. He had trusted her blindly—he now saw. Till now, Paul Fletcher felt he had not really suffered, for now his faith in her was gone, the idol had fallen from the altar with a terrible shock, and lay disfigured before him, and his heart, still full of devotion, found nothing but an empty shrine to offer worship at.

Paul Fletcher bore this, the greatest disappointment of his life, manfully. No one ever knew what it cost him, no one ever should know how it had all come to pass, and thus perhaps dare to cast blame upon her. Thank Heaven, he had no one who would presume to sympathize with him!

And so six months more elapsed without his hearing any thing further of Eleanor, and in those six months Paul's young impassioned heart grew as much

older than his twenty-seven years of life as it had hitherto been younger.

We need scarcely tell you that Eleanor Vaughan had never really loved Paul Fletcher otherwise than with the reflected love a vain woman feels for any man who worships her, and whom she *likes*. From this feeling, and partly as an exercise of her sovereign will, she had become engaged to him, and probably would have fulfilled her engagement had not circumstances occurred of late to arouse her besetting passion—ambition. Lord Holmdale, a clever, cultivated man of the world, had appeared on the scene of their quiet neighborhood; she had been interested, excited by the successful election, in which, owing to her father's position, she had had some share. It opened up a wider field to her view. Lord Holmdale (perfectly unaware of her engagement to Fletcher, caught by her beauty, and not insensible to the attractions of Mr. Vaughan's broad acres) paid her, as we have seen, marked attention, and this in itself was a triumph. Not that she cared a bit more for him than for Paul; on the contrary, she rather preferred the latter, and he would be much the more easily managed of the two. But after all, people were right so far—she *was* throwing herself away upon him. It was an extremely bad marriage.

And by the time Paul came to Vaughan at Christmas she had given Lord Holmdale such decided encouragement that even she could not but feel embarrassed in Paul's presence. The discovery of the letter, and the scene that ensued, had thrown the casting die. Now was the chance—and she took it. We will not say that she had no compunction; she was sorry for Paul, she knew he would feel it; but he would soon get over it. And meantime Miss Vaughan, under her quiet, dignified manner, gloried in the prospect of the coronet-matrimonial she was to share, and enjoyed the present distinction of being Lord Holmdale's *fiancée*.

For six months, as we have said, Paul Fletcher had no further news of her, or of how matters were proceeding at Vaughan. He seemed entirely cut off from their whole circle, and the feeling of desolation this caused was at times almost insupportable. He felt as if *any* news would be preferable, though dreading what the only news that could now come must be. For he expected daily to hear

that the marriage had taken place, as there could be no possible cause for delay. And Paul thought bitterly of the petty obstacles Eleanor had always discovered during her first engagement!

News, however, was at hand. In looking at the *Times* one day, Paul's eye lit on the following announcement in the first column:

"At Haughton, on the 22d inst., Viscount Holmdale, eldest son of the Earl of St. Arvon, to Mary, only child of Sir Andrew Bellingham, Bart., of Haughton Castle, —shire." Instead of "to Eleanor, only child of Richard Vaughan, —shire."

How this change in the programme had taken place Paul of course could not divine, and was bewildered by a host of conflicting feelings accordingly; but these feelings soon yielded to one only of heartfelt and deep compassion when, a few days afterwards, Fletcher learnt from the same means of communication the death of Eleanor's father, his kind old friend, Squire Vaughan.

In a moment all was forgotten; all his own disappointment, all Eleanor's faithlessness—every thing was swept away by that one great feeling of heaven-born pity which surged up in Paul Fletcher's heart. How he longed to be with her and comfort her—no longer as a lover, but as the friend she had so coldly hoped he might become! If he might but go to her! This was so much to come upon her at once, poor child!

The wish was fulfilled. The next day Paul had a sorrowful hurried letter from a cousin of Eleanor's, an old widow lady who occupied the post of chaperone at Vaughan whenever Eleanor felt disposed to be so protected. The squire's death, Mrs. Campbell said, had come suddenly upon them, though for the last two months he had failed very much. Poor dear Eleanor was in the greatest distress; she had had *much* to try her lately, and Mrs. Campbell feared more was in store. Mr. Vaughan had left his affairs in the greatest disorder; the property was much involved. In fact, it was feared that after every thing was cleared off, dearest Eleanor's share would be but small. Captain Fletcher would (Mrs. Campbell continued) receive a letter from the man of business by the same post as hers, telling him that he had been appointed one of the executors to Mr. Vaughan's will. In

fact, he already knew this, and the squire had never altered his will since. But oh! notwithstanding all that had happened, the poor kind old soul went on to pray, would dear Captain Fletcher only not refuse to act? Would he (Eleanor did not know she was writing) would he only come to Vaughan and help them, and see what could be done? for she knew that he took more interest in Eleanor than any body else in the world, and that none of the other gentlemen appointed would take half the trouble. The poor squire had asked for him on his death-bed, and had wondered why he was not beside them! Would he come to them now?

Would he? Was he not with them already in spirit? Would he not go through fire and water, to the world's end and back again, only to have the privilege of serving Eleanor Vaughan?

Paul obtained leave and was off at once, but he did not, as you may imagine, go to Vaughan. He put up at the village inn at Worseley, so as to be as near the property, he said to himself, as possible, and thence communicated with the lawyer who lived at Hurston, the county town. There was, of course, a meeting of executors, in which Paul gradually took the lead. He had gained the good-will of the man of business, Mr. Burton, who speedily found the advantage of working with a clear-headed man instead of the rather fizzle-pated old gentlemen to whom the management of Miss Vaughan's property had been consigned. None of them, however, proved restive. One—a cousin of the squire's—remembered well how entirely the latter had trusted in the honor and good judgment of his intended son-in-law, and the two others were not sorry to find any one willing to take the greatest share of a rather complicated business off their hands, and so Paul found that he might without difficulty transfer this to his own strong young shoulders.

With what a will he set to work, how he toiled without ever feeling tired, how he rode about the country from one farm to another, how he rushed backwards and forwards to and from London, talking over refractory creditors and cutting short dishonest ones, it would be difficult to describe. Hard, unpleasant work as he had of it, to him it was a labor of love. It was *Eleanor's* work he was engaged in—it was all for *Eleanor*. Ah! if even in this small degree he could prove how

much he loved—that is to say, how much he *had* loved—her! At first, affairs looked very bad. The squire had persisted in keeping the management of his estate in his own hands, and was jealous of any interference on Mr. Burton's part. For this management he had lately grown quite unfit; many of the farms were under-let, in some the tenants were dishonest, racked the land, were short of their rent on quarter-day, and then appealed to Mr. Vaughan's sympathies. This appeal was rarely in vain, especially if their fathers or mothers or forbears of any kind had at any period, however remote, been settled on the estate. "Old tenants—old tenants—old friends," the squire would murmur to himself. "I remember birds'-nesting with Taylor's father. Well, well, we mustn't be too hard on them this time;" and so on.

The expenditure in one way and another at Vaughan had been great, and so was the debt on the estate at the time of Mr. Vaughan's death, so that at first Paul feared Eleanor's heiress-ship would dwindle to very minute proportions. However, the labor of mind and body was not in vain, and with judicious management and thorough looking into matters soon assumed a better shape. Many of the farms were re-let, arrears almost forgotten summed up and demanded, exorbitant charges taxed; and just as Paul was beginning to flatter himself that after every thing was paid up Eleanor would still be comfortably left, Mr. Burton discovered among the squire's papers, a note of a very considerable sum of money lying at Coutts's, and which but for this accidental find would have remained unclaimed. Thus, though Miss Vaughan's fortune was not so considerable as had been anticipated during her father's lifetime, she was now in more than independent circumstances, and it was chiefly to Paul's untiring zeal and good management that she owed the recovery of so much.

His work was now over, and he had no further excuse for remaining in the neighborhood of Vaughan. Yet it seemed very hard to have to leave it after all without having even a glimpse of her! But so it would have been had Paul alone been concerned, for nothing would have induced him to intrude upon her, or to take advantage of the position in which he had of late been placed with regard

to her. But the evening before the day he had fixed upon to leave Worsley he received a note from Mrs. Campbell, expressing in warm terms her deep gratitude in behalf of Miss Vaughan for the manner in which he had granted her petition for assistance, and begging that he would come up to Vaughan and see her before he left. "Eleanor wishes me to thank you in her name, for she is unequal to seeing you; but she is anxious you should know how fully aware she is of all you have done for her, and how grateful."

It was a beautiful August evening when Paul Fletcher once more turned off the high road from Worsley, and walked along that well-known footpath across the meadow leading into the Copsewood. It had been his favorite walk with Eleanor—it had many memories. Paul did not dare to think as he went along; he was afraid of losing the mastery over himself, and even though he knew he was not to see Eleanor, the very sight of the old familiar house, the knowledge that though he did not see her still she was *there*, excited him painfully. Paul was young, and had not yet acquired great power of self-control.

He was shown into the library, the room where he had last seen her. But, as he had *expected*, of course it was now empty. That is, Mrs. Campbell was there alone. And the moment the kind, weak old lady saw Paul, she began to cry, which did not tend to make him feel much more comfortable. However, it was soon over, and she went on to tell him all about every thing, mixing up details of the squire's death with outbursts of gratitude for all Paul's kindness, as she called it, and lamentations over Eleanor's forlorn condition, which, all things considered, were perhaps rather *mal à propos*. She fortunately had enough tact to avoid the subject of Lord Holmdale, though she dropped sufficient for Paul to gather that his lordship's admiration for Miss Vaughan had been too ephemeral long to withstand the attractions of Miss Bellingham and Haughton Park.

The evening was creeping on, and Paul at length took up his hat to go. It was very unreasonable—for his "expectation" of seeing only Mrs. Campbell had been quite fulfilled, and he had seen and heard her for a very long time, but he got up with a very unsatisfied feeling gnawing at

his heart—a feeling of bitter disappointment and longing for something more. Well! he must go, and the sooner now the better.

“I must say good-by, dear Mrs. Campbell,” he said, holding out his hand, and grasping hers very hard indeed, “and I hope that if—if I can be of any further use, you—you’ll be so very kind as to write to me again. And I do trust Miss Vaughan—I mean you—that is, Eleanor —” But the last word of this rather entangled sentence was scarcely uttered, when a sound behind him made him look round, and made Mrs. Campbell start. The door had opened, and Eleanor Vaughan, in her deep mourning-dress, had entered the room. A last gleam of evening sunshine fell through the side-window upon her, and mingling with her golden hair, illumined her beautiful features and transparently pallid complexion, as she stood for a moment in the doorway of this old oak room. Paul saw that she had grown even lovelier during the six months of their separation, and that this was in part caused by the recent sorrow which had softened her expression and chastened the proud beauty of her face. Unexpected as their meeting was to Paul, he managed to appear tolerably composed, though his colorless cheek, and hands tightly clenched over the back of a chair, indicated the effort it was to him. But he had a holy horror of scenes, and this was especially not the moment for any display of feeling.

Miss Vaughan’s manner, though it had gained in gentleness, had not lost its graceful quietude, and she now came forward and held out her hand to Paul, as if the circumstance of their last meeting in that very room had never been. Paul held the hand for a moment and bungled out some common-place inquiries as to her health, etc.; after which he made an original remark upon the weather, and took up his hat again. But Miss Vaughan begged of him to remain to tea; she had so many things she wished to ask him about. So Paul found himself once more seated beside her, and with exquisite tact she drew him into a conversation that could not possibly awaken disagreeable recollections. There were so many business matters to ask him about, and which no one could tell her better, and gradually Paul found himself entering eagerly into

details of all in which he had been lately concerned, and talking to her as if they really had always been on the cool, friendly sort of footing she had once hinted at his in time becoming used to. Then lights were brought in, and Mrs. Campbell made tea, and having recovered her alarm, joined in the conversation too, and when Paul at last went away he had made an engagement to come up the next day and look through another bundle of papers with Miss Vaughan.

True, he was again to have gone back to Dublin, but a business matter of this kind must be considered, and one day more was of no consequence.

However, that day passed and two others in succession, and still Paul Fletcher lingered at Worseley, and every day he was *obliged* to go again to Vaughan. But on the fourth day he went really to say “good-by” at last, and found Eleanor and Mrs. Campbell again in the library. The former was very quiet and gentle that morning, and seemed in low spirits, and when Paul ventured to inquire what her plans were, said rather dejectedly: “That for the present she should remain at Vaughan, and afterwards—she did not quite know—spend the winter abroad, perhaps—somewhere! But wherever she was, and whatever her future fate might be, she never, never should forget all he had done for her, how truly she had been able to trust in him for support and help when she stood comparatively alone in the world, and how indefatigably he had worked to serve her!” Nobody knew how to say a little speech of this kind better than Miss Vaughan, and it was very hard for poor Fletcher to have to hear it, for his own eloquence had entirely deserted him, and he could not trust himself to say more than a few words, which were not very intelligible. Mrs. Campbell had discreetly vanished into the window-recess after Paul had said “good-by” to her, and Miss Vaughan’s tone was always low. There was a moment’s pause, and then she added, with some timidity: “There are some things I dare not speak about, but—before you go—promise to try in time and think less harshly of my behavior.” And as Paul bent over her hand in token of farewell, Eleanor’s voice trembled as she said: “Ah! Paul! believe me, you are indeed avenged!”

III.

PAUL FLETCHER went back to Dublin with a lighter heart, and with a general sense of happiness pervading his whole being. He had grown younger again; after all, this world was not such a dreary place, life was not so very burdensome. We fear that he gave up his prudent resolves of living in the present alone, and that he began again to look forward. Yet hope would come; he could not shut his heart against the bright-winged messenger. Eleanor was free; Eleanor felt herself alone in the world. Eleanor knew him too well to think that he could have changed, and in time this knowledge must work its way; she could not always be indifferent to it. The earnest tones of her voice, as she thanked him that evening, rang their burden perpetually in his ear. More than that, there was something in her whole manner during those last few happy days that Paul could not explain to himself, dared scarcely analyze, and yet— and yet—?

He dared look forward!

And more than all, he thought of her look and tone as they parted, when she—yes, Eleanor! had almost asked him to forgive her.

Paul's first love had been so deep and true, that it was not easily to be shaken off. He was so foolish, that he would have caught at any straw of encouragement Miss Vaughan had been pleased to cast to him, therefore it was not to be wondered at if now he yielded again completely to the influence, and hoped with all the energy of his youth.

He heard once or twice from Mrs. Campbell after they parted, and the last letter told him that Miss Vaughan had some thought of accepting her cousin Lady Lester's invitation by and by, and spending a little while with her. And

three or four months elapsed without further news, while Paul still went on hoping.

After which period he was summoned by Mr. Burton to Hurston on business, which he was obliged to attend to. This business—we willingly hurry over this part of our story—was connected with the immediate marriage of Miss Vaughan of Vaughan, to Henry, ninth Baron Torwood of Nunholm, etc., etc. Owing to Miss Vaughan's recent affliction, the wedding was very quiet indeed, and the happy pair started immediately for the Continent. The bridal presents were magnificent, the toilettes most recherchées, and the bride looked lovely. *Und so weiter.*

And here, reader, we drop the curtain over the first epoch of Paul Fletcher's history. Shortly after Lady Torwood's marriage, Paul's regiment was sent out to Kaffraria, where he enjoyed to the full the dangers and hazards of that murderous campaign; and being shot through the body within an ace of his heart, lay helpless for weeks in a hut among the mountains with his small detached party, the mountain pass being commanded on either side by bodies of natives, who, as we know, had a pleasant talent for ambuscade.

Lady Torwood became quite the rage in London the season after her marriage. Her husband was very rich, very easy and good-natured, very easily managed, and not exacting. Not brilliant; and looking up to his beautiful wife with some awe and immense admiration—together an amiable, rather diluted young man. An "excellent husband," all Eleanor's friends said.

Lady Torwood had attained her object—she did what she liked, what she did every body else liked. She occupied a high step on the great ladder. Of course Lady Torwood was very happy.

From Tait's Magazine.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

A PORTRAIT FROM HISTORY.

He, who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He, who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above, the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils that to those summits led.
—*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

SELDOM, if ever, in the annals of history occurs a brighter name than that of Raleigh; but seldom is mention made of any one who, as gifted, was one half so unfortunate. To "all sorts and conditions of men" his character may furnish subject-matter for thought; for he was truly a man, as the Latin proverb runs, *aliquis in omnibus*, without, however, the *nullus in singulis* to counterbalance the praise conveyed in the first half-sentence of this hackneyed adage. Of "that soldier, that sailor, that statesman, that patriot, that poet, that hero, Sir Walter Raleigh," (as poor Henry Neele termed him in his "Lectures.") it would, indeed, be hard to speak as of *one* character; for his versatility was as great as his genius, or rather, was the characteristic of that genius. The elegant courtier, the able military commander, the adventurous navigator, and the eloquent author, can not fail to interest some one or other of our readers on his behalf, setting aside any claim on our sympathies which may be created by his unlucky life and his truly heroic "leaving of it." We do not take up our pen to deny any weaknesses—spots on the sun—which may have dimmed the lustre of a glorious career; we are as ready to admit as any of his detractors (and some there must be) to demand such admission, that he was not, in all respects, a model man. We believe not in "model men." We have, indeed, seen model lodging-houses, model farms, model schools, model every things—but a "model man," never.

We are about to consider Raleigh in his manifold capacities, and rely upon our readers' indulgence if so noble a subject suffers great indignity at our hands. Though there is nothing, as Shakspeare hints, in a name, we will start from this point, nevertheless.

There have been so many controversies as to the correct spelling of our hero's surname, that it may be as well to settle the question, if possible, at starting. We have ourselves called—and shall, for the sake of uniformity, and because custom is against the proper spelling, continue to call him throughout—Raleigh; but the name was not so spelt in his time, and by himself. The elder D'Israeli, in his valuable *Curiosities of Literature*, has furnished some facts on this subject. Sir Walter, when very young, subscribed his name as "Walter Raweley, of the middle Temple," to a copy of verses. It will be easier, however, to settle this *vexata quæstio* by the following anecdote: When Sir Walter was first introduced to James I., (on the King's arrival in England,) with whom he was no favorite, the Scottish Monarch gave him, says D'Israeli, this broad reception—"Rawly! Rawly! true enough, for I think of thee very *rawly*, mon." There is also extant a conundrum, written by a lady of those (James the First's) times:

"What's bad for the stomach, and the word of dishonor,
Is the name of the man whom the King will not honor."

This clearly shows our present spelling to be an innovation on fact. In later life, however, Sir Walter signed his name as Raleigh, which is the nearest approach to modern spelling known. He was born in 1552, at Budleigh, in Devonshire, and educated at Oriel College, Oxford. Of the truth of the received story of his advancement to royal favor by an act of gallantry, we confess ourselves dubious. At the risk, however, of repeating a thrice told tale, we will briefly mention it. Elizabeth, in the course of some private walk or public procession, came to a muddy part of the road, which—as at that time we had no Metropolitan Board of Works in being—was not exactly easy of transit to thin and feminine shoes, when a young and handsome courtier, “regardless of expense,” as they say in the play-bills, threw down his cloak as a carpet, over which the royal shoes tripped graciously, to the delight of the owner of the said cloak, and to the envy of other courtiers, who had not thought of so extravagant an act of politeness to their virgin Queen. The date of this little occurrence, that is, if it ever so occurred, we do not know; but as Raleigh, at the age of seventeen, was one of a troop of a hundred gentlemen volunteers, whom Elizabeth had allowed to go to France for the service of the Protestant princes; we imagine it was either then, or some few years after. He next served in the Netherlands, and returning thence, as Sir Humphrey Gilbert (of the “Heaven is as near by water as by land” notoriety,) his half-brother had obtained a grant of lands in North-America, engaged with many others to go out to Newfoundland, but the expedition failed, and he returned to England, having escaped many disasters.

To Ireland then went Raleigh, and speedily put down the insurgents there. He after this repaired to Court, where he was most graciously received. And what a Court was Elizabeth’s! There might be seen the immortal Bacon, the founder of the inductive philosophy, in the pride of his intellect; the chivalrous warrior and gentle poet, Sir Philip Sydney; Bishop Hall, the first English satirist; the quaint Dr. Donne, whose poetry, however, to our vulgar understanding, if we must confess it, is more curious than elegant, and more obscure than either; with many English worthies whose names the

world “will not willingly let die,” but who must have no part in our narrative.

From his earliest boyhood, Raleigh seems to have been of a restless and adventurous turn of mind; he could not be contented with court smiles and graces. To a soul like his the precincts of the palace were too circumscribed and cramped a limit; he must be “once more upon the waters.” Obtaining permission and supplies (1584) to prosecute his discoveries in America, he in 1585 sent out ships under Sir R. Grenville, and founded a colony there, called, in honor of his spinster Queen, Virginia, whence he is said to have brought potatoes and tobacco into Europe.

Potatoes and tobacco, enough of themselves to claim for their introducer to British palates, an immortality of goodwill! For our own part, if Raleigh had never been more than a potato and tobacco-bringer, we would at any time willingly contribute our “mite” toward erecting him a statue. If smoking be, as Dr. Solly says, a brain-destroying vice, many clear-headed men have indulged in it. Spenser, the author of “Faery Queene” smoked, *vide* his notice of “divine tobacco,” in that poem—Milton smoked, Locke smoked, as did many more illustrious men before and after Locke, but whose names we have forgotten, from Dr. Parr and Lord Byron downwards. About this time the honor of knighthood was bestowed on Raleigh, and several grants of the forfeited estates of the late Irish malcontents. Then came the Spanish Armada. Raleigh raised and drilled the militia of Cornwall; and not content with this, but burning for naval as well as military glory, he hastened out of harbor to make one of that volunteer squadron of nobility and gentry who, by reinforcing the gallant Lord Effingham, contributed to the glorious victory then obtained over the proud invader of our shores.

But the smile of court favor is as transient as the sunbeams on an April day; and Raleigh, after having been made gentleman of the bed-chamber, in 1595, fell into disgrace and prison, partly, it is alleged, on account of a book he wrote, and partly for an intrigue with one of Elizabeth’s maids of honor, the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, whom he afterwards made Lady Raleigh. After a few months’ imprisonment our hero comes upon the world’s stage once more. His was assur-

edly one of those "natures too restless to be happy;" for no sooner did he get out of the Tower than he planned the discovery of Guiana, South-America.

At that period of the world's history Spain was the richest and most powerful European state. Her galleons were in every sea, and her coffers replenished with the spoil of every shore. Spain was then at once the envy and the bugbear of the other European sovereignties; hated by most, feared by all. The success of the first Spanish adventurers—in plainer English, buccaneers, for they were no better—had begotten a great spirit of avidity throughout Europe. There was a general opinion current among the nautical population of Europe, and their "name" was "Legion," that in the inland parts of South-America, (Guiana,) there were "mines and treasures far exceeding any which Cortes or Pizarro had met with." Raleigh, with his romantic love of adventure, undertook the discovery of this imagined El Dorado.

Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus; reality did not satisfy expectations. Raleigh returned to England, after a little fighting and much disappointment, little better then when he went out, and on his arrival published an account of the country, which account (says Hume, who seems to be no friend to Raleigh in any place) was "full of the grossest and most palpable lies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of mankind"—which phrases of Hume's, with all due deference to the historian's candor and integrity of purpose, are hardly justifiable in their full meaning.

Elizabeth's policy towards Spain seems to have been to wear out that power by unintermitting hostilities; accordingly, after the failure of Drake's Panama expedition, and Baskerville's drawn battle off Cuba with the Spanish fleet, it was resolved that (as Philip of Spain was said to be making preparations for a new invasion of England) it would be better to take the initiative and attack him, rather than await the coming of a second Armada. So thought so done; 6360 soldiers, 1000 volunteers, and 6772 seamen (not including 20 Dutch ships and their crews) embarked on the 1st of June, 1596, from Plymouth *en route* for Cadiz. The land forces were commanded by the young Earl of Essex; the naval by Lord Effingham, High Admiral. After a vain attempt to land at St. Sebastiau, on the

western side of Cadiz, it was agreed to attack the ships in the bay. This was objected to by Effingham who, discreet as he was brave, deemed it a rash attempt. Not so Essex, who eagerly advocated the plan, and on its adoption was nearly frantic with joy. But Essex was informed by Effingham that the Queen, "anxious for his safety and dreading the effects of his youthful ardor, had given orders that he should not command the van in the attack." That duty devolved on Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Thomas Howard, but the impetuosity of Essex knew neither rule nor bounds. Our space forbids us to linger on this head. We only now wish to trace the origin of the hatred which began between Essex and Raleigh about this time, and stopped when the gallant Essex lost his head. After the Cadiz victory Essex bent his course towards the Azores, with an intention of intercepting the Indian fleet of Spain, which, in the imperfect state of navigation, always had a stated course, both in going and returning, and there were certain islands as fixed stages, whereat they always touched. The Indian fleet at this time was expected at the Azores, and Raleigh joined Essex's squadron in order that they might coöperate in their attack. By an accident the two were separated. Essex had, however, previously informed Raleigh that he, on arrival, intended to attack Fayal, one of these islands. Raleigh first arrived at Fayal, and, after waiting some time for his commander, Essex, thought it necessary to begin the attack alone, lest the inhabitants should gain, by further delay, more time for making preparations to resist the English. Raleigh succeeded—and by success incurred the jealousy of Essex, who, on all occasions where glory was to be got, liked, right or wrong, to have the monopoly thereof himself. Essex cashiered the other officers who had concurred in Raleigh's attack, and would have cashiered Raleigh too but for the good offices of Lord Thomas Howard. Essex soon after this, owing to his want of experience in nautical matters, allowed the Spanish fleet, save three ships, to escape him.

When Essex's gallant head rolled upon the scaffold of Tower Hill, it has been alleged that Sir Walter Raleigh sat at a window "with the sole intention of feasting his eyes with the death of an enemy." That Raleigh was, after the quarrel be-

fore mentioned, Essex's enemy, was but natural; but that he was guilty of going to witness the execution of his quondam friend, (for before they were rivals they friends,) with such motives as those just now alleged, will not, we think, be credited by any who judge of a man by the whole tenor of his life, and not by one isolated act. The presence of Raleigh at the execution of Essex was probably ill-advised, under the circumstances, but he might be a spectator from far other causes than ill-will. And yet his presence at Essex's execution is one of the "grievous blots" on Raleigh's fair fame!

Three years after the execution of the gallant Essex, died Elizabeth Queen of England, in the seventieth year of her age, and the forty-fifth of her reign; and with her death waned Raleigh's fortunes. Her throne was occupied by a stunted pedant, who had nothing in common with Raleigh, save his love of learning; and there were not wanting interested courtiers, friends of the late Earl of Essex, (which Earl had, moreover, carried on a somewhat treasonable correspondence during the lifetime of Elizabeth with James,) to prejudice that weak monarch against the principal enemy of his late correspondent. And now came what some historians very groundlessly call "Raleigh's Conspiracy."

Well may Hume (whose partiality for the Stuarts is evident throughout his history) confess that "every thing remains still mysterious in this conspiracy, and history can give us no clue to unravel it." The men accused thereof were so utterly opposed to each other in principles and all else; the assumed object was so very unlikely to happen, the way of carrying out the scheme (if it ever existed) so uncertain, that it is almost an inevitable conclusion that the whole thing was invented by those hunters of "mare's nests" who have in all ages existed. The alleged "conspirators" were Watson and Clarke, two Roman Catholic priests; Lord Grey, a Puritan; Lord Cobham, a mere "thoughtless man, of no fixed principle." (we quote Hume;) and Sir Walter Raleigh; with some other nonentities not worth recording. And we are to believe that these men, "of principles so discordant," met "in dangerous combination" to place Arabella Stuart (a relation of the King's, through the Lennox family, descended equally from Henry VII.) on

the throne of Great Britain! *Credat Judæus Apella, non ego*, should be our readers' reply. The two priests, however, and a Mr. Broke (Lord Cobham's brother) were executed; Cobham and Grey were pardoned, after they had laid their heads on the block. But poor Sir Walter Raleigh was reprieved, not pardoned; and remained a prisoner in the Tower for twelve weary years, during which time he wrote his celebrated *History of the World*, besides minor pieces. It is one among many remarkable features in the character of this extraordinary man that, (although his had been a life of adventurous variety, unsuited for contemplation or study of any kind,) in his comparatively speaking old age, under all the distressing circumstances of loss of liberty and reputation, he should have composed a work which would have done credit to any man of his times who had spent his life in seclusion and study. The erudition displayed in that work is marvelous, if only for this reason. True it is, (as hinted by the elder D'Israeli in his *Curiosities of Literature*, before referred to by us,) Raleigh, while in the Tower, lived on terms of intimacy with several literary characters of that day. Many a time, in poor Raleigh's prison-room, sat the Earl of Northumberland, (there was no duke of that name just then,) the patron of the philosophers of that time, and with whom Raleigh studied chemistry; Sergeant Hoskins, too, a wit, a poet, and the friend of Ben Jonson, was there; but Raleigh surely did not get his Greek and Hebrew lore from these; and though we are told by a manuscript of Anthony Wood's (in the Lansdowne collection) that a "Dr. Robert Burrel performed the greater part of the *drudgery* of Sir Walter's history, for criticisms, chronology, Greek, and Hebrew authors," we still are at a loss to comprehend how this wonderful Raleigh could, during his life of naval and military enterprise, find time or ability to accumulate knowledge enough for the composition of the *History of the World*!

Twelve years had rolled away since Raleigh, on a false charge of conspiracy, entered the Tower of London as an attainted traitor. And in 1616 his release was obtained thus: James I. had, by this time, a new favorite, to replace Carr, Earl of Somerset, and the poisoner of Sir T. Overbury. This favorite was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; to him

Raleigh advanced a large sum of money, and he, by his interest with the King, obtained Raleigh's release.

Broken in spirit, worn out by long imprisonment, blighted hopes, and hard intellectual labor, Raleigh's ruling passion was still for adventure. He must again cross the Spanish main; new El Dorados were there to be found, thought he; and so, to retrieve his fallen fortunes, he planned another expedition to America. He spread reports of a gold mine there, which would, he said, amply repay any who ventured labor to work it.

James I. appointed him Governor of Guiana, under the great seal, which, however, was not meant (as said the Attorney-General afterwards, when Raleigh was again condemned to death) for a pardon; and to the continent of Guiana, a country as large as the half of Europe, sailed Raleigh with his adventurous band. Twenty-three years had elapsed since he set foot there, and he was now going once more on a bootless errand, to return with a broken heart.

On the river Oroonoko the Spaniards had built a town called St. Thomas, where were some mines. Remaining himself at the mouth of this river, he sent the rest to St. Thomas, under the command of his son and Captain Keymis. The Spaniards fired on the English, but were repulsed, and driven back into the town. Then young Raleigh called out, (and these words did incalculable harm to his father afterwards,) "*That town is the true mine, and none but fools looked for any other;*" and, so saying, was shot through the head by the enemy, and instantly expired. Keymis and the rest advanced, sacked the town, in which they found nothing of any value, and then they burnt it to the ground.

It has been brought as an accusation against Raleigh that he said there was a gold mine in Guiana, well knowing that no such mine existed. Now, it appears that Raleigh said this on the authority of Keymis, who had shown him a large nugget. But Keymis, though urged by Raleigh to find it, after making divers excuses—namely, the death of Sir Walter's son, the weakness of their party, and the lack of provisions—and seeing his arguments were of no avail, shut himself up in his cabin (says Raleigh in a letter to his wife,) "and shot himself with a pocket-pistol, which broke one of his

ribs, and, finding that he had not prevailed, he thrust a long knife under his short ribs up to the handle, and so died."

A sad situation was Raleigh's now; his brave son dead, Keymis dead too, and his men turned mutineers, or deserting him daily, his health broken, his expectations foiled, and with nothing before him on his return to England but dishonor, possibly death.

The Guiana expedition sailed back to England, and with them Raleigh. At first he thought of giving up his ship to his crew, if they would land him in France; better had it been for him if he had done so, but he returned to his native county of Devon.

Gondomar, the Spanish Envoy, whose brother had been killed by Raleigh's people, rushed into the presence of James I. shrilly calling out, in his own tongue, "Pirates! pirates! pirates!" and James I., appreciating the awkwardness of his position with the Court of Spain, doubtless *then* made up his mind to offer up poor Raleigh as the scapegoat.

After all, seeing that England had never acknowledged the right of Spain to a monopoly of Guiana, and that Spaniards had tortured English unarmed traders there whenever they caught them, we can not think Raleigh's attack on St. Thomas a very grievous violation of international law. The following extracts from Raleigh's letter to James on this subject will tend to elucidate the affair. The extract is made from an old and curious volume in our possession, entitled *The Remains of Raleigh*:

"Without any direction from me, a Spanish village was burnt. . . . I find no reason why the Spanish Ambassador should therefore complain of me. If it were lawful for the Spaniards to murder twenty-six Englishmen, tying them back to back and then cutting their throats, when they had traded with them a whole month, and came to them on land without so much as one sword; and if it may not be lawful to your Majesty's subjects, being charged first by them, to repel force by force, we may justly say: 'O miserable English!'"

And then he pathetically goes on to say:

"I have spent my poor estate, lost my son, suffered by sickness, and otherwise, a world of miseries; if I have resisted, with manifest hazard of my life, the robberies and spoils with which my companions would have made me rich; if when I was poor, I would have made myself rich; if when I had gotten my liberty,

which all men naturally do prize, I voluntarily lost it; if when I was sure of my life, I rendered it again; if I might elsewhere have sold my ship and goods, and put five or six thousand pounds in my purse, and yet brought her into England, I beseech your Majesty to believe that all this I have done, because it should not be said to your Majesty, that your Majesty had given liberty and trust to a man whose end was but the recovery of his liberty and who had betrayed your Majesty's trust."

If Parker and Metham, who took Campeachy, burnt towns, and killed Spaniards, on the Spanish main, on their return had nothing said to them, surely we may justly accuse James of injustice in his treatment of Raleigh. But James was bent on Sir Walter's destruction, and argument was wasted on him.

We come now to the turpitude of Sir Lewis Stuckley, who was Raleigh's kinsman and betrayer. This man, whose imitation of Judas was perfect, save in the difference of the person betrayed, had accepted the office of spy on Raleigh. Nevertheless, though holding a warrant for Raleigh's production in London, he behaved outwardly more like a friend than a jailer on the road. Manoury, a French empiric, was Stuckley's coadjutor in this noble office. Captain King, a tried friend of Raleigh, was allowed to accompany them. Then an idea utterly unworthy of his character, we must admit, took possession of poor Raleigh's brain. He determined to feign illness to gain delay, and, possibly, pardon. By bribing Manoury he obtained drugs, which produced vomiting and a sham skin-disease. But Manoury and Stuckley had only taken bribes from both sides, and with the intention of selling Raleigh to the Crown as to the highest bidder. Raleigh, in his dying speech on the scaffold, excused his poor stratagems by the example of David: "The prophet did make himself a fool, etc., to escape the hands of his enemies." Arrived in London, the King allowed him to live at his own house; but Raleigh was not deceived by this indulgence. "I know," said he, "that they have concluded among them that it is expedient that a man should die, to reassured the traffic with Spain which I have broken up." Ay, "expedient"—and in that word lies the real reason of Raleigh's execution. Raleigh now wished to escape to France. Stuckley abetted him in his design, assisted in the escape, and at the same moment, when he was just getting out of harm's

way, betrayed him. That betrayal was prearranged, as was the escape; and back from Woolwich Raleigh was rowed as a prisoner to the "Traitor's Gate" of the Tower, which prison he left shortly after for the Gate-house at Westminster. It may not be amiss here to mention that this Stuckley died, many years after Raleigh's execution, a raving maniac in a wretched road-side hovel.

And now the question for the Crown lawyers was how to frame the indictment. At first it was thought that he would be arraigned for hostilities against the Spaniards, the King's allies, but it was afterwards agreed that, inasmuch as Raleigh was already under actual attainder for the (Arabella Stuart) conspiracy before mentioned, he could not be brought to trial for any new crime; and so he was one morning dragged out of bed, in a fit of fever, "not to trial, but to sentence." But even then the heroic spirit of the man failed him not. He spoke with dignity, and submitted to his fate with manly firmness; and then he went back to the gloomy cell in the Westminster Gate-house, where he wrote that affecting "remembrancer to be left with his lady." We give a few extracts which show what manner of man he was:

"You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words in these last lines; my love I send you that you may keep it when I am dead, and my counsel that you may remember it when I am no more. . . . I beseech you, for the love you bare me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but seek to help my miserable fortunes and the right of your poor child. Your mourning can not avail me when I am but dust. . . . To what friend to direct you, I know not; for all mine have left me in the time of trial. Love God—teach your son also to serve and fear God while he is young; then shall God be a husband to you, and a father to him, that can never be taken from you."

Then he goes on to say that he is owed much money, and prays his wife to "pay all poor men," if she can do no more. Then he warns her against worldly wiles, reminding her that, after his death, she may be sought after by many suitors who may imagine her to be rich. "I speak, (God knoweth,)" says he thoughtfully "not to dissuade you from marriage, for it will be best for you, both in respect of God and the world. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine; death cuts us asunder, and God divides me from the world, and you from me," etc. And in this strain he continues, and at the con-

clusion writes: "I can not write much; God knows how hardly I steal this time when all sleep; and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from this world."

Who of our readers can not heave one sympathetic sigh for the gallant Raleigh, even though his memory comes down to us dimly through the mists and mistakes of two centuries? Imagine the lonely prisoner in his cell—the time, the place, the barred windows—and, probably, the workmen below already preparing the scaffold for to-morrow—and then think how strong must have been the heart, and how well nerved the hand that could feel and write such things as letters, poems, and even an epigram, at such a place and such a time, with the grave already yawning to receive his body, but we trust, heaven open to receive his soul. There is in that letter of his to his "dearest Bess" one beautiful touch of nature which reaches our heart and dims our eyes, even while we transcribe the words, simple, yet how pregnant with many thoughts: "Bess, take my dead body, which, living, was denied you, and either lay it in Sherbourne, or in Exeter Church, by my father and mother." Simple words, good reader, yet simplicity has much force. Many a time, in days gone by, had Raleigh, as a boy, wandered about Sherbourne's fields—many a time, in later days, had his eyes filled with pious tears as he gazed upon the monumental stone of his father and mother; and now, after his many adventures by flood and field, after all his triumphs and reverses, hopes and fears, he begs only to be laid, in the last sleep of death, in the dear old "West Country," which has produced so many of England's worthies, there to blend his dust with the kindred ashes of those whom, living, he loved so well.

As the hour of his death approached, by the light of his taper he sat down to write poetry, "wherein he had been a scribbler even from his youth." An old volume of 1660 lies now before us, entitled *Remains of Raleigh*; and from it we extract the following verse, written the night before his execution, and found after it in his Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster:

"Even such is time, which takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us naught but age and dust,
And in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,

Shuts up the story of our days;
And from which grave, and earth, and dust,
The Lord will raise me up, I trust!"

Was Raleigh a disbeliever, as has been said of him? We trow not. All of our readers have heard of a celebrated "Farewell" (not Byron's) which has been attributed to Raleigh. The lines begin:

"Go, soul—the body's guest—
Upon a thankless errand," etc.

We make no extract from that, however beautiful, because we have no good authority for saying it was Raleigh's composition at all. At any rate, it is not included in his *Remains*, which is fair presumptive evidence that he did not compose it. But we have before us lines which he *did* write the night before his execution, which lines are headed, "Sir Walter Raleigh's Pilgrimage." An extract, therefore, we are sure, will gratify those of our readers whom we have carried thus far with us:

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith, to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

"Blood must be my body's only balmer,
No other balm will there be given,
Whilst my soul, like a quiet palmer,
Traveleth towards the land of Heaven,
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill, etc."

Glancing at the circumstances of his first trial, and the cruel abuse of Sir Edward Coke, the then Attorney-General, he continues:

"Where no corrupted voices brawl,
No conscience molten in gold,
No forged accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's Attorney.

"And when the twelve grand million jury,
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads His death, and then we live!

"And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,

At the stroke, when my veins start and
spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head!

"Then am I ready! like a palmer, fit
To tread those blest paths, which before I
writ,
Of death and judgment, heaven and hell—
Who oft doth THINK, *must needs die well!*"

But the night was now far spent, and his last sunrise was near at hand. His candle flickered in the socket—flickered even as that glorious earthly life, which was so soon to be extinguished by the headsman's axe. But even then, Raleigh could not help pointing a moral, with the trifling incident of a candle burning dimly. Thus wrote he:

"Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out."

Morning came, and after he had calmly smoked a pipe of his favorite tobacco, the gallant Raleigh proceeded to the scaffold with a step as firm and an eye as bright as though he had been going to some deed of glory rather than to such an ignoble death. The anecdotes of his last moments, which his contemporaries have handed down to us, all show his contempt of death, so far as the absence of bodily fear is concerned evinces such. The day before his execution he had seen Sir Hugh Beeston, an old friend of his, who was among the crowd assembled to see Raleigh, after condemnation, pass from Westminster Hall to the Gate-house. Calling to him, Sir Walter desired he would be present at the execution. Sir Hugh to this end wrote a letter to the sheriff, but it was not read till too late, and Sir Hugh did not thus succeed in getting a seat. On the way to the scaffold, Raleigh observed his friend, and exclaimed: "Farewell; I know not what shift you will make, but I am sure to have a place!" Just then, an old man of venerable appearance, and with a bald head, pressed forward. Raleigh, with the courtesy which ever was his characteristic, asked whether he would have aught of him? The old man's answer was: "Nothing but to see thee, and to pray God for thee." Raleigh said: "I thank thee, good old friend, and I am sorry that I have no better thanks to return thee for thy good will, but (and here a thought struck him—on his head was a richly-wrought night-cap) take this, for thou hast more need of it now than I."

It was said of Raleigh by some one that he went to death "more like a bridegroom to a wedding than an attainted traitor to a scaffold." Traitor, indeed! It may be of some little interest to our fair readers if we describe how this noble cavalier, at one time "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," in the court of Queen Elizabeth, was dressed on the occasion of his execution. We can not do better than by quoting the words of the compiler of *Raleigh's Remains*.

"Upon Thursday morning this courageous although committed knight was brought before the Parliament-house, where there was a scaffold erected, for his beheading; yet it was doubted over-night whether he should be hanged, but it fell out otherwise. He had no sooner mounted the scaffold than, with a cheerful countenance and undaunted look, he saluted the company. His attire was a ruff-band, a hare-colored satin doublet, with a black wrought waistcoat under it, a pair of black cut taffety breeches, a pair of ash-colored silk stockings, and a wrought black velvet night-gown."

He then doffed his cavalier's hat, and observing several of the courtiers and noblemen at different windows, but at too great a distance to hear well, he begged they would come nearer to the scaffold, with which request they complied. "He embraced all the members of the Court and other friends, with such courtly compliments as if he had met them at a feast," says some writer, as quoted by D'Israeli. His "dying speech" (if a phrase which has derived, in our time at least, a low and debased meaning, from its being applied to the last words of rogues and murderers, can be with propriety applied to any words of such a hero as Raleigh) is too long for quotation in its enlarged state here. It opens thus:

"My honorable lords, and the rest of my good friends who come to see me die, know that I much rejoice that it hath pleased God to bring me from darkness to light, and in freeing me from prison, wherein I might have died in disgrace, by letting me live to come to this place, where, though I lose my life, yet shall I clear some false accusations, unjustly laid to my charge, and leave behind me a testimony of a true heart both to my king and country."

He then goes on to defend his character against the calumny that was heaped upon him at the time of the alleged "Arabella Stuart Conspiracy"—namely, that he made a confederacy with the French Government, and that he spoke

"disloyal and disobedient words" of his King. He next excuses an attempted escape from Plymouth to France, when first under Stuckley's charge. He then alludes to his second attempt at escape, solemnly swearing that the attempt was made solely to save his life, and with no treasonable design. Then comes a vindication of his unworthy deceit in feigning himself sick, etc., before alluded to by us, and he quotes David as an example, who had "feigned himself foolish and mad, and yet it was not imputed to him for a sin."

Whether he was instrumental in causing Essex's execution, in Elizabeth's reign, in so great a degree as has been hinted by Hume and other historians, God only knows; but if Raleigh's own declaration be worth aught, (and he did die the death of a true Christian, as far as man can judge,) we must acquit him thereof.

"It is not now (said he, a few minutes before the axe of the headsman silenced him forever) a time to flatter or fear princes, for I am a subject to none but Death, therefore have a charitable conceit of me. That I know how to swear is an offense; to swear falsely at any time is a great sin; but to swear falsely before the presence of Almighty God, before whom I am forthwith to appear, were an offense unpardonable; therefore think me not now rashly or untruly to confirm or protest any thing."

He finally requested Lord Arundel to entreat the King that no libelers should be allowed to defame his memory after his death, and ended with: "Now, I have a long journey to go, and must take my leave." He then took off his gown, and prepared himself for the block, as though, indeed, "he feared the grave as little as his bed;" called to the headsman

to show him the axe, and, finding that it was not quickly brought, said smilingly: "I prithee let me see it; dost think I am afraid of it?" Then, passing his hand over its glittering edge, he observed: "Good Master Sheriff, this is a sharp medicine, but a sure cure for all diseases."

After this, he went to the three corners of the scaffold, and kneeling, begged all present to pray for him, reciting a prayer to himself the while. He then tried the block, when the executioner, as was customary, knelt down for his forgiveness, which Raleigh gently gave, entreating him not to strike till he gave the signal by lifting up his hand, and "then, fear not, but strike home!" He laid his head on the block—a head than which there was none nobler or wiser then in Europe; and, on being requested to face the east, said gently: "It is no great matter which way a man's head stands, so the heart lies right."

After a few moments of fervent prayer, he gave the signal; and here a fearful scene ensued.

The execution, through fear or forgetfulness, did not strike, and not till Raleigh had repeated the signal twice or thrice, with a reproachful "Why dost thou not strike?—strike, man!" did the axe fall. In two blows was Raleigh's head severed from his body; and nothing then remained of one who had been "the Admirable Crichton" of England—as courtier, soldier, sailor, author, statesman, and philosopher—save the bleeding, headless trunk which lay before the wet eyes of the spectators on that Westminster scaffold—the immortal spirit had flown thence to Heaven, unto the God who gave it.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "JUNIUS."—Our predecessors of fourscore years ago and upwards had a droll way of communicating important literary intelligence. We are reminded of this by the interest which still attaches itself to the authorship of "Junius." One of the many discoveries, not of *the* but of *another*, real author is thus pleasantly announced by the editor of the *Gazetteer*, of January 24, 1774: "The celebrated Junius is at last discovered to be the Rev. Phil. R—gen. He was originally a great acquaintance of Mr. Horne's, and a contemporary of his at Cambridge. Mr. R—gen was there celebrat-

ed above all others for his classical abilities. Mr. R—gen was in London during the whole time of Junius's publication; for a considerable time before and ever since he has been abroad. He is now resident at Orleans, in France, where he cuts a very conspicuous appearance, having married a very beautiful and accomplished young lady, sister of the celebrated Mrs. Grosvenor; nor does he make it any secret where he resides that he is the author of Junius." The circumstantiality, the logic, and clearness of identity are exquisite.—*Athenæum*.

From the Leisure Hour.

HOW TO MAKE CHILDREN HAPPY.

"LITTLE things, on little wings,
Bear little souls to heaven."

It is very usual with us, who have advanced to the time of "the sere and yellow leaf," who are burdened with the increasing weight of years and responsibilities, and who realize to the full the poet's assertion, that this is a

"Changeful life;
So manifold in cares that every day
Brings its own burden with it;"

I say, it is a very common thing for us to say to our children: "Ah! *now* is your happy time, *now* is your season of enjoyment, *now* you have nothing to trouble and nothing to annoy you, only to sing, dance, and play; oh! if *I* could but be young again!" etc., etc. To a great extent this is true. God, in his infinite mercy, has constituted childhood with a capacity for receiving pleasure from every trifle; and who can doubt this as he watches its free, dancing, joyous movements, hears its melodious laughter, or gazes on its sunny face? The cunning little rogues seemed to have found out the long-desired secret of "setting a trap to catch sunbeams."

Still, it has often struck us that the daily life of a child is not so happy as it might be. It stabs us to the very heart to see a little heedless offender roughly chidden, or even personally chastised, for an accident caused it may be by the superabundance of its joyous activity. Perhaps a curly-pated urchin, goaded on by the excess of his infantile curiosity, makes a tiny stab in his drum, to find out where the "music comes from," or surreptitiously gives a prick to his elastic ball, "to see what makes it jump." The toys are spoiled, it is true, which is a great pity, but still worse is it to hear the up-braidings which are showered upon his defenseless head by mother or nurse. How much better would it be to reprove

him gently for what can hardly be called a punishable act, or to take advantage of the same opportunity to give him a simple lesson in natural philosophy, which would never be forgotten. Or again, we have known severe correction to have followed the spontaneous confession of a fault, when the little culprit, at the expense of a vast amount of sensibility and timidity, has stammered forth the burden that has been lying on his mind for hours, only to be met by harsh and injudicious severity. What can such a parent expect as the result of his discipline, but future falsehoods, or sly attempts at concealment? This reminds us of an incident that happened to us the other day. While walking in the street, we passed two or three children in earnest conversation: their looks and tones attracted our attention, more especially the sentence uttered by one as we passed, "My mother never spoke a rough word to me." We involuntarily turned and looked at the boy. There he stood, a sturdy-looking little fellow, in fustian jacket and corduroy trowsers, but with such a beaming, happy face as is not often to be seen in a poor man's child. And who can wonder at the look of care and depression that is often visible in children who are snubbed, and twitted, and snapped at from Monday morning till Saturday night, and from Saturday night till Monday morning? Of course we do not wish to imply that children are frequently placed in such unhappy circumstances; yet, how few parents can claim the compliment that Cowper pays to his mother, when he speaks of her

"Constant flow of love that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and
breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes."

When we think of the trifles, the very

nothings, that will make a child happy for days and weeks, it makes one sigh to think how seldom they are bestowed on them. "Little things please little minds," we sometimes hear uttered with a half-contemptuous smile. Fathers and mothers, be thankful that it is so! Be thankful that a handful of wild flowers, a ripe and ruddy apple, a few blocks of wood, or a peacock's feather, will make your child shout for joy, and cause his dancing limbs to bear witness to the lightness of his heart. We have known a child amused for a long winter's day, when cold and sleet have confined him to the fireside, by half an hour's patient instruction, some paper, and a pair of scissors; while his bright, intelligent eyes have borne testimony to his triumph over the miniature boats and ships that he has constructed. An addition of one or two colors and a paint-brush have made him as happy as a king, and sent him to bed with his head crowded with visions of Lilliputian fleets and naval engagements. We repeat, that no work is easier or so well paid as the amusement of children.

"Theirs is the sunshine of the breast;"

and many a gentle word, or encouraging caress, is treasured in their hearts, to be repaid at some future time by simple attentions in illness.

Never allow your children to be idle. Idleness is the root of all evil, and a child who is allowed to hang listlessly over the fire, and lounge about on easy-chair or sofa, will assuredly be a burden in time to come. If he appears wearied of his toys, draw him kindly to you, and tell or read some simple story; if possible, get him to copy some animal or bird mentioned in it; show him how to fabricate a walnut-shell boat, or a fly-catcher, or an ornament for the bed-room candlestick, or some coarse netting for cabbage-nets, or some spills for lighting candles. And let him see that you value his work, by *using* it. Nothing damps a child's pleasure more, after he has completed some wonderful fabrication, which is to accomplish marvels in the domestic department, than to see it laid aside as useless, or smiled at superciliously. Use it, if it be possible; or, still better, assist him in making a more perfect one. It always seems more difficult to amuse boys than girls, because it is thought effeminate to instruct them in many things with which girls are ac-

quainted. This we believe to be a grand mistake. We knew a family where all the children, both boys and girls, were taught knitting and netting. No one was allowed to make their marble-bags for them, and certainly marvelous and gorgeous in the extreme were the colors they selected; still, they were more prized by them than any fabrications that could be purchased, besides encouraging a taste for industry and a love for domestic life. Our readers may smile, but this is a fact. The boys hailed the winter evenings with pleasure, when they kept time with their busy fingers to the narration of some startling adventure, or school exploit, and far from becoming "feminized," grew up domesticated in their tastes, and unlike the shiftless creatures men usually are in the items of buttons and strings. Always accept the home-manufactures of your boys, if urged upon you. There is inherent in all boy-nature a certain chivalrous and knightly feeling, which they love to gratify, and by all means encourage this when possible. Many a happy hour will be passed by your little son, if he knows that the rough piece of wood which he is so elaborately carving into some mythical and extinct animal will be accepted with a smile and treasured with love.

Give your children a love for nature.

It was our favored lot to be brought up by a loving, intelligent Christian mother, and never shall we cease to feel gratitude to her memory for the many pleasant hours her early lessons have insured us. From childhood we were trained to admire and love natural objects. What an ovation was performed in honor of the first violet, and what a joyous discovery it was to espy the first pale primrose of the season! Even after long years of sorrow and trial, a thrill of happiness returns at the recollection of these innocent pleasures; of the approval she never omitted to manifest at indications of a desire to solve any of the many wonders of leaf, and bud, and flower; of the pleasure with which she would survey our collections of variegated snail-shells, or the arrangement of all the varieties of grasses we could collect. She also allowed us to feed caterpillars, (always, however, being most scrupulous as to the kindness with which they were treated,) and no words could describe our delight as we watched the wondrous change into chrysalis and butterfly, while she would take

advantage of it to lead our thoughts to the still more wondrous transformation of the human body. The evening hours of an intelligent child might be profitably employed in arranging the shells, grasses, flowers, etc., collected during the summer, placing them carefully on paper or card, and writing the description of their classes, orders, or parts beneath. Live pets, also, deserve notice here, since tending, feeding, and nursing them affords great delight to children, and fosters their kindly feelings.

By all means encourage brothers and sisters to love the same amusements. Of course those of an intellectual kind are meant, since we have no desire to transform our boys into women, or to make our girls romps. But, in the study of botany, or natural history, one may materially aid the other. The boy will exhibit more courage and dexterity in securing the prizes, which the "neat-handed Phillis" can more delicately manipulate and examine; or the girl may make a very pretty drawing of the various butterflies, beetles, etc., which the boy may color; while the neatest writer may add the description. A charming little volume might thus be commenced at a comparatively early age, which both would enjoy to review as they progress, and mark the improvement they have made. Or, again, a boy who was clever as a carpenter might be directed how to form very pretty baskets and vases for holding the flower-pots in the drawing-room or garden, while the girl could cleverly decorate them with pine cones, (split down the center in order to be more easily glued,) which, if wished, could afterwards be varnished; or bouquets of flowers might be skeletonized and bleached at the sole expense of time and trouble, and thus a charming ornament for the parlor would be produced. Hundreds of these little trifling employments will suggest themselves to the mind of any intelligent mother, and she will then be spared the annoyance of a listless, "What *shall* I do? I have nothing to do!" that too often degenerates into ill-humor and peevishness. Never mind how trivial the occupation, so that it be but useful and trains your child to an abhorrence of idleness.

Never think it too much trouble to answer your children's questions. How often do we hear the tart reply: "I'm sure I don't know, child; pray don't tease

me when you see I'm busy!" This is the surest way to stunt the growth of your child's mind. It is the most cruel and ruthless conduct possible, thus to deny a child the information for which he craves, and to allow him to feel all the awkwardness and pain to which ignorance exposes him. Rather hail with joy these indications of a growing mind, and make the little inquirer happy by drawing him to you with a kiss, and as full and patient an elucidation as he may require.

And if you wish his little cup of happiness to overflow for one day at least, when the inquiring fit is over, give yourself up to a game of romps with him; or let him bring his stool to that snug corner where you sit, and get his tea quite under your wing; or give him a baked apple for his supper; or, best of all, in *his* eyes, let him sit up half an hour over his usual bed-time, with a book of colored pictures in his hand, and his little rosy face in your bosom. If you give your child a present, make it doubly precious by the way in which you do it. Hide it in some snug corner, where he will be sure to find it out; in his little shoe or in the pocket of his frock; or let it come by post, directed to him; or let it be that same wonderful secret by which you have been mystifying him for a day or two past, till he is in a perfect agony of curiosity; or let the servant bring it to the door with a flourishing ring, and send him to open it; any of these plans will send him to bed as happy as a prince, and fill his heart with fresh joy each time he thinks of it.

Make your children happy in each other, encouraging them to feel that a pleasure enjoyed alone is only half enjoyed. If one of them buy only a farthing sugar-stick, teach him to feel a delight in offering a taste to all the rest. As far as possible, let their presents to each other be of their own manufacture—not purchases. Let the boys carve silk-winders, or make bone-crochet hooks, or copy in their best style some favorite poem, (such as *Johnny Gilpin* or the *Babes in the Woods*,) transcribing it into a neat manuscript volume, perhaps adorned with original illustrations. Let the girls make book-marks, satchels for school-books, or a leathern cover for some favorite volume. Cherish the little outbursts of affection natural to them. Do not chide your boys for a few irrepressible tears at leaving

home for boarding-school, nor encourage "manliness" at the expense of brotherly affection, and do not grudge an hour bestowed upon a little pains-taking letter-writer or juvenile composer, who is anxious to give an account of various home details to the absent one. Let him write two or three sentences of his epistle each night, overlooked by an elder sister; the one will feel happy at being able to instruct, the other will be grateful at the sight of the letters that grow beneath his pen. By any means, at any expense of trouble to yourself, make home happy to your children; let it always remain in their memories as a type of all that is peaceful, loving, and attractive; let them constantly revert to it as a soothing remembrance in the hours of pain, sorrow, or privation, and let its associations be so hallowed and precious as to restrain them in temptation and strengthen them in trial. Yours is a noble mission; O parents! see that ye fulfill it with that wisdom and gentleness which shall prove you worthy of the dignity and honors it confers!

PHENOMENA OF ELECTRICITY.

THERE are two kinds of electricity; the one vitreous or positive, the other resinous or negative; and both kinds are produced in the atmosphere by various causes; chiefly by evaporation. We may form a slight idea of the extent of evaporation carried on over the whole globe—over all the rivers and lakes and seas, the stagnant pools and latent moisture, the hidden springs and boundless oceans—when we remember that three hundred millions of hogsheads of water rise daily into vapor over the Mediterranean alone. By condensation, or the change which that evaporated vapor undergoes when returning to a fluid state through decrease of temperature; by vegetation, by combustion, and by friction. This last arises when masses of air, moving in contrary directions, encounter each other. The friction of their surfaces develops electricity, which is especially active when these masses differ in degrees of moisture and temperature; the cold developing negative, and the warm positive, electricity. The friction of the wind, as it passes over trees, houses, mountains, and other high objects, is also held to set free the electricity of the atmosphere; so that we can understand why thunder-storms should be almost always accompanied by strong winds, and should rarely or never occur in perfectly still weather.

Clouds charged with electricity of one kind meet and coalesce in good fellowship enough; but, when those which bear a different kind meet together, a violent shock is the consequence. Rains are formed by the meetings of different winds, as thunder-storms by the contact of opposing electricities. A warm soft air, charged with moisture, meets with a cold wind direct from the polar regions. The cold north wind condenses and globulates the vapor, which falls to earth in the form of Scotch mists or showers.

First, before a storm arises, is seen the cirrus; that light fibrous curl-like cloud, which stretches in undulating waves or long lines over the sky, sometimes curling out like the lightest and most graceful feathers, or like the sweeping grain of knotted woods. This broadens out into the cirrhocumulus, or sonder cloud; those little round masses which lie near together but yet separate, and give the mottled or speckled skies which are so beautiful in summer afternoons when they bode no mischief and contain no evil. Then the cirrhocumulus gathers itself into the cumulus proper, or strachen-cloud—large heaped-up masses that look like carved marble or sun-covered boulders in the deep blue-sky—those dazzling white day clouds which children gaze at wonderingly as if they were solid masses built up in

the heavens, and which even older brains can scarcely credit to be mere imponderable vapor. These are the forerunners of the storm cloud; that dark, gray, rugged mass, with its sharp and jagged edges, from which stream down both health and destruction to the world below; that cloud, darker and more threatening than the nimbus or rain-cloud, with which people, who are not good observers, so often confound it.

Storms never come from the perfectly uniform and regular clouds which sometimes cover all the sky. Storm clouds have always torn and angry edges, as one would expect from them, fierce and riving as they are—instruments of death, and among nature's earliest embodiments of rage and devastation. Storms are many patterned. Franklin says that a thunder-storm never comes from one cloud only, and Saussure agrees with him; but other meteorologists (notably, Bergman and Duchamel de Monceau, good names enough) assert the contrary; and Marcovelle states, that on the twelfth of September, seventeen hundred and forty-seven, the sky at Toulouse was perfectly clear except for one little cloud, from which suddenly burst a thunderbolt that killed a woman named Bordenave as she stood before the house. If that unhappy femme Bordenave bore but an indifferent character—if sorcery and the black art were included among her gifts—we may be sure how the occasion was improved by all the anti-witchcraft world; and how an inevitable natural law was translated into a signal act of Divine vengeance, calculated to strike terror into the hearts of all the sabbet-haunters, loup-garous, broomstick-riders, black cat keepers, and familiar nourishers in Toulouse.

As storms always commence with the accumulation of the cirrus-cloud, and as the cirrus-cloud floats very high, it follows that storms are generally very high above the earth. Kametz, one of the greatest meteorologists, doubts all the travelers' tales which set forth how they, the travelers, journeying over the Alps and the Brocken, have seen storms forming below them. Yet Monsieur Abbadie found in Ethiopia that an October storm was only about two hundred and thirty-three yards above the earth; but the highest which he noted was one in February, at about two thousand two hundred and forty yards, or about a mile and

a quarter. As sound travels three hundred and seventy-five yards per second, the distance of time elapsing between the flash and the report may be taken as a basis for calculation by any one with nerve sufficient to time a thunder-storm by the hand of his watch.

Pliny says it never thunders in Egypt. Plutarch that it never thunders in Abyssinia. We know now that both of these assertions are mistakes, though indeed Egypt is singularly exempt from frequency of storm; for storms are correspondent with rains, and, as it seldom rains in Egypt, thunders and lightnings are equally rare. It never rains in Lower Peru, or so rarely as to be outside all meteorological consideration; consequently, say at Lima, storms of thunder and lightning are as little known as hurricanes of wind and rain. Storms are also rare at the North Pole, and never occur in mid seas, at a certain distance from land. The rainy days at Cairo are only three or four in the year, the storm days are about the same number. At Calcutta the average of storm days is sixty, and every where a broad parallel is kept; so that, where there is most rain, there is also most thunder and lightning. Storms come at the same times and seasons, and with striking regularity. In the tropics they accompany the wet season and the change of the monsoons; at Calcutta, with its sixty days of storm, not one occurs in November, December, or January; at Martinique and Guadaloupe none are known in December, January, February, or March. In mean latitudes, very few storms occur in winter, and only a few in the hottest days of spring and autumn: more than half come in summer, and generally in the day—rarely at night, either in the tropics or in the temperate zones. But the rule of summer storms does not hold absolutely for all places; for, on the western coast of America, and the eastern shores of the Adriatic, more occur in winter than in summer; in Greece more in autumn and spring; in Rome there is no difference between summer and autumn; at Bergen and at the Azores, where there are winter rains, they are most frequent in the cold and rainy weather; at Kingston in Jamaica it thunders every day for five consecutive months, though the adjacent islands are tranquil; also at Popayan in Columbia during a certain season, there is thunder every day.

Woods, mountains, and broken land cause and attract storms; but their frequency is not always referable to the configuration of a district. At Paris, for instance, the average number of thunder-days is fourteen; and Paris is not on a dead level; while at Denainvilliers, between Orleans and Pithiviers, one of the flattest districts possible, the average is raised to twenty-one. Other atmospheric causes, then, must be in operation which are not yet made fully manifest, and which remain to be investigated.

There are three kinds of lightning, says Monsieur Arago; forked, sheet, and spherical. Forked lightning comes in very slender flashes, generally white, but is sometimes blue or violet colored. Fine as these flashes are, they often divide into three or more branches: as, when in seventeen hundred and eighteen, twenty-four churches were struck in the environs of Saint Pol de Léon, but only three peals of thunder were heard. The flashes of forked lightning are most destructive. They are no where seen to more terrible perfection than when lighting up the dark ravines and black precipices of a mountainous district. Even in England, among the Cumberland mountains, the thunderstorms have a majesty and awful sublimity which no dweller on the plains can understand. Sheet lightning is comparatively harmless. Some of those thunderless summer lightnings are distant sheet lightnings, too distant to allow of the thunder, which yet exists, being heard. Dark red, blue, or violet are the principal colors of this form of electricity, which has neither the whiteness nor the swiftness of the forked. Spherical lightnings are what are called vulgarly, thunderbolts; luminous masses, or fiery globes, which descend slowly to the earth, and make lightning conductors useless. On the night of the fourteenth of April, seventeen hundred and eighteen, Deslandes saw three globes of fire fall on the church of Couesnon near Brest, and destroy it utterly; and, on the third of July, seventeen hundred and twenty-five, during the height of a thunder-tempest, an enormous globe of fire fell, and killed a shepherd and five sheep. This was not so terrible, though, as the Ethiopian storm, reported by Abbadie, which destroyed two thousand goats and the goat-herd by one single flash. We quote these assertions modestly, if somewhat

doubtfully; not presuming to place a limit to the wonderful forces of nature, of which the more we learn the less we seem to know, yet expressing ourselves humbly on the uncertainty of testimony, and the proneness to exaggeration common to humanity. The balance between skepticism and credulity is the most difficult of all balances to hold evenly.

Those summer lightnings, of which we have spoken, have been taken by some to mean essentially harmless interchanges of electricity; the atmosphere seeking its own electrical equilibrium. But it will generally (not always) be found that, during their appearance, there has been a storm somewhere on earth, where, what was but lambent summer lightning to the far-off spectator, has proved to be deadly destructive fire to some hapless dweller underneath. In a July night of seventeen hundred and eighty-three, De Saussure, at the Hôpital de Grimsel, under a calm clear sky, saw, in the direction of Geneva, a thick band of clouds, which gave out thunderless lightnings. This was but summer lightning to him; but the Genevese were suffering all the horrors and ravages of a storm such as the oldest inhabitant had never witnessed. And in eighteen hundred and thirteen, Howard, at Tottenham, saw, on the south-east horizon, and under a clear starry sky, some pale summer lightnings, which proved afterwards to be a violent storm raging between Calais and Dunkerque. The question of distant storms, and how far the reflection of them could be possibly visible, and whether this sheet or summer lightning necessarily always argued a distant storm, was being once discussed at the philosophical society of Geneva. When the meeting broke up, the southern horizon was illuminated with the very form of lightning under dispute. Some days after, the newspapers spoke of a violent storm in the Pays de Vaud, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria; which seemed conclusive enough as to how far reflection could be carried, if not as to the universally uniform character of distant sheet lightning. For there are, in truth, such things as thunderless summer lightnings; lightnings without storms and without dangers; and as frequent under the tropics as in our own temperate latitudes. There is probably, and more than probably, thunder with these flashes, but at too great a height from us to be heard.

Besides, the higher the atmosphere, the more rarefied it becomes, and the more rarefied the medium, the less intensity there is of sound; but we can scarcely imagine that lightnings can be interchanged without any accompanying report, or that a certain law of nature can be contravened, without the intervention of any higher agency, or the interruption of an opposing law.

There being lightnings without thunder, so there are thunders without lightning. Volney, among many other witnesses of similar phenomena, speaks of violent thunderings one morning at Pontchartrain, under a clear sky, and without lightning; but, in a quarter of an hour the heavens clouded thickly over, and a heavy hail-storm fell, the stones as big as his fist. The longest thunder roll (which seems so interminable to those who are nervous during storms) lasts only from thirty-five to fifty seconds; and the space of time between the roll and the flash varies, according to distance, from five, four, three, and even half a second, to forty-two, forty-seven, forty-nine, and seventy-two seconds. But the half-second interval is very rare, and only found in storms of the closest and most violent character. We need scarcely add, that the nearer a storm, the more dangerous. Also, the higher the body the more likely it is to be struck; as, for instance, all mountains, trees, high buildings, and, in the midst of a plain, men and animals. Trees, bushes, and buildings are peculiarly lightning conductors, and specially liable to be struck. For this reason it is wise to avoid the neighborhood of trees during a storm; not even trusting to the old poetic legend of the exemption of all the laurel tribe, for love of one fair Daphne; nor to Hugh Maxwell's assertion that the beech, maple, and birch are anti-conductors, like that classic laurel; nor to Captain Dibdin's belief in pines; nor, in fact, to any private or personal favorite among forest-trees or shrubs; for they are all equally dangerous to human neighbors during a storm, and equally powerful conductors; their power varying only as they are taller or more humid than their fellows.

Thunderbolts have special attraction to certain places as well as to certain objects. No one in New-Granada, says Monsieur Arago, willingly inhabits El Sitio de Tumba Barreto, near the gold mine of the Vega de Supia, because of the fre-

quency of thunderbolts there. Even while Monsieur Boussingault was crossing El Sitio, the black who guided him was struck by lightning. La Loma de Pitago, near Popayan, is another locality of doubtful electric fame. A young botanist, Monsieur Plancheman, was determined to cross La Loma on a stormy day, in spite of all remonstrances, and was struck dead by a thunderbolt. On the twenty-ninth of June, seventeen hundred and sixty-three, a thunderbolt struck the bell-tower of a certain church near Laval, and, entering the church, caused great damage; on the twentieth of June, seventeen hundred and sixty-four, a thunderbolt struck the same bell-tower, entered the church, and melted the same gilding, blackened the same holy vessels, and in the very same spot as the preceding year, made anew two holes which had been filled up. There is no more striking instance on record of the uniform action of natural laws than this. We believe, too, that any inhabitant of a mountainous district could bear out our own assertion and observation, that where once a thunderbolt had been seen to fall, or forked lightning to strike, there surely would the same accidents occur during the worst storms of succeeding years. We may be certain that there is no such thing as chance in nature. Chance is simply our ignorance which can not foresee necessary consequences, because it does not understand the foregoing laws; there is no such thing as blind unmeaning hazard, without necessity and without law.

Chemical, mechanical, and physical effects follow on electrical phenomena; which, any one may see repeated, on a minute scale, by an electrical machine. Lightning melts and vitrifies masses of rocks, sometimes covering them with a yellowish green enamel, studded with opaque or semi-transparent lumps. But it has never been known to melt any metallic substance of a certain thickness. Watch-springs, small chains, points, and parts of swords and daggers, fine lines or threads of metal, or thin layers and washes, these have been known to have been thoroughly melted by a lightning stroke. Larger masses, heavy chains, and the like, have been softened and bent, and twisted, but not melted.

Beyond the thunderbolts of ordinary talk—which means simply lightning-flashes that strike the earth—there are real

and actual thunderbolts found in several parts of the globe; ponderable and tangible bodies; masses filled inside with a smooth and brilliant glass, something like vitreous opal, which cuts glass and strikes fire by a steel. These bodies having been subjected to an ignominious disclaimer, Monsieur Hagen, of Königsberg, came forward as their demonstrator. During a storm at Rauschen, a thunderbolt fell on a birch-tree, leaving two narrow and deep cavities in the ground near the tree. Monsieur Hagen, digging very carefully round one of these cavities, came upon a perfect thunderbolt: a pearly-gray, vitreous mass, covered with small black spots. The wonderful chemical changes and decompositions which electricity makes in all organic bodies are too technical and too numerous for description here.

The mechanical effects of electricity are tremendous. Trees torn up by their roots, large masses of rock hurled great distances, houses flung to the ground like packs of children's cards, roofs and walls and furniture strewn in a helpless medley together, are a few of the ordinary mechanical effects of lightning, when it strikes any thing on earth. Under the physical effects are ranged the carbonization or burning of combustible bodies; the wonderful manner in which trees are sometimes barked, and the wood rendered friable, and like dust; in animals, the loss of sight and hearing; paralysis, and apoplexy; though this last group ought rightly to be ranked under vital or pathological effects.

The most terrible storm on record is, perhaps, one which occurred at the small village of Châteauneuf les Moustiers, in the department of the Basses-Alpes. During service, the village church was struck by three masses of fire, falling in succession. Nine people were killed, eighty-two were wounded; all had paralyzed limbs, as well as other maladies. The cure of Moustiers, who had come over to assist at mass, was found, after the first confusion had subsided, lifeless, scarred with numerous surface wounds, and paralyzed. His garments were torn, the gold lace of his stole melted, and the silver buckles of his shoes broken and thrown to the other end of the church. It was with great difficulty that he was recovered, but he suffered from his wounds for two long months, during which time he never slept; and his arms were para-

lyzed forever. The church was filled with a thick black smoke through which the only light to be seen was from the flaming of the burning clothes of the poor creatures struck. A young child was torn from its mother's arms, and flung about six paces from her; a youth, at that moment chanting the epistle, felt as if seized by the throat, and then was flung outside the church-door; the missal was torn from his hands, and riven to pieces. All the dogs in the church were killed as they lay or stood; and the officiating priest alone, clothed in silk, received no hurt. The dogs were all killed, as we said, for lightning strikes animals in preference to men; and numberless instances are to be met with of animals which have been struck, and human beings left harmless, in a storm, though perhaps the horse has had a rider, the ox a driver, the cow a milker, and the dog a master in the act of caressing him, as the lightning fell. Nothing, indeed, is so inexplicable to us as the choice which the lightning seems to make. Among a crowd of persons perhaps one or two will be struck and the rest saved; between two, one will lie dead not five feet from the other, left unharmed. In a stable where there were thirty-two horses in a line, those at the two extremities only were touched. The lightning passed innocuous over the intervening thirty. This was at Rambouillet, in seventeen hundred and eighty-five; and, in eighteen hundred and eight, at Kronan in Switzerland, five children were sitting in a row on a bench, when a thunder-storm broke out, and a flash of lightning killed the first and the last, leaving the center three unhurt, beyond a somewhat rough shaking. And of five horses in a line, the first and last two were killed, while the middle one, an old blind Dobbin, ate his hay without molestation. But this is a well-known electric law, if not a well-understood one; the first and last in a chain always feeling the shock the most powerfully, while in a metallic tube there is always most damage and most impression where the lightning or electric current has made its ingress and egress.

A thunderbolt falling in a powder magazine, sometimes simply scatters the powder about, without setting it on fire, as happened at Rouen on November the fifth, seventeen hundred and fifty-five, and at Venice on the eleventh of June, seventeen hundred and seventy-five. But this

is as rare as it is incredible. Most frequently the powder is set alight, and the whole place is blown into the air. There was a fearful instance of this at Brescia, in seventeen hundred and sixty-nine, when lightning, falling on a powder-magazine, containing above two millions of pounds of gunpowder, belonging to Venice, the magazine exploded, and the sixth part of Brescia was destroyed by the shock; the rest of the city being much shaken and damaged; and above three thousand people killed.

Photographers may recognize in the following anecdotes a greater graphic power in the violent action of lightning than in that of still light. In September, eighteen hundred and twenty-five, the brigantine *Il Buon Servo*, anchored in the bay of Armiro, in the Adriatic, was struck by lightning. Ionian-like, a horse-shoe was nailed to the mizzen-mast; and at the foot of this mast sat Antonio Teodoro, patching his shirt. The lightning fell, and the man was killed on the spot; killed without wound or burning, only his needle found stuck into his thigh, and down his back a light black and blue mark, ending in the figure of the horse-shoe nailed to the mast.

A brigantine belonging to a Doctor Micalopulo was struck in the Zantian roads. Five sailors were at the prow: two asleep, three awake. The clothes of two of the men were set on fire; a third lost every hair on his body, save on his head; and a fourth was killed as he lay sleeping. He was lying on his back, and when stripped, they found on his left side the number forty-four distinctly marked—a mark not there previously; and which was of the size and likeness as the same number in metal on the rigging of the ship, and which the lightning had touched in its course.

In the archives of the Académie des Sciences for eighteen hundred and forty-seven, where the preceding anecdote is also preserved, it is related how a certain dame Morosa de Laguna was seated at her window during a heavy storm. She felt a sudden shock, as a flash more vivid than the rest blinded her; but she soon recovered, and no ill effect followed. The image of a flower, which had been passed over by the electric current, was perfectly and distinctly printed on her leg; and she never lost the mark to the last day of her life.

From Tait's Magazine.

LEOLINE; OR, THE OBJECT OF GUARDIAN ANGELS.

CHAPTER II.

FOOTSTEPS approached the sleeping girl, and ere long a company of gay young nobles stood round her where she lay, and one gazed boldly on her.

"Now by my troth," he said, "here is the daintiest piece of human flesh it has been my lot for long to look upon. 'Fore heaven, it were a crime to let it waste its beauty here. Look, gentlemen, and tell me if ever your eyes were feasted with charms more rare than these—that marble skin, the downy cheek, with those long silken lashes resting on it, and the golden locks veiling that graceful form. Then the pliant limbs—for no doubt they are

pliant, though, by my faith, there is naught in slumber to attest the fact. And that little hand, which might serve for an Italian sculptor's model—in good truth, my lords, I must waken this wondrous perfection, and bid the eyes unclosed and smile on me."

He stooped, and pressed his lips upon her brow. "Gentle maiden," were his words, "wake, and let the lustre of thine eyes shine through the darkness of this night."

The eyes of Leoline unclosed, and with a strange, wild, frightened look, she started to her feet. "I know not who or what you are," she said. "What want you, sir, that you disturb my May

be you are a wanderer, like myself, and have lost your way on this dark heath. If so, you'll find it, sir, by following yonder winding path; it leads you through the ravine down to the main road. I pray you, sir, proceed on your way, and leave me here alone."

He smiled. "Nay," he answered, "'twere but sorry payment for such sweet words to leave their utterer here. Thou shalt with me, dear maiden. Nay, start not at the term. I am a general lover; all the world is dear to me—at least, all the fairer portion of it, I would say. Who art thou, lovely one, to wander thus by midnight all alone, and yet refuse the kindly escort of myself—a tolerably fair and proper gentleman, in mine own esteem?"

"I seek the great Duke Rudolph," she answered, "and I am the bearer of this letter to him. Know you him, or my brother, the Count of Reizenstein, sir—whom I have never known?"

He took the letter, and read the superscription.

"This letter, sweet one," he said, as he returned it to her, "is addressed to one who, rest his soul! has long since been in heaven—at least, in charity we'll say so. His nephew now sits in the ducal chair. I am one of the body-guard of this same sapient nephew. If you will trust in me, and in the wisdom which my four-and-twenty years of life have given me, I will guard you lovingly, sweet flower. By the bones of all the martyrs, pretty saint, I'll swear to love you better far than he to whom this cartel is addressed could, were he living—which, poor defunct dear gentleman, he is not; being, as we supposed, in heaven. As to your brother, lovely one, why, there is an ugly story laid to his account—something of treason, with a dash of murder in it; and so he can not serve you either; for last Candlemas he made a little expiatory offering to his country—a trifle truly, in itself, yet of some importance unto him. He gave his head, dear one—only his head; so you have naught but a headless brother—at least as much as the worms have left of his noble, headless frame. Do not weep, rose-bud. You say he was a perfect stranger to you; therefore you could not love him; and for yourself—why, console yourself with me."

She trembled at his bold, audacious words. "Did you not say," she asked,

"that you were in the household of the great Duke Rudolph? I pray you take me to him, that I may deliver this letter."

"No need of that, thou coy one," was his answer; "the Duke will be here anon; we did but ride on to herald his approach. Even now I see the dust fly round his galloping steed, and the clamor of the horses' feet must also strike thine ear. I will not tarry, sweet one; the Duke might think I had been bold of speech to thee—for he knows my weakness. Farewell, sweet daisy, golden-cup, or any other thing as lovely as thyself. Farewell! Yonder gentleman with the plumed cap is the great Duke Rudolph. Speak you to him—and once again, farewell!"

Another moment, and a milk-white steed passed where she stood, and the rider turned and saw that poor and friendless child, and came to her, and asked her name, and bade her weep no more—for the tears were rolling down her cheeks. "Who art thou, poor child?" he asked, "and wherefore here on such a night as this?"

There was kindness in his tone, unmixed with boldness. He was unlike the other gay young noble. She could trust him, she thought. And then she feared—and then she thought again, and seemed almost inclined to stay, and then to fly, and then to stay again.

The Duke marked her hesitation. "Why fear me, gentle child?" he said; "I am not base or cruel enough to hurt any thing so helpless as yourself. I will take you with me, and give you food and shelter for the night, at least; and you shall tell me of yourself, and whither you would go—whence come. I am Duke Rudolph, child. There, thou hast my name—thou dost not fear me now?"

She knelt before him. "'Twas heaven that led you to this heath," she said, "or led me here. I am the bearer of a letter to your Grace. It is here; and by these others you will learn that I am a long-lost daughter of a noble house—one of the ancient race of Reizenstein. I pray you direct me to some of my own blood. My brother—so said a gentleman to whom I a short time since did tell my tale—died an ignoble death."

"And with him died his race," the Duke replied, "all but thyself, poor child. You shall with me, until I hear your story

more, and if it be as it seemeth, I will guard and lodge you as he would have done, had he been what he should have been. Mount this charger, maiden—I will lead him down this rocky path. Nay—he is gentle as a lamb. What?—dost thou fear me still? I will act a brother's part by you. Come—a storm grows in the distance, and ere long its violence will break on this bleak place. It would be a shame, a scorn on me, a strong and hearty man, to go in safety to my home, and leave you, a poor weak child, to the pitiless mercy of the drifting shower and piercing blast. Besides, it is but justice in me to take you. Your brother died for a state crime, forfeiting to the state his wealth. I am the head of that state—the disposer of that wealth. Should one who is of the lineage of the despoiled go homeless while I, the holder of that which should have been partly hers, know of her friendless state? In justice, maiden, thou art mine—and thus I enforce my claim."

Now the angry storm came slowly towards them, and murky clouds of dark and threatening mien dotted the sky. Large drops of rain fell on the half-clad form of Leoline, and the wild thunder pealed in fearful roar. There was a moment of great stillness—only one—and then a crash as a vivid flash of forked light, a thunderbolt, shot from the sky and fell at the feet of Leoline. In her terror she clung to the arm of Rudolph. "I will go with you—any where—from this scene of terror—any where. Take me hence—oh! hence!"

Rudolph took his cloak and wrapped it round her—for her clothing was insufficient to shield her from the keen night air. He lifted her on to his own steed—led the horse gently and carefully, and frequently he turned round and spoke a word of kindness to her, and as he did so he noticed the marvelous beauty of her face and form, the sweetness of her smile, the gentleness of her deep blue eye. And Leoline felt happy.

"You will be a friend to me," she said; "a friend to friendless Leoline—will you not? a brother taking the place of him whom I have lost? I have none on earth to love me. I am utterly alone. You will keep me with you—have you any sister? any like me?"

He smiled at her simple innocence.

"None," he said; "I have no sister, but I have one who will be a sister to you,

if I am to be a brother. I am married, child; and the Duchess will make you her charge and care. I will leave you with her." But you will be there as well," she cried, for she had already begun to cling to him. "You will be there as well?" He laughed. "Most certainly I shall," he said; "but I can not be with you as the Duchess may."

But now they came in sight of the attendants and companions of the Duke, and Leoline was frightened at their bold and curious looks.

"Who are these men?" she said. "I do not like them. We shall not mix with them. I fear them greatly. They are bold and dauntless—bid them go hence!"

"They are my companions," he answered; "some of them my servants; others, fair and honorable gentlemen; why should you fear them?"

"I can not tell," she replied; "I only know I do not like them; pray send them away."

He beckoned to a page. "Forward to the palace," he said, "and bid the azure chamber be garlanded for one of the noble house of Reizenstein, who claims our care. Then to our duchess, and say we crave her kindly help for a wandering child of that great name. Ride on, gentlemen; tarry not for me, I desire. Make good speed—I follow at my leisure."

The nobles obeyed him, and he was again alone with Leoline.

"Now art thou satisfied, poor, timid dove?" said he.

They reached the city, and Lord Rudolph paused and pressed his plumed hat tightly on his brows, and wrapped his cloak more closely around Leoline, and bade her draw her kerchief over her face, and seek to hide that face—and then again he thought how wondrous fair it was.

At length they reached the palace, and the heavy gates swung back to let them enter, but closed again as Lord Rudolph passed onwards through the gardens. Lights gleamed from every window, from corridor to corridor.

"We will not enter here," he said. "Hundreds of curious lackeys would scare thy poor timid wits with their rude gaze. The garden leads to the azure chamber. Some time hence, maiden, your place will be the palace."

"You spoke of some place you call the azure chamber; do you not live

there? Please you, I would rather dwell where you dwell, if it might be so."

He smiled again, partly in wonder at her innocence, partly in satisfaction at her liking for himself. "The azure chamber is not many footsteps from the palace," he replied; "look, it is before us; is it not pretty, Leoline? You see, Leoline, I do not forget your name."

But Leoline did not hear his words; she was lost in admiration of the scene before her. On the borders of a clear and placid lake, there rose a building, octagon in shape, and built of marble. Tall and graceful trees surrounded it, and flowers grew in wild luxuriance.

"And is that my home?" she said.

"Yes." He took her from her horse and led her through the garden—through the long French open windows of the room which had given the name to the whole structure.

It was a lovely place, and rightly named, for the painted panels of the walls were of shaded azure, garlanded with living flowers of brightest hue, and the domed roof was that of the azure sky; there were white and fleecy clouds painted so curiously thereon that you could scarcely believe it was not the sky itself you looked at; and then the carpet, and the mirrors, and the draperies of the room, of cloth of silver with an interwoven pattern of the gorgeous flowers of the east; and the chairs of carved ivory, studded with rare gems—all as bright as day, for a reflecting light of dazzling brightness lit the whole chamber.

For a moment Leoline stood entranced; then, as the Duke removed his cloak from her form, and her tattered garb appeared, she seemed to shun the image of herself.

"Take me away!—I am not fit for such a place as this; give me an humbler home—some tiny cottage; on your great estate there must be thousands such—some quiet place, where I may live and die, and, in my life or death, think on and bless the giver."

Her eyes were cast down, for the splendor of the place oppressed her.

"Thus my uncle would have lodged a daughter of a princely house. Leoline, you are born to rank, and you must bear its burden; ay, child! sometimes it is a weary weight; even the ducal crown presses heavy on an aching brow. We will make you fit for this or any other place. There is a servitor of your fa-

ther's lineage here, and she will see in you none other than a child of those in whose service she and hers have grown old. To her I leave you—and look you, Leoline, this passage (and he led her to the other end of the apartment) leads to the palace; therefore, though separate, you are under the same roof as myself; but I will summon her who will henceforth do your bidding." A crystal bell was on the table. He rung it, and an attendant came—a woman of some sixty years of age, of gentle, loving aspect, who saw in the poor child before her one to be loved and revered and obeyed—the daughter of the proud old house of Reizenstein.

Days passed to weeks, and Leoline became accustomed to the grandeur of her lot. Her garb, no longer tattered rags, but pure and spotless muslin of the lily's hue; her hair no longer torn and matted, but combed and trained in long and silky braids; her face—ay, that was the same. Her eyes of blue, her sunny smile, and joyous look—in poverty and wealth the same. And the heart of Leoline, naught could change that, for God had set his seal upon it, and marked it for his own.

But now a new grief fell on Leoline. Her body was well cared for, but her mind—her intellect—that was unclad still. What knew she of the wonders of the world of literature? There were books before her, but the subjects were blanks to her; music, too; but when her fingers strayed over the strings, discord distressed her ear. Yet the mind of Leoline was athirst, and longed to drink deeply of the fount of knowledge.

When Rudolph talked to her, she could not follow him in his speech, and her blue eyes would gaze in wonder at him, and her wish would be to know all he knew. Then she told him:

"Let it not anger the good Duke Rudolph, but Leoline craves more than he has given her; there is another benefit she pines for, and she would fain name it."

"Say, Leoline, what would you have?"

"Knowledge," she replied. "I am not introduced into the mystery of knowledge. Oftentimes my thoughts have wandered, and I have longed to know the nature of all things around me, and how they grew, and whence they came, and by what hu-

man means He who has made them causes them to be. Teach me all this, Duke Rudolph; Leoline will be an apt and industrious scholar, and she will love her books better than all things in the world, except—her own dear friend.”

Gladly he heard her words. Her mind, he had discovered, was a large and lovely meadow, the soil both rich and fertile, yet uncultivated. It should be so no longer. He would plant and sow and train; that would be his occupation and his care—his relaxation from the duties and troubles of his high calling. He would act a brother's part by Leoline, and make her what he would have a sister be, an ornament and a bright flower of the world.

And this he did; but all this culture was only for this world—nothing for another—nothing to lead from this world to another; he never seemed to think that needful. Religion was a very worthy thing, he held—good for a death-bed, or a church, or the confessional—the pastime of the laity, the business of the priest. The Duchess made it her vocation, and quite right, he thought; if it pleased her, so did it him. She could do the praying of the household, he the legislative business of the state. It was a good arrangement, suiting both her and him.

Weeks and months passed, and Rudolph was the mental guide of Leoline. Day by day he sat beside her and read to her, and led her mind to subtle arguments and theories until that mind broke from the master hand, and hastened on, and beckoned him to follow.

Days, weeks, months, years fled by, and knowledge was the heritage of Leoline. She quaffed the cup of intellectual delight, reveled in the learning of all ages, tasted of science, and nature, too! The book of nature was spread before her, and she read its pages with new thoughts and feelings as Rudolph held it open to her.

Did she pluck a simple flower, as she wandered through the gardens of the palace, he would bid her open its petals and see the wonderful construction of the whole; and she would gaze in admiration and think of Him who had made that flower, and all besides. But Rudolph thought but of the flower, and Leoline who held it.

And when she pointed to the blue chain of mountains in the distance, and bade him mark their grand and noble forms, he would tell her how men said

they had come there; and he would take her back to those primeval times when they and all things else were chaos, when she would listen, with her childlike face upturned to his, until her glance rose higher, and with her glance her mind; and she would lift her thoughts from earth to heaven, to Him whose wondrous power and might had drawn the perfect order of the world from chaos.

But Rudolph thought alone of Leoline. He marked her clear, transparent brow, the intellect as clear, the bright young thought which shone on every thing, and made all bright with its own brightness.

Then the heavens, with their countless worlds; the little blinking stars, which formerly were but as silver specks to Leoline, made but to gem the dark night-sky—now how different did they seem to her, for Rudolph told her they were worlds—and peopled worlds it might be—with beings like herself; yet that could scarcely be the thought as he looked down on her, for in the universe he doubted if there were a being so fair as Leoline; and as she heard him, as she looked on those globes of light, her mind leaped through dark space.

“And onwards still,” she said, “still onwards, past the silver moon, those unknown stars—onwards into that purple distance—there are other spheres, you say?—onwards—ay, onwards!”

And then she seemed to dream, and dream, and lose herself in the incomprehensible infinitude of space. But as time stalked along, and the intellect of Leoline became sown with the learning of the world, a want was felt by her yearning heart. She pined for something more than this poor life could give her—something which should last when life should pass away—something she could cling to here as the chain to the hereafter—a cable binding her to eternity—a link between this world and the next—something that once, very long ago, she deemed she possessed.

“Lord Rudolph,” she said one day, as he sat beside her on the velvet turf; “my good lord, there is one story they told me when I was a little child—a plaintive tale of sorrow—the history of one who lived a loving life, and died a loving death—it hangs about my heart and memory, and I would read it once again. It is found in a little book, my lord; not half so grand or costly as all I now see—yet I love it

better. It tells me of a friend, a great and loving friend, and of his tender care for all. That little book was my comfort in my former dreary life. In every sorrow I could turn for solace there; in every sin seek there a way of egress from it. O my best friend! you will not keep that book from Leoline? Men call it by a high name, 'The Word of God.' Such is its title, for 'twas dictated to holy men by Him."

The Duke looked grave.

"Wherefore would you con it now, Leoline?" he asked, "remembering what it holds so well. "Better read something new. You have Ovid, Plato—works from the pens of sages of the ancient days, and from the modern world. I have culled the choicest literature for you; for the lighter moments I have provided tales of fiction."

"That was no tale of fiction," she answered.

"Then, here are histories," he continued; "Truth's stories—lives of worthy men, and others—will not these serve thy turn?"

"He was both God and man of whom that story spoke," she said; "therefore better for my thoughts than all such put together, for they all were but mere men."

The Duke looked stern.

"Leoline," he said, "do you remember that the book you name is interdicted to the laity—to such as thou? Bid the priest speak to you of these things, Leoline. He is the guide for learning of another world."

The trembling Leoline answered: "God in that book has told me otherwise, and I dare not disbelieve. He has bid me bind its precepts on my heart, and take them to me as my guide through life. Lord Rudolph, I know not the distinctions of the Church. God is my teacher—he alone. I would not give the power of God to man; and, in place of his great word, listen to the teaching of a priest. Good my lord, seek for Leoline that wondrous book, or she will pine, and droop, and die, and fade away, that she has it not. Some call it by another name—the Book of Life. It was life and hope and strength to me—will be again. Its words will fall on my drooping spirit like gentle rain on budding flowers, and water them to life, and strength, and vigor, and they will

blossom and send their perfume forth—incense to the praise of the Most High."

He could refuse her nothing. So the book was hers, but he would not read that one with her. Time walked on in his steady course, and Leoline had grown to womanhood. She was the bright star of the palace—the pure diamond of its life. Men marveled at the magic beauty of her face and form, until they knew her mind; then they forgot her mere external grace for that far greater, which gave such lustre to her thoughts and words. But when they looked still deeper, and read her heart, with its Heaven-bound thoughts and feelings, its love and pity, kindness—warmth for human nature in its every mood—then they forgot her beauty and her intellect, and learnt to love her for her gentle nature.

And she became the habit of his life to Rudolph. Her mind had ripened under his care—even the lighter pastimes of art she had learnt through him. Music seemed but an inspiration of her nature, and the limner's art but another phase of it. Scenes of rare beauty grew beneath her pencil—scenes of a world of spirits, where angel-beings of dazzling brightness seemed to smile on her. And sometimes she would place her own and Rudolph's semblance among them; but their forms were but like blots, marring the brightness of the whole.

Rudolph's soul was knit to Leoline, and he was often with her—in thought, at least; he could never cast her image from him. In the council chamber, when grave affairs claimed all his care, he listened, heard, and judged, but all the time he thought of Leoline.

In the banquet hall, when words of courtesy ran round, and strains of martial music, and perchance the gay laugh and jest—which, erewhile, he might have joined in—he now sat mute. And wise men, or those who so judged themselves, said that a change had come o'er Rudolph—that he was grave beyond his years, and thoughtful; and they applauded him, and declared that he had eschewed the pardonable giddiness of youth—its vanity and folly.

They could not see beyond the surface, or they would not have spoken thus. They could not discover that folly, (for sin is folly,) which had turned partridge, and swallowed those from whom it had

drawn birth. Under that thoughtful brow there dwelt the image of Leoline, speaking to him with a potent voice, clinging to him with a grasp he could not break. They—those sages, who arrogated to themselves the power of judgment, could not scan the leaning of the inner soul—could not behold the love for Leoline coloring every landscape of his life.

But there was one who wept and read the truth—who felt the unseen guilt which escaped the world's notice; who read in the altered mien, the amended life, (as the world judged,) a deeper ill than the mere fleeting heedlessness of a passing moment. The Duchess wept as she marked the change in Rudolph, and she clearly saw the wandering of the sinful soul. Yet sometimes she deemed it but her suspicious fancy, and then again suspicion would become almost certainty—then, in its turn, certainty fade into suspicion. But the Duchess loved Leoline; she would not have marred the angelic innocence of her mind by uttering to her what she thought.

"Poor dear," she said, as sorrowfully she marked her; "poor darling, she is unconscious of all harm. If sin has grown, unwittingly alone has she nourished it." And then the weeping Duchess lifted up her heart in prayer, that Leoline might still be kept both pure and innocent.

And the prayer was heard and answered, and oftentimes angels placed a thought of one pale, sad face between the Duke and Leoline, which made him pause in some honeyed word or tone of endearment, and a pang would then shoot through his heart—a consciousness that all was not right there. But he would cast the consciousness away from him, and turn again and smile on Leoline. There were other warnings given, but he was blind to all, although at times a power invisible seemed to make Leoline speak words of strange meaning to him—speak them spite almost of herself.

Thus, as she went along, one bright and balmy noontide, she marked a flower curl its scarlet petals, and droop its graceful head. "Poor flower," she said, "thou art dying with the gloomy shade. I will place thee in the glowing sun, sweet flower, and the warm beams will nourish thee, and win thee back to life again—to life and beauty." But the sunshine only scorched, and soon the dying flower lay a

faded mass at the feet of Leoline. Then she wept, for it had been a favorite, and her tears fell like dew-drops on the withered leaves. "Poor blossom," she murmured, "I have killed thee by my very love for thee: better had I left thee in thy shady bed, than brought thee into this glowing splendor."

"And can you mourn a flower, sweet one," said Rudolph, for he was by her side, "when I am near? Nay, look on me, and I will kiss those truant tears away. I will not have them flow, dear Leoline, for the absence of any but myself."

She raised her head, and looked at him wondering, for of late there had been a strange tone in his words, one which she could not understand; but she was willing not to understand it. The face she looked at was the same as that which had saved her on the desolate heath. The words she heard were from the lips which then had bid her trust in him who spoke to her. And she remembered this—thought on all he had been to her—all the kindness he had shown her—and then she was content; and he would again speak of the flower.

"Leoline," he whispered, "that flower deserved to die; its cold and chilly nature could not bear the sun's golden warmth, and it was drooping even in its shady bed."

"Drooping, but not dead," she answered. "Now it is scorched and killed, by my unwise kindness."

There was a homily in her words for him, if he would but have read them.

Again, among her other pets she had a bird—a tiny creature, with plumage like the ruby and the emerald. It was of fairy form—so beautiful; and its gentle song fell on the ear like liquid notes of fairy music. And it would raise its head and look at Leoline, and flap its little wings, and sing to her, and watch her as she moved, and seemed to live and be and carol forth its lay for her alone. But the bird sickened. A film came over its once bright eyes, its wings were drooping, and its voice was mute. Then, as Leoline watched her dying favorite, she sobbed in grief and murmured sadly: "Alas! dear little one, thy short-lived time is o'er, and thy glad song hushed forever. 'Twas thy golden prison killed thee, bird, though thou didst sing so blithely in it; hadst thou been in thine own green woods, thou hadst lived yet. Alas! alas! poor bird."

Thus Rudolph found her, and he placed his arm around her, and bade her think of none but him, and love him more dearly than any thing besides. And again she was startled at his words and tone; but she remembered that he was Duke Rudolph, who had sworn to be a brother to her.

"It is not the fate of any earthly love to last forever, Leoline," he said; "be comforted, thy favorite was happy while it lived; you knew not that its glittering cage would play so cruel a part, sapping the life drop by drop. Alas! my rose-bud, often do we destroy because we love not wisely but too well." He should have read that lesson to himself.

These were warnings scattered in the path of Rudolph and Leoline—scattered—but fruitlessly, unheeded, looked on as simply adventitious circumstances of a life.

Thus life progressed with both, a web was weaving round the life of each, habit laying thread by thread, strengthening the fabric of the whole. But the mandate came from heaven to those good spirits who wandered round the path of Leoline, and bade them guard her. And into her heart they wafted searching thoughts, and doubts, and questions. A speck appeared upon the disc of her life's sun, and marred its brightness, and cast its shadow on her path. She had a feeling, a consciousness scarcely grown to thoughts of something being wrong, strangely amiss, a note of discord, a false tone in the melody of her life, and as this feeling grew each day in deep intensity and strength, the thought of Rudolph mingled with it. Now, did he take her hand and clasp it in his own, she was either heedless of the fact, from her mind wandering in the chaos of evil from whence had sprung her new-formed fear, or she would start and take it from him—yet lack the will to say, "It may not be." And then again she reproached herself for her fitful mood, resulting from unmoulded fancy, and she would rise and ask him to forgive her, and tell him that she grieved to vex him, for she saw that it did vex him, and pray him not to heed her in her follies. Then again would come the haunting thought of something out of joint—a broken limb of time—which made all time go halt and lame with her.

There was a deadly conflict raging for the soul of Leoline, and contending spirits struggled for the prize. Satan's emissaries crawled around her, they placed

temptation in her way, they tried to fill her mind with sophistry, tried to blind her to the truth of God's own law and will. But a prayer was wafted to her soul, and a thought to her failing heart. "I am weak and ignorant," she felt, "I do suspect me of great sin somewhere, and yet I can not place my finger on it and say: 'Here rests the blot. Lord look in thy mercy down on Leoline, and mould her to thy will! Give her thy strength and make it perfect in her weakness!'"

Now the soul of Leoline was rent with the torture of conflicting thoughts. Like a tossed boat she swam the stream of life, now here, now there, rising one moment over the crested billow, then sinking as if to meet destruction in the foam, first in the sunshine basking happily, then in the shadow of the treacherous rocks, and then again urged by the current towards the eddying whirlpool, turned thence by a power other than her own; so she went on.

But the struggle told sadly on her. Her eye was dim with grief, her cheek pale from the same sad cause, and her steps faltered as she walked along. Her books were laid aside, all save *one*, that was always with her. Her song was mute. She was at times too weak for song; and, when it was not so, music made her sad, for he would gaze upon her as she sang, and he would look sadness itself—and therefore she became so.

Among the nobles who were at the court of Rudolph, there was one who loved the gentle Leoline, and he craved her hand from the Duke.

With changing brow, and troubled eye, and heaving breast he heard him. "We will give your wish our calm consideration, my young lord," the Duke answered. "By this day week, we will tell you whether we give you the hand of the daughter of the house of Reizenstein."

There was that day a banquet in the palace, and with bursting heart Rudolph took his place among his noble guests. The Duchess marked the crimson spot upon each cheek, the flashing of the restless eye, the sharp retort, the sudden silence—and she read the cause of all.

Leoline had sought to be alone, to keep from the scene of feasting, and her request was granted.

"As you will, poor drooping lily," so the Duchess said, "do as you will, pale flower, the rose has died upon thy cheek, and thy sweet lips look wan. Leoline, my

own loved one, there is something gnawing at thine heart, and drawing life away. Wilt thou trust me with it, my poor helpless child?"

But for answer Leoline smiled, and said her strength was failing; there was some ailment of the body which cast down the mind. She might be better soon. And the costly banquet was concluded, and then the Duke went to the room where Leoline was lying on a couch.

"Lady-bird," he said, for thus he loved to call her. "Dear lady-bird of mine, the night is warm and balmy, and the moon makes the clear lake a silver sea of light. List to the bird of night, dear Leoline, he urges you to rival his sweet notes, and the perfumed grove seems to provide a theater for the trial. Come, Leoline, my arm shall hold you up, the breeze will cool this heated brow, and fevered cheek—come!"

But her lip trembled, and her tongue refused to answer.

"Leoline, my heart's life," and he sat down beside her, and took her pale thin hand, and almost crushed it, it was so fragile, in his frantic grasp; "Leoline, I have something to say, and I can not speak within these imprisoning walls. Let us to the solitude of nature, loved one; my bursting heart claims space for its wild beating. Leoline, bright star of day, of your moments grant me a few—only a few—remember how you have grown into my soul, I can not thrust you out at once—your image clasps my heart, and will not be cast off." He knelt before her. With trembling limbs she rose. She wrapped her cloak around her. Her limbs were feeble, but his arm was strong. A deadly faintness came across her, and she would have fallen, but he held her up. She was but a feather in his arms. He carried her to the terrace, and the breeze refreshed her, and gave fresh vigor to her feeble limbs.

"I will walk now, Lord Rudolph," she said, as she struggled in his arms. "We will cross this velvet lawn: hark to the mournful dove, she coos her farewell to her gentle mate—all around speaks of repose—the insect world with its drowsy hum seems but to lull to quiet—even the murmur of the soft west wind, and ripple of the limpid waters of this tiny rivulet, to say to my restless heart: 'Thou shalt have rest ere long.'"

She ceased, and a long sad wail rang through each wood and glen. Rudolph

clasped her to him. "Leoline," he cried, "there is a doom on one of us. Heard you that wail?—it was the presager of death, the dart is poised, ere soon the barbed shaft will fly."

"In God's own time," she said, and her smile was bright and glad; "Rudolph, this walk of life is but a sad and weary pilgrimage, a wearing strife, from the cradle to the grave—a ceaseless battle of contending thoughts and hopes—a casting down of purposes and plans—fading of the brightest tints of life into the leaden line of disappointment." And again the mournful wail sounded through wood and glen, and then she smiled again, but this time with more sadness, for a tare had been sown in her heart, and sprung with mushroom growth. It was a thought—a simple thought sown by the enemy of man—by his ministers, who swam around her in their malice. "Can I wish to leave this world when he will be so sad without me?" was her thought.

There were good spirits also in her path, and they placed in her mind the memory of Him who had gone before her, and now would have her follow Him. "Lord, do thou take the heart of Leoline," she prayed in her thought, as the sin of her muttered question came before her mind. "In thine own great love and mercy, fix my recreant soul on thee; leave me not to myself, or I must perish miserably."

They walked on till they came to a rising in the gardens of the palace. It was an open space, and a spacious landscape met the eye.

"Look, Leoline"—and the Duke stopped and pointed to the distance—"there is the heath where first we met; see the road where I led the horse, and where you, silly child, were scared at those who waited for me. Leoline—(lean on me, dearest)—it is many a year since then, and the child I pitied has grown to womanhood, and pity has grown also to maturity, and given birth to a warmer feeling. But—I do mind me that I had something to speak about, dear one. Come to this grassy seat; here let me place you. Rest your weary head on my strong shoulder. Now, can you hear me?"

She faintly murmured that she could.

"Now, lady-bird," he said, "you will hear me quietly. Remember, I do not urge the plea I am advancing. A noble Baron, of an ancient house and princely

fortune, has craved the hand of Leoline. Speak, maiden, and say if thou canst love him. Leoline—dally not with thine answer! My whole soul lies wrapped in it. Quickly tell me if thou hast given thy heart away." The wild blood chased with mad speed through his veins—his eyes gleamed with eager brightness—his whole frame teemed with fierce anxiety.

She raised her head and looked at him, and then, in a low and earnest tone, she answered—"Yes; I have placed my heart where I would have it rest—where my great treasure is. Soon shall I flee to join it; I would not that it should return to me. And to none of earth can I plight faith. I am a bride already—the promised bride of heaven."

Then once more that long wail, like a departed spirit calling its sister home, rung on the balmy air, and as in the distance it died softly, the low voice of Leoline seemed to rise from its death, and swelling into sound, answer it.

"I come," she said, "thou unseen harbinger of fate. Thy warning voice carries with it the glad mandate—'Prepare to meet thy God!' To the timid crowd thou art a wonder and a terror; to the child of heaven a wonder, but a joy—a welcome summons, calling the weary home, bidding the restless enter peace. Gladly do I her thee, gladly will I follow thee."

She rose; but Rudolph seized her hands, poured forth words of passion, called her his, bade her live for him; he would not yield her—no, not to heaven itself, he said; if he could not gain heaven with her, she must be the companion of crime with him—ay, he must have her with him in the regions of lost spirits, if his sin through her shut him from the heaven she sought to enter. Long he pleaded with her; nothing would he hear from her. He drowned her words in the flood of passion of his own vehement utterance. He clasped her hands, her arms, her waist; and then he told her she was his life, his love—his hope in life and death.

With parted lips, and rigid face, and a wild and ghastly stare, she heard him. Her eyes were fixed on his working face. She did not speak or move. Her mind was a void to all, except one horrid thought—that they were parted by his sin forever. Thus she stood, motionless—his hands clasping hers, though she felt them not; his looks bent on her, though

she saw them not; naught was she conscious of, save that one piercing thought—that *they* were apart of all eternity.

Now, unseen by her or him, spirit forms mingled with the air, and watched for the fleeting soul of Leoline; and the Prince of Darkness bade his myrmidons cast their snares around her, and glide their deep poison into her heart. "And if he would sacrifice even heaven itself for me"—so ran her mind—"should I not do the same for him?" Grim Death crawled slowly toward her, raising his fatal dart. "It were but the sacrifice of my own soul. (The shaft of the destroyer was poised more steadily for a surer mark.) My breath grows faint, and the misty world is fading from my sight." (An angel's breath blew on her.) "O God! that thou wouldst grant me time to be the humble instrument in thy great hand of eternal good unto him! Lord, in thy great mercy look on Leoline! save her soul from sin's fell doom! bid thine angels watch around her! leave her not, let her not be an alien to thy love! Look in thy loving mercy down on Leoline, for His sake—for his great work, once done by him, and done forever!"

Death's winged dart remained uplifted, for her prayer was answered. Time, or a unit of it, was granted her to work her Master's will on earth.

The Duke was still kneeling before her, frightened, for the cold damp of the grave seemed to hang upon her brow, and the pallor of the tomb dwelt on her stony cheek.

"Leoline," he cried, "my arms must hold your fainting form. Since we came here a fearful change has come over cheek and limb. My words have dropped like poison into the soul of her I love so well, and killed her. But I can not bear to part with my gentle Leoline."

"Part?" She looked at him. "Part! wherefore should we part? There is another world, where parting is no more. Seek that world, Rudolph, and we shall not part for long. The sad, sad tale I once spoke of will tell you how to find a friend to guide you to that world. There shall we live in peace, and love, and joy, sorrow and sin unknown. Did I sink with you to the realms of damned souls, we should meet in hate, for hate is the prerogative of that kingdom, exercised on all who enter it."

"Yet," she continued, after a pause, "not for my sake must thou seek that other world. Read of the wondrous love of One who died long since, dear Rudolph; ask him to put his spirit in your heart, and draw you unto himself—look to his kingdom—let thy soul yearn for it; then shall all earthly wishes mingle with that yearning, and becoming purified thereby, be meet to enter into that kingdom. I faint again, dear Rudolph; take me now home."

He led her tottering steps. Death followed slowly, his dart uplifted still, ready to fly when the command should bid it speed. But her mission was not done. Week after week she lingered, fading slowly like a summer hour; and calmly, at the last, Duke Rudolph watched that fading.

"Thine hour is drawing to a close," dear Leoline; "then cometh night, and then a glorious everlasting morn; no more clouds, or storm, or darkness;" and then he tried to add, "God's holy will be done," but his heart had not yet gained strength for that.

He sat by her bed of death, and the agony of one moment seemed to be unexampled till the next increased its anguish. Hour by hour he read to her, and he, even he, at the last, had learned to pray with her. Men began to sneer, and mock, and whisper, and say the Duke was turning saint, and devotee, and others deemed him mad to waste his leisure on a dying girl.

But there was one who blessed the change in Rudolph, one who in that darkened chamber of the palace knelt with him by the bed of Leoline, and held her hand, and printed kisses on the pallid cheek, and wept for her, and sore bemoaned her threatened loss. The Duchess was the nurse of Leoline; she it was who smoothed the pillow for the fevered cheek, or yeld the cup of nourishment to the wax-like lip, or lifted the golden tresses from the snowy neck.

"Whilst thou art with me," she would murmur through her sobs, "mine be the task of tending thee, my truest friend on earth, thou child of heaven, dear Leoline."

It was the evening of a day when nature had been lavish of her growing splendor. The sun set in a bright golden horizon, and twilight crept over the wearied city.

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Dark grew the night, and the silver lamp threw but a pale faint light over the couch of the slumbering Leoline; its oil was waxing low. Angels hovered round that bed of death, and cast before the mind of Leoline dreams of their own bright world, and filled her heart with hopes and thoughts all tending there. They guarded her; they placed a watch over her soul, lest any thing of darkness should seek to stain it with the touch of sin.

As she slept her eyes moved gently, and a smile came across her face like to a sun beam on a distant landscape. Then would a prayer, the prayer of her childhood, tremble on her lips—"Lord, take thou care of Leoline! Lord, keep all harm from Leoline!"

Hour grew to hours, and still she slept. With a sudden glare the lamp burnt brightly, and her eyes unclosed and fixed on those who knelt beside her.

"Farewell," she whispered, "loved and valued friends—you, my dear brother Rudolph, and this sister kind. Leoline is passing from you to another and a better world—to God's own kingdom, and his gracious presence. This is at best but a short and weary life; happiest they who, when young, cast off the thralldom of mortality, having done all given them to do. In after years, when worldly cares or sins press on the rising soul and weigh it down to earth, think of the strength given to Leoline—poor, weak, sinful Leoline. Look to the source from whence that strength was drawn, and fly to it in sorrow or temptation."

Her voice was hushed; her work on earth was done.

Swift flew death's long-poised shaft swift to the heart of Leoline. One gasp, and then one smile, one lasting smile, which lingered on the calm and placid face, when the soul had flown to meet its God!

The flickering lamp burnt lower in the socket, a moment and 'twas gone; gone, like the soul of Leoline, leaving darkness and gloom, but also coming day, behind it. Then there arose a sharp and anguished cry of woe from her who knelt beside the couch of Leoline. But with that cry, there mingled a deep and manly tone; and amid the sobs which choked its utterance came the words:

"Praise to God's loving mercy! peace to the soul of Leoline!"

SPEECH OF LORD BROUGHAM.

THE name and memory of Sir Isaac Newton was honored by the inauguration of his statue at Grantham, England, Sept. 21, 1858. Lord Brougham delivered an oration upon the occasion, of which the following is the substance :

We are this day assembled to commemorate him of whom the consent of nations has declared that that man is chargeable with nothing like a follower's exaggeration or local partiality, who pronounces the name of Newton as that of the greatest genius ever bestowed by the bounty of Providence, for instructing mankind on the frame of the Universe, and the laws by which it is governed. (The noble lord was here overpowered by emotion, and paused. In a few seconds he proceeded :)

"Whose genius dimmed all other men's as far
As does the midday sun the midnight star."

But though scaling these lofty heights be hopeless, yet is there some use and much gratification in contemplating by what steps he ascended. Tracing his course of action may help others to gain the lower eminences lying within their reach ; while admiration excited and curiosity satisfied are frames of mind both wholesome and pleasing. Nothing new, it is true, can be given in narrative, hardly any thing in reflection, less still, perhaps, in comment or illustration ; but it is well to assemble in one view various parts in the vast subject, with the surrounding circumstances, whether accidental or intrinsic, and to mark in passing, the misconception raised by individual ignorance or national prejudice, which the historian of science occasionally finds crossing his path. The remark is common and is obvious, that the genius of Newton did not manifest itself at a very early age ; his faculties were not, like those of some great and many ordinary individuals, precociously developed. His earliest history is involved in some obscurity ; and the most celebrated of men has, in this particular, been compared to the most celebrated of rivers, (the Nile,) as if the course of both in its fee-

bler state had been concealed from mortal eye. We have it, however, well ascertained that within four years, between the age of eighteen and twenty-two, he had begun to study mathematical science, and had taken his place among its greatest masters, learned for the first time the elements of geometry and analysis, and discovered calculus which entirely changed the face of science, effecting a revolution in that and in every branch of philosophy connected with it. Before 1661 he had not read Euclid ; in 1665 he had committed to writing the method of fluxions. At twenty-five years of age he had discovered the law of gravitation, and laid the foundation of celestial dynamics, the science created by him. Before ten years had elapsed he added to his discoveries that of the fundamental properties of light. So brilliant a course of discovery, in so short a time changing and reconstructing analytical, astronomical, and optical science, almost defies belief. The statement could only be deemed possible by an appeal to the incontestable evidence that proves it strictly true. By a rare felicity these doctrines gained the universal assent of mankind as soon as they were clearly understood, and their originality has never been seriously called in question. The limited nature of man's faculties precludes the possibility of his ever reaching at once the utmost excellence of which they are capable. Survey the whole circle of the sciences, and trace the history of our own progress in each—you find this to be the universal rule. Nor is this great law of gradual progress confined to the physical sciences ; in the moral it equally governs. Again, in constitutional policy, see by what slow degrees, from its first rude elements, the attendance of feudal tenants at their lord's court, and the summons of burghers to grant supplies of money, the great discovery of modern times in the science of practical politics, has been effected, the representative scheme which enables states of any extent to enjoy popular government, and allows mixed monarchy to be established, combining freedom with

order—a plan pronounced by the statesmen and writers of antiquity to be of hardly possible formation, and wholly impossible continuance. The globe itself, as well as the science of its inhabitants, has been explored according to the law which forbids a sudden and rapid leaping forward, and decrees that each successive step, prepared by the last, shall facilitate the next. Even Columbus followed several successful discoverers on a small scale, and is by some believed to have had, unknown to him, a predecessor in the great exploit by which he pierced the night of ages, and unfolded a new world to the eyes of the old. The arts afford no exception to the general law. Demosthenes had eminent forerunners—Pericles the last. The art of war itself is no exception to the rule. The plan of bringing an overpowering force to bear on a given point had been tried occasionally before Frederick the Second reduced it to a system; and the Wellingtons and Napoleons of our own day made it the foundation of their strategy, as it had also been previously the mainspring of our naval tactics. So the inventive powers of Watt, preceded as he was by Worcester and Newcomen, but far more material by Gauss and Papin, had been exercised on some admirable contrivances, now forgotten, before he made the step which created the steam-engine anew; not only the parallel motion—possibly a corollary to the proposition on circular motion in the *Principia*—but the separate condensation, and, above all, the governor—perhaps the most exquisite of mechanical inventions. And now we have those here present who apply the like principle to the diffusion of knowledge, aware, as they must be, that its expansion has the same happy effect naturally of preventing mischief from its excess which the skill of the great mechanist gave artificially to steam, thus rendering his engine as safe as it is powerful. [A burst of applause.] The grand difference, then, between one discovery or invention and another is in degree rather than in kind; the degree in which a person, while he outstrips those whom he comes after, also lives, as it were, before his age. Nor can any doubt exist that in this respect Newton stands at the head of all who have extended the bounds of knowledge. [Cheers.] The most marvelous attribute of Newton's discoveries is that in which they stand

out prominent among all the other feats of scientific research, stamped with the peculiarity of his intellectual character. He not only enlarged the actual dominion of knowledge, penetrating to regions never before explored, and taking with a firm hand undisputed possession, but he showed how the bounds of the visible horizon might be yet further extended, and enabled his successors to occupy what he could only descry; as the illustrious discoverer of the New World made the inhabitants of the Old cast their eyes over lands and seas far distant from those he had traversed; lands and seas of which they could form to themselves no conception, any more than they had been able to comprehend the course by which he led them on his grand enterprise. In this achievement, and in the qualities which alone made it possible—inexhaustible fertility of resources, patience unsubdued, close meditation that could suffer no distraction, steady determination to pursue paths that seemed all but hopeless, and unflinching courage to declare the truths they led to, how far soever removed from ordinary apprehension—in these characteristics of high and original genius we may be permitted to compare the career of those great men. But Columbus did not invent the mariner's compass, as Newton did the instrument which guided his course and enabled him to make, and his successors to extend, his discoveries by closely following his directions in using it. Nor did the compass suffice to the great navigator without any observations, though he dared to steer without a chart; while it is certain that, by the philosopher's instrument, his discoveries are extended over the whole system of the universe, determining the masses, the forms and the motions of all its parts, through the mere inspection of abstract calculations and formulas analytically deduced. New observations have been accumulated with glasses far exceeding any powers possessed by the resources of optics in the days of him to whom the science of optics, as well as dynamics, owes its origin—the theory and the fact have thus been compared and reconciled together in more perfect harmony; but that theory has remained unimproved, and the great principle of gravitation, with most sublime results, now stands in the attitude and of the dimensions and with the symmetry which both the law and its ap-

plication received at once from the mighty hand of its immortal author. [Loud applause.] But the contemplation of Newton's discoveries raised other feelings than wonder at his matchless genius. The light with which it shines is not more dazzling than useful. The difficulties of his course, and his expedients alike copious and refined for surmounting them, exercise the faculties of the wise, while commanding their admiration; but the results of his investigations, often abstruse, are truths so grand and comprehensive, yet so plain, that they both captivate and instruct the simple. The gratitude, too, which they inspire, and the veneration with which they encircle his name, far from tending to obstruct future improvement, only proclaim his disciples the zealous because rational followers of one whose example both encouraged and enabled his successors to make further progress. How unlike the blind devotion to a master which for so many ages of the modern world paralyzed the energies of the human mind!

"Had we still paid that homage to a name
Which only God and nature justly claim,
The Western Seas had been our utmost
bound,
And poets still might dream the sun was
drowned,
And all the stars that shine in southern skies
Had been admired by none but savage eyes."

Now let it be imagined that the feelings excited by contemplating the achievements of this great man are in any degree whatever the result of national partiality, and confined to the country which glories in having given him birth. The language which expresses her veneration is equalled, perhaps exceeded, by that in which other nations give utterance to theirs; not merely by the general voice, but by the well-considered and well-informed judgment of the masters of science. Leibnitz, when asked at the Royal table in Berlin his opinion of Newton, said that: "Taking mathematicians from the beginning of the world to the time when Newton lived, what he had done was much the better half." "The *Principia* will ever remain a monument of the profound genius which revealed to us the greatest law of the universe," are the words of La Place. "That work stands preëminent above all other productions of the human mind." "The discovery of

that simple and general law by the greatness and variety of the objects which it embraces, confers honor upon the intellect of man." Lagrange, we are told by Delambre, was wont to describe Newton as the greatest genius that ever existed, but to add how fortunate he was also, "because there can only once be found a system of the universe to establish." "Never," says the father of the Institute of France, once filling a huge place among the most eminent of members, "never," says M. Biot, "was the supremacy of intellect so justly established and so fully confessed; in mathematical and in experimental science without an equal and without an example, combining the genius for both in its highest degree." The *Principia* he terms "the greatest work ever produced by the mind of man," adding, in the words of Halley, that a nearer approach to the Divine nature has not been permitted to mortals. "In first giving to the world Newton's *Method of Fluxions*," says Fontenelle, "Leibnitz did like Prometheus; he stole fire from heaven to bestow it upon men." "Does Newton," L'Hopital asked, "sleep and wake like other men? I figure him to myself as a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter." To so renowned a benefactor of the world, thus exalted to the loftiest place by the common consent of all men—one whose life, without the intermission of an hour, was passed in the search after truths the most important, and at whose hands the human race had only received good, never evil—no memorial has been raised by those nations which erected statues to tyrants and conquerors, the scourges of mankind, whose lives were passed, not in the pursuit of truth but the practice of falsehood—across whose lips, if truth ever chanced to stray toward some selfish end, it surely failed to obtain belief—who, to slake their insane thirst of power or of preëminence, trampled on all the rights, and squandered the blood of their fellow-creatures—whose course, like lightning, blasted while it dazzled; and who, reversing the Roman Emperor's noble regret, deemed the day lost that saw the sun go down upon their forbearance, no victim deceived, or betrayed, or oppressed. That the worshipers of such pestilent genius should consecrate no outward symbol of the admiration they freely confessed to the memory of the most illustrious men, is not matter of wonder;

but that his own countrymen, justly proud of having lived in his time, should have left this duty to their successors, after a century and a half of professed veneration and lip-homage, may well be deemed strange. The inscription upon the cathedral, the master-piece of his celebrated friend's architecture, may possibly be applied in defense of this neglect: "If you seek for a monument, look around." If you seek for a monument, lift up your eyes to the heavens, which show forth his fame. Nor, when we recollect the Greek orator's exclamation that the whole earth is the monument of illustrious men, can

we stop short of declaring that the Universe itself is Newton's. Yet, in raising the statue which preserves his likeness, near the place of his birth, and on the spot where his prodigious faculties were unfolded and trained, we at once gratify our honest pride as citizens of the same state, and humbly testify our grateful sense of the divine goodness which deigned to bestow upon our race one so marvelously gifted to comprehend the works of Infinite Wisdom, and to make all his study of them the source of religious contemplation, both philosophical and sublime. [Enthusiastic applause.]

D O N A T I ' S C O M E T .

THE celestial and beautiful stranger, whose imposing presence has attracted the attention and interested the public mind for so many weeks, reached the culminating point and maximum of brightness on last Saturday evening, Oct. 9th, 1858. Innumerable eyes gazed upon the face and form of the celestial visitor with intense interest, which will doubtless be closed in their long sleep before the mighty flight of the comet shall again bring him into this field of vision years hence.

The nucleus was very brilliant, the tail prodigious. A star of the second magnitude might have rivaled the illumination of the comet, but nothing less was worthy to come into comparison therewith. The caudal extremity had a curve, a large curve, such a curve as a scimitar has; but its end was shadowy, faint, tremulous and uncertain. The distance that was interposed between the erratic phenomenon and that other point of light, Arcturus, was visibly increased, even since the previous night. The race between Arcturus and Comet on Wednesday night, was about even. It was a struggle to find which could reach the horizon earlier—for all the world like a "neck-and-neck" pull on the Fashion; but on Saturday, when the Comet was doing its utmost, the star was "distanced" essentially. The Comet had gone off at a tangent, in the

space of time required for one terrestrial revolution, and without previous notice, and the neighborly approach was already forgotten. The view from twilight until deep dark, was magnificent. The air, clear and cold, intensified the brilliancy of the celestial phenomena, and it was past eight o'clock before the great throng of star-and-comet gazers in this region had an end put to their enjoyment of the spectacle. Now the Comet will grow fainter and recede, gradually, as it came; still visible, but diminishing in splendor. But it has been worth seeing.

The last "statement of an eye-witness," (from the careful watchers in the Harvard Observatory,) published in the *Boston Advertiser* of Saturday, imparts some interesting information.

"The curvature of the tail was noticed on the morning of the 8th of September. It is highly probable, from this observation, that the plane of curvature does not lie in the plane of the orbit, as has commonly been supposed; for, had this been the case, from the position of the earth at that date, being close to the line of nodes, the tail ought to have been seen straight.

"On the 20th, the first of a series of extraordinary phenomena manifested itself in the region contiguous to the nucleus. A crescent-shaped outline, obscure and very narrow, was interspersed, like a screen, between the nucleus and the sun;

within this, instead of a softly-blended nebulous light, indicative of an undisturbed condition of equilibrium, the fiery mass was in a state of apparent commotion, as though upheaved by the action of violent internal forces. On the 23d, two dark outlines were traced more than half way round the nucleus, and on the next evening still another. Each of these was evidently the outer boundary of a luminous envelope, the brightest being that nearest the nucleus.

"On the 25th four envelopes were seen, and others have subsequently been formed, almost under the eye of the observer, their motion of projection from the nucleus being evident from night to night. The rapidity of their formation, and the enormous extent to which they are ultimately expanded, are phenomena extremely difficult to explain. The scene of chaotic confusion presented within the inmost en-

velope can only be accounted for as the result of sudden and violent disruptions from the central body, projecting immense volumes of its luminous substance towards the sun, which by some unknown law is in turn repelled by that body, and driven off to the distant regions of space, forming the vast train of light so characteristic of these mysterious bodies.

"It is probable that the Comet has now passed its maximum of brightness, although the length of the tail may be on the increase for some days to come. Whether we are yet to witness the inverse operation of the reconstruction of the nucleus by the subsidence of the envelopes, and of the material of the tail, upon it, or whether it is incapable of restoration to its original condition, are interesting subjects of speculation; the latter, however, would seem to be the most likely of the two alternatives."

CHARLEMAGNE AND THE CHAUNCEYS; OR, THE CHAUNCEY MEMORIALS.

WE have received from Professor William Chauncey Fowler of Amherst, Mass., a historic volume of unusual interest, of some three hundred pages, large octavo, of which he is the author. It is entitled, *Memorials of the Chaunceys, including President Chauncey, the second President of Harvard College, his Ancestors and Descendants*. By Professor WILLIAM CHAUNCEY FOWLER. Boston: Henry W. Dutton & Son. 1858. Prof. Fowler has evinced great industry, research, and remarkable skill as a genealogist in the historic tracings of this curious book. It would be difficult to find a match for it, in extent and seeming accuracy among human records. It is a rare curiosity among the "curiosities" of literature. The Memorials, as such begin with the American Chaunceys. But the genealogical record or chart begins with Charlemagne of imperial renown, who died in 814, and traces his lineal family descendants, direct and collateral, down through a period of one thousand and forty-four years. This is a sort of genealogical gulf-stream in the great ocean of humanity, which pushes its

broad current along the tide of time, for more than a thousand years. Little did "Le Grand Monarque" imagine that his imperial blood would flow down through so many generations, and across the Atlantic, to inhabit a continent which would not be discovered till he had been dead nearly seven hundred years, and that his lineal descendants would fill offices of great responsibility and trust, and act conspicuous parts in the departments of learning, literature, law, and commerce, more than a thousand years after his crown had crumbled. We were little aware, years ago, when looking down into his mausoleum, in the old cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle, that we had long been a pupil of one of his learned and excellent descendants, and had personally known many others, the currents of whose influence is genial and diffusive.

A word in addition concerning Charlemagne may not be uninteresting to some of our readers. He was born at Aix-la-Chapelle, and died there in 814. He raised it to the second city in his empire, and made it the capital of his dominions

north of the Alps, appointing it the place of coronation for the German Emperors, his successors, thirty-seven of whom and eleven empresses were crowned there between 814 and 1531. He built a magnificent chapel, (hence the name of the city Aix-la-Chapelle,) which he designed for his own mausoleum, in the form of the Holy Church at Jerusalem. It was consecrated by Pope Leo III. with a ceremony worthy of its splendor. Three hundred and sixty-five Archbishops and Bishops were present at the solemnity. Over the tomb, in which once reposed the mortal remains of Charlemagne, hangs a massive brazen chandelier, the gift of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. In 997, Pope Paschal III. made Charlemagne a saint. In 1165, Barbarossa opened the tomb and found the body of Charlemagne, not reclining in his coffin, as is the usual fashion of the dead, but seated on his throne as one alive, clothed in the imperial robes, holding the scepter in his hand, and on his knees a copy of the Gospels. On his fleshless brow was the crown; the imperial mantle covered his shoulders, the sword Joyeuse was by his side, and the pilgrim's pouch, which he had borne always while living, was still fastened to his girdle. All these venerable relics were removed and used in the coronation ceremonies of succeeding Emperors of Germany. They are now deposited at Vienna. Charlemagne was the head of his own imperial family and illustrious dynasty. His deeds and achievements form a part of the historic annals of the world. We will not linger to enumerate his immediate imperial descendants, but refer the curious reader to Prof. Fowler's book itself. We glance along the line from 814 to 1066, and find the seventh descendant from Charlemagne, Chauncey de Chauncey, a Norman nobleman, who came into England with William the Conqueror, from the town of Chauncey, near Amiens, in France. We glance along the line to the sixteenth descendant, from Chauncey de Chauncey, and we find him to be Charles Chauncey, the fifth son of George Chauncey and second President of

Harvard College, who landed at Plymouth, in New-England, in 1638. With this eminent man, Prof. Fowler begins the direct and particular "memorials" of the Chaunceys, tracing them down the genealogical line, direct and collateral, in their varied and expanding families and branches until now. All the Chaunceys in this country, it is believed, are the descendants of this imperial family. Many of them were eminent men, well and widely known; some of them for many years residents and distinguished citizens at New-Haven, New-York, and Philadelphia. At the latter city, the names of Charles and Elihu Chauncey will long be held in high respect. In the collateral branches, under other names, are not a few who are among the lights of the age in the various departments of learning and influence. Among the number, we may mention the name of the Rev. Dr. Chauncey A. Goodrich, for many years an eminent professor in Yale College, as the thirty-fourth lineal descendant of Charlemagne, and in this relation and degree a representative of the Goodrich family. So also the Hon. Samuel G. Goodrich, the renowned Peter Parley, and his family bears the same relation. The same is true of the author of this volume, who thus writes his family history for a thousand years. In like manner is Dr. David Smith, of Durham, Ct., for many years and still a member of the corporation of Yale College, and his son, Rev. E. Goodrich Smith, of Washington City, and the Hon. Mrs. Henry L. Elsworth, the thirty-third and thirty-fourth lineal descendants, and are thus members of the imperial family of Charlemagne. There are many others under different names, whom we can not find room to enumerate, bearing the same relation. We should love to see a grand gathering of all the surviving members of this imperial family; and were it possible, we should like to see the household patriarch of them all appear in their midst, could he be waked up from his long sleep of ten centuries, clothed in his imperial robes as for a coronation.—EDITOR.

W I L L I A M H . P R E S C O T T .

WE have the pleasure of presenting to our readers in this month's issue a finely engraved portrait of another distinguished American Historian, who is so highly honored in the world of letters on both sides of the Atlantic. We have taken especial pains to obtain as much accuracy and life-likeness as possible to the original. Five photographs were taken by Mr. Whipple, at his rooms in Boston, in order to secure the exact expression and lineaments of his face so truly desirable for permanent record. We believe the artistic skill of Mr. Sartain will have done this in a manner satisfactory to all concerned, at least, doing better justice to the original than any portrait we have seen. We subjoin a biographical sketch from the English *Cyclopædia*, chiefly as follows:

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT was born on the 4th of May, 1796, at Salem, Massachusetts, and is descended from an old Massachusetts family. His father was an eminent lawyer and judge at Boston; his grandfather commanded the American militia at the Battle of Bunker's Hill. His father having removed to Boston young Prescott was there placed with the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, a pupil of Dr. Samuel Parr, and an excellent classic; and under his tuition the youth made great progress. In 1811 he entered Harvard University, where he pursued his classical studies with considerable success, until compelled by failing health and temporary loss of sight to lay them aside. It had been intended that he should follow his father's profession, but after a short trial he found it necessary to relinquish his legal, and indeed all serious studies for a while. Being advised to travel he proceeded to Europe and spent a couple of years in England, France, and Italy, when he returned to Boston, restored in health, but with his sight permanently impaired.

Happily his father was possessed of ample means, and it was determined that he should abandon his purpose of a professional life. As he was able, he devoted time and thought to the literature of modern Europe, but it was long before he

turned his attention seriously to authorship. His earliest contributions were to the pages of the *North-American Review* in essays on Italian, Spanish, English, and American literature; he also wrote a Memoir of Brockden Brown, the novelist, in Sparks' *American Biography*, and occasional articles elsewhere: a selection from these was published under the title of *Biographical and Miscellaneous Essays*, 8vo, 1843, and has been more than once reprinted.

But Mr. Prescott had from the time of abandoning his legal studies, cherished the hope of being able to write a history; and as he prosecuted more deeply his researches into the literature and history of Spain, his design assumed form and consistency. Having fixed on the reign of Ferdinand the Catholic, he was able through the friendly offices of Mr. Everett, the United States Minister at Madrid, to obtain for his projected work a singularly rich and extensive body of materials, consisting of rare books, manuscripts, and transcripts of official documents. But they reached him under circumstances which would have crushed the purpose of most men. An extract from the preface to his *History of Peru*, dated April, 1847, will best explain what these were, and most authentically describe that peculiarity of his literary history which is so remarkable in itself and so valuable and encouraging to others who may suffer under any physical infirmity. He says: "While at the university I received an injury in one of my eyes, which deprived me of the sight of it. The other, soon after was attacked by inflammation so severely that for some time I lost the sight of that also; and though it was subsequently restored, the organ was so much disordered as to remain permanently debilitated; while twice in my life since, I have been deprived of the use of it for all purposes of reading or writing for several years together. It was during one of these periods that I received from Madrid the materials for my history of *Ferdinand and Isabella*, and in my disabled condition, with my transatlantic treasures lying around me, I was like one pining

from hunger in the midst of abundance. In this state I resolved to make the ear if possible do the work of the eye. I procured the services of a secretary, who read to me the various authorities; and in time I became so far familiar with the sounds of the different foreign languages (to some of which, indeed, I had been previously accustomed by a residence abroad,) that I could comprehend his reading without much difficulty. As the reader proceeded, I dictated copious notes; and, when these had swelled to a considerable amount, they were read to me repeatedly, till I had mastered their contents sufficiently for the purpose of composition."

There were still to be overcome the difficulties attending the actual process of composition. Mr. Prescott attempted dictation, but after many trials was forced to relinquish it, from finding that he could not thus attain to the requisite freedom and force of diction. He then procured from London a writing-case for the blind, in which the stylus of the writer was guided by means of wires over a sheet of carbonized paper, the writing being made without ink upon ordinary paper placed underneath. "With this instrument," says Mr. Prescott in a letter to the editor of *Homes of American Authors*, (dated July, 1852,) "I have written every word of my *historicals*. This modus operandi exposes one to some embarrassments; for, as one can not see what he is doing on the other side of the paper, any more than a performer on the treadmill sees what he is grinding on the other side of the wall, it becomes very difficult to make corrections. This requires the subject to be pretty thoroughly canvassed in the mind, and all the blots and erasures to be made there before taking up the stylus. This compels me to go over my composition to the extent of a whole chapter, however long it may be, several times in my mind, before sitting down to my desk. When there the work becomes one of memory rather than of creation, and the writing is apt to run off glibly enough."

The first of the works prepared under these difficulties, *The History of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic of Spain*, appeared in the early part of 1838. By the author's own countrymen it was received with a hearty welcome, and in England it met with almost unqualified

praise from the literary organs of all parties; while in the country whose favorite monarchs it celebrates it was greeted with enthusiasm, and the author was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Madrid. Nor has its popularity been evanescent; a seventh and revised edition of it was published in America and London in 1854, and more than one cheap reprint has since appeared: translations of it have also been made into the Spanish, Italian, and German languages. Its popularity was well merited. For the first time the period of history when Spain rose to a leading position among the nations of Europe was fully, clearly, and vividly placed before the English reader from original and official sources; and the narrative was conducted, and events and characters were estimated, with a fairness and conscientiousness which showed itself in every page and led the reader to rest implicitly on the good faith of the historian. The archives of the Spanish court, of the Academy of Madrid, and of private families of historic fame, were now placed freely at Mr. Prescott's disposal, and he turned with ardor to the picturesque story of the Spanish invasions of Mexico and Peru. The first of these narratives, *The History of the Conquest of Mexico*, was published in three volumes in 1843. The popularity of its predecessor had prepared for it a wide and eager circle of readers; and its success was even more sudden and striking than that of the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*. It was speedily translated into Spanish, both in Spain and Mexico, and also into German, French, and Italian; and it procured for its author the rare honor of admission into the Institute of France. The companion history, *The Conquest of Peru*, did not appear until 1847. It has fully sustained the high character of its author, and has passed through nearly as many editions as the previous histories, but as it could hardly possess the romantic interest of the *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, it will probably not rival that work in general estimation, although fully equal to it in historical value.

In these three great works Mr. Prescott had with the felicity of genius hit upon themes remarkably rich in themselves and admirably adapted to his peculiar powers. For his crowning work he chose the history of the reign of Philip II., a theme in many respects very differ-

ent from the others, but one calling for a larger and more comprehensive treatment, embracing, as it did, historical characters and events which spread over the greater part of Europe and the New World during the latter half of the sixteenth century, a period almost unrivaled in the magnitude and splendor of its historical events. For this important undertaking Mr. Prescott made his preparations with characteristic care, deliberation, and comprehensiveness, collecting for it authentic materials from the public archives of almost all the great European capitals, as well as from many private collections. Towards the end of 1855, nearly seven years after the publication of his previous history, Mr. Prescott was able to lay before the public the first two volumes of his *History of Philip the Second, King of Spain*, and again to achieve a great and unquestionable success. Of the import-

ance of the addition which this work has made to English historical literature there is but one opinion. The excellencies of the author's previous works are all here—the picturesque narrative, the lucid style, the generous yet judicial spirit, the thorough digestion and scrupulous sifting of the materials—often not only contradictory in themselves, but embarrassing in their richness, and above and pervading all, the thorough integrity of purpose, the earnest and untiring pursuit and ever-present love of truth, which, amid his many admirable qualities, is that which is perhaps his prime characteristic as an historian.

It only remains to add, that in 1856 Mr. Prescott published an edition of Robertson's *History of the Reign of Charles the Fifth*, with notes and a valuable supplement containing an "Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication."

A FIRST GRIEF.—The author of the following lines is James Hedderwick, the highly accomplished editor of the *Glasgow Citizen*. His verses, *First Grief*, are exquisitely tender. We may quote a few of them:

"They tell me first and early love
Outlives all after-dreams;
But the memory of a first great grief
To me more lasting seems.

"The grief that marks our dawning youth,
To memory ever clings,
And o'er the path of future years
A lengthened shadow flings.

* * * * *

"A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
Became all cold and wan,
An eye grew dim, in which the light
Of radiant fancy shone.

"Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow,
The eye was fixed and dim;
And one there mourned a brother dead,
Who would have died for him.

"I know not if 'twas summer then;
I know not if 'twas spring;
But, if the birds sang on the trees,
I did not hear them sing.

"If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
Their bloom I did not see;
I looked upon one withered flower,
And none else bloomed for me!

"A sad and silent time it was
Within that house of woe,
All eyes were dull and overcast,
And every voice was low.

"And from each cheek, at intervals,
The blood appeared to start,
As if recalled in sudden haste
To aid the sinking heart.

"Softly we trod, as if afraid
To mar the sleeper's sleep;
And stole last looks of his pale face
For memory to keep.

"With him the agony was o'er,
And now the pain was ours,
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose
Like odor from dead flowers.

* * * * *

"The grief has past with tears away,
And joy has been my lot;
But the one is oft remembered,
And the other soon forgot.

"The gayest hours trip lightly by,
And leave the faintest trace;
But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears,
Time never can efface!"

This is true poetry.

Mr. Hedderwick is also the author of much excellent literary criticism in his own paper; indeed, we pronounce him one of the very best newspaper critics in Scotland—amiable without being mawkish, gentle but not soft, ingenious and gifted, without a particle of the affectation and conceit too characteristic of professed poets.

L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

MAURY'S SAILING DIRECTIONS.—We have received, by the politeness of the accomplished author, EXPLANATIONS AND SAILING DIRECTIONS TO ACCOMPANY THE WIND AND CURRENT CHARTS; approved by Captain D. N. Ingraham, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography, and published by authority of Hon. Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy. By M. F. MAURY, LL.D., U.S.N., Superintendent of the U. S. Observatory and Hydrographical Office, Washington. Vol. I. Eighth Edition: enlarged and improved. Pp. about 500, including charts and drawings in quarto. Washington: William A. Harris, printer. 1858. If there is any one book which does honor, in the sight of the scientific and commercial world, to American character, talent, genius, research, and long and patient investigation among the winds and waves and currents and deep soundings of old Ocean, measuring the hills and valleys and altitudes of sub-marine mountains, and laying down tracks across and along trackless wastes of waters for the direction and guidance of the fleets and navies of the world, we think the palm of excellence and true merit can not justly be carried from this volume of Lieutenant Maury's, and bestowed elsewhere. We can only appreciate in a small degree the practical value of such a book, though we have traversed the ocean far more than the distance around the world, amid storms and calms, and rough sea-life, yet enough to pity the sailor, and congratulate him upon having within reach such a guide-book to direct his sea-wanderings. It is a book which should find a place in the cabin of every vessel that crosses or traverses the ocean, and by every ship-owner whose business it is to fit out and send his ships to far-off climes. It is also a book to be read and studied by all those who love to peruse that ponderous and wonderful volume whose name is Ocean.

THE COMET STRANGER.—As the Comet, which has attracted so much attention, will remain visible for some weeks to come, before it passes out of sight upon its three hundred years' journey, the ECLECTIC readers may be desirous of studying its history a little more. If they will turn to the March number of the ECLECTIC, 1855, they will find a very interesting article on comets in general, and a particular reference to the one now visible. We quote only a paragraph or two to indicate its nature. Alluding to the comets of 1264 and 1556, the writer says:

"Dr. Halley calculated the orbits of these two comets with a number of others. Fifty years after the time of Dr. Halley, the elements of the comet of 1264 were re-calculated by Mr. Dunthorne, and such resemblances observed between the results and those which Halley had given for the comet of 1556, as to lead to a suspicion of their identity. About twenty years after this, M. Pingre, by his calculations, strongly confirmed this suspicion, and predicted the return of that great comet in 1848, thus assigning it a period of 292 years. Between 1843 and 1847, Mr. Hind carefully went over all the calculations, and having rectified some errors, he con-

curred in thinking that the comets of 1264 and 1556 were identical. Mr. Bomme, of Middleburg, repeated the calculations regarding the comet of 1556, making the proper allowance for the perturbations of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, and partially for those of the Earth, Venus, and Mars. In the first instance, Bomme used the elements of Dr. Halley, according to which he found that this great expected comet will come to its perihelion in August, 1860. Subsequently, Bomme used the elements of Mr. Hind, and according to these, *the great comet of 1556 should return and reach its perihelion, in August, 1858.* Mr. Hind, therefore, thinks that August, 1858, will be within two years either way of the perihelion passage, so that the great comet of 1264 and 1556 may be looked for in these parts of space some time between 1856 and 1860; and he is of opinion that our present means of knowledge do not admit of a nearer approximation. Many an intelligent mind will welcome with delight that mighty wanderer come back again, and will see in its return illustrious evidence of the power of God, and of his goodness to his creature man."

INDEX TO THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA AND AMERICAN BIBLICAL REPOSITORY. Vols. I. to XIII.: Containing an Index of Subjects and Authors, a Topical Index, and a List of Scripture texts. Pp. 223, large octavo. By W. F. DRAPER, Andover. Published by W. F. Draper.

It would be difficult to find in our language, or in any other, in any age, on the same number of pages, an index of so many subjects, so rich, so comprehensive, so varied, comprising so much important and profound thought on the great topics of man's well-being and his relations to God, to his government, and to immortality—so much of sacred learning and deep research. Many of the ablest thinkers of the age are to be found in this volume. Mr. Draper has performed a valuable service to sacred learning in thus arranging and publishing this comprehensive index, which might well find a place in every theological library as a rich treasure-house of suggestive thought. A glance at the beginning and history of the entire five series will indicate something of its extent and comprehensiveness. The *Biblical Repository*, first series, was begun at Andover, in 1831, by Dr. Edward Robinson, a man of profound learning and research; and next after him conducted by Prof. B. B. Edwards, to the end of the first series, in 1838. The second series, from 1839 to 1844, was conducted by Dr. Absalom Peters and Rev. S. B. Treat till 1842, when Dr. Agnew took charge of it, beginning the third series in 1845; and afterwards for three years it was conducted by Rev. W. H. Bidwell, when the work passed under the direction of Rev. J. M. Sherwood, till the expiration of 1850, when it was merged in and united with the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, which was begun in 1843, and which still continues to be a rich repository of sacred learning, an honor to the age, to our country, and to the eminent men and writers who fill its pages.

NEW-ENGLAND CHATELTS; OR, LIFE IN THE NORTHERN POOR-HOUSE. Pp. 484. New-York: H. Dayton, Publisher, 109 Nassau street. 1858.

It is an old but true adage that "One half the world are ignorant how the other half live." And Pope said: "The proper study of mankind is man." The poor-house may not be a very pleasant school-house, but there are many touching and instructive lessons to be learned there by those willing to be taught the changeful history and sad reverses which follow along the path of human footstep. The author of this instructive volume is a clergyman, formerly a pastor, whom we have long known, and whose writings we have often read with pleasure. The forty-four chapters of this Book are filled up with graphic descriptions of character, full of interest and instruction.

MEMOIR OF REV. DAVID TAPPAN STODDARD, MISSIONARY TO THE NESTORIANS. By JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church. Pp. 420. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. London: Trübner & Co. 1858.

THIS precious volume of Christian Biography will be welcomed by every friend of the missionary cause and by every person who can love and appreciate the character, talents, and self-denying devotion to the cause of Christ of one of the choicest spirits of the age. We knew him personally as a friend. We have sojourned together and slept upon the same couch—and to know him was to love him. Dr. Thompson has paid a tender and eloquent tribute to the memory of his friend and class-mate, in the memoir which he has written, which we trust will be read by many, and diffuse widely its genial and blessed influences over a multitude of minds and hearts. There is a value and a sacredness in such memoirs which can hardly be too highly prized. Could every young man, and especially every candidate for the ministry, read and ponder, and imbibe the spirit which breathes through these pages, how deep and salutary would be its influence! We earnestly commend it to the perusal of the youth of both sexes.

LECTURES TO CHILDREN, FAMILIARLY ILLUSTRATING IMPORTANT TRUTH. Second Series. By Rev. JOHN TODD, D.D., Author of the Student's Manual, Truth made Simple, etc. With original Illustrations. Northampton: Hopkins, Bridgman & Co. 1858.

THE excellent author of this neat and beautiful little volume of twelve lectures, always uses a facile and graphic pen or tongue whenever he addresses a company or a congregation of children. Although this book is beautifully illustrated with cuts, yet the author has embellished it with so many word-pictures and vivid thoughts as almost to render unnecessary the use of illustrations. Dr. Todd has a happy talent to interest children and fill their minds with pleasant thoughts, and as there are many full-grown children thirty or forty years old who will be interested in reading this book, we trust it will find a home in many families.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.—A late number of this truly National Quarterly is on our table. It is worthy of its name in the strength of its articles, in the candor and dignity of its literary discus-

sions and presentations. Men of ripe scholarship and great mental affluence and literary attainments, spread out their treasures of knowledge upon its neatly printed and generous pages. Its articles are always of a high order, instructive and useful to the practical man, as well as to the literary gourmand. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, are its publishers. Charles S. Francis & Co., New-York.

WEBSTER'S QUARTO DICTIONARY.—On the cover of the last number of the *ECLECTIC*, our readers will find ample commendations from eminent men, of this best of all dictionaries in the English language. All competent judges must pronounce this verdict in its favor. The work is so valuable, so essential, so indispensable to a full and accurate knowledge of our language in the origin of its words, roots, and the very animus of its spirit and meaning, in all the literary and business departments of life, that to praise *Webster's Dictionary* seems much like attempting to praise the light and genial influence of the sun in the heavens or the vital air we breathe. Dr. Webster is the patriarch among lexicographers. We long knew him personally, only to reverence him and admire his great learning and research in the department of language. (Published by G. & C. Merriam.)

SERMONS TO THE CHURCHES. By FRANCIS WAYLAND. Pp. 281. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. London: Trübner & Co. 1858.

THE character and talents of Dr. Wayland as an eminent divine and eloquent and forcible preacher are well and widely known over the country, and a simple announcement of a volume of sermons from his pen is amply sufficient to all who know him to obtain and put a copy of his work in their library among its choice treasures.

SPURGEON'S GEMS. Being Brilliant Passages from the Discourses of the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. Pp. 360, with an Index. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Richmond: T. J. Starke. 1858.

THIS eloquent preacher and very gifted man has acquired a power of language and vividness of expression such as few men possess. All who have read his published discourses carefully have been impressed with the richness of his diction and the gems of thought which have sparkled on his pages. These, gathered and arranged in one volume as they are, and published by the enterprising House in New-York, will be very acceptable to the numerous admirers of this eloquent author. We should be glad at some time to place upon our pages some fine specimens.

THE USE OF THE MAGNET IN SURGERY.—A young man a tailor, named John Kenney, ten weeks ago broke a needle into his hand, near the wrist, from which he suffered so severely that he was unable to follow his employment. Having tried the skill of several surgeons without receiving any relief, he last week called at a chemist's shop in Barnsley. The chemist examined the wound, and found that a portion of the needle was still there. He applied a magnet to it and extracted it from the hand, and by this means Kenney received immediate relief. The piece extracted was half an inch in length.

THE QUALITIES OF TOBACCO.—Dr. James Paxton, of Rugby, has sent the following circular to his patients: "The exceedingly prevailing custom of smoking, and the different opinions upon this subject, may justly suggest an inquiry whether the custom is good, bad, or indifferent. Having carefully watched the effects of tobacco on the human constitution, I feel no difficulty in pursuing the inquiry or furnishing a reply. The properties of tobacco are soothing to the nerves. While a person is under its influence, he feels forgetful of past sorrows, a freedom from anxiety about the future, with a gentle lull to all the faculties of body and mind—simply from a temporary intoxication. There is, moreover, a desire created to indulge these sensations until the indulgence in many cases becomes excessive. Such are the results produced by smoking. It is, therefore, no wonder young and old, rich and poor, have fallen into this unnatural habit. Now we might have thought these remarks uncalled for, were there nothing further consequent. But other physicians as well as myself have examined the subject medically, and the truth ought to be told; namely, although the smoker soon gets over the disagreeable excitement and peculiar sense of giddiness and sickness occasioned by his first attempt at smoking, yet there follows, by insensible degrees, a weakness of the powers of the heart and the circulation of the blood. It is a fact deserving earnest attention, that a yielding to the acquired taste of tobacco can not be gratified for any length of time without manifestly affecting the health. There are, indeed, some whose systems resist the injury; these are exceptions to the general rules which apply to the vital economy. The pale complexions, debilitated frames, and disordered digestion of young men of the present day, attest the noxious influence of tobacco. My design in this communication is chiefly to recommend my patients to avoid every form of using tobacco. It possesses no healing qualities, removes nor mitigates any disease, and neither supports the body or refines the mind. On the contrary, by burning it, the essential oil is volatilized and inhaled—an oil most injurious, nay, when administered to animals by way of experiment, it proved a deadly poison. Many smokers express doubts and misgivings, and say: 'I think smoking does me no good.' These suspicions are just. Therefore, however tranquillizing to the nerves, such sensations are too dearly purchased when a train of bad effects on the constitution are produced. I assure you, both British and foreign physicians disapprove of the use of tobacco as being subversive of all the purely natural operations of life, and as impairing the finer senses of tasting, smelling, and correct feeling."—*London Times*.

VIRTUE AND ITS REWARD.—At a late meeting of the Académie in Paris, the principal Montyon prize of three thousand francs, for acts of virtue, was bestowed on Françoise Durand, of Apt, (Vaucluse.) The Academy, in awarding the prize, were desirous of rewarding conjugal devotedness, that attachment to family ties which becomes tightened by misfortune, and particularly that delicacy of feeling which the acquittal of a husband could not satisfy, and which could not rest until his innocence had been clearly proven. M^{me}. Durand, a poor peasant woman struck by misfortune, evinced a courage equal to the struggle which she was called upon to sustain. Her husband was accused of a capital crime, and brought before a Court of Assizes,

where, although serious charges were brought against him, he was acquitted by a small majority. M^{me}. Durand, who was convinced of his innocence, never ceased to support his courage while before his judges, and during the seven succeeding years she devoted her incessant efforts to the discovery and prosecution of the real criminals, and at length they were condemned, and the complete innocence of her husband proved to the most skeptical.

A SMART RETORT.—The following story respecting Lord Chesterfield, "the pink of politeness," is told in the *Memoir of the Rev. J. Hodgson, M.A.* Lord Berkeley was once dining with him in a large party, when it was usual to drink wine until they were mellow. Berkeley was a plain blunt John Bull, and had, whether by design or accident I am not told, shot one or two game-keepers; and Chesterfield, under the warmth of wine, said: "Pray, my Lord Berkeley, how long is it since you shot a game-keeper?" "Not since you hanged your tutor, my Lord!" was the reply. You know that Lord Chesterfield brought Dr. Dodd to trial, in consequence of which he was hanged.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.—The scheme of crossing the ocean with a balloon has been proposed by Messrs. Wise and Steiner, and each has offered to build an air-ship of the requisite size, and make the trip, but has failed in getting a subscription of twenty thousand dollars for the purpose. Mr. La Mountain says he will remain in this city during the present winter, and build a balloon sixty-five feet in diameter, with an extensive power of five tons, with which he will cross the ocean, starting from this city in May next, and land within twenty-five miles of any given point in Europe. He has discovered a principle which will enable him to retain the gas in his balloon for any length of time, and he is confident that the air can be navigated as well as water, and with as little difficulty.—*Troy Times*.

THE GREAT DUKE'S LAST PLACE OF REPOSE.—The public are now admitted to view the sarcophagus which contains the remains of the late Duke of Wellington in the crypt of St. Paul's. The material was sought upon the continent, but in vain; and at length it was determined to appropriate for the purpose a huge porphyry boulder, which had lain for ages upon the Treffray estate at Luxalyan, in Cornwall. Here, in the field, whereon it was found, the intensely hard material was cut into the form of a sarcophagus, and polished by steam power, and, being completed, was conveyed to the cathedral, to be deposited in the center of the cryptal chamber already mentioned. The color is rich reddish brown, with yellowish marking; and the sarcophagus is placed upon a base of light granite, each of the four corners being sculptured with a lion's head. On one side of the sarcophagus is inscribed, "Arthur, Duke of Wellington," and upon the opposite side, "Born May 1, 1769. Died Sept. 14, 1852;" and at each end, and upon a boss, is an heraldic cross, the outlines of which, as well as those of the inscription, are in gold, which has a rich effect. In each angle of the chamber is a candelabrum of highly polished red granite, from which rise jets of gas to light the apartment. The floor is laid with Minton's tiles, and the appearance of the tomb and the sepulchral chamber, if not sumptuous, is grand and massive. The tomb is stated to have cost £1100.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR EMBALMING.—On Saturday there was a numerous assemblage at the Anatomical Theater, Bartholomew's Hospital, of medical and scientific gentlemen, and others interested in the sanitary condition of the population, for the purpose of receiving some explanations of a process which has been designated the process Falcony, after the name of the distinguished chemist, M. Falcony, whose reputation stands deservedly high on the Continent, in connection with this department of chemical science. M. Falcony has succeeded in bringing to perfection two processes, one for preventing decomposition of the human body after death, and of arresting it even after it has set in; and the other for permanent preservation, or, to use a more familiar expression, for embalming the body. It is to the former that the attention of the general public will more particularly be directed, inasmuch as, in a sanitary point of view, nothing can be of more importance than to be put in possession of the means, at a moderate cost, of preventing the decomposition of a body which it is our custom in England to retain for a fortnight if possible. There are some diseases which are the cause of death, where decomposition sets in so rapidly that the greatest danger often attends this practice; and, in too many instances, amongst the poorer classes, compelled to sleep even in the same room with the dead relative, numerous cases of infection and fever have taken place. Now, this process of M. Falcony for the prevention of all infectious gases, is simple and cleanly in its application. It consists of a powder composed of various chemical constituents, of which sulphate of zinc is the base; and this being mixed with sawdust is placed under and over the corpse, leaving the face exposed. Covered with this dry preparation the body can be kept for five or six weeks without any apparent change, whilst not the slightest exhalation escapes.

Mr. Farrow was present on Saturday, and Dr. Holden was obliging enough to favor the gentlemen present with the results of a test to which that process had been subjected at Bartholomew's. On the 9th of June, the remains of a leg and foot, which had been amputated at the hospital, were deposited in a box filled with this preparation. The leg and foot were in an offensive condition of putrefaction, and in a few days would have liquefied. On Saturday the box was brought into the theater and uncovered, when all putrescence had ceased and the flesh had become indurated, somewhat resembling India rubber. Dr. Holden further stated that upon its being put into the preparation, the offensive smell ceased almost instantaneously. The conclusion, therefore, to be drawn from this fact is, that if such result can be obtained by the application of the process to a body in a high state of putrescence and decomposition, the same application, if made soon after death, and before decomposition begins, will be even more striking and efficacious. The demonstrations were highly satisfactory. An examination was afterwards entered into of the process of embalming, which is performed by the injection of a liquid, and without the mutilation of the body, but as the explanation of the details of this system would be somewhat too technical for our columns, we feel that we shall be best performing our duty to the public by inviting the immediate and earnest attention of the Board of Health to this important practical discovery.—*London paper, August 3.*

RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.—Mr. White in a recent excursion in Westmoreland Co., England, says there are many Methodists near Whitby; and their hymns must be curious, to judge from the specimens given by Mr. White. Here, for instance, is an account of the "Railway to Heaven," written in perfect good faith:

Of truth divine the rails are made,
And on the Rock of Ages laid;
The rails are fixed in chairs of love,
Firm as the throne of God above.

About a hundred years or so
Wesley and others said they'd go—
A carriage Mercy did provide,
That Wesley and his friends might ride.

Whitby, it appears, is a great place for fossils, and especially for ammonites, which abound in the neighborhood, and which, according to a local tradition, are remains of snakes turned miraculously into stone by St. Hilda.

POOR GOLDSMITH.—Goldsmith is again riding on the crests of the wave, and that tide which flows through the memories, not less than through the affairs, of men, is in his case running high and strong. Dignitaries of that Dublin University, in which he received his education, and benchers of that Temple, within the precincts of which he laid his bones, are alike stirring in his name. Dublin proposes to erect a statue, and a sum of money has been raised already to that end. The benchers of the Temple propose to erect some sort of monument—form not determined. Oliver was buried in the Temple church-yard, and according to Mr. Cyrus Redding, the memorial stone, which upwards of half-a-century ago marked the spot of his grave, was first broken during a great fire hard by, and then the pieces were carted away, and all about it has been forgotten. It is to be hoped that whatever is done will be done in good taste and upon proper consideration. Meanwhile we are thankful for the opportunity of recording progress.—*Athenæum.*

OLD STYLE IN MODERN DRESS.—Almighty God, the Creator of the Universe, made this earth of ours in the form of a sphere, not a plane. If it been a plane, the operation of sin, working through the passions of nations and individuals, would have driven the weak to the extreme brink of humanity and hurled them over the precipice, once for all. But our merciful Father has appointed it otherwise. Our planet is spherical. It is cut up on its surface by oceans, seas, mountains, rivers—it is diversified by latitudes and longitudes—it is peopled by all tribes, tongues, and nations, and yet its inhabitants have been perpetually struggling to overcome these physical boundaries, and to hug each other more and more as old acquaintances of the same original and universal family too long estranged and separated.—*Extract from City Address to the Telegraph Company, Sept. 1.*

M. PHILARÈTE CHASLES, the well-known French writer, is about to publish a work in English on the Sonnets of Shakspeare; and one of the sons of Victor Hugo is employed on a translation of Shakspeare's plays into French.

HUMBOLDT IN HEBREW.—A curious Hebrew publication has just issued from the Berlin press, a biography of Alexander von Humboldt, written in the ancient tongue of Moses, and destined to extend the knowledge of the life and scientific labors of this celebrated man in the wide circle of the Russo-Polish and Asiatic Jews. The full title is, "*Alexander von Humboldt: a Biographical Sketch.*" Dedicated to the Nestor of Wisdom on his 88th birthday. By S. Slominski." The author is a Russian Israelite, who some years ago invented a very clever calculating machine, and drew upon himself, at that time, by his mathematical knowledge, the attention of the celebrated astronomers Herren Bessel and Jacoby, of Königsberg. These gave him letters of recommendation to Alexander von Humboldt, in Berlin, who, with his accustomed benevolence, effectually assisted the poor Jewish scholar. The first half, consisting of 100 pages of strong, correct, and flowing Hebrew, is devoted to the life and general review of Humboldt's works; whilst the second forms a sketch of the *Kosmos*, and in which the author speaks of the double stars, and of earthly magnetism, of volcanoes, and of the South-American Flora, in such a way as to lead one to imagine that it would be impossible to find expressions worthy of clothing the "ideas of this great Western sage." The author, who had transmitted the manuscript of his work to Humboldt as a tribute of homage on his 88th birthday, received from him the following characteristic reply:

"Honored Herr Slominski: I owe you a thousand apologies for so long delaying my thanks for the honor you have been pleased to confer upon me. The unquiet condition in which I live, in this age of social and political excitement, can scarcely plead my excuse. A recommendation from two renowned, and to me personally so dear friends as Bessel and Jacoby, leaves a lasting impression. A stranger, alas! to Hebrew literature, but from my earliest youth intimately connected with the noblest of your co-religionists, and a warm and persevering advocate for their numerous and unjustly withheld rights, I am not indifferent to the honor you have conferred upon me. The testimony of a learned Oriental linguist, the celebrated and highly learned Dr. Michael Sacks, (one of the Rabbis of the Berlin Jewish congregation,) leads me to prize still more highly this distinction. It is almost a comfort to him who is the object of the praises not to be acquainted with the original language. After next Tuesday I shall again reside during a few weeks in Berlin, and at that time, if you, Herr Slominski, have not yet returned to Warsaw, I shall be pleased to see you daily in Berlin between one and two o'clock, and personally renew the expressions of my high esteem for your noble, prompt, and learned efforts.

"Yours, with high esteem,
"ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT."

FRANKLIN AND HIS LIGHTNING.—At the corner of Fourth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, is an old cemetery, and there lie buried the remains of Benjamin Franklin and his wife. A plain flat slab, with the simple inscription of the names of Benjamin Franklin and his wife Deborah, marks the spot. Directly over this grave runs a telegraph wire, across which the lightning, which Franklin first controlled, is constantly flashing communications of intelligence, noting daily the progress of events and incidents of consequence in the world.

THE importation of rags into the United States for the purpose of paper-making is a great deal more extensive than most people would imagine. During the year 1857 America imported 44,882,080 lbs., valued at \$1,448,125, and making 69,461 bales; 35,591 bales were from Italy, and more than one third are entirely linen, the rest being a mixture of linen and cotton. About 2000 bales were also imported from the free cities of Hamburg and Bremen. France prohibits the exportation of rags, and so does Rome; the few which America gets from Ancona—a Roman province—being by special permission on payment of large fees. Prussia and Germany generally impose so high an export duty on rags as to stop the trade entirely. The exports from Alexandria and Smyrna are chiefly collected in Asia Minor by agents having license from the Government, and the domestic demand must be supplied before any can be exported. It is the same with Trieste, where only the surplus is allowed to come away. The Trieste rags are collected all over Hungary.

MUNGO PARK.—A relic of Mungo Park's travels in Africa has been discovered by Lieut. Glover, of Baikie's West Coast Expedition. The incident is thus related by the *Cape Literary Magazine*: "Lieut. Glover, one of the officers under the command of Captain Baikie, has stumbled upon a valuable relic of Mungo Park, and has of course secured it. Passing through a native village near the scene of Park's melancholy death, an old man accosted the Lieutenant, and showed him a book which had for years been in his possession. It was a volume of logarithms, with Mungo Park's name, and autographic notes and memoranda. The possessor offered it to Mr. Glover for 200,000 cowries. Inestimable as the prize was, the price demanded was enormous, and it was impossible to pay it. After some consideration the Lieutenant took from his pocket a clasp-knife, and asked the native what he thought of that. This was too tempting a bait to be refused; the native joyfully took the knife, and the Lieutenant still more joyfully secured his valuable memento of the distinguished African traveler."

THE HEBREW.—The word *Hebrew* signifies *Transjordanian*, *He that cometh from the other side*, namely, of the river Euphrates, and is supposed to have been given to Abraham on his arrival in Canaan. The word *Palestine* signifies the *Land of the Emigrant*. How prophetically symbolic are the names *Hebrew* and *Palestine*! They both indicate that not one man alone was to be a wandering Jew, but that every Jew was condemned to be more or less an exile and a pilgrim. Perpetually is the Israelite a man that cometh from the other side far far off, and every land that his foot toucheth is to him the Land of the Emigrant, where he hath no continuing place of abode. His doom is tragical: let us weep over it.

THE French Academy has decided that none of the essays sent in for the prize offered by it for the best essay on the "Literary Movement before the time of Corneille and Pascal," are of sufficient merit to obtain the prize, and that consequently the competition shall remain open.

THE Emperor of the French has given orders for the collection and publication of the numerous manuscripts, left behind and scattered throughout France, of the great military engineer, Vauban.

CROKER.—The following verses are engraved on the red granite slab in West Moulsey churchyard which covers the late Mr. Croker's remains, and the remains removed from Wimbledon of his only child, Spencer Percival Croker, who died when a boy three years old:

"Oh! pity us who lost when Spencer died
Our child, our hope, our pleasure, and our pride!
In him we saw, or fancied, all such youth
Could show of talents, tenderness, and truth;
And hoped to other eyes his ripened powers
Would keep the promise they had made to ours;
But God a different better growth has given—
The seed he planted here now blooms in heaven."

MR. EDMUND YATES, in his paper called *The Town Talk*, says:

Mr. Thackeray is forty-six years old, though from the silvery whiteness of his hair he appears somewhat older. He is very tall, standing upwards of six feet two inches, and as he walks erect his height makes him conspicuous in every assembly. His face is bloodless, and not particularly expressive, but remarkable for the fracture of the bridge of the nose, the result of an accident in youth. He wears a small gray whisker, but otherwise is clean shaven. No one meeting him could fail to recognize in him a gentleman; his bearing is cold and uninviting, his style of conversation either openly cynical, or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit biting, his pride easily touched; but his appearance is invariably that of the cool, *suave*, well-bred gentleman, who, whatever may be rankling within, suffers no surface-display of his emotion.

JIDDAH, THE SCENE OF THE LATE MASSACRE.—Djidda, or Jiddah, is the port of Mecca, and one of the chief *entrepôts* for foreign commerce in Arabia. Resident population, according to Ali Bey, 5000; but this number is often very much increased by the influx of strangers. The inhabitants are nearly all foreigners, or settlers from other parts of Arabia, the only natives being a few shoriff families attached exclusively to the officers of religion and law. It is one of the holy places of Mohammedanism, and its sanctity is increased by the neighborhood of the reputed tomb of Eve, a rude stone structure, about two miles to the north. The caravans to Mecca start daily, and those to Medina every forty or fifty days. Twice, at least, in every year Djidda is inundated with inhabitants, namely, on the arrival of the Indian fleet, (about May,) when merchants from all quarters pour in to purchase at the first hand; and during the *hadj*, when pilgrims come from all the African ports in vast numbers.—*McCulloch*.

A LION IN THE PATH.—As the diligence which plies between Guelma and Bona, in Africa, was a few nights ago proceeding along the road, near the village of Penthievre, the horses all at once reared up, and refused to advance; and the driver perceived a gigantic lion seated in the middle of the road. He at once informed the passengers, and they all manifested the greatest consternation; but at his suggestion they lighted chemical matches, and burned paper. The light of the moon was, however, so strong that it paralyzed the glare of the flames, and they produced no effect on the lion. The consternation of the passengers was on the increase, when the animal relieved them by walking slowly away.—*Calignani's Messenger*.

A FRENCH FLYING MACHINE.—The Emperor has just made a present of 5000*l.* to a private in the line who asserts he has discovered a solution for the great problem in aeronautics—the art of flying. He has invented a kind of air-ship, consisting of a platform of silk stretched over whalebone, to be propelled by two gigantic wings of the same material, placed on each side. The aerial navigator is to be suspended at a distance of about four feet from the platform, while his feet rest on pedals, by means of which the wings are set in motion, while his arms rest on a lever which imparts to the platform the direction he chooses to give it. Only a model of this machine has yet been constructed, and it appears to work well. Thanks to the Emperor's munificence, it is now about to be constructed on a large scale.—*Paris Correspondent of the Morning Herald*.

WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT.—M. Garvani, a French machinist, has perfected his aerial ship at a cost of 200,000 francs, and made a voyage to Algiers, Africa, and back with it—a distance of fifteen hundred miles from the starting-point. The average speed was almost one hundred miles an hour, the voyage occupying eighteen hours. M. Garvani is to make the attempt from Havre to the city of New-York as soon as he has further tested the character of his invention by a few short trips over the Mediterranean and its neighboring provinces.

THE RUSSIAN DISASTER AT ASTRAKHAN.—The most important bit of continental intelligence just arrived is the total destruction by explosion of a powder magazine of the city and seaport of Astrakhan, on the Caspian. It amounts to a Russian disaster almost equalling the downfall of Sebastopol. At Astrakhan for years an arsenal of enormous resources had been in progress, intended as the basis of immense operations against Persia, Bokhara, and the whole Asiatic continent. Steamers of every caliber had their starting-point here, and the Wolga conveyed stores to this depot from every province of the empire. To judge of the warlike paraphernalia piled up here for ulterior purposes, it is only necessary to state that the magazine which blew up the place, and killed half the inhabitants, contained 6000 *pouds*—that is to say, nearly 200,000 pounds—of gunpowder. It was the very busiest season of the year for the navigation of that inland sea, and the loss of shipping is fearful.—*Paris Letter, August 31*.

ONE of the semi-official morning papers says that it is authorized to state, in answer to those periodicals that have denounced the introduction into Spain of anti-Catholic books and pamphlets, that any persons found guilty of these attempts to pervert the habits and creed of the Spanish nation will be punished as the law directs—that is, with hard labor for life. The publications alluded to are said to be smuggled into Spain from Gibraltar.

THE *Medical Times* says that the 300th anniversary of the Jena University has just gone off with great *éclat*. The young Royal couple of Prussia presented three marble busts of Hegel, Fichte, and Schelling.

COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT is writing a new work on England and Protestantism, to appear towards the beginning of winter.

gitimate purpose of his life. But a poet must have more than the sense of beauty and the passion to create; he must have the gifts and tendencies, whatever they are, which lead him to select language as his instrument, and yet more than this, to select the rhythm of verse, and not that of prose. What is the exact difference between the two—what are the causes at work which give to verse its special hold upon the sense and the imagination—have never yet been accurately ascertained. Whatever they may be, Mr. Kingsley can not be said to possess them in that degree which alone entitles a man to the name of poet. He has the sense of beauty in a high degree; in a degree yet higher the command of language; but his genius naturally leads him to utter himself in prose, not in verse. Hence his prose writings are incomparably superior to his poems. One of the very greatest of all writers of poetical prose is Christopher North. It is curious to see how his powers sink below even the average level when he deserts his stronghold. *The Island of Palms*, *The City of the Plague*, the *Address to a Wild Deer*, read like the level and common-place breathings of uninspired mortality; they are to those half-divine strains which checker the *Recreations* as if the magician of strange powers had broken his wand and buried his books, and, willfully self-divested of the magic of his genius, chose to range himself an ordinary man amongst ordinary men. Yet he knew where his own strength lay; and in one of the "Walks by Grasmere" has eloquently defended the claims of prose as the highest medium for the expression of poetry, and wittily scoffed at the hampering limitations of verse and rhyme. If he were in earnest, no further explanation would be needed of his incapacity to wield verse, than this evidence of his want of power to appreciate its infinite superiority as the vehicle of art, and its unapproachable place as a power for moulding into the most refined, the most moving, and the most expressive harmonies, the feelings of the heart, and the harvests of the imaginative insight.

In Mr. Kingsley the contrast is not so great as in Wilson; his poetry approaches somewhat nearer to the level of his prose; yet, with all his energy of thought and imagination—with all his rarely-equalled command over the resources of the English language—it is impossible not to per-

ceive that in writing verse he is untrue to the natural direction of his powers, and that he has soared into an atmosphere not native to his wing. It is not only a want of command over the instrument he uses, and insufficient appreciation of the finer resources of rhythmical harmony, which leaves its shadow of disappointment in the perusal of most of Mr. Kingsley's poems; he has deeper disqualifications for the work to which, with that faulty estimate of the truest field for their energies to which all men are liable, he has devoted his highest efforts. To write sermons is a bad apprenticeship to tragedy. Now, whatever some strait-laced people, with whom we have no sympathy, may deem of fly-fishing and fox-hunting as concomitants of a cure of souls, there is one qualification which no one will deny to be eminently suited to that sphere of duty, nor question that Mr. Kingsley possesses it in the largest abundance. A passion for preaching is the central fire which heats his energies, and glows along all his activity. His is the genius of the prophet. Language with him is valuable, not as a plastic medium, through which in serene calm to re-create the aspects of things, and give a new and secondary life in art to the real life of the universe; but as an instrument of incitement and control over the minds and actions of men. With the control of mighty words he reins, and urges with a whip of eloquent invective the restive energies of men. Not what he simply sees and feels prompts him to speak, but what he would have done away with, and what he would have done. Deep purposes of moral change are what inspire him, and art with him is the channel of influence.

Undoubtedly it may legitimately be made so; yet we doubt if all forms of art are alike capable of being pressed into this service. In their higher and purer developments, where they are the most exquisitely adapted for the objects which art deems supreme, they are less capable of being allied with extrinsic objects than in some of their less refined and elevated conditions; and it is not too much to say that he whose function it is to rouse men to action has both a more efficient and a more fitting instrument in prose than in verse. It is possible that verse may have a deeper power to rouse those feelings from which action is to be generated, where such action is simple and immediate, but not where the motives are complicated, and

the course not obvious. The strains of Tyrtæus could never have weighed the balance against Philip so long and so heavily as the oratory of Demosthenes. And perhaps even the former assumption may be doubted; martyrs, indeed, have gone singing to the stake, and hymns been on the lips of men marching into battle: but to the men of action come instinctively the words of action; and it may be questioned if any poem ever went so effectively and directly to its purpose as that sentence which was signaled from the Victory before Nelson and Collingwood led their lines into the roar of Trafalgar.

If these remarks be true, a tragedy is the last stage from which to preach to men a change in their modes of politico-economical action, or to stir them up against the false aspects of duties and mischievous inversions of human affection inculcated by the Church of Rome. The true defense of the *Saint's Tragedy*, that work of remarkable power, genius, and beauty, and which has deeply touched the hearts of so many readers, is, that, directly didactic and devoted to the purpose of immediate influence as it is, it is not a sermon invented for the occasion; but only a vivid enforcement of an actual lesson to be found in history, and where a life teaches a great moral lesson, that it does so is not against, but in favor of its choice by the poet, who gives it that completeness of form, those graces of beauty, that charm of reconstructive art, which recommend it to men who might otherwise have passed it by, and who by the vigor and insight of his own imagination lays bare its deepest and most hidden meanings, giving thereby power to the imagination of lesser minds to grasp them and feel them real. Had Mr. Kingsley been content to do this simply, his play, fine as it is, would have been finer, and perhaps his lesson would have been deeper, though his sermon would have been less complete. He is too intent upon making the most of his text for his own purposes. His effort is to be exhaustive in teaching us all that can be learned from the sad career of Elizabeth, and the spiritual tyranny of Conrad; and he even goes beyond his text to give us a useful picture of the lay mind of the middle ages, and to make his interlocutors directly sarcastic and argumentative in modern schools of thought. Had he contented himself on his own ground in depicting the results of the Romish

moral teachings in staining by enforced consciousness and false slurs the purity of the household affections, and had brought his play to a close with the death or burial of Louis, delicate and difficult as his subject-matter would still have been, he would yet have left a simpler impression, and written a more perfect tragedy. The effect is impaired, and the inherent unity which art demands is destroyed, when we are hurried to a new set of impressions, and from the contest between the rich affections and the warped conscience, painted with deep passion and high genius, are transferred to the lingering agonies of a canonization won by the false self-sacrifice that consists in self-degradation. It is not paradoxical to say that such a subject is too painful for tragedy. It reads like witnessing torture. When pain or suffering arise in a noble contest or by swift judgment, when it is accompanied by raised passions, it is not only that we know that by such accompaniment it is made tolerable to the sufferer, but the feelings of the reader too, roused by sympathy, give him the power to contemplate it. But the cold and slow withdrawals of support, the measured rising of the tide of misery, the gradual crushing of a noble nature, who can bear to see laid bare and anatomized? Wounds and death are within the sphere of the painter; we can bear to gaze upon the writhings of the Laocoön; but who could tolerate a picture which should reveal on canvas the secrets of the hospital? And Mr. Kingsley drains the painfulness of his subject to the last dregs, and will not spare us, even after death, the loathsome enthusiasm of the saint's devotees. This is not tragedy, this is not the sphere of poetry; and if it was right to read the painful lesson—and far be it from us to say it was not—it should have been taught in another form. We do not say it should or could effectively have been read to us without the aid of the imagination; but then, both in the shaping of the whole and in detail, the imagination should have been made (as in choice of subject and treatment it is made) secondary to the truths to be inculcated. By embodying them in a drama, the author virtually undertakes to deal with his subject as a poet, and not as a preacher.

There is no need at this late day to dwell upon the beauties and merits of this play. It affords in many of its passages a very remarkable evidence of the truth of

that which we have above asserted, that a man, the general bent of whose nature does not lead him to be a poet, may yet, under exceptional promptings, vie with and surpass the highest reach of more artistic but less rich natures. Seldom has a warmer, purer voice been given to the passionate affections than in the earlier part of the *Saint's Tragedy*; seldom has the conflict of the soul been laid bare by a more eloquent exponent.

It is with regret we turn from a production, which with all its defects is a noble and worthy fruit of the genius of its author, to the small volume of poems which he has lately published. It is not much to tell Mr. Kingsley that he has unwisely hazarded his fame, because it is not for fame that he writes; but a man who aims through writing to influence other men is bound to cherish his opportunities. At least if he cares to do more work, he would do wisely not carelessly to impair the reputation he has won. We are at a loss to know what motives can have induced Mr. Kingsley to give this volume to the world. He may not be a man of cool judgment, but he ought to have the critical faculty sufficiently developed to know that these minor poems, with very few exceptions, scarcely reach the level of clever mediocrity. The mass of them are prose thoughts inexpertly moulded into verse. Spirit many of them have, and vigor, and signs of ability which Mr. Kingsley's writings can never be without. Still, unrecommended by his name on the title-page, the whole impression must have gone uncut to the trunk-maker's, or to whatever other place is the modern Hades of still-born publications.

We have said that there are exceptions to the low average of merit in the collection. Prominent among these stands "The Sands of Dee," long ago familiar to the public. Its wild sweetness and mournful cadence have earned it a strong and well-deserved hold upon the popular mind. Even here, in two of the lines, Mr. Kingsley's genius has deserted him. No man with fine and true poetic instincts ought to have admitted

"The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,"

to spoil the keeping of the poem. It owes its charm to pathos, embodied in an utterance of exquisite simplicity; it moves us more deeply by the very absence of any

direct appeal to the feelings, by the tranquillity of its mournfulness: and this exaggerated personification, this sort of outbreak of exasperated feeling and angry accusation, jars sharply with the mood excited by the rest of the poem.

Mr. Kingsley's remarkable power of wielding the English tongue would give him rare facilities as a translator. Of all translations, the most difficult to make are those from very closely allied languages. The temptation is great to choose the same word instead of one conveying the real meaning; similarity of forms obscures differences of real import, and by pre-occupying the mind, makes it a puzzling and difficult thing to discover the real equivalent. Of languages embodying an average amount of common ideas, perhaps none is so difficult to translate into English as the Anglo-Saxon; and not far from it is the Icelandic. We have never seen any thing which remotely approaches the skill with which alike the form and the spirit of the old Norse songs are reproduced in the Longbeards' Saga of Mr. Kingsley. If he would perform an invaluable service to English literature, let him translate the Elder Edda. We no longer think it impossible that it should be so rendered into our tongue as to give a not inadequate idea of the original. The bald, hampered, and lifeless construals which are all we now possess, where we possess any thing, to give the English reader an idea of ancient Northern poetry, would be happily ousted if we could have such poems as the Icelandic Gudrunaquittha, or the Anglo-Saxon Beowulf, rendered in strains so spirited and instinct with the genius of the North as the specimen we quote:

"Out of the morning land,
Over the snow-drifts,
Beautiful Freya came,
Tripping to Scoring.
White were the moorlands
And frozen before her:
Green were the moorlands
And blooming behind her.
Out of her gold locks
Shaking the spring flowers,
Out of her garments
Shaking the south wind,
Around in the birches
Awaking the throstles,
And making chaste housewives all
Long for their heroes home,
Loving and love-giving,
Came she to Scoring.
Came unto Gambara,
Wisest of Valas—

'Vala, why weepest thou?
Far in the wide-blue,
High up in the Elfin-home,
Heard I thy weeping.'

" 'Stop not my weeping,
Till one can fight seven.
Sons have I, heroes tall,
First in the sword-play;
This day at the Wendels' hands
Eagles must tear them.
Their mothers, thrall-weary,
Must grind for the Wendels.'
Wept the Alruna wife;
Kissed her fair Freya:
'Far off in the morning land,
High in Valhalla,
A window stands open;
Its sill is the snow-peaks,
Its posts are the water-spouts,
Storm-rack its lintel;
Gold cloud-flakes above it
Are piled for the roofing,
Far up to the Elfin home,
High in the wide-blue.
Smiles out each morning thence
Odin Allfather;
From under the cloud-eaves
Smiles out on the heroes,
Smiles on chaste housewives all,
Smiles on the brood-mares,
Smiles on the smiths' work;
And theirs is the sword-luck,
With them is the glory—
So Odin hath sworn it,
Who first in the morning,
Shall meet him and greet him.'
Still the Alruna wept:
'Who then shall greet him?
Women alone are here;
Far on the moorlands
Behind the war-lindens,
In vain for the bill's doom
Watch Winil heroes all,
One against seven.'
Sweetly the Queen laughed:
'Hear thou my counsel now?
Take to thee cunning,
Beloved of Freya.
Take thou thy women-folk,
Maidens and wives;
Over your ankles
Lace on the white war-hose;
Over your bosoms
Link up the hard mail-nets;
Over your lips
Plait long tresses with cunning;
So war-beasts full-bearded
King Odin shall deem you,
When off the gray sea-beach
At sunrise ye greet him.' "

It is in purely original poetry that Mr. Kingsley is most liable to fail. Nobody can doubt the originality of his genius, and his thorough genuineness; but in poetry he requires something to mould

himself on. Partly for this reason he excels in ballad poetry unintermixed with modern ideas. "It was Earl Haldan's Daughter" and "The Red King," in spite of the affected phraseology of the latter, are two of the best things he has written in verse.

The main poem of the present publication is *Andromeda*, a classical subject-matter treated in hexameters. This meter has become to a certain extent fashionable among English and American writers. Perhaps there is no human being who reads it with pleasure; but it is not difficult to understand that there should be a certain pleasure in writing it. It has pleasant associations to recommend it; and while it differs from ordinary models, it is of all verse the most easy to write; moreover, the monotony which makes it intolerable to the reader is not equally obnoxious to the writer, who moves over less ground at a time. Its poverty is a measure of the ease with which it is written. Probably all Englishmen, certainly the great mass of them, are entirely ignorant of the real force of the ancient hexameter. Our ears are dead to the rhythm of quantities. It is possible to understand that their lesser variations may have given great richness to the rhythmical harmony of ancient verse. It is impossible to reproduce this by the bald distinction between accented and unaccented syllables. The richness of our native verse is due to an infinite variety of pause and cadence, and to a harmony of quantities unreduced to any rule and standing quite apart from the rhythmical structure of the verse. The necessity of commencing every line of English hexameters with an *ictus* is almost in itself sufficient to give it its character of sameness. They combine the elements of monotony in two different systems of rhythm into one hybrid flow, and result in the pace of a butcher's pony in verse. Such as it is, Mr. Kingsley handles it well, and makes the most of it. He is as much better than Longfellow as a canter is better than a see-saw. The poem itself abounds in glowing language and luxuriant description. It is like a painting whose value depends on the gorgeousness of its hues and the roundness of its lines. It is to what the highest poetry should be as Rubens is to Raphael. But the English mind is now, and not unreasonably, somewhat sated with that rich

blazonry of external nature in which for some time after its first introduction it reveled with delight.

We have indicated that Mr. Kingsley is a greater artist in prose than in verse. He has treated this subject in both ways. We will cite two nearly parallel passages, and leave it to our readers to decide whether the comparison does not, as far as a single instance can go, corroborate our judgment. The conditions, indeed, of the comparison are in favor of the poetry, for the passage is one of imaginative description, better suited to verse than to prose; and in the prose the native luxuriousness of the author's fancy is under restraint for the perusal of boys and maidens:

" 'Promise me, and seal it with a kiss.'

"Then she lifted up her face and kissed him; and Perseus laughed for joy, and flew upward, while Andromeda crouched trembling on the rock, waiting for what might befall.

"On came the great sea-monster, coasting

along like a huge black galley, lazily breasting the ripple, and stopping at times by creek or headland, to watch for the laughter of girls at their bleaching, or cattle pawing on the sand-hills, or boys bathing on the beach. His great sides were fringed with clustering shells and sea-weeds, and the water gurgled in and out of his wide jaws, as he rolled along, dripping and glistening in the beams of the morning sun.

"At last he saw Andromeda, and shot forward to take his prey, while the waves foamed white behind him, and before him the fish fled leaping.

"Then down from the height of the air fell Perseus, like a shooting star, down to the crests of the waves, while Andromeda hid her face as he shouted; and then there was silence for a while.

"At last she looked up trembling, and saw Perseus springing toward her; and instead of the monster a long black rock with the sea rippling quietly round it.

"Who then so proud as Perseus, as he leapt back to the rock, and lifted his fair Andromeda in his arms and flew with her to the cliff-top, as a falcon carries a dove?"

" 'Kiss me but once, and I go.'

Then lifting her neck, like a sea-bird
Peering up over the wave from the foam-white swells of her bosom,
Blushing she kissed him; afar on the topmost Italian summit
Laughed in the joy of her heart, far-seeing, the queen Aphrodité.

Loosing his arms from her waist he flew upward awaiting the sea-beast.
Onward it came from the southward, as bulky and black as a galley.
Lazily coasting along, as the fish fled leaping before it;
Lazily breasting the ripple, and watching by sandbar and headland,
Listening for laughter of maidens at bleaching, or song of the fisher,
Children at play on the pebbles, or cattle that pawed on the sand-hills.
Rolling and dripping it came, where bedded in glistening purple
Cold on the cold sea-weeds lay the long white sides of the maiden,
Trembling, her face in her hands, and her tresses afloat on the water.

As when an osprey aloft, dark-eyebrowed, royally crested,
Flags on by creek and by cove, and in scorn of the anger of Nereus
Ranges, the king of the shore; if he see on a glittering shallow,
Chasing the bass and the mullet, the fin of a wallowing dolphin,
Halting, he wheels round slowly, in doubt at the weight of his quarry,
Whether to clutch it alive, or to fall on the wretch like a plummet,
Stunning with terrible talon the life of the brain in the hindhead;
Then rushes up with a scream, and stooping the wrath of his eyebrows
Falls from the sky like a star, while the wind rattles hoarse in his pinions.
Over him closes the foam for a moment; then from the sand-bed
Rolls up the great fish, dead, and his side gleams white in the sunshine.
Thus fell the boy on the beast, unveiling the face of the Gorgon;
Thus fell the boy on the beast; thus rolled up the beast in his horror,
Once, as the dead eyes glared into his; then his sides, death-sharpened,
Stiffened and stood, brown rock, in the wash of the wandering water.

Beautiful, eager, triumphant, he leaped back again to his treasure;
Leapt back again, full blest, toward arms spread wide to receive him.
Brimful of honor he clasped her, and brimful of love she caressed him,
Answering lip with lip; while above them the queen Aphrodité
Poured on their foreheads and limbs, unseen, ambrosial odors,
Givers of longing, and rapture, and chaste content in espousals."

These passages are so much alike, that it may be well, perhaps, to cite another example of the beauty of Mr. Kingsley's descriptive prose. It is a picture of the

sirens singing in the setting sun. Both quotations, it is scarcely necessary to say, are from his charming English remoulding of the myths of the Greek heroes:

"And all things staid around and listened; the gulls sat in white lines along the rocks; on the beach great seals lay basking, and kept time with lazy heads; while silver shoals of fish came up to hearken, and whispered as they broke the shining calm. The Wind overhead hushed his whistling, as he shepherd his clouds toward the west; and the clouds stood in mid blue, and listened dreaming, like a flock of golden sheep."

Mr. Kingsley is not only more a preacher than a poet, he is more an historian than a poet. His leading impulse is to give to his own ideas a vivid expression and form calculated to secure the adhesion of others; but more than this, he has little sympathy with the individual forms of life in which the poet most delights. The highest poetic working is that which creates an individual who is representative of much beyond himself; and the poetic imagination is most deeply impressed with special phenomena. Mr. Kingsley, like many others, works in the opposite direction; he imagines the type, has that clearly before him, and strives to embody it in an individual form. His insight is into the features of a time; and both his sympathies and his imagination are attracted by bodies of thought, by ideas common to many men. His characters are powerfully drawn; figures each not so much of a man as of a sort of man. And kinds of men, and directions of thought, he sees into with clearness, and describes with singular force; yet the accuracy of his insight and truth of his delineations are always subordinated to his vehement desire to enunciate his own convictions, and liable to be distorted by it. We do not say that the moral temperament which leads to these results is not greater than a cold artistic faculty like that of Goethe; we only say it is unwise in one thus constituted to grasp at the power of expressing himself in the highest forms of art. It is something to be a fox-hunter, a clergyman, a reformer, a fly-fisher, a naturalist, and a novelist. With so many claims on our respect, Mr. Kingsley should have spared us the drawings in "The Heroes," and also these minor poems. The *Saint's Tragedy*, no man can wish unwritten. May it live to exert its influence on many generations!

Elizabeth of Hungary is in great measure an exception to the remarks we have just made. The author is at once supported and confined by the possession of biographical detail. Yet even here the personal image grows dim, when contrasted with the singular vividness with which the ideas and feelings are depicted. For the author has not only the prophetic fire, but is potent to describe the rush of strong feelings; and this, again, you see clearly from the tone of his writing, is not done so much through the imagination, as because a strong and full current runs through his own veins. Conrad is not a man, but Mr. Kingsley's idea of a priest; and the subordinate characters are unsteadily drawn and common-place, conversing in a language equally remote from the reality of our day and their own. *St. Maura* is an exercise in the school of Tennyson. How little Mr. Kingsley is fitted to move in verse is shown by the exactness with which he follows the rhythm and versification of his model; a couple of lines will show exactly what we mean:

"I rose and tried to go;
But all the eyes had vanished, and the judge;
And all the buildings melted into mist."

It is shown, too, by the superiority of his verse, wherever, as in the *Andromeda*, *St. Maura*, and the *Longbeards' Saga*, he has some definite mould on which to shape it. For its matter, the *St. Maura* is fervid and eloquent; and Mr. Kingsley is rarely seen to more advantage than when he can be fervid and eloquent. Yet, with our best efforts, we can not stifle an impression that it is somewhat turgid and unreal.

The natural man will kick against the sermon. He rebels at the under-current of moral admonition which underlies every line of Mr. Kingsley's writing. We tire of the noblest actions and the finest sentiments set forth on paper with so much pomp of diction. We love to let both deeds and people recommend themselves. If you wish to make a man universally hated, you have only to press him upon every body as a paragon; if you wish to make people see the defects and shortcomings of a great action, or of a certain set of principles, you have only to insist upon them sufficiently, and you beget a reaction. The best things are placed at a disadvantage, if you will go on writing about them. Thus a manly character is a

thing to be desired, and manly exercises are noble in their way. But they better bear to be practiced than extolled. Hunting and fishing are admirable pastimes under the open air of heaven; but it is astonishing how soon they become bores in books. It is all very well to wade up to your middle from the simple desire to catch fish; but to make incessant demands in print upon the admiration of your fellow-creatures because you are fond of catching fish, is not very well; it soon becomes tiresome, in fact; and to indulge contempt for all those who have not the skill or opportunity to catch trout and salmon, is unchristian. It is a fine thing to ride well to hounds; but it is both more exciting and less fatiguing to go across country than through the recommendatory literature on the subject. We have had enough for the present of "the dappled darlings," "hark forwards," etc., both in prose and verse. Shooting and skating are delightful; but nothing shall persuade us that a north-easter is not a disagreeable accompaniment. Let us enjoy ourselves as of old, without so much fuss, and without thinking ourselves or others eminently virtuous or distinguished for doing so. Already there are signs of a reaction; an eminent contemporary has fallen back on *Harry and Lucy*, and *Sanford and Merton*, and disinterred the old notion that the mind is greater than the body.

And so it is of other things. Who doubts the sweetness or the value of the household ties and affections? But if you insist on saying so much about them, men will turn their eyes elsewhere, and discover some other claim to their respect and admiration than that of being the father of a family. Things excellent in themselves are better treated simply than, with any approach to ostentatiousness or exaggeration.

There is another subject to which it is impossible to help some allusion in the discussion of any part of Mr. Kingsley's writings. Those who have called him the "Apostle of the Flesh," have just that degree of truth with them which makes a caricature telling. He is the emphatic denouncer of prudery, than which there is nothing more detestable; the warm defender of family ties and household affections, than which there are no things more pure and more sacred. But he does not seem always aware that to praise is almost as delicate a matter as to condemn,

and may become almost as dangerous a mode of unfringing that unconscionableness which is of the essence of purity. And it is not too much to say, that Mr. Kingsley's temperament and taste do not fit him very exactly for dealing with this sort of subject-matter. It is not that he is too outspoken — a more simple and direct out-speaking would be more to our taste than the guarded suggestions of Mr. Kingsley's writing; it is that the debatable landmarks of modesty have a sort of charm for him, and he is too fond of being near the boundary. Matters innocent and even beautiful in themselves do not always bear allusion; the roots of passion, like those of blossoming roses, are hidden in the ground. A wise writer will eschew fastidiousness both of phrase and matter; and false delicacy is the bane of true modesty. We have no quarrel with Mr. Kingsley for boldly handling subjects that seem to him require it, though they should be without the pale of the conventional proprieties; what we dislike is, that he sometimes sways the thoughts of his readers in directions inconsistent with the truest delicacy. As modesty veils the person, so it veils a thousand other things; and it is no defense of an allusion to these in print to say that in themselves they are infinitely sound, pure, and healthy. A warm temperament should distrust itself with the pen. Fielding had a fund of natural delicacy, yet he can not be said to be always a delicate writer; and Mr. Kingsley has one or two things which might have been written by the author of the description of Mrs. Waters, had he taken orders and been submitted to the restraints of the nineteenth century.

Apart from these considerations, Mr. Kingsley's whole position needs a very careful and firm footing. He has taken the energetic healthy animal man under his protection; but the healthy animal man is generally pretty well able to defend himself, and needs but gentle stimulants to his appetites, his anger, or even his love of physical excitement.

But we are in danger of wandering from our present limited subject, Mr. Kingsley's poems. As for his other works, with all their failings, he has scattered many a handful of good seed in the English field. As for the poetry, indifferent as it is, a cultivated mind and a noble nature shine through it as the light through an ill-adapted lantern. Mr. Kingsley is not a

poet: the *Saint's Tragedy*, is far from being all a tragedy should be; yet, however in our colder critical moods we may judge of its artistic merits, there are passages in it the recollection of which seems to make criticism detraction, and our brief analysis of the author's genius an impertinence. And it would be so, were it not

that it is for the interest of all literature that those who are deeply and justly admired should have their claims strictly examined. An unqualified reception of the present volume as good poetry would not be desirable in itself, nor creditable to the character of English readers.

From the North British Review.

EGYPT AND SYRIA—WESTERN INFLUENCE.*

THE East, be it Persia, or Syria, or Egypt, does not by any means fulfill the dreams which most of us have had of it. He that has caught up visions of its splendor from the *Ghazels* of Hâfiz, or the *Lalla Rookh* of Moore, will feel considerably angry when he discovers the extent to which he has been duped by a large class of poets to whom it has furnished poetical capital almost inexhaustible, and who, in regard to it, have drawn as largely upon their own fancy as upon the credulity of the untraveled multitude. The myrtle hedge-rows of the Shûbra, the "gardens of gul in their bloom," the olive and orange groves,

"The shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks—"

the note of the turtle, the song of the nightingale, the hum of the wild bee, the spicy breezes, the "unclouded skies of Peristân;" these, with the beauteous forms and faces, too fair for earth, have been the materials out of which we of the cold cloudy North have constructed an Orient liker some Paradise that was never lost than a region of man's fallen earth. A few days' residence in an Oriental city, be it Cairo or Constantinople, a few weeks' travel through these regions of wonder, say the banks of the Nile or the Ghôr of Jordan, would modify the enthusiasm of many a modern admirer of "the land of the sun."

Still it is a wondrous clime; so rich in its fruits, so gay in its flowers, so luscious in its odors, the land of the palm and pomegranate, the vine and the olive; and withal so exquisitely sunny! What sunshine is that which bathes you as you sit gazing round you from the broad top of the old Pyramid of Cheops, or from which you hide yourself amid the giant-ruins of Abu-Sembel or Karnac, or through which you cut your way, as through liquid silver, in your white-sailed Nile boat! There is no sunshine like it; no where else does it seem so unmixed and unalloyed. Pass out of Egypt into the eastern desert; take your camel and pace along the shore of the Ælanitic gulf, from Râs Mohammed to Kalat Akabah; from that take your way to Wady Mûsa, and wander amid the ruins of Petra; it is still the same pure

* *The City of the Great King; or, Jerusalem as it was, as it is, and as it shall be.* By J. T. BARCLAY, M.D. Philadelphia. 1858.

History of the Eastern Church. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE. Two vols. 8vo. London.

History of the Patriarchate of Alexandria, from its Foundation, A.D. 44, to the Death of Heliopolis, 1846. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE. Two vols. 8vo. London.

A History of the Church of Russia. By A. N. MOURAVIEFF. Translated by the Rev. R. W. BLACKMORE. 8vo. London.

Christianity in Turkey; a Narrative of the Protestant Reformation in the Armenian Church. By H. G. O. DWIGHT. London.

The Nestorians and their Rituals, etc.; also Researches into the Present Condition of the Syrian Jacobites, Papal Syrians, and Chaldeans, etc. By Rev. G. P. BADGER. Two vols. 8vo. London.

sunshine. Pass out of the desert into Syria; sit down by the two wells of Bir es-Seba, or on the margin of Bahr Lût, under the reflection of the hills of Moab, or under the palms of Jenin, or on the western slopes of the great Lebanon, with the blue sea before you and the long ridges of snow above your head; you are still conscious of being shone upon by a sunlight purer and more intense than you have known amid your northern mists. An Arab, gasping with heat and thirst on the broad sand-plain of Debbet Ramleh, might sigh for the coolness of the soberer West, as we do in our dreams for the glow of "the delicious East;" you yourself, climbing up the steep defiles of Et-Tih, might long for a cloudier sky; but still you can not help acknowledging the purity of the matchless sunshine.

Of natural phenomena this perhaps strikes a Western most, and for a time makes the East so exhilarating. Its influence on character, morality, government, religion, is not now under discussion. Most certainly climate gives a helping hand to mould all these. Every thing in a country that is *permanent* goes to form the characteristics of the nation, be it mountain, or sea, or clouds, or sunshine.

The life and habits of a people are, to a large extent, moulded by their climate and the peculiarities of their land. Orientalisms and Occidentalisms are not altogether capricious and arbitrary. Many of them are the offspring of the sky and soil. Certain features must always be peculiar to certain nations, not merely because of their ancestry, but because of their physical distinctions; and though, to some extent, there may be a fusion of these, an interchange of peculiarities, yet there are certain great ridges or outlines which must remain unobliterated and almost unsoftened.

Not very far from our shores, and under our dominion, there lies a singular specimen of the East. A Mediterranean island, four days' journey from Dover, will introduce the traveler into some of the "lights and shades" of Oriental life.

It was Christmas day in Malta. No English June could breathe more of summer than this Mediterranean December: the sunlight was superbly yet calmly brilliant; the scorching bite of the sirocco had not yet found its way across the wave from the Libyan furnace where it is generated; the caper-plant hung itself out

from the seams or splits in the bastion walls; the oranges gleamed from beneath their freckled foliage; the kardûb and the prickly pear were beginning to look out for spring; while the carnation and the lily, luxuriating in the bright air, proclaimed themselves the winter flowers of this sunny isle.

All Valetta was in gala dress, tricked out for holiday, the Church's choicest holiday. Yet with the significance of that holiday nothing was in keeping; and all that was seen or heard seemed, if not a burlesque upon the ecclesiastical symbolism of the season, at least an inebriate outburst of that strange kind of extreme worldliness which finds fullest vent to itself in connection with the scenic ritualism of corrupted Christianity. There was naught to recall the Babe of Bethlehem, the Child of the stable and the manger. The purple robe, the reed, the mock homage, these rather suggested themselves to the muser, whatever they might do to the participator of the glittering mockery. Religion and revel; worship and frolic; the confessional and the tavern; the church and the opera; the penance and the sensuality; these were the alternations of the day for which the population was bustling to prepare. The tall yellow houses; the strait steep streets, with the bold *auberges* of the Templar age projecting at intervals; the frequent statues of guardian saints; the massive churches, that to the stranger seem half Eastern and half-Western, half-Arabic, half-Grecian, in their architecture; the varied dress of the men, and the sly *faldette* of the women; the crowds of sauntering priests, each one a Silenus or a Bacchus; the scores of British soldiers idling in the shade or drinking in the *café*; these are some of the sights that give to the traveler characteristic specimens of the island on whose white rocks he is treading.

Malta is truly the East, more so than Alexandria. In the latter the West meets the East, and predominates; in the former the East meets the West, and predominates. Lower Egypt is Occidental; Middle Egypt is Oriental, (Cairo, its chief city, more Oriental than Calcutta;) Upper Egypt, with its temples, tombs, and pyramids, represents the extinct dynasties and tribes of far antiquity. Malta is all Eastern, save in religion. The rock itself is a fragment of Africa; but the religion is not from Mecca, but Rome, one of the

most genuine relics of sensuous European mediævalism that either East or West can furnish. For this it owes something to the Crusades; and the Knights of St. John share with apostles the honor of being its tutelary deities. The language, too, is quite unique. Its base is Arabic, and three fourths of its words are of that tongue; but Italian has come in, adding new vocables and corrupting the old. A Bedawi from Wadi Sudr or Wadi Mûsa would find himself more at home, in so far as language is concerned, among the Popish peasantry of Sliema or Citta Vecchia, than among his fellow-Moslems of Stambûl or Bagdad. Hence Malta furnishes dragoonmen for Egypt, for the desert, and for Syria, Antonio of Valetta finding small difficulty in conversing with Sheikh Besharah of the Arabah.

With the *religion* of Malta England does not concern itself, giving full scope to the two thousand men who curse the island under the name of priests; nay rather, it would seem as if governors and generals were more anxious to withhold truth than to give it, more concerned about repressing Protestantism than restraining Popery. For *education* England does nearly as little for religion. Why should not men die in the faith in which they were born? Why should children get instruction, without which their fathers, and their fathers' fathers, did sufficiently well? The moral responsibilities of power are nervously protested against by the political philosophies of the day, and totally set aside by the statesmanship that proclaims, as its fundamental axiom, neutrality in religion, the non-recognition of any revelation, liberty, equality, fraternity among all gods and goddesses, saints and prophets alike.

St. Julian's College, we have said to ourselves, might do something for its own island. It trains laborers for Asiatic Turkey; and it does well. But might it not break ground in Malta? There is work for its students there. It need not fear to measure swords either with the priesthood or the peasantry around, for both are grossly unlearned. Its square towers seem to speak of strength for siege; let there issue from these the men whom it trains for other fields, to prove their spears upon their own.

Yet there are many things in Malta that speak well of British rule. In this island-gateway of the East justice has

its seat, and law is revered. In spite of priestly sway and the imperiousness of Romanism, there is a large amount of northern fairness, and the *will* of the ruler is circumscribed by honest statutes. This supremacy of law over individual will is the real root of the differences in government between Europe and Asia. But the difference is easily effaced. Place a consul beside a pasha in some Eastern town, removed from the ventilation of Western air, and, unless he be a man of integrity, he will soon imitate his neighbor, and make the "voluntas" stand both "pro ratione" and "pro lege." Set a Protestant bishop beside a Latin one, or beside a Greek patriarch, and, unless he be a man not coveting preëminence, nor arbitrary in purpose, he will assume the state of his fellows, and perhaps surpass them considerably in attachment to his own will. Nor, in so doing, would either consul or prelate be likely to incur much scandal, unless the "Eastern correspondent" of some London journal should see or hear things not intended to be seen or heard, and raise a clamor in the West which for a season discomposes the wrong-doer and arrests the wrong.

Thus, as the East is the home of sunshine, so is it the native soil of despotism; that is, of power wielded by one will, irresponsible either to law or public opinion. Old Babylon is still the type of Eastern government. A "limited monarchy" found no favor with Mohammed, nor did he allow the Koran to proclaim the "rights of the people." He furnished the clumsy sword of ancient autocracy, and bent it into a flashing scimitar, making despotism more despotic, because religious, and giving it freer scope for prompt and unfettered exercise.

The despotic atmosphere of the East, as it would seem, is rather infectious; so that Western consuls, breathing it for a little, do and defend things in their Eastern acts of authority which they would not think of at home. The Austrian or Prussian consul would not hesitate to seize one of their countrymen in Syria, who might offend them, imprison him without cause shown, keep him in durance for days or weeks, as the case may be, and then pack him off to some continental *zuchthaus* with the next steamer that passes Beyroot or Jaffa.

The whole system of consular government in the East requires amendment.

These European representatives are too strong and too weak. They can defy and they can be defied, even in matters of law and justice. They are quite strong enough to oppress the feeble; they are not strong enough to resist the powerful. They would not, perhaps, defile their hands with a bribe like an Eastern kadi; but they are accessible to influences which are quite as corrupting; the blandishment or the menace doing effectually the work of the bribe. Stimulated by rivalries, one part of their vocation is to thwart each other. Acting as political delegates from their several governments, their object is to watch each other's movements and countercheck each other's schemes. Ostensibly they come to care for the interests of the men of their own nation; in reality they concern themselves as much about the interests of those beyond their jurisdiction.

The East, having no politics of its own, has been and is still made the arena for the politics of the West. One does not wonder at seeing Constantinople, made a center of Western influence or intrigue. If the prestige of ancient *Byzantium* can not account for this, the magnitude and importance of *Stambul* will fully justify it. It is a city for embassies and ambassadors; and even the stranger feels that the bold flags of Europe are not out of place in a city of such name, a city whose history is by no means yet concluded.

Suez is little better than a large khan, a station on the great Haj road to Mecca through the desert; nor can it ever be a port, on account of the shoals of the Red Sea, and the drifting sands on both sides, which are yearly compelling its waters to retreat; but then its importance as an *entrepôt* both for France and England can not easily be over-rated, at least until the Euphrates Railway shall attract into the Persian Gulf the commerce that now passes up the blue strip between the peninsular peaks and the bluffs of Râs Atakah.* Cairo, both for size and Orient-

al celebrity, has some claims upon European notice, though, from its position, it is not likely to be a focus either of enterprise or intrigue. Alexandria, certainly is the great center where East and West meet, and in it Europe ought to be well represented—England, above all, for she has the most at stake. Yet, if report speak true, the diplomacy, the nerve, and the influence, are monopolized by France, which, always true to its national interests, seeks out men for places, not places for men, and sends *talent* to courts or consulates where England is content with *titles*.

But it somewhat surprises one to find some six or eight European consuls or vice-consuls at Jerusalem. What can they be doing there?

It is an inland town, some thirty miles from the nearest ripple of the sea, and thirty-eight from the nearest port. Girt with precipices, and approached only by mountain-passes, where the path gives footing only to the Syrian mule or the Arab camel, skirted by no Danube and washed by no Levant, El-Kuds seems to repel commerce as much as Stambul woos it. With a population not exceeding 18,000, and these not commercial, not warlike, not literary, it seems isolated as much from the politics as from the sympathies of Europe.

Yet we do not find it so. All nations, both of West and East, seem to gravitate towards Jerusalem. Its past history explains the convergence towards it of European *sympathies*, but its present condition does not so easily account for such a concentration of European *politics* within its walls as we find there. The civilization of the world seems as if it sought to be represented in that city. For reasons, which some of them perhaps could hardly explain—it may be love or hatred, it may be self-interest or jealousy of others—far distant courts dispatch their political delegates to watch each other here, as if

* The question as to the piercing of the Isthmus by a broad canal must of necessity be one in a great measure of national partisanship. Russia and France must always desire this, in order to get free access to the East, and thereby compete with Britain, and perhaps humble, or at least rival her, in the Southern Seas. Turkey and Britain can never cordially desire it. To Turkey it would be like allowing the Euxine to become a Muscovite lake; to Britain it would be like drying up the English

Channel, throwing India open to continental aggression; it would be the preparation for resigning the supremacy of India by putting the high-road to it at the disposal of her enemies. A canal could be more easily dug from the Bay of Acco across the plain of Esdraelon into the Jordan, from which it would pass into the Dead Sea, raising its waters and making them fill up the Arabah (as perhaps once they did) and flow into the Gulf of Akabah. The whole country, from the Sea of Galilee to Akabah being so much under the level of the Mediterranean (from 1000 to 1300 feet) would afford great facilities to the undertaking.

yielding to some secret necessity which neither to themselves nor to one another do they openly acknowledge. If their procedure have any tangible meaning at all, that meaning must be that Jerusalem is something more than it seems; that it has a future as well as a present, and that its future is too closely twined with all their interests not to render it a place of political interest, a center of diplomatic stratagem. It seems as if this idea had taken possession of politicians, and that, consciously or unconsciously, it was swaying and shaping their plans as well as quickening their intrigues.

The ecclesiastical element certainly must not be overlooked; nor, in such a place as Jerusalem, could it fail to be otherwise than powerful. During the first six centuries, Palestine quite rivaled Italy in Christian superstition, and Jerusalem might have kept up a formidable competition with Rome had not the Mohammedan flood burst over the whole East with such unsparing ferocity as to smother for centuries every thing that wore the Christian name, whether false or true. But the Crusades bore back upon their tide the banished symbols of the Christian faith; and though by the time they had spent their force, they had beggared half the nobility of Europe, they had succeeded in restoring to Jerusalem something of the mysterious magnetism which it had so long possessed, and to Palestine a portion of the ecclesiastical influence which it once enjoyed, and which has remained with it unbroken and unlesened to this day.

Ecclesiastical influence necessarily attracts political; and it is with the dynamics of the former that the latter has always operated most powerfully in its management or oppression of nations. Ecclesiastical influence has always brought a high price in the political market—quite as much in the nineteenth as in the twelfth century; and hence any region or city where this commodity is to be had—especially if it be tolerably cheap—is sure to be made a practical market-place, a diplomatic fair. At Rome it is too dear, at least for Protestant courts; at Jerusalem it is considerably lower in price. A first-rate power, like England, might, if it were not so passive and easy-minded, secure a very much larger share of power in Rome than she has at present; but a second-rate power, such as Prussia, has

little likelihood of success, whatever energy she might throw out. At Jerusalem, however, Prussia has a considerably better chance. She has but to send a tolerably clever consul, not over-scrupulous or modest, with instructions to spare neither chicanery nor violence, in cajoling, menacing, and bullying Pasha, Effendi, or fellow-consul. And if the supposed Prussian consul can only get himself backed by one or more ambitious ecclesiastics, as tools and coöperatives in the great continental work of humbling England, and edging her gradually out of her position in the East, the cabinet of Potsdam may congratulate itself on being able to drive a tolerable business in the East, and bring on political complications, of which Latins and Greeks will take prompt advantage.

It would be a very shallow mistake to suppose that the capture of Sebastopol ended the quarrel between the Greek and Latin churches in Palestine. The conflict was suspended for a season, till sword and cannon had done their work in the Crimea. Had Russia conquered, the Syrian crisis would have been precipitated, and European influence would have ere this been ebbing out of Jerusalem. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre would have been in her hands, and the imposture of the Pentecostal fire would have been triumphant. Had she, on the other hand, carried on the contest a little longer, say even for another year, the state of the East would have been entirely altered, and England would by this time have had the whole of Syria at its feet. Russia was exhausted ere her Crimean fortress fell, and would have had to withdraw her pretensions in Jerusalem as head of the Greek Church. But France, too, was no less exhausted; and by the time that another campaign had terminated, England would have been the only power capable of lifting a sword. The dictatorship of the East would have fallen into her hands without a struggle. But Russia paused in time; and by pausing as she did in January, 1856, she saved herself from total humiliation, and prevented what, by January, 1857, would have been the inevitable conclusion of the warfare, the establishment of British supremacy both in Syria and Egypt. Our statesmen were terrified at the prospect of having to carry on the war alone against the Northern Emperor, as in a few months longer we

should have had to do; but the conflict was one to which our resources were thoroughly equal, and the issue would have been worth all the cost—though the disturbance of the balance of power would have been great indeed.

The warfare having ended in the Crimea before France and Russia were drained of men and gold, it could be revived, after a season, on the spot where the quarrel originally began. Accordingly it has been so renewed. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is surmounted by a dome—large and somewhat clumsy. In 1853 this dome had fallen somewhat into disrepair. On its south side, some feet from its base, time and weather had worn away the outer covering, and a large rent or hole disfigured the outward aspect of the building and made it uncomfortable within. It must be repaired. By whom? Greeks or Latins? For to both the church belongs. Let it be remembered that this was not a case in which the parties were desirous of evading the expense of repair, and of casting the burden off their own shoulders. Nor was it a case in which each party was merely claiming the honor of doing such a work. It was not the honor, but the *power* which the doing of the thing would confer upon the party doing it; for in the East the man who assists in repairing a house has a claim over the house, almost amounting to actual property. Hence France stepped in, and in the name of the Latin Church insisted on her right to be the repairer. Russia stepped in, and in the name of the Greek Church maintained her right in the matter. The Pasha quietly made offer, it is said, to take the cost upon himself. But France would not yield to Russia; Russia would not yield to France; neither would yield to the Pasha. The *power* at stake was too great to be easily conceded. Hence to this day the dome has remained in miserable disrepair; and the last accounts were, that the rent was getting so wide that the rain poured in.

It was the question, "Who is to repair the dome?" that led to the Crimean War! During that war the question was held in abeyance, in the hope that Crimean victories would settle it. The war ceased, but the question remained unsettled; the dome, of course, remained unpatched. The point has been stirred again. M. de Thouvenel, a French envoy at Constantinople, has revived the Latin claim to the

cupola; and Russia is mustering all her diplomatic influence to maintain the rights of the Greek Church. Around the supposed tomb of the Prince of Peace, the battle of the two churches is again renewed. Neither nation is in a condition for war; yet both have sufficient power to fan the ecclesiastical animosities of a thousand years, and to hinder any adjustment of the question. No one can tell when this old cupola may be repaired; for a compromise between the parties seems almost impossible. They will rather allow the edifice to go to wreck. Another war may at any time be the result. The *direct* interest of Britain in these disputes about sacred edifices is not very obvious; but her indirect interest is great in the extreme. It is of no moment to her who patches the holy dome, or who possesses the "Church of the Resurrection"—in so far as the dome and the church are concerned. Why should she then be drawn into the strife; and why should she incline to the side of the Latin rather than the Greek Church? The reason lies close at hand. The preponderance of the Greek Church is the preponderance of Russia in the East; and the first exercise of Russian supremacy in the East would be to bar out England from India. Better, then, that any other power than Russia should have sway in Syria and Egypt.

Foiled in her first attempt to seize Palestine, Russia will be more wary now. Her object is now to gain silent influence, while she avoids open rupture. Nor will any effort, direct or indirect, be spared to accomplish this. As, during the war, she made Prussia her servile tool; and, by means of her, threw daily impediments in the way of the allies; so will she continue to do now. The game that Prussia is playing in Palestine, is as much for Russia as for herself; and while Russia carries on the diplomatic war with France, she with wily sagacity confides to Prussia the work of assailing and affronting Protestant England. The Prussian consul at Jerusalem is quite aware of the part that he is expected to play.* It is certainly not an unimportant one. Yet it is one which calls for caution and prudence; considerably more of these than he is supposed to

* Lord Clarendon, we have heard, was not asleep on this point. Lord Malmesbury is said to be less alive to the evil, and more disposed to let Prussia have her own way.

possess. In the East, diplomatic schemes have facilities for oozing out which they do not possess in the West, as they who are intrusted with their execution are less upon their guard than with us, and at times betray their own secrets by their rashness and violence.

PALESTINE PURCHASED.

Travelers speak of the eagerness with which all nations are buying up the soil of Palestine. Each is making large purchases, and the land is gradually passing from the hands of the Moslem into those of the Christian Gentile. The Jew, as represented by Sir Moses Montefiore, has obtained a few small patches, chiefly in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, on the right of the Bethlehem road as you travel southward. But it is Europe and Russia that are competing for the purchase of Palestine. Every year more of its fields are bought up by France, or Austria, or Prussia, or Russia; in many cases not openly, but through the patriarchs of the churches, or some other such local agency. Large sums are thus laid out annually in the purchase of land; and the extraordinary spectacle will ere long be presented, of a country bought up by foreign nations—a country in which the land-owners are the sovereigns of Europe, or the representatives of the Greek and Latin Churches.

Nor has England forgotten her position or her interests. Through the shrewd, quiet energy of her present consul, some of the richest portions of Palestine have become the property of England, greatly to the annoyance of her Greek and Latin rivals. The Gardens of Solomon, hard by Bethlehem, and about seven miles from Jerusalem, have been secured by Mr. Finn; and it is not a little singular, that it should have been into our hands that this patrimony of the kings of Judah should have at length passed. These agricultural projects are warmly taken up by the representatives of the churches, as well as of the nations, save in the case of our own nation, in which our consul, unsupported by ecclesiastical power, and hindered often in his noble plans by those who ought to have seconded him, has for years persevered in his agricultural scheme for Palestine, and with but very partial aid from home has achieved no inconsiderable success. His operations, both at *Urtas*

and *Kerim Khulil*, are most praiseworthy; and ought to excite much warmer interest than they have hitherto excited. For what he has done for the Jews, he is entitled to the warm thanks of Christians at home; and for what he has done in maintaining both the honor and the interests of England, he may well claim the high approbation of Government.

England is the more called on to support her consuls in the East, because at present, as will be seen from Mr. Porter's able letters in the *Times*, the Turkish authorities are doing their utmost both to bully and to overreach them. The Pacha of Damascus is in a critical position, and Turkish fanaticism is gathering strength and fury. Strange to say, it is specially against England that this fanaticism is showing itself; probably because Continental hatred of our land bands European consuls together, and leads them to unite their influence and intrigues in stimulating against our consuls the smothered bigotry of Islamism. Should our Government show any vacillation in this matter, or any shyness in supporting vigorously the counsels and measures of its representatives, our peril is great and imminent; the Jaffa tragedy will be reenacted at Jerusalem, and Mohammedanism will rush forth, scimitar in hand, from El-Khulil, Nablus, Esh-Sham, to do for the Christians of Syria what it has been doing for the Christians of Oude. A little more trifling and indecision on our part, a few more indications of timidity and submissiveness, and we have irremediably destroyed both our *prestige* and our power in these eastern regions.

In Syria there may be said to be three religions, the Jewish, the Moslem, and the Christian, including under the last all the various shades of false and true Christianity. Each has its own position, and exhibits itself in its own way. These three religions are the representatives of three moralities, very different in degree. The Moslem occupies the lowest scale, the abominations practiced shamelessly among Turks and Arabs being almost inconceivable. The Latin and Greek, though low enough, are higher in the scale; and Christianity, even in its corruptest form, has not allowed morality to be dragged down so low, or rather to become so utterly extinct, as in Islamism. Judaism rises still higher; and fiendish or fanatical as you may find a Jew in his animosities,

cunning or rapacious as you may find him in his dealing with the Goyim, yet among the families of his own race, there is an amount of purity and love which puts Latinism and Moslemism to shame. Hatred of the licentious Gentile may have done something towards this; but the influence of ancestral example, and the high standard of inspired law constantly presented to his eye, has done the most.

We who sit at home think of Syria as a Jewish land, and suppose that if we traversed it, we should be greeted at every turn by Jewish memorials. Travelers bring a different tale. Almost every trace of Jewish history has faded away or been buried beneath the soil. Rome is still Rome, and Athens has Greeks for citizens; but El-Kuds is not Jerusalem, nor Nablus Shechem, nor Sebastieh Samaria, nor Tsûr Tyre, nor El-Khulil Hebron. The localities are identical, but the identifying features are few, and these few half-effaced. The Italians still have Italy, the Spaniards still have Spain, the Ishmaelite retains the desert; but Egypt has ceased to be Egyptian, Syria is no longer Aramaean, and the Jew is a stranger in Palestine. Jerusalem is waved over by the flags of every European nation; the Jew has no ensign there. Belonging to all nations, he has no privilege, no government, no law of his own, the unpitied victim of wrong and contumely.

No where can a Jew feel insult and injury more than in his own land; at no hands can he resent wrong more than at those of a Christian Gentile. The Moslem is a much more callous being, and is less sensitive either to kindness or unkindness. He can bear evil with as much indifference as he can inflict it. Let a Christian Jew be imprisoned, even his unconverted brethren would clamor round the prison and seek to undo the prisoner's bonds. Let an Arab be bastinadoed, his fellow-Moslems will smoke their pipes with all coolness amid his cries, uttering only the profane *Allah akbar* which is ever on their lips.

Among Englishmen the interest in the Jew is much greater than among other nations. One does not wonder that the men of France, or Spain, or Italy should be so contemptuous toward the Israelite. Romanism has taught them this; and even the Protestants in these nations have imbibed, not perhaps dislike, but at least indifference. But it is more strange to find

the Protestants of Germany so cold upon the matter. Luther's hatred to the Jews may have left its impress—and his fierce vituperations have perhaps not been forgotten. Even some of the men who have gone out as Jewish missionaries have exhibited a want of sympathy with the Jewish cause, which one is disposed to wonder at. They will deal with the Jew as with a Moslem; but they will not recognize any peculiarity in his case demanding a peculiar treatment. There are letters from some of these missionaries addressed to the *Friend of Israel*, a Swiss periodical, in which the writer sufficiently betrays his coolness in the cause of Israel, and makes the reader ask, why he should be connected with such a work as a Jewish mission at all. The same remark applies to some German periodicals—the *Jerusalems-Verein* for one, if we remember right. It is among the Christians of Britain that the Jew has ever found his truest, warmest friends. Somehow or other there seems an affinity, or at least a sympathy, between the Israelite and the Englishman, such as does not exist between the Israelite and the German. Among English consuls, too, there is a disposition to protect the Jew, such as is not displayed at the consulates of other nations. And it is remarkable that the greatest friend of Israel in the whole East is the British consul of Jerusalem. Since his appointment to the consular office there, he has labored with such a cordiality and untiring zeal in their behalf, that one would be led to ask, if he were not the Jewish consul. Securing labor for them, either in tillage or in building, he has permanently relieved the poverty of hundreds; while, by his unremitting patronage of all schemes for their temporal or spiritual benefit, he has been the channel of lasting blessing to them and to their children. Take your Syrian pony and accompany him to *Kerim Khulil* or to *Urtas*; mark the well-tilled fields and gardens and olive-yards; notice the busy hands that are there—see the confidence which unconverted as well as converted Jews repose in him; and you will not be long in discovering what a patron and benefactor Israel has in that true-hearted Christian man, the fitting representative of the only nation that really befriends the Jew.

England is not loved in the East, any more than in the West. She is great

enough to be envied, or perhaps admired, but too great, too strong, to be loved. That she is feared, is obvious enough; and much more feared might she be, were she as punctilious in claiming her position, and insisting on her rights, as some nations are. Her conscious strength makes her too easy and too patient; she lays aside needful vigilance and jealousy; she concedes to weakness what she would deny to power. The Moslem, indeed, if he does not love her, yet in some measure trusts her; for she is much more honest than others, and little disposed to aggression or cruelty; so that, unlike all others, she would rather suffer wrong than inflict it. But by all there is a recognition of her greatness; and even they that dislike her most, are proud when placed in circumstances which enable or entitle them to wield her power. A Syrian consul or a German ecclesiastic, intrusted with British power, is a proud man indeed. Ten chances to one, however, that he will abuse it. To have the power of such a nation committed to them, even in humble offices, is sufficient to turn some men's minds. Some of the most "fantastic tricks" that have been played in the East, have come about in this peculiar way. The position, which would not for a moment elate an Englishman, would at once upset a foreigner; nor does any thing gratify him more, than when he can wield English power against some unhappy Englishman that may have fallen under his displeasure by his boldness and independence. Not more dangerous is it to place an English revolver in the hands of a Bedawi or a Syrian fellah, than to intrust English authority to foreign hands.

England is by far too remiss in regard to her own interests in Syria; and if our Government at home is not more vigilant and energetic, she will find herself gradually edged or elbowed out of the land. France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia have all their schemes of national aggrandizement there. The courts of Paris, Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin are quite alive to the importance of securing a strong position in the East. They instruct their consuls on this point, and they warmly back them. There is not one of their officials but knows that he will be vigorously supported by his Government in any scheme, however ambitious, or in any blunder, however gross, if only that

scheme or that blunder tend to aggrandize his nation, or humble its rival.

Yet there is one portion of the East in which our influence must always be strong, so long as we retain India, and remain a maritime power. We mean Egypt. All that Egypt has become within these thirty years, she owes to England. Arrest English commerce, and Alexandria would collapse in a single year. Suez would, of course, become a mere pilgrim-khan, and her brackish well, instead of giving water to the three or four hundred noble camels that transport British merchandise across the sands, would degenerate into the annual drinking-trough of the Haj caravan. Cairo would suffer greatly, yet less, perhaps, than other Egyptian cities, as she is not quite so dependent on foreign traffic. But Alexandria would soon shrivel up into a fourth of its present dimensions; and not all the power of Greek enterprise or French ambition could prevent such a catastrophe.

Britain needed a short route to India; and this necessity has been the revival of Egypt. The faded cities of Egypt are reviving, and its buried villages shaking off the sand from their walls, and rising out of their debris. Across that narrow strip of land, the whole West pours into the East, and the East into the West. Europe empties itself into India, China, Australia, and the islands of the vast oceans of the antipodes; and these in return flow back to Europe. A narrow channel like this must, by such a constant flow and reflow, be soon deepened; and, till British civilization shall retreat, and British commerce dry up, this flow will continue. For, let it be remembered, that this revival of Egypt is only commencing; and the completion of the railway between the two seas will bring with it wonders on which we do not calculate. Five years ago the isthmus between Alexandria and Suez could not be traversed in less than six days—six days of weary travel, in which the Nile boat, the van, the camel, and the donkey, were alternately called into requisition. Now the run between Alexandria and Cairo is one of six hours; and that between Cairo and Suez will, as soon as the remaining twenty miles are finished, be one of four. At present the trains run only on alternate days—soon they will be daily, or several times a day. At present steamers only come and go

once a fortnight—soon they will be, if not daily, at least on alternate days. The electric telegraph will, of course, shoot its wires over the desert, and under the sea, to India; and every change thus called up by British necessities, will be a fresh impulse to Egypt. In a few years this neglected province of Turkey will be the wealthiest and most important of the Sultan's dominions; and the Pasha of Egypt will sit upon no second throne.

It is possible that affairs may take another course—a course which, though it will not wholly dry up Egypt, may materially arrest its prosperity. Should the Euphrates rail-way succeed, there will be two channels eastward instead of one. The Egyptian one will still be maintained, for it has advantages of its own; but the Assyrian one will be a mighty rival, and in its rivalry it may do for the buried cities of Babylonia what is now being done for the waste cities of Egypt. The stream of British commerce, pouring itself into the Persian Gulf, will raise up the old cities, and draw a new population to its banks. For a time, these two streams, flowing thus widely asunder, will leave Syria, or at least Jerusalem, untouched. But ere long the necessity of a junction will be felt, and the junction-line between Egypt and Babylonia, though it might only skirt, not traverse Syria, would, by its necessary ramifications, lead to a resuscitation of the cities of Palestine, and first of all, of Jerusalem itself.

As in India, so in Egypt and Syria, the Eastern mind is waking up; and one of the ways in which it shows this, is its desire for education. Whether this has been produced by the rivalry of others, or by the honor and gain now connected with education, or whether it be from the deep gnawings of mental hunger, (for the intellect of the East has fasted long,) we can not say. Probably the human mind can not subsist beyond a certain time in starvation or dormancy. When that time has passed, it awakes up by the very cravings of its own intellectual and moral appetites. These influences may be all at work in the present age, and producing that desire for something higher and better which we find so extensively prevailing. A European education is one of the objects of Oriental ambition.

To meet this craving, the different sects have established seminaries, supplied in many places with first-rate masters. In

this educational movement, the Latin and Greek Churches have taken the lead. The Moslem avails himself of their institutions without scruple. In Egypt we find these schools; and also in Jerusalem. The seminaries which these churches are carrying on in the Holy City are, by all accounts, of a very superior order, and number their pupils by hundreds; while the Protestant institutions hitherto have been altogether unsatisfactory—ill-conducted, ill-taught, and ill-attended. There can be no doubt that Protestantism is far behind in regard to education, and that, through the supineness, or perversity, or incompetence of societies at home and agents abroad, the education of Palestine is likely to fall into the hands of Greeks and Latins. The Jew, indeed, converted or unconverted, will never submit to enter institutions where the symbols of Christian idolatry offend his eye. He can not tolerate the Greek picture, the Latin image, or the German crucifix; and he will find ways of educating his children without resorting to these institutions. But, excepting the Jew, no other will hold out, and even the image-hating Moslem will take education from the schools of a corrupt Christianity, rather than remain untaught.

It is passing strange that none of our great Missionary Societies, with all the funds and appliances at their disposal, should have thought it worth while to exhibit to the East the completeness of a Protestant education; and while it saddens us to find education in Alexandria only in its infancy, when it ought to have been full-grown, it rouses one's indignation to its utmost to find an untaught Prussian mechanic the representative of the educational Protestantism of England in Jerusalem. With local jealousies and strifes we have nothing to do. Into none of them do we enter. We take the facts as we find them, and do not hesitate to say, that unless our societies do something for the East more than they have hitherto done; unless they are resolved to educate in earnest, and compete with Greeks and Latins as only English energy can; unless they have made up their minds to present to the Jew and Moslem a style and quality of education such as will, by its superior excellence, attract the Arab youth and command respect from all sects and nations, they had better quit the educational field and confine

themselves to missionary work. Teach well, or let teaching alone. Beware of bringing education as well as Protestantism into contempt.

The churches of the East are giving signs of new life. It is not reformation; it is not spirituality; it is not Christian zeal. They have been put in motion, and are beginning to exhibit symptoms of ancient power. As into every thing else in this age, good or bad, so into them vitality has come, and they show their revived vigor at many points, and in many ways. They are waking up to the idea of self-importance, unfelt for centuries. They build new convents, and repair or enlarge old ones. They lay out large sums on patriarchal palaces. They begin to dust their books, in preparation, doubtless, for reading them. They refit their bookshelves, and remove their libraries from the old lumber-room to some conspicuous chamber. They are proud to show their learned stores, though chary in allowing you to handle them. They have not yet in all places learned to read their ancient manuscripts, and the Codex Sinaiticus lies uncollated in the convent of St. Katherin, but they would not now part with them for a sovereign or a rusty gun.

Not that very much has yet been done. The present revivification is, as yet, more a sympathetic movement in connection with Western impulses, than a quickening from within. Still the stagnation of centuries has passed away. Whether the new life is to do God's work or Satan's is another question, and one of most serious import. But it is one on which we can not enter, for it is one which we have no materials for deciding on. Had Protestant missions stood high in estimation, there might have been hope. But such is not the case. At Damascus, no doubt, we have the vigorous agency of the Irish Presbyterian Church; at Beyroot, Sidon, and Cairo, we have American laborers; but what have we at Alexandria—what have we at Jerusalem? In the former we have neglect; in the latter, mismanagement; in both, Protestant influence is at zero.*

* For one or two years there were two missionaries in Alexandria, sent out by some Scottish Society. One has left, on account of health, if not both. We have heard several Eastern travelers speak very highly of Mr. Brown, and regret his departure from Egypt. Jerusalem could spare some

We are glad to learn from Dr. Barclay's work that the Americans have not deserted the Holy City. They are preparing to reoccupy the field which for three years they had forsaken; and if the present extraordinary movement in that land tell as it ought upon missionary enterprise, we may expect to find our transatlantic brethren projecting and carrying out schemes, both educational and evangelistic, for Jerusalem, such as shall undo much of the evil that has been done there of late, and erect a Protestant banner round which multitudes shall rally. With a thoroughly Christian consul from the United States to coöperate with our own in his labors of faith and love, as well as generally to uphold the cause of Protestant missions, we may yet hope to see something accomplished for a city which has so long been the seat and center both of Eastern and Western superstition.

But let us take a sentence or two from Dr. Barclay's splendid volume—a volume full of original information throughout. Though with some of its topographical conclusions we may not wholly agree, yet the amount of new detail with regard to Jerusalem and its vicinity is greater than that of any volume that has ever been published on the topography of that city. A residence of several years enabled the author to make many most important researches, the results of which he has given at length. It is not, however, with these that we are at present concerned. We are making a survey of the East in its more general aspects, both secular and sacred, and we wish to cite Dr. Barclay in regard to some of these. His sketch of the condition and relations of the city is thus given:

"In no other city, perhaps, on earth, are there so many and such distinct races of men and grades of religion as are to be found in Jerusalem—the sensual, fair-skinned Turk—the swarthy, turbulent Arab—the barbarous, ebony-skinned African—the superstitious, circumvent-

of its laborers, for either Alexandria or Cairo. It has four or five missionaries, two or three medical missionaries, three or four deaconesses belonging to the Lutheran nunnery, three or four teachers, and at their head a bishop. These are too many for so small a city; and to transport some of them to a larger sphere of usefulness would be a benefit to themselves as well as to the mission. Mr. Holman Hunt, the eminent artist, in a most startling pamphlet, has noted the Jerusalem "jealousies," as well as other evils, among Eastern missionaries.

ing Christian of every hue and dye, and the down-trodden, Banquo-like Israelite, the wanderer of every clime—a stranger every where—at home no where—not even on his own heaven-given soil!

"From Jerusalem as a central point 75,000 of the Arab family can also be reached in every direction. Situated on the medimarinean isthmus, between the continents of Asia and Africa on the one hand, and the Mediterranean or Western Sea and the Indian or Eastern Ocean on the other, leading to the abode of Japhet in Europe, and the Isles of the Gentiles in all Oceanica: it is thus accessible to all nations, tribes, kindreds, and tongues. Nor is there another spot on the face of the earth so well situated as Palestine for the erection of a mighty Pharos, for the diffusion of moral light amongst those that are sitting in the region and shadow of death. Hence the importance of creating an immense Bible Magazine in Jerusalem. Equally obvious too is the importance of the Holy City as the most suitable place on all the earth for a 'school of the prophets'—a great mission establishment for preparing missionaries for the whitening fields of the East—that 'the law may go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.' What a noble and inviting enterprise!"

WESTERN IMPULSES AND INFLUENCES.

Every movement, great or small, which the East of late years has experienced, has come from the West, and has been but a vibration produced by some continental shock, a ripple from the over-spent storms of Europe, an impulse communicated by English energy and enterprise. Nothing of internal, or at least innate life, yet appears in the East. It is all derived, and of course fitful, as well as unnatural and unhealthy. It is galvanism rather than vitality. We have been startled by the announcement, made to us once again of late years, that the Turkish Empire was willing to become enlightened, or rather, was actually becoming so; and we were cheered with the news that Moslemism was sloughing off its bigotry. One is slow of belief as to either of these pieces of intelligence. A Turkish village is perhaps some night awakened by a band of English travelers, who, with lanterns, firearms, noisy mirth, and the like, do make some stir and introduce some light. But by next evening all the illumination and activity are gone. Such we suspect to be the enlightenment of Turkey—an enlightenment which it could not help, which rather disturbed its rest, and which quickly passes off. Perhaps, however, it may be

more permanent, and may lead to something higher. We shall see. As to Moslemism, there are few symptoms of liberality, either the true or the false. Religious fanaticism and savage intolerance are still the badge of the system. A slight leaven of infidelity has spread among the better educated, or among those who depend for their livelihood on European gold; a dragoman will drink brandy; an Arab Sheikh will neglect some of his five hours of prayer; Moslem law will wink at the use of bells in the convents or churches of Greeks and Latins; but, beyond these, not many steps have been taken in what is called liberality or tolerance.

The famous imperial firman, which has been celebrated as the magna charta of religious liberty to Turkey, can accomplish little at present beyond proclaiming the good intentions of the Sultan and his minister. The fanaticism of Moslem mobs is above all law, and makes light of imperial edicts; and that it is not on the wane is proved by the great increase of pilgrims to Mecca this year beyond many preceding years. Much was said of the facilities of late years in getting access to the Mosque of Omar, and it was supposed that the Crimean war and English gold had thrown open the gates of the Kubbet es-Sakhrah and of the El-Aksa to the Giaur. But the tide has ebbed, and the Nubian guards of the mosque have become as fiercely intolerant as ever. They who found their way into the *Haram esh-Scherif* in 1855 and 1856, and got access to the old rock, the cave, the Bir Arusach, the substructural arches, the subterraneous gateway, and the other marvelous antiquities of that venerable inclosure, may count themselves fortunate indeed. They have seen what may not be soon seen again. They have visited mysterious chambers, they have looked into the old temple wells, they have touched the old top of Moriah, they have walked round the massive monoliths of Jewish architecture, they have trod the bare limestone rock which Solomon leveled; and they may congratulate themselves on having something to tell for which future travelers will envy them.

Yet, though the doors that seemed to be opening are again barred, there is no longer the stagnation that prevailed some twenty years ago. Commerce is all astir in the Levant, though the propelling power is European, not Asiatic. *Green*

is bestirring herself, and Greek merchants are taking the lead in the busy stir. The old ports are no longer deserted, though some of them will not suit modern enterprise. Sidon might perhaps at some cost be shaped into a harbor, and represent Phœnicia once more; but Tyre will not so easily revive; its exposed and rocky coast rendering safe harborage almost impracticable. But Beyroot is rising rapidly, and, sitting beneath the shadow of Lebanon, may yet come to represent the maritime power of the Phœnician coast. The splendid Bay of Acco, with a beacon-light on Carmel, might become a noble refuge as well as port, if only the Kishon would some day come down in sufficient force to sweep away the filthy village of Khaifa, so as to lead to the erection of a town and harbor worthy of such a bay. Jaffa, the chief port of Palestine, may yet rise in importance, were there any government that would lay out, say even twenty thousand pounds, upon its harbor.

In all this, however, the Jew, the original proprietors of the soil, has no part. The mercantile competition is among the merchants of the West. In their rush they tread down the ancient owners, nor think of asking them to share the spoil. That they will yet make something of these regions is by no means unlikely, for the native fertility of the land is great. With a handful of population here and there, and with no demand for produce, the soil has lain untillied, the terraces dilapidated, and the olive-yards neglected. But, with increasing demands from Europe, the tillage will return, the population will increase, and the land will reveal once more its long-hidden fruitfulness.

Britain lost the opportunity of preëminence in the East when she consented to terminate the Crimean war ere any great result was achieved. She consulted the interests of France and Russia; but not her own. The continuance of that war for another year would have been almost nothing to her buoyant commerce, and it would so have raised her above every continental rival, that her sway in the East would have been paramount. The protectorate of the East would have fallen into her lap without further struggle. The Crusader's dream of a Western scepter in Jerusalem might have been realized by her. Had her ambition been equal to her means, she might have sat down on the throne of Godfrey, and without resistance,

claimed honors which her own Richard failed to obtain. Had Louis Napoleon's means been equal to his ambition, he would have been at this moment lord of the Holy City. Between want of ambition in England, and want of gold in France, Western influence lost the opportunity, thus within its reach, of obtaining the supremacy of the East. Whether such an opportunity may again occur, is a question beyond our power to answer; but if it were, we might venture to risk a guess, that the same abrupt and indeterminate result would recur.

Britain does not seem at all aware of what she might accomplish, without sword or cannon, simply by force of *will*. Such is her name, and such her acknowledged greatness, that a traveler passing through Eastern regions wonders why her supremacy is not more decided and overpowering. He soon learns the answer—that she does not make her *will* felt. Other nations, inferior in strength, put forth more *will*, and they shove her aside. She takes things easily; and unless some extraordinary brush occur, likely to make a noise in Parliament, allows others to take advantage of her. Fatal as this is to prestige and influence, she is not alive to the evil. She would let an empire drift away from her rather than be at the trouble of altering routine. Feebler empires risk collisions, and gain by their audacity or imprudence. The weak thus rules the strong. Rather than risk collisions, she will spend months in consulting crown lawyers, when one bold dispatch, or bolder messenger, would settle the case in an hour. Weak states, like women, resent affronts even when they forgive injuries; strong empires are too apt to overlook both. Continental states, such as France, cherish resentments; nay, found their policy upon them. Britain for centuries has cherished none. A noble position certainly to be in; yet a perilous one—surrounded as she is with enemies whose envy is only surpassed by their hatred. In the East especially it becomes dangerous to be known as a nation either too weak or too strong to punish. Britain is alternately regarded as both. Nor does she take decided steps to undeceive foreign, especially Oriental powers. She allows the dragoman of one of her consultates to be imprisoned by one of her cowardly but aspiring rivals; she lets her representative be browbeaten by the same

in the Pasha's court; she coolly receives petitions from insolent foreigners for the removal of her worthiest officers; and instead of backing her consular courts, she ties up their hands or cancels their judgments, at the bidding of a Prussian intermeddler.

She is entitled to hold bolder language than she does, and to occupy a more daring position. Much as she lost by the premature peace with Russia, she is still tacitly recognized as supreme; and would she but act upon her felt superiority, she might do great things for the East—for law, for liberty, for religion. The only nation that at this moment has the means of going to war, or at least of sustaining war for a single year, without dread of self-exhaustion or social insurrection, she might sway the councils as well as wield the sword of the world. She might say to the Sultan, If you won't or can't protect Christians in your cities and villages, I will; and without doubt or delay, each pacha's or kadi's head would be made responsible for every one bearing the Christian name. She might say to the Pope, You shall grant to my subjects the right of worshipping in an honest church within the walls of Rome; and the demand would

be conceded. She might say to the continental consuls of the East, Cease your efforts to elbow or bully me out of Palestine, and put a stop to the schemes of your ecclesiastical tools, or I shall take measures, ere another month pass over, to double my strength in the pashalics of Esh-Sham and El-Kuds; and she would be submitted to.

Britain has still a mighty name in the earth, and strength with which to maintain the honor of that name. Let her use it; for it is a sacred and noble trust; more sacred and noble than that of gold and silver. Neither East nor West can do without her. Did her statesmen but recognize her position, and consecrate her power as well as her resources to the living God, she might, without a crusade, do more for the East than the whole century of crusades achieved. Other statesmen, believing in a church, work out the interests of the church in which they believe; what might not *her* statesmen do, if believing, not in a church, but in a God, they were to dedicate their influence to the cause of living truth, and seek the promotion of interests wider and holier than those of any church or any nation upon earth?

From the National Review.

LIFE AND TIMES OF MOHAMMED.*

THE present wavering, crumbling, and shattered condition and aspects of the Turkish Empire, and in some degree of Mohammedanism, will help to add interest to this article concerning its author and founder.—ED. ECLECTIC.

THE history of the great founder of Islam and his vast religious empire involves

* *The Life of Mahomet, and History of Islam to the Era of the Hejira.* By WILLIAM MUIR, Esq., Bengal Civil Service. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1858.

The History and Conquests of the Saracens. Six Lectures delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1856.

History of Latin Christianity. (Book IV. Chap. I.) By HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. London: John Murray. 1857.

the consideration of questions almost bewildering from their numbers and their importance. To superficial thinkers that history presents, indeed, but little difficulty. Their shallow judgments are moulded by the deep-rooted prejudices of a traditional teaching, which with them practically supersedes the necessity of all thought. If unbiassed in favor of particular theological systems, they are satisfied with regarding Mohammed as a cold and scheming impostor, whom accident or the force of circumstances placed at the head of a great

confederacy, and who raised the fabric of his dominion on the credulity and sensual passions of his followers. But if their convictions are deeper, and their devotion to any special religious school stronger, the picture becomes invested with a more somber and repulsive coloring. The characteristics of conscious imposture and willful deception remain the same; but they are attributed to demoniacal influence and Satanic agency. The image of Antichrist rises up before them; and in the life and teaching of Mohammed are clearly seen its loathsome and horrible features. In his marvelous career and its astonishing results, they behold throughout the hand, not of God, but of his enemy; and the apostle of Islam is thrust down to the lowest pit, amongst the vilest of traitors and most deadly of heretics. To scan his features and examine his acts, would be to tamper with evil and expose themselves to its corrupting influences; and the words of Christ and his apostles, in which they read his express condemnation, dispense with a task at once arduous and irksome. The conclusions of so shallow and blind a bigotry have not unnaturally called into existence an admiration almost as partial and unmerited. The plea of sincerity has been urged as an extenuation for erroneous teaching, and the system of Mohammed has been painted as at once beneficent and humane.

Of the large number of books which have treated, whether specially or incidentally, of Mohammedan teaching and history, a great majority embody the conclusions of these three classes of thinkers; and the contemptuous indifference of the first is perhaps scarcely less to be deprecated than the vehement antagonism and the undue and false admiration of the others.

It would be an idle as well as almost an endless task to describe with any minuteness the conflicting judgments which have been pronounced on the acts and teaching of Mohammed, from writers such as Prideaux and White on the one side, to Gagnier and Boulainvilliers on the other. But the subject of Islamism is one which emphatically demands a full, fair, and free inquiry—a clear, unbiased, unambiguous verdict; and such a verdict, we feel bound to say, has not yet been delivered. In spite of all the critical power and generous impartiality which by some writers have been brought to bear

upon it, the question has not advanced towards its solution so far as might have been expected—certainly not so far as the extension of thought and information will not long hence imperatively require. The reasons of this partial failure probably have not altogether escaped some, at least, of those candid and impartial writers whose works have contributed most largely to elucidate the subject; but the fact of that failure renders excusable, and perhaps necessary, a brief mention of some of the treatises on the religion and history of Islam.

The *Life of Mahomet* by Humphrey Prideaux, Dean of Norwich, may, without hesitation, be pronounced a marvelous specimen of unconscious blindness and perverted reasoning. It might be more difficult to decide whether the pitiable unfairness which denies to the apostle of Islam a single redeeming quality, which will not even give him credit for sincere motives yielding afterwards to the pressure of temptation, deserves a harder sentence than do those maligners of Christianity for whose benefit he took pen in hand. The hatred of idolatry, the vehement conviction of the unity of God, the desire to terminate a long reign of frightful anarchy, are not allowed to have been even subordinate motives in bringing about a revolution, which is attributed to sheer lust of power. The descendant of Haschem aspired, as he conceives, to the supreme dignity among the Koreish; “and being a very subtle, crafty man, after having maturely weighed all ways and means whereby to bring this to pass, concluded none so likely to effect it as the framing of that imposture which he afterwards vented with so much mischief.” It is astonishing that even Dr. Prideaux could not have seen, that the very slightest compromise (such a compromise as, it would now seem, on one occasion for a brief period he actually made) would at once have carried him to this supposed summit of his ambition; but it is certainly no marvel that such a method of defending Christianity furthered rather the cause of his antagonists than his own, and that such infatuated ignorance should stimulate in others an undue admiration for the work of “the great impostor and antichrist.” A few years later, in the preface to his translation and learned commentary on the Koran, Sale expresses his belief that Mohammed had “given the Arabians the best

religion he could, as well as the best laws;" while by the Count de Boulainvilliers he is exalted into one of the greatest of human benefactors. The tide of indiscriminate approbation and condemnation had now begun to ebb, and more of scholarship and impartiality is evident in the pages of Gagnier and Ockley, the professors of Oriental literature at Oxford and Cambridge. But the labors of Ockley were directed chiefly towards clearing up the obscurities of early Mohammedan history; while the character of Mohammed himself is sketched by him with a singular and good-humored quaintness, which imparts a charm to pages not very profound in their analysis of human motives.

On either side of these are to be placed some writers who have labored for definite religious objects, and others who have designed to interest only the general reader. By Maracci, the confessor of Innocent XI., in his *Refutation of the Koran*, the failings and crimes of Mohammed could not have been handled with a keener and more rigorous severity, had he enjoyed the clearest light and the highest privileges; while his repudiation of miraculous power is urged by Dr. White, in his Bampton Lectures for 1784, as a special argument for the inferiority of his system to the Christian faith, which *was* established by such supernatural manifestations.

One name, and that the greatest, among the historians of the last, almost of any, century, yet remains to be mentioned—that of Gibbon. But it would be vain to look for any conclusive and satisfactory judgment on the moral and religious teaching or life of Mohammed, to one in whom the most profound learning and the keenest intellect had failed to extinguish, or even to moderate, prejudices as bitter as they were unworthy. Amidst the gorgeous array of sentences, monotonous (some might be tempted to say wearisome) in their very magnificence, we can not feel perfectly certain that we have apprehended the exact mind of the writer. Deeds of virtue and crimes, errors of teaching and sayings undeniably true, acts of policy and beneficence, selfish schemes and wholesome reforms, are so constantly and so nicely balanced, that, at the most, Mohammed would appear one not very harshly to be condemned, although not perhaps to be acknowledged as a teacher of uncompromising righteousness.

But by the writers of the present age

the whole subject of the life and teaching of Mohammed, and of the problems involved in it, has been presented, if not in an aspect entirely new, yet in a far clearer and more brilliant light. The same sagacity and practical wisdom which has invested with new life the history of Rome and Greece, and disentangled the fictions of legend from actual fact, has been brought to bear on the legend, the mythology, the history of Islam, by such writers as Caussin de Perceval, Weil, and Sprenger. The same generous and unprejudiced criticism, the same wide and liberal appreciation of all high aims and worthy motives, characterizes also the pages of the three works which we have enumerated at the head of the present article.

Our limits must prevent our examining as fully as we might wish the chapters of Dean Milman, of Mr. Freeman, and Mr. Muir; they will also preclude our doing any thing like full justice to a subject of the utmost intricacy as well as gravity, and one in which a strict impartiality will compel us to impugn some of their positions and reject some of their conclusions. The simple desire to arrive at the truth must lead us to probe deeply and speak freely. We believe that but for certain impediments, of which they may or may not be conscious, these writers would have done even higher service; and it is in the hope of receiving from them and from others further help and yet closer criticism, that we act on the old maxim, ἀμφοῖν φίλοιον δυντοιν δοιον προτιμᾶν τὴν ἀλήθειαν.

But before we approach the life of Mohammed himself, a brief notice is required of Mr. Muir's prefatory chapters on the Pre-Islamite History of Arabia. We confess that, while reading his admirable and most valuable introductory essay on the credibility of the sources for the biography of Mohammed, we were scarcely prepared to find in the succeeding chapters so wide a departure from the canons of criticism previously laid down. The whole period of Arabian history antecedent to the rise of Islam is by no means attractive; but no one could have laid down better than Mr. Muir has done in his opening chapter the laws by which the history of such difficult and obscure periods is to be interpreted. It is manifestly open to any writer to avoid such subjects, altogether, or to refrain from the almost hopeless task of reconciling a series of in-

tricate ethnological traditions: but it is scarcely reasonable to apply a severer canon to the authorities for the life of Mohammed, than to the altogether less trustworthy sources from which the few brief notices of earlier periods are to be gleaned. Mr. Muir has sifted with critical and most impartial accuracy the vast mass of Mohammedan tradition, and given at length the rules which have guided him in his researches; but in the Pre-Islamite period, he accepts with an almost blind faith, obscure filiations of tribes and races to personal eponyms, and draws definite geographical conclusions from the mere occurrence of a name. To his canons of credibility, as applicable to Mohammedan history and tradition, we shall have to recur hereafter; but as this strange inequality is found also in his life of the Prophet, and for the same reason, it is better to call attention to it at once.

The scanty knowledge which we may possess of the times preceding the birth of Mohammed is derived from no contemporary, indeed from no written national records whatever. A few rock-hewn inscriptions, scarcely legible, may contain some sealed lore respecting the ancient Himyarite princes; but beyond the wild and conflicting legends of the Arab tribes we are left altogether to the chance testimony of foreign writers. The pages of Diodorus may throw light on so exceptional an event as the invasion of Ælius Gallus; a few incidental notices may be gleaned from those of Josephus: but with these exceptions the authorities for early Arabian history are found chiefly in the Old Testament; and in the genealogical lists of the books of Genesis and Chronicles Mr. Muir sees indisputable data for the first settlements in Arabia. Had these lists been handed down by Shiite or Sonnite tradition, the probability is, that his own canons of criticism would have led him to reject every one of them; but the personal existence of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, of Cush, of the children of Keturah, of Joktan, Teman, and Amalek, is taken for granted on the authority, as it would seem, of the "inspired historian."* Mr. Muir is certainly not called upon to put forth a volume of Biblical criticism; but any one who quotes a genealogical or ethnological statement as conclusive is bound to ascertain first the value of his authority,

and bound also by every principle of fairness to test such statements in the Pentateuch or elsewhere, by the same rules which he would apply to the works of Hishâmi, of Wâkidi, or his Secretary. From such a course no fears of irreverence or skepticism need deter him: he is not required to do more than leave it an open question, on which we can not pronounce absolutely, but against which lies certainly a great improbability. We can hardly suppose that, from his expression of the "inspired penman,"* Mr. Muir regards the whole book of Genesis, or the whole books of Chronicles, as the production of a single individual. Of their authorship, moreover, we know nothing, or of the time which may have elapsed between the compilation of the narrative and the events which it professes to record, while yet it existed as mere floating tradition. They are unsupported by external testimony; they exhibit great and manifest contradictions; and no small proportion of the facts given in the book to which he makes most frequent reference, if occurring in the pages of Tabari, Mr. Muir would be the first to set down as wild legend or mere mythology. His faith in these genealogical lists has, however, such influence over him, that he draws up, with but little hesitation, tabular lists of Arabian eponyms, and of the progenitors of Mohammed from Adnan.† It is true that the history so constructed is little more than a barren series of probable statements, of feuds said to have raged between certain tribes, of cities said to have been built at certain periods, of monarchs who are said to have reigned over certain kingdoms. But the existence of such early progenitors as Moab, Ammon, Amalek, Kahtan, Cahlan, Yarab, Yashjab, seems to him to be an offset against the uncertainty of the general narrative; whereas, in point of fact, nothing should be admitted with more hesitation than the personality of eponymous heroes. The preface of Livy attests the general tendency of nations *consecrare origines et ad deos referre auctores*; and if Mr. Muir had consulted the early volumes of Mr. Grote's *History of Greece*, he would have found the whole subject treated with consummate ability, and practically set at rest. The Arab may not have exulted, like the sons of Hellên, in the thought

* Vol. i. p. cix.

* Ib. p. cxxvii.

† Ib. pp. cxlix. cxcv.

that, at whatever interval of descent, the blood of the gods still flowed within his veins: he may not, with them, have valued his genealogical tree for the fewness rather than for the multitude of its generations: but he was under the same temptation to substitute a definite fiction for an indefinite reality. Mr. Muir looks, perhaps, on such genealogies with the greater indulgence from the common fallacy which infers the truth of the earliest links from the known personal existence of the later. But (as Mr. Grote has forcibly asked) because the historian Hecataeus, who prided himself that sixteen generations carried him back to the gods who walked upon the earth, was a real person, is it, therefore, reasonable to infer the existence of these divine progenitors?*

But Mr. Muir's introductory chapters exhibit in forcible colors the disorganization, the feuds, the gross and obstinate paganism, of the great majority of the tribes of the peninsula. Political disunion and moral corruption had, indeed, well-nigh dealt a fatal blow to all national greatness, when the founder (or restorer) of Arabian monotheism appeared amongst his countrymen. The vast peninsula which stretches from the mouths of the Nile to the Sea of Oman, from the head of the Persian Gulf to the Straits of Bab al Mandab, had passed through a strange and checkered history, emerging sometimes from its obscurity, and again falling back into its old mysterious monotony. Something, indeed, it had exhibited of greatness and magnificence; it had received the costly products of India, and transmitted them, with the spices and fruits of her own happier regions, to the vast world of Roman dominion. But, with all its opulence and splendor, it had still remained isolated from the surrounding nations; it had exercised no influence on their fortunes and their power; it had been moulded but little by the forms of a foreign civilization. The vast aggregate of tribes which claimed the son of Abraham and Hagar as their progenitor, seemed indeed to be divided into two distinct classes—the one clinging to the roving life and wild independence of their com-

mon ancestor, the other laboring contentedly in the busy marts of traffic, and amassing wealth in splendid and populous cities. The merchants of Mecca, of Petra, and of Bostra may have rivaled the wealthiest citizens of Rome; and their towns presented the spectacle of luxury congenial to a sedentary and commercial people. But their traditional character had been rather modified than changed; rather diverted by circumstances into a new channel than weaned from ancient habits and associations. The commerce, which had been transported on the Ships of the Desert from the gardens of Yemen to the rock-hewn cities of Idumæa, was drawn off to the ports at the head of the Red Sea. The energy and perseverance of Roman enterprise forsook the rugged defiles of the mountains, so soon as it had opened out a speedier, if not safer, transit by water. The marts of the Nabathæans were deserted, the annual train of caravans interrupted, and the wealth and splendor of the Arabian traders destroyed. The palaces of Petra became silent and ruinous; and the wild rovers of the desert took the place of the merchant-princes, with their hands against every man and every man's hand against them. Thenceforth the history of the several tribes had exhibited for the most part a fearful monotony of feuds and warfare, treachery and bloodshed. Strife became their normal condition, broken by short and fitful truces, grudgingly given and eagerly violated. What the tenth century was at Rome to the annals of the papacy, that was the period following the suppression of Arabian commerce to the descendants of Ishmael and Yrab. If the reader turns away wearied and disgusted by the wild factions and headlong iniquities of John XIII., and Benedict VI.; if he only with difficulty sees the slender thread which connects those scenes of anarchy and violence with better times; he will feel yet more wearied and repelled by the narrative of hereditary feuds embittered in their descent from sire to son, by continual wars between tribe and tribe which acknowledged no common center and even threw aside all individual subordination. In the midst of this perpetual tumult, if not altogether in consequence of it, the religion of the peninsula had been corrupted as much as its civilization had been repressed. Here and there were seen at work the conflicting influences of

* The whole range of history can scarcely furnish more than a single well-attested eponym—the great progenitor of the Ottoman sultans—Cf. *Freeman's Lectures*, p. 144.

Judaism and Christianity; but the worship of the vast majority was a gross and degraded idolatry. The Sabaism of the Arabs had not, indeed, lost all trace of Abrahamic tradition; it had not altogether forgotten the sacred doctrine, to guard which had been the special work of the posterity of Jacob; but the unity of the Godhead had been overlaid by a fetish-worship, which rendered it practically a nullity. A notion of mediation, whether originating among themselves or derived from others, had led to the personification of the heavenly bodies, and to their inauguration as intercessors with the unseen God, who was too highly exalted to take note of the wants or the sufferings of man. But the tribes who were thus torn asunder by feud and faction still retained in this, their common idolatry, a center of religious attraction; and the Kaaba at Mecca, with its grim array of three hundred and sixty deities, was to the Arab what the Temple on Mount Zion, with its imageless shrine, was to the Hebrew. The influence of Judaism was felt chiefly in the regions of Medina and Mecca; that of Christianity in the ancient Himyarite kingdom of Yemen; and the army of the Christian Abrahah, the powerful Abyssinian viceroy, perished in the same year which witnessed the birth of Mohammed. But neither Judaism nor Christianity in Arabia had appeared in their fairest colors. The Jews were apparently more versed in the wild legends and absurd traditions of the Talmud than in the writings of their prophets, the Christians more vehement for orthodox or heretical dogmas than careful of the realities which those dogmas were intended to represent. The Arabian peninsula had either received or given birth to a number of heresies, and the conflicts of schismatical teachers furnished a strange comment on the religion which proclaimed peace on earth and goodwill towards men. Thus, while the great body of the nation, or rather of hostile tribes, was resigning itself more and more to its gross and debasing idolatry, with no political allegiance and no civil subordination, a few only here and there (such as those whom Arab tradition has marked by the name of the Four Inquirers) were stirred up to something like thoughtful sorrow for the condition of their countrymen, and prayed for some remedy, of which yet, amidst the strife of weapons and tongues, they well-nigh despaired.

It was at this crisis in their history that the child was born who was afterwards to unite this chaotic mass by the strongest ties of religious obedience and union, to put away the degrading rites of the old idolatry, and lead the believer in the unity of God to convert the infidel on the battlefield. The tribe of Koreish was divided into the rival families of Haschem and Abd Schems; and Abd al Mutalib, the representative of the former, received from his mother the infant Mohammed, the only child of his son Abdallah, whose death he was still mourning. A few years later, the fatherless child was deprived also of his mother, and was left altogether to the care and protection of his grandfather. Five-and-twenty years passed away, with few incidents except the Sacrilegious War, (one of those instances of the violation of sacred months, which the state of Arab society rendered a matter of little wonder,) and the annually recurring fair at Ocatz, where the child Mohammed witnessed the poetical contests of the tribe, and heard (what was to him of far higher moment) the preaching of the Christian bishop of Najran. Once he accompanied the caravan to Syria, and there beheld the solemn ritual of the Christian church, and may have imbibed possibly some little of Christian teaching. But besides this, no record remains of his early years, except that which tells of the gentleness of his demeanor and the purity of his life. The shepherd-boy who guarded the flocks of his uncle Abu Taled (for his grandfather was long since dead) was known commonly by the name of Al Amin, or the faithful; and at the recommendation of his uncle, the excellence of his character at once obtained for him the superintendence of a caravan from Khadijah, the daughter of the Koreishite Khuweilid. His carefulness and probity were rewarded with a more than usual profit in the sale of the merchandise; and when introduced on his return, his appearance and demeanor won the heart of Khadijah, and led to his union with the wealthy widow. During fifteen years more he lived happy in the privacy of his home and the affection of his wife and children. The rebuilding of the Kaaba gave him, at the age of five-and-thirty, the first opportunity of exercising his judgment and sagacity before his countrymen; but it was not till he approached the age of forty years that the signs of a deeper and more

important change became apparent. Always thoughtful and reserved, always refraining from intemperance and excess, he had won the respect, perhaps the love, of his tribesmen; but there was no reason to believe that under this quiet aspect his heart was constantly stirred by the yearning for a complete reform of their political and religious condition. If he had given utterance to any deeper conviction, had expressed his abhorrence for the gross and material idolatry which centered in the Kaaba, this was known only to the faithful partner of his life and cares; but the symptoms were now evident of a graver change in his life and character. His habit of thoughtfulness was merged in fits of gloomy and silent abstraction. He withdrew even from the quiet of his home to the solitude of a cave, and remained for days in deep musing. Nor was it long before his thoughts, and the yearnings of his heart found utterance in words. The language betrayed a high-wrought and fervid mind. In few but wild phrases it expressed his desire for divine aid, and a conviction of the presence and the power of God. A resurrection from the grave, a future judgment for all the sons of men, a righteous retribution for every thought and act, the paramount need of justice, mercy, and faith, with declarations of the mercy and long-suffering of God, formed the substance of the earliest Suras, or revelations, which afterwards expanded into the bulky volume of the Koran. Presently the thought of human recklessness and disobedience seemed to fill him with a more vivid apprehension of the divine wrath, to be executed upon all sinners and unbelievers; and the fearful vision of the Pit and the Crushing Fire becomes more prominent in the hurried rhapsodies which summoned his countrymen to repentance and reformation. The brief picture, given now and then, of the religious life is a practical setting-forth of kindly offices. As with the Psalmist among the Hebrews, so with him, the acceptable religion is to "feed the captive, and give food to the poor that lieth in the dust, and stir up one another to steadfastness and compassion."* But the light so vouchsafed to him was not to be kept hidden in the recesses of his own heart. The fact of his having received it was itself a call for displaying

it before others. His wife Khadijah, his freedman Zeid, with a few others, heard his words and accepted his teaching; but to all others they were idle tales, and himself one whose reason was perverted by his dreams. What, then, should repress their obstinacy and remove their unbelief, but the mission of a prophet—of himself—to testify against their idolatrous worship and their gross and debasing sensuality? And so, shortly, he began his work as a public preacher, and declared all his words to be the actual utterances of God. To him the spiritual world lay open—the angels went and came from the throne of the Almighty. Like the Moabitish seer of old time, he saw the things of God falling into a trance, but having his eyes open. He was inspired by the Holy Spirit; he was but the mouth-piece of the Divine Being, who spoke by his lips. But the revelation of his will in itself conferred on him the office and character of an apostle. He was sent to bear the tidings of repentance and acceptance with God to those who were sharing with the creature or with a phantom the honor of the Creator; and whether they heard or forbore, he was charged with the same message. Every word which fell from him at the times of inspiration was the absolute declaration of the Divine will, to be treasured up as the guide of their lives and the consolation of their hearts. But a divine revelation could not be confined to a single tribe or nation. Its blessings and its penalties must be extended to all others. There may have been other revelations; but this, the latest and the most immediate, must have a yet wilder sway and more constraining power. He must go forth in the faith of the Divine Unity, to convert, not the idolatrous sons of Ishmael alone, but the Christian and the Jew, who had each perverted the revelation made to them. He must preach (with the sword if need be, and on the battle-field) that there is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God.

Thus, putting aside the question of its merits or shortcomings, we have before us the promulgation of a new religion, whose apostle and founder claimed for himself a direct commission from heaven and announced his words as the immediate utterances of the Almighty. In him was centered the spiritual and temporal power. He was their ruler, and

* Sura xc.

earth because he was their prophet; and his Koran or Book would remain through all their fortunes for the infallible guidance of the faithful. External evidence he produced not, nor did he care to seek for it; his religion proclaimed its own power: the Koran attested its own excellence,—it was in itself a greater miracle than any other. It professed to be at once a Catholic faith, and a temporal code—to advance the spiritual life as well as to establish the political supremacy of his countrymen. In one person, therefore, were combined the offices of temporal judge and priest, or rather teacher; for the system of Islam repressed or rejected the ordinary notions of sacrifice and mediation.

How much of reality was there in all this? Was the system of Mohammed an actual revelation, or was it an impudent fabrication from materials already in his hands? If it was an imposture, was that imposture an unconscious or a deliberate one, or was it a mingling of various elements? Was the evident sincerity and earnestness of one portion sullied by the as manifest deceit of another? Was the mighty work thus achieved a blessing or a curse to those who followed him? did it purify their morality and advance their civilization, or keep back a fairer and more legitimate development? If, again, it were an imposture, what were its sources and how far did he avail himself of them? What were the influences at work to mould it rather in one form than another? Were the professed Abrahamic traditions of the Ishmaelites a real relic of primeval history, or a more recent importation by Jewish fugitives scattered on the overthrow of the Holy City? What amount of influence did the various religious systems around him exercise on that which he promulgated as the faith of Islam? How far was he acquainted with the Scriptures, whether of the Jews or Christians; or how far were the tales of the Koran derived from the legends of the Talmud, and from spurious Christian Gospels? And if so, what was his knowledge of the higher and purer teaching of the Hebrew prophets, and of the morality of Christ himself? And of the prophet, are we to judge as a sincere and single-hearted man, or as from the first a crafty schemer and double-minded hypocrite? Or were there several stages in his career, during which the simpler faith and truer

convictions of his earlier years were tarnished by the defiling touch of earth-born desires? Did he obey a direct call from heaven, or forge a false commission; or, with a real charge to preach to his countrymen, did he combine secondary ends of his own? Was he, again, unconscious of these lower motives, or fully awake to them? or did an element of self-deception exist along with the deliberate duping of others? And with his teaching how far was his life in harmony? Was the standard of moral excellence which he exhibited in his own person an advance or a retrogression? by what sign of spirituality did he attest his mission as a teacher sent from God?

These are grave and momentous questions—questions on which it might savor of presumption if we ventured to pronounce an authoritative judgment; but the attempt to clear the discussion of the ambiguities and equivocations which have unfortunately complicated it, will, we hope, be not altogether useless. We might, indeed, find ample matter for thought in the political history of Mohammed, and the conquests of his successors; we might trace out the analogies of the rival caliphates with the divided empires of the East and West. But in Mohammed the religious element so entirely preponderates—it is so completely as a religious reformer that he wields his colossal power—his appeal is so uniformly to the hearts and consciences of his followers, that it would be an unworthy evasion if we treated these essential features as practically subordinate. The real history of man must resolve itself into the history of his religion; and as certain is it that the history of his religion involves that of civilization in every form. Researches into the ancient history of the Arabian tribes will undoubtedly serve to determine their exact condition at the time of the birth of Mohammed—to show the degree to which he would be likely to influence them, the extent to which he may have been influenced himself, the force of Jewish or Christian or heathen prejudices and associations in the formation of his whole character. But the questions of the genuineness or the falsehood of his call, the imposture or truth of his revelation, will still remain, and can only be answered by a direct analysis of its purely religious elements.

We believe the conclusions at which

Mr. Muir has arrived to be generally fair and true. The early aspirations of Mohammed, his hatred of idolatry, his single-minded desire for a purely religious reformation, the uprightness of his life and the tolerance of his teaching, the marvelous patience, the astonishing determination which characterized the apostle of Islam till the flight to Medina, are all warmly and eloquently described. For knowledge, perhaps of necessity imperfect—for a misapprehension (perhaps involuntary) even of the more prominent points of Judaism and Christianity—for the difficulties of his position, his temptations, and his failings, the great reformer has been judged by him at once equitably and without harshness. Mr. Muir has, indeed, added to the number of his failings by establishing on the clearest grounds the fact of a lapse and a decided compromise with the idolatry of the Kaaba. But neither this nor the conviction that, from the very commencement of his career as a prophet, his course was a downward one, have availed to disturb the calm impartiality of his judgment. The total absence in Mr. Muir of all carelessness and levity of thought, his earnest realization of the importance of the points under question, impart a peculiar value to his investigations. But (although in a less degree than some other writers) he has instituted comparisons without defining the grounds on which they are made, has employed theological terms without declaring the sense in which he uses them. Thus he draws out in elaborate contrast the opposite results in the temptations of Mohammed to that of Christ, and is inclined to attribute the former to the personal agency of Satan. The falsehood of the Koran is frequently set off against the truth of the Old and New Testament; and the former is condemned as betraying ignorance of essential doctrines of Christianity, such as Sacrifice, Mediation, Redemption through the death of Christ, the holy Trinity.

It is not our office to impugn any religious convictions by which Mr. Muir may be actuated, or to extort the admission that possibly the full and gradual deterioration in Mohammed's character hardly requires to be accounted for on the ground of Satanic possession. The theologian may be free to maintain the position; but the case is entirely altered when the *historian* institutes compari-

sons between conflicting religious systems and the merits of their respective founders. If they are to be compared at all, and if theological terms or doctrines are to be introduced into the discussion, the truth of historical criticism imperatively requires that the evidence on which the comparison is instituted should be produced, and all equivocation and ambiguity of phrases carefully avoided. He must fairly convince himself that he has data equally trustworthy in both cases; that he has the same means of judging of life and teaching in one case as in the other. The lamentable confusion of terms which threatens to render the controversy almost infinite, can not be suffered to go on without check or protest. The whole subject is of the gravest moment for the future history of the human mind, of morality and religion. Writers, who represent Christian theological schools of the most opposite characters, have come forward as opponents of the creed of Islam, of Buddha, and of Brahma. Agreeing in the main in the employment of certain phrases, and professing a harmonious belief in certain doctrines, they claim the high sanction of inherent requirements of the human mind and heart for ideas which they affirm to be set forth by these doctrines. It is thus that the representatives of almost every form of Christian belief have assailed the prophet of Islam as denying the doctrines of Mediation and Atonement, of Sacrifice and Repentance. And yet by every one of these words each, probably, so far as he has analyzed them at all, means things far removed from the rest, if not altogether opposed to them. If we take, for example, the doctrine of Sacrifice, we shall find some affirming that man, having once fallen, is conscious of an infinite gulf between himself and God, whose wrath can be appeased only by an offering of blood; and that this inherent idea of the impossibility of remission without bloodshed finds its consummation in the death of Christ, which enabled the Eternal Father, by satisfaction done to his attribute of justice, to give scope to that of his mercy. Others, again, are not wanting who maintain that such an idea is simply the result of sin, and is in itself a perversion—that the true doctrine of Sacrifice is that of obedience and resignation to the divine will—that such obedience no more man had exhibited, or could exhibit—that it

was realized in the perfect holiness of the Son of Man, whose sacrifice therefore consisted in the obedience of his whole life consummated, not begun, by the final submission to the death of the cross. So, again, by some it is maintained that the idea of Mediation arises from the impossibility of a sinful being approaching immediately to the perfectly pure and righteous God—that, as it is impossible for the clean to have fellowship with the unclean, so neither can there be any point of approximation between man and his Maker, except through a Being who should in one person unite both the divine and human natures; while others, allowing, indeed, that men have this shrinking from God, and this longing for media in worshipping him, affirm, on the contrary, that the long line of prophets and teachers was specially commissioned to dispel this delusion, and to convince men that, while they shrunk from God, he was seeking for them their highest good. This, they maintain, was the special work of Christ, who, by manifesting forth the Divine Love, bridged over the gulf which sinfulness had imagined to intervene between man and God. Nay, even Christianity itself some would suppose to be a mysterious system of doctrine, while others would claim for it an ethical character—the former finding their ideas realized in the Athanasian Creed, the latter in the Sermon on the Mount. To enumerate, finally, the conflicting meanings attached to the terms Inspiration and Revelation, would be a task far beyond our present limits; but the conclusion forced on the critical historian is, that, be the several positions already mentioned true or false, they signify different things under the same terms, and that (for example) one will see in the system of Brahmanical belief a nearer approach to the Christian idea of mediation, which another will maintain to be more adequately represented by that of Mohammed. Without pronouncing here for the truth or error of one side or the other, we would only assert the utter impossibility of instituting with such equivocations of language, any fair historical comparison between two such systems as Christianity and Mohammedanism.

But even after our terms have been fairly analyzed and accurately defined, we have yet to determine how far we are in a position to form a judgment—whether

we have the same degree, or at least the same kind, of knowledge, or the means of acquiring it, in the one case as in the other: and the *historian* who would so compare the life and teaching of Mohammed with that of Christ, must weigh in an accurate balance the historical authority and credibility of the Gospels and Christian tradition on the one side, and the Koran with Mohammedan tradition on the other. If Mr. Muir can not be said to have attempted the former, he has furnished in his introductory chapters a most masterly and conclusive examination of the latter. The several canons which he lays down we can not afford even to enumerate here, but will only say that they exhibit almost uniformly the same impartial accuracy, and supply sure and sound tests for separating historical truth from legend or falsehood. His conclusion (and it is this which chiefly affects our present purpose) is, that “every verse in the Koran as we now have it is the genuine and unaltered composition of Mohammed himself,” and that “by this standard we may fairly judge his life and actions; for it *must* represent either what he actually thought, or that which he desired to appear as thinking.”* Fully accepting Mr. Muir’s judgment, we must maintain that the Koran is at once placed in a totally different position from the Bible of the Christians, and that our knowledge of the life and acts of Mohammed is different in *kind* from our knowledge of the facts and teaching conveyed to us by the writings of the Evangelists. It is true that the authority claimed by the Mohammedans for the Koran is precisely that which popular Christianity has claimed for the Bible; namely, that it is in every word a direct communication from God to man, and that throughout it is the exponent of absolute and eternal truth. But between the two there is this vast—nay, infinite—difference, that this authority was claimed for the Koran by its author, that no such authority is claimed by the Bible, although it is barely possible that such a meaning may be forced out of one or two passages in a single book of the New Testament. The Mohammedan claim is therefore strictly in accordance with the will of their teacher, the claim for the Bible is the after-growth of centuries. The Mohammedan position is, again, so far more

* Vol. i. p. xxvii.

reasonable than the Christian, that the Koran is substantially the work of one man, composed for a definite purpose, and the faithful and full exponent of his opinions; whereas in the Old Testament we have the whole literature (historical, devotional, poetical, prophetic) of a nation during a period of perhaps a thousand years; and in the New, besides the four Gospels, a series of independent Epistles by writers whose words the most diligent commentators have not always found it the most easy task to reconcile. While, then, we may with Von Hammer almost as surely believe the Koran to be the word of Mohammed, as the Mohammedans hold it to be the word of God, we can not possibly (unless we betake ourselves to the regions of faith, which at once preclude all historical criticism) have the same historical assurance with regard to the teaching of Christ, or the facts of his life as recorded in the Gospels.*

But this vantage-ground on the part of the Moslems is considered to be cut away by the assertion that the Koran can urge none but its own testimony in favor of its authority, and that, in spite of miracles recorded by tradition, nothing is more certain from the Koran "than that Mohammed did not in any part of his career perform miracles or pretend to perform them."† And hence the utter falsity of the Mohammedan system is at once inferred by writers like Dr. White,‡ on the ground that miracles are visible proofs of divine approbation as well as of divine power, and the truth of Christianity rests on such manifestations. The position is one which, unfortunately, can claim the far higher sanction of Bishop Butler: but Dr. White's astonishing conclusion, that "hence we may justly reject as incredible those miracles which have been ascribed to the interposition of wicked spirits," is probably original. Here again, however, we are not concerned to discuss such tests as these. They do not profess to be his-

* We speak only of the *historical* authority of the Gospels. A candid examination of the various opinions of critical writers on the New Testament must, if it prove nothing else, show the utter obscurity which envelops the question of their authorship. Dean Milman's conclusion is, that the Gospels as we now have them were not written by any of the Evangelists whose name they bear, but that they were drawn up *after the close of the apostolic age*, from a common stock of oral tradition. *History of Christianity*, vol. i. p. 126, etc.

† Vol. i. p. li.

‡ Bampton Lectures, vii.

torical. It is enough that we can not have a more absolute assurance with regard to the miracles than with respect to the other facts of the New Testament. It may suit the purpose of Butler, in his *Analogy*, to affirm that miracles are the direct and legitimate evidence of Revelation; Dean Milman may be free to believe that the Gospel miracles carry their own credibility along with them, and that none others do or can do so; while Mr. Maurice may declare that at best the desire for such signs has often implied a weak, if not an erroneous, faith. But the historian, who has to deal simply with matters of fact, can only affirm that every occurrence which comes up to the popular notion of a sign or miracle stands in precisely the same position, whether it is recorded in the Gospels or elsewhere, (unless they can be proved in given cases to be otherwise;) and that in the Gospels, along with the narration of miraculous events, is manifestly discernible a line of tradition which refuses all such signs as testimonies to divine authority, and appeals wholly to the character of Christ's teaching for the truth of his mission—which declares miracles to be valueless as instruments of conversion, and holds the writings of Moses and the prophets to be more adapted to persuade than the visible return of a departed spirit.

Such intimations leave the usefulness of miracles, (apart from their credibility,) to say the least, an open question; and if such external testimony be not imperatively required, then, inasmuch as there can be none other, we are thrown back on the internal character of every religious system as the criterion of its truth. If, then, the absence of miracle can no more detract from the authority of Mohammed than from that of John the Baptist, every other question respecting the founder of Islam, his reforms, his errors, his inspiration and apostleship, must be answered strictly on its own merits; and probably few could be found better qualified to apply such a test than Mr. Muir. Dean Milman, in his chapter on Mohammedism, dwells rather on the philosophical aspect of his creed than on his life and conduct; while in his valuable lectures Mr. Freeman's general admiration is conveyed in language too vague, perhaps, and inconclusive for a subject so momentous. But Mr. Muir has examined every step in the mental and moral career of Mohammed,

up to the time of the Hejira, with a full appreciation of the extent and value of his reforms and the depth of his sincerity; while at the same time he is not blind to the amount of self-deception or imposture which gradually deteriorated both his character and teaching from the very commencement of his apostleship.

If, however, the Koran furnishes full and conclusive evidence of the belief and teaching of the prophet of Islam, we have not the same assurance as to the extent and power of the several influences which moulded it. His own assertion that the whole revelation was imparted to him from God through the medium of the "Holy Spirit" Gabriel, will convince none but his followers of its originality. The most cursory perusal of the Koran will discover the strangely heterogeneous nature of its contents; but it is not so easy to decide from what sources they were borrowed. Mohammed always professed himself unable to write, and urged his general want of learning as a proof of the miraculous descent of the Koran. The former statement may or may not be true: the latter is at once as completely refuted by the whole character of the Suras, as is his pretended deficiency in the poetic faculty. Of the three foreign elements, Jewish, Christian, and Pagan, which are found in them, the last-named is obviously derived from the Arab traditions which grew up round the Kaaba; but whether he had more than mere tradition as a guide to his acquaintance with Judaism and Christianity, and of the narratives taken from the Old and New Testament, still remains a perplexing question. Arabian tradition, on these points scarcely conclusive, affirms that Khadijah was well acquainted with the Jewish Scriptures before he entered on his office;* and it would seem that Wāraca, who was consulted by Mohammed as well as by his wife, professed Christianity. That he must have received directly from Jewish informants a vast number not only of Biblical but also Talmudist traditions, the pages of the Koran leave us in no doubt whatever; but his opportunities of conversing with or hearing Christian teachers would seem to have been very rare. On this point, however, Mr. Muir's statements are not so consistent as from the general closeness of his reasoning we

might have expected. In his review of the Pre-Islamite History, he says that "Christianity was well known; living examples of it there were among the native tribes: the New Testament was respected, if not revered, as a book that claimed to be divine: in most quarters it was easily accessible, and some of its facts and doctrines were admitted without dispute."* Again, in the annual fair at Ocatz, which Mohammed attended in his childhood and youth, we are told that "the Christianity as well as the chivalry of Arabia had her representatives; and, if we may believe tradition, Mohammed, while a boy, heard Cos, the bishop of Najran, preach a purer creed than that of Mecca in accents pregnant with deep reason and fervid faith, which agitated and aroused his soul."† Elsewhere, however, he affirms "that his sources of Christian information were singularly barren and defective;" and that "we do not find a single ceremony or doctrine of Islam in the slightest degree moulded or even tinged by the peculiar tenets of Christianity; while Judaism, on the contrary, has given its color to the whole system, and lent to it the shape and type, if not the actual substance, of many ordinances."‡

For this last fact there may have been a more constraining reason than mere deficiency or imperfection of knowledge. The slender influence of Christianity may be accounted for as readily by the consciousness (which he must have possessed) of the complete antagonism of his whole system, as by a reference to the perpetual wranglings of Monophysite and Monothelite controversies. But that the Jewish and Christian legends found throughout the Koran were obtained altogether from oral information, and in no part from written documents, a close examination renders it hard to believe. The legends are far too lengthy and too complicated; the verbal resemblances to passages in the Old and New Testament far too close, to admit of such a supposition. That Mohammed had access to some common written sources of the spurious gospels, if not to that of St. Luke, seems as clear as that he was acquainted with the books of the Pentateuch. That his mistakes and misconceptions are frequent, and sometimes absurd, scarcely affects this position.

* Vol. ii. p. 66, note.

* Vol. i. p. cxxxix.

† Vol. ii. p. 7.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 289.

The Koran is supposed not merely to speak of Gabriel as the Holy Spirit, but to represent the Trinity of the Christians as consisting of the Father, Jesus, and Mary. But although in one of the Medina Suras he expressly reprobates the doctrine of the Trinity, Mr. Muir thinks that from the extent to which Mariolatry was already carried, "Mohammed might possibly censure the Christians for this, as taking Jesus and his mother for two Gods, without adverting to the Trinity."*

With this conscious antagonism to Christianity in general, it is in no way surprising that the reference to its doctrines should occur so rarely, or that he should so misapprehend or misrepresent them; and the casual agreement of the Koran with some expressions of Christ himself seems to us to prove his acquaintance with written gospels more forcibly than most considerations avail on the other side. Two or three instances may be all that can be adduced, but their scantiness does not militate against this conclusion—since, but for inadvertence, they would probably never have been admitted. We can not readily believe that mere hearsay could have led him to declare† that "verily the nearest of kin unto Abraham are they who follow him;"‡ and that "though we had sent down angels unto them, and the dead had spoken unto them, and we had gathered before them all things in one view, they would not have believed." His misapprehension as to the Incarnation would seem to be willful, as to the Eucharist involuntary; but his assertion that the name of John was specially invented for the Baptist seems a strong proof that he had before him a copy of the first chapter of St. Luke. An oral informant (probably, if a Christian—certainly, if a Jew) would at once have told him that Johanan was a name by no means unknown to the pages of the Old Testament.

In much of what has been already said, we have partly dealt with Mohammed's claim to inspiration and apostleship. Undoubtedly the great body of the Koran displays little originality. If judged by any standard of European ideas, it would, not improbably, be put aside as a cumbersome mass of legend, with a monotonous recurrence of common-place thoughts and precepts; and an examination of its

moral aspect might be followed by a condemnation still more severe. Such a method may, however, prove fallacious. A revelation, to be genuine, need not be entirely dissimilar to those which have preceded it; and Arabian ideas and civilization may call for a different code from such as suit the nations of the West. Yet more, it is hard to judge of such a work as the Koran through the medium of a translation. Its rhythm, if not its poetry, is completely destroyed by such a version as that of Sale; and the earlier Suras in particular are remarkable for an exuberance of wild and vivid imagery, in which we can not fail to discern something of sublimity, if not of beauty. It is, indeed, full of contradictions and absurdities. It condescends to the most ridiculous mythology, and some of its morality is doubtful on any standard. Still the question is not so much whether there was in Mohammed an element of imposture in the later portions of his career, as whether at the first he was not actuated by a desire to advance the cause of truth and righteousness amongst his grievously benighted countrymen. It is disingenuous to meet this question by an unqualified negative. It is hard to think that his truthfulness and sincerity of character did not survive for many a year after the first burst of inspiration in the cave at Hira. But here, again, in this most intricate and complicated subject, we are met by the old difficulties of undefined and ambiguous phrases. The terms, Revelation, Inspiration, Divine Commission, do indeed set forth corresponding realities; but they call up commonly very different, if not conflicting ideas. Still, the historian, who takes upon himself to analyze such a character as that of Mohammed, is bound to avoid to the utmost all equivocations of language. If, by revelation, we imply a foregone conclusion, that many centuries ago a small number of men, belonging to a particular country and people, received communications from heaven after a method, not simply higher, but altogether different in kind from that which obtains with mankind generally—if by inspiration we mean that these men became vehicles for divine utterances in a way vouchsafed to none at the present day—if by divine commission we signify a call accompanied by some outward or sensible assurance of its reality, altogether beyond what can be

* Vol. ii. p. 311.

† Sura 3.

‡ Ib. 6.

received by any now; then it will be utterly idle to suppose that an historical comparison can be instituted between them and any others, vain to expect from such a course the smallest profitable result. We may not be bound to compare Mohammed with Isaiah or Ezekiel; but if we do compare them, then Isaiah and Ezekiel must be considered as men over whom the same mental and spiritual laws hold good as over Mohammed; and that (given a similar spirit) it was quite possible for Mohammed to have been such as they were. If, then, we will allow that every speaker of truth utters, whensoever he speaks the truth, the words of God—if we will affirm that every man who labors for the good of others, acts upon a divine commission—that the earnest desire to be the instrument in doing such good is itself a call to undertake the task—if we will believe that all writings, prompted by the desire to attain the truth and to do it, are the results of inspiration, at once such comparisons become not merely legitimate, but profitable, and even necessary.

Mr. Muir's judgment appears to us almost too severe. A latent, perhaps an unconscious, notion that a divine commission and inspiration required some sensible assurance, such as was not granted to Mohammed, has made him attribute to the founder of Islam something of imposture and hypocrisy in all stages of his career, except the first; and to assert that, being conscious of a sincere desire, he "*fancied* that he perceived a divine commission to call forth his people from darkness into light."* We believe that his call was not fancied, but genuine; his commission not fictitious, but real; and that it was no mere imaginary inspiration which made him long to destroy the vast system of idolatry which had enthralled and degraded his countrymen. That he made his call subservient to secondary ends, and abused his commission for secular purposes, in no way affects their reality; and conscious imposture with regard to these secondary objects may certainly be conceived of as coexisting with a real mission for the conversion of a people and a regeneration of society. The objection which Mohammed himself sought most to obviate was the absence of miraculous testimony to his preaching. The anxiety was causeless which prompted him to seek

for signs which are rather a stumbling block than a ground of assurance; and not many portions of the Koran so commend themselves for sound sense as those in which he deprecates the holding such signs to furnish a ground for spiritual conviction. Such passages are frequently an approach to the declaration, "He that loveth God, heareth my words." A more plausible argument against the reality of his mission might be urged from his manifest anxiety to prove his inspiration, his repeated efforts to convince his hearers of his supernatural communications with heaven, to assure them that, like the soothsayer of Moab, he saw visibly the things of God. Such objections, however, will not stand against the reality of the reformation which he wrought. The failings and crimes which tarnished it prove, not that he had not received a commission, but that he had not acted up to it.

The downward course may, indeed, have commenced very early—probably, as Mr. Muir inclines to think, after the composition of the very earliest Suras, when the conviction that he had received the call led him, by a "deceptive process, to the high blasphemy of forging the name of God; thenceforward he spoke literally in the name of the Lord."* At the same time was growing up a consciousness that his religion must, if need were, be furthered by the sword;† and visions of temporal supremacy, perhaps even of earthly luxury, mingled with his loftier and purer motives. These could not have come from the Divine Being, whose prophet he claimed to be. But Mr. Muir feels that the agency of the prince of darkness and his followers may be "*one at least of the possible causes of the fall of Mohammed, the once sincere inquirer, into the meshes of deception.*"‡ This is followed by a comparison of the situation and acts of Mohammed to the temptation of Christ, which is scarcely in accordance with Mr. Muir's own canons of historical criticism. If he is prepared to regard even the greatest of the Hebrew prophets apart from the coloring thrown over them by popular theories of inspiration, the analogy will be legitimate; but the historical judge can draw none between Mohammed and One in whom human nature is asserted to be inseparably joined with the divine. With the view of Satanic agency which Mr.

* Vol. ii. p. 73.

* Vol. ii. p. 75.

† Ib. p. 71.

‡ Ib. p. 91.

Muir advances, half apologetically, we presume not to interfere; we suggest the possibility that ethical causes may be amply sufficient to account for these and all other failings and iniquities of mankind; nor can we hold that the putting forth of certain declarations in the Divine name is a blasphemous forgery, except on an examination of the matter so put forth. Were any one in our own English society, roused by the sight of gross and fearful enormities, to come forth to the battle against moral and social evils with the old formula, "Thus saith the Lord," we might perhaps speak of him as employing an unusual method; we could not, except at the cost of the same sin in ourselves, retort on him an accusation of falsehood. The crime of Mohammed consists, not in putting forth his commands to do justice and love mercy as the word of the Lord, but in asserting that he could never speak any thing except that word. His theory of inspiration made the man a mere vehicle or machine, and thus harmonized with that upheld by almost all schools of Christian theology. We can but say of him, that he was perhaps the only man

who has ever carried out the theory to its strict logical conclusions.

Our sketch has proved less a biography of Mohammed than we had intended it to be; and some subjects of the deepest interest we have been compelled to leave altogether unnoticed. The double emigration to Abyssinia, the lapse of Mohammed and its results, the progress of his creed, the character of his earlier Suras, his own conduct in the commencement of his career, are all matters requiring more than merely incidental mention. But the omission is perhaps of the less moment, as Mr. Muir's present volumes extend only to the flight from Mecca. We look forward hopefully to the promised continuation of his work, which will embrace the whole career and teaching of Mohammed subsequent to the Hejira. Some of those points which we have been obliged to pass by now, may hereafter be discussed more fully in a notice of his promised volumes; when we hope also to examine more minutely his masterly and admirable chapters on the value and credibility of early Mohammedan tradition.

From the Quarterly Review.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ADMIRAL BLAKE, THE GREAT PURITAN ADMIRAL.*

WE heartily wish that the attention of our men of letters was more directed than it is to the ancient and valuable art of Biography. There is no branch of literature which does more good or communicates more pleasure; for there is none that so completely appeals to the two passions which make literature popular—the love of knowledge, and the love of amusement. These have a joint gratification in a thoroughly good "Life," where some important section of the history of the world is dramatically embodied in one figure, and we are made to pass through

great events, in good company, and almost with the emotions of a contemporary. Accordingly, one of the few classical authors who has domesticated himself among the moderns is the pleasant and garrulous Plutarch. He has managed to get letters of naturalization among us, and to escape the popular terror attached to the name of Greek. Probably, too, that incomparable biography, the "Agricola," is more read than any other work of Tacitus—though the general world, we fear, will have to wait long for a translation that shall do justice to its pregnant epigram and its brilliant colors. Every day we may see something analogous going on with respect to our native authors. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*

* *Robert Blake, Admiral and General at Sea. Based on Family and State Papers. By ILLFORTH DIXON. A New Edition. 1858.*

are outliving his *London*, while Boswell is tending to supplant the Doctor himself. Southey's *Nelson* bids fair to be read by generations almost ignorant of the name of his *Thalaba*. The modern biographer, we fear, has many defects. He is almost invariably too long; he is deficient in perspective—in giving harmony to his proportions; he is negligent of reality, disinclined to conceive of past life as of something that once lived and breathed as surely and warmly as any thing we see now. But it must be admitted, after all, that his task is a hard one. A great biographer ought to be at once philosopher and painter—to have a genius for science, and a genius for art. If he can not duly measure his hero, his opinions are worthless; if he can not duly describe him, he is dull in his style. The union is rare of that open, candid, loving nature which leads a man to a right choice of a subject, with the gravity of intellect and grace of art necessary to the execution of it.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the author of the *Life of the famous man before us*, has got into the right track in spite of the confusion which prevails on the subject. He is what the Sunday Acts call a *bonâ fide* traveler to his goal. He likes the Commonwealth men, and the dominant ideas of the seventeenth century; and having drawn Penn, who was a child of that age, it was natural that he should proceed to draw Blake, who was one of the heroes of it. His style, once somewhat turgid, improves in his later works. His opinions are entitled to respect from their sincerity, though our sentiments on several points are not his. We can not, for instance, be expected to believe of Charles the First, that "*his origin was bad*." Such is not our way of thinking about the royal and noble blood of Europe. On the other hand, we respect as much as Mr. Dixon, the great and good men produced among the Puritans. We acknowledge the benefits which accrued to the nation from the conflict between Charles and his Parliament, but we have an equally strong belief that it was a good thing for England, that much of what the country party aimed at destroying survived its hostility. We have always admired the remark of Coleridge, that what makes the Civil War a pleasant object of study is that we can read of the struggle, and yet respect both sides. And this is

one of several characteristics of the movement which distinguishes it from the revolutions of later times; a distinction that must be carefully kept in mind when we argue in our days from the precedents of the seventeenth century.

There is one fact about the stirring old Cavalier and Roundhead days which makes them excellent material for the historical writer. It may seem fanciful, but it is certainly true, that poetry disappeared out of our politics with those events. They were the last of the romantic epochs—the border-land between old feudal England and modern busy practical England. Compare the picture raised in the mind by the mention of the age of Charles with that of the age of Anne for example—pleasant and clever as the latter age undoubtedly was. A certain elevation of view and generous force of mind marks the men of the earlier period—the Falklands, the Pembrokes, the Northampsons, the Richmonds, or the Hampdens, the Blakes, the Vanes. The objects contended for are nobler and higher. The poetry they read is fresher, sweeter, more lyrical. We have Herrick and Suckling instead of Prior and Gay. The Anne men always come to the mind, associated with town life—routs, drums, coffee, china, wit and sarcasm and scandal. Their wigs are prosaic compared with their grandfathers' love-locks; their cocked-hats vulgar compared with the steeple-hats, past which bullets whistled at Marston Moor. Mention one such name as this last, and forthwith the memory of a reading man teems with moated grange and galloping dragoons, buff-coat and bandolier. A file of muskets glitters behind the green hedge; a flag rises on the deserted tower. Quaint, pretty, clever, are the words suggested by the Queen Anne scene—romantic, generous, picturesque, by the Commonwealth one. It would seem as if all systems made a grand display just before their termination. Old England had one gala day of it—of chivalry in her Cavaliers, of piety in her Roundheads—before settling down to modern business, and transmitting her beliefs and sentiments into new forms. A line divides her public life, about the time that Oliver sunk into his grave. Beyond that line we see our ancestors tinged with a certain hue of romance, which we can scarcely claim for ourselves. We can enjoy a ballad about their doings, written

by a Scott or a Browning, but poetry at present keeps remarkably clear of the "business of the session."

Robert Blake, destined as General and Admiral to play such an important part in that period, was a Somersetshire man. He was of a good landed family there, said by a tradition in the branch still existing to have come originally from Northumberland. A speculative person might attribute his marked nautical genius to the blood of those old Danes who set sail from the Baltic, under the Raven, ages ago. What is certain, however, at present, is only that the Admiral's ancestor, Humphrey Blake, possessed the Manor of Tuxwell, in the reign of Henry the Eighth. By a process, quite common among what old Fuller calls the "middle-sized" gentry, the Blakes took to merchandise in Bridgewater, which town had the honor of producing the man who made them famous, about the end of August, 1598—the year before the birth of Cromwell. He was the eldest son of Humphrey Blake, gentleman and merchant, by Sara Williams of Plansfield, co-heiress of a good knightly family of the county. It was precisely from this class—persons of gentle blood yet average fortune and position—that the great men of Blake's party came.

In Bridgewater the old fashioned substantial house is still shown with its oak wainscots and ornamented ceilings, in which the Blakes lived. The gardens ran down to the river Parrett; the windows looked out over a wide valley to the Quantock hills. One of the earliest objects that would catch the boy's young eyes would be the masts of the shipping in the stream—masts decked with the colors of more than one nation, and suggesting who knows what visions of distant purple seas, and fierce Algerine corsairs, and all that could stimulate the heart and waken the wonder of a bold strong lad. Such influences, joined to the talk of his father the merchant—and in those days the merchant went abroad with his ship and guarded her treasures with his own stout arm—must have deeply impressed young Blake. But he was a grave youngster, and took naturally to his book, and spent no less than nine years at the University. Little is known of his college life. Clarendon speaks with respect of his attainments, and it is certain that his learning was far greater than that

of most fighting-men; in fact, it may safely be said of him, that while inclination made him a scholar it was rather destiny that made him a soldier. He found himself drawn into the great struggle of his time by his position and his sense of duty; and in the hurry of the life of after-years he never seems to have lost either the taste which had made him learned or the earnestness which had made him a Puritan.

In his twenty-seventh year he was recalled home by the illness of his father. The world had not gone well with the old gentleman, who, dying in November, 1625, left Robert to take charge of a large family, upon what was by no means a large income. Here were new duties, which he achieved with fidelity, and in the main, with success. Of his brothers, Humphrey followed him by and by into the Navy; suffered for non-conformity after the Restoration; and emigrated to Carolina, where his descendants still exist.

We are now to think of Blake as settled at Bridgewater, taking care of his mother, who survived her husband for many years, and *in loco parentis* to his numerous troop of brothers and sisters. His character was formed, and may be described in a word as Puritanical. The world is now better qualified to understand what such a description implies, than it was for a century and a half after the Restoration. For a long time, it was commonly understood to mean a fanatic or a hypocrite; and the Puritan was to most people either a man that had been half-cracked or a man that had been wholly a rascal.

It is now high time for those who honor the old traditions of England, to do that justice to the Puritans which was almost uniformly denied them by the eighteenth century. We shall never understand the Civil War, nor be able to think of it without shame and humiliation, unless we will look at the bright as well as the dark side of the contending powers. The fact is, that Puritanism was a genuine expression of one form of Protestant Christianity. It allied itself with natures that were simple and earnest, sturdy and self-dependent. Such men were impatient of ecclesiastical authority, indifferent to symbolism and tradition, full of spiritual self-reliance. Puritanism was the fundamental source of the opposition to the king; it became allied with other

influences, but these depended on it, and not it upon them. A man from being a Puritan became often a Republican, but as a general rule he was a Puritan first.

There was a certain affinity between Puritanism and Republicanism, for both were impatient of authority and tradition. Accordingly, Blake seems to have very early fallen under the suspicion of being no friend to monarchical principles. He was an admirer of Brutus, and was fond of quoting Lucan. A grand simplicity was his ideal of government; an organization of stately but not splendid magistrates ruling over a free patriotic enlightened people: a beautiful but entirely visionary system which rose like a sun-tinted cloud-palace before the eyes of Sydney and Andrew Fletcher, and the last rays of which still glitter on the classic page of Walter Savage Landor.

Was Blake, then, a kind of Puritan democrat? So it may be said—always providing that we distinguish carefully between such “democracy” and that which bears the name in the times in which we live. Let no modern democratic radical fancy that *he* is of the school of those great old dreamers. The seventeenth century men were as different from the men of 1793 and 1848 in their views as they were superior to them in their characters and parts. They never dreamt of interfering with the general system of society and subordination, but still held to such fundamental ideas as the national religion, the old constitution, and the “spirit of a gentleman.” Cromwell chose his Ironsides among the freeholders. A Percy, a Herbert, a Montague, a Grey were of their party. They taunted Charles, not with being their king—that, they admitted was his right—but with having taken liberties with them which their ancestors had not tolerated in the Plantagenets. Right or wrong, they were a quite different breed of revolutionists from any that the world has seen since, and the honor of England requires that this should be maintained at every proper opportunity.

Blake being thus a Puritan, with speculative leanings towards Republicanism, which leanings, however, would by no means have induced him to rise against the king in the absence of what he esteemed proper provocation—the next point of interest is, how was he provoked? To this we answer, on his Puritan

side. His whole life proves that in spite of his bookish turn, he was far more a practical than a speculative man. From ambition of the worldly kind he was entirely free. We doubt if he would have moved at all, but for the irritating war carried on by Laud and the Court against that religious party with which his deepest instincts had connected him. And as it chanced, Laud was appointed Bishop of Bath and Wells within a year or so (20th June, 1626) of the very date at which Blake returned to Bridgewater from Oxford.

This is one of those historical coincidences which excite deep reflection. Here were the two antagonistic tendencies of the time brought within sight of each other on the same field of action. The west country was full of trading towns, always the strongholds of Puritanism. Accordingly, during the two years that he held the see, Laud—a sincere man, but weak and with no insight into his age—vexed the Somersetshire Puritans sadly. Perpetual squabbles were carried on about placing the communion-table this way or that way. The bishop's successor went further; he suspended one of Blake's favorite “ministers” in Bridgewater, and enjoined Humphrey Blake, church-warden, to do penance, as a favorer of the delinquent. Years passed on, and of course all the stories of the whippings and brandings of Puritan writers would reach reach Blake's native town. The future admiral had a kind of grim sarcastic humor about him, of the same stamp as that of Knox or Buchanan, and this made him scorn and ridicule what he otherwise hated. In due time he became committed to the cause, and was the leader of it in his native town.

Presently, came the great Scottish news of 1637, and people heard how Bishop Lindsay and Dean Hannay had been hooted and pelted in St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh; and how, in regular course, the Scots had signed the Covenant, and were in arms against their native king; war committees sitting in every county to raise men, and people bringing up their very spoons to sell them in the cause; till the rebels crossed the Tweed, and soon Charles had no alternative but to summon a parliament. Bridgewater sent up “Robert Blake, gent.,” to this, the “Short Parliament,” as historians call it, which met on Monday, the 13th April,

1640. Blake was no doubt present when amidst the silence of that grave old generation, Lord Keeper Finch began the speech in language which reads so quaintly in our day :

" His Majesties kingly resolutions are seated in the Ark of his Sacred Breast, and it were a presumption of too high a nature for any *Uzzah* uncalled to touch it: yet His Majesty is now pleased to lay by the shining beams of Majesty as Phœbus did to Phaeton, that the distance between Sovereignty and Subjection should not barr you of that filial freedom of access to his Person and Counsels."

But the Commons were scarcely in the mood for this vein of eloquence, and would vote no money till they had redress of grievances. The King dissolved them on May 5th; and though he called the Long Parliament that same autumn, Blake was not a member of it till 1645, when he was returned for Taunton.

Rare was now the excitement in London. The mob that years before had pelted poor old Isaac Casaubon's windows in St. Mary Axe with stones, because he was understood to be of King James's way of thinking in church matters, went bawling about libels, and attacked Laud's palace at Lambeth. The city was simmering with discontent, not only at grievances generally, but at such mishaps as the taking of the Rebecca (worth £260,000) by the Algiers pirates, who had no less than sixty ships afloat. Grave Puritans were grumbling at the Papist Queen; and sturdy feudal squires muttered out reminiscences of Magna Charta. The events which followed are of immortal fame and endless consequences. Strafford was beheaded, and Laud lodged in the Tower. The Irish rebellion shocked and alarmed the country. Both parties held to every thing they could in a manner which made reconciliation impossible, and on the 22d August, 1642, the King hoisted his standard at Nottingham, and all England knew that there was nothing for it but the sword. The Puritans, who were the salt of the parliamentary party, had indeed *their* line marked clearly enough. But many who had been discontented from a less elevated view, did not feel an enthusiastic eagerness to carry on the war. Many must have been comparatively indifferent, and these would go to the King's side, if there was a leader to rally them—the King's being the easier and less austere

party, and, generally speaking, the party of the men of the world. As Cromwell went down to his own eastern country, so Blake went forthwith to his western country, and began raising forces for the Parliament. The theory of our ancestors was, that all men could be easily turned into soldiers; and both parties set about it at once. Blake raised a troop of dragoons with more than ordinary quickness, and dashed to and fro amidst the smartest actions of the west. He was with Sir John Horner's forces when he drove the Marquis of Hertford out of Wells. He distinguished himself at Bodmin; and at the well-fought field of Lansdown, where Sir Bevil Grenville fell. He soon began to attract attention, and showed that combination of dashing activity with gravity and prudence, which characterized the best men on his side. The Cavaliers were equally daring and brilliant, but not equally prudent and steady; whence the important remark of Clarendon, that during the war, they never rallied from a shock in battle and recovered their good order again, like their Roundhead enemies. Their charge was like that curious phenomenon of the Mediterranean—a white squall—terrible for the moment, but which passes away without doing mischief proportionate to its violence.

In charging in true Cavalier fashion—in displaying some of the best and some of the worst qualities of the Cavalier—no man on the King's side surpassed his nephew, Prince Rupert. The Prince had brought from the borders of the Rhine some of the characteristic qualities of borderers. Such as he was, he was active and loyal enough, and he soon came in contact with Blake at the siege of Bristol.

It was a summer day, in July, 1643, when the two sons of the Queen of Hearts—Rupert and Maurice—sat down before that ancient town. Things had been looking well for their cause in the west; Waller had fought indecisively with Maurice near Bath, with Wilmot near Devizes. The Fairfaxes were locked up at Hull; Cromwell was not triumphant in Lincolnshire. Hampden had fallen in the previous month at Chalgrove. And now, Rupert took Bristol in four days; Sir Nathaniel Fiennes being incompetent, if not worse; and Blake fighting to the last, in vain. Blake's business in this siege was to defend a certain fort along the line called "Prior's Hill." The assaults on it by

Grandison and Lunsford with musket and hand-grenade, pistol and pike, were constant and terrible; but they never carried it from the stout Somersetshire man, who beat them off, and sallied against them in their confusion. Even after Fiennes had surrendered the town, Blake stood at bay for a time. This breach of military etiquette caused Rupert to threaten to hang him, which he only omitted, according to Clarendon, in consideration of his inexperience. Now was the turning-point of the war. The King came to Bristol, and held a council; was advised to march straight on London, but hesitated, and preferred to invest Gloucester, and never had such a happy chance again.

Blake was, by this time, in good esteem with the Parliament. He was appointed to the Somerset Committee of Ways and Means, and to the lieutenant-colonelcy of Popham's regiment — a stalwart Round-head body, 1500 strong. He now, accompanied by one of his brothers, Samuel Blake, made an entry into Bridgewater with some troops, hoping to seize the castle. A strange sensation it must have been, in those days, for a man to force his way into his native town, find all the old homely faces divided against each other, and patrols pacing the familiar streets! Blake saw that there was no chance there, at that time, and prepared to march to the south coast, where he was wanted for the defense of Lyme. But he had a terrible sorrow to carry away with him from the old places associated with his pleasantest recollections. His younger brother, Samuel, strolled from head-quarters. At a little ale-house on the river, a few miles down, he got wind of some Cavalier-recruiting that was going on, and resolved to pursue the officers who were employed upon it. The expedition was irregular, and it was fatal. A fray followed, and Samuel Blake fell. We have an account of its effect on his brother from one who knew the family, and wrote a biography of the great man more than a century ago. When the news reached the town, the officers of the regiment talked it over in knots, with such grave glances at Colonel Blake, and hesitation about who should tell him, as we can all easily fancy:

"At last he asked one of them very earnestly, and the gentleman replied, with some emotion, '*Your brother Sam is killed!*' explaining how it came to pass. The Colonel having heard him out, said: '*Sam had no business there.*'

And, as if he took no further notice of it, turned from the corn-hill or market-place into the Swan inn, of chief note in that town, and shutting himself in a room gave way to the calls of nature and brotherly love, saying: '*Died Abner as a fool dieth!*'"

This anecdote bears the unmistakable stamp of truth, and throws a strange flash of light on the old Puritan's portrait. "Sam had no business there!" and he turns away with stoical soldierly firmness from the news that his brother had lost his young life where he had no right to be. But the street along which he moves is one where a hundred times they had played together; and by the time he has hurried himself into a room, his strong heart has overflowed. "Died Abner as a fool dieth!" Melancholy yet tender words, betrayed the source to which men like Blake turned in all hours of passion and trial.

His next service was in defense of the little seaport of Lyme, besieged by Maurice after failing in an attempt to storm Plymouth. The population was short of a thousand; Blake's fighting-men numbered only some five hundred, and the defenses of the place were naturally weak. The Prince, on descending from the Somerset Hills, drove in Blake's outposts, summoned him to surrender, of course in vain, and then charged with horse in the wake of a shower of hand-grenades. But the horse were met by a fire so steady that they wavered and fell back. Thus it went on, from day to day and week to week. In spite of siege-train and storming-parties, and of the loss of scores of gallant men, Maurice failed to carry Lyme. Weeks passed, and Warwick's fleet arrived in the offing in time to save the garrison from being starved out. At last the Prince gave up the siege after a loss of 2000; and Colonel Blake took the field again, a free man, with a higher fame than ever.

Essex, the somewhat dull son of the brilliant favorite of Elizabeth, was now moving westward to give, as he hoped, a great blow to the King's cause in those parts. He did gain the regions which he threatened, but he neglected the strong points of those through which he passed. All over the western counties the Cavaliers had strong fortresses, and a direct line of communication in consequence. Blake cast his eyes over the district; discerned the vital importance of seizing Taunton; made a rapid march there, and

carried it from a poor weak Colonel Reeves without a blow. This was on the 8th of July, 1644, six days after Cromwell and the Scots had defeated Rupert in the terrible battle of Marston Moor, which destroyed the King's cause in the north. All the more need then, that the King's cause should prosper in the west! So Charles moved in the direction whence his Queen had left for Brest that same eventful July. Lord Essex, hemmed in and helpless, took to the water, leaving his troops no resource but to surrender; and the triumphant Cavaliers returned eastward with every prospect of bringing Blake and Taunton on their knees. The King went after nobler game, as he thought; but troops soon began to pour round the lines that had been formed to defend the old inland town, long famous for that woolen trade which our ancestors always esteemed the staple trade of this country. The place was large and unwall'd, and set in a country where the besiegers were strong. Governor Wyndham, of Bridgewater, "sent a second trumpeter to his old neighbor and townsman, almost entreating him to accept terms of surrender," says Mr. Dixon. Governor Blake, of Taunton, (for such was the rank he now held from the Parliament,) was as unyielding as a Roman wall. And so the siege began; and the defense was the most famous of Blake's achievements, till he exchanged land for sea-service, won the highest degree of the favorite celebrity of the British people, and almost hid his earlier laurels under that final crown of them, wet with sparkling seawater.

Wyndham, of purest Cavalier breed—of the race that "would not desert the Crown, though it hung on a bush"—began the attack. Beaten in a skirmish, he formed a blockade. His troops barricaded the roads with trees, and stopped the homely market-carts as they jogged on towards the town. From this first dilemma Blake was helped by the sudden arrival of a smart German officer, Vandruske, who broke Wyndham's line and gave a little breathing-time to the garrison. Blake seized the occasion, and scoured the country to warm up despondent hearts in the cause. Meanwhile, Goring's forces were coming up from Weymouth, and his track was marked by every horror that can accompany civil war. Many of his victims fled into Taunton, which was now

a perfect eyesore to the King's party. Squabbles arose among them as to who should have the command against it, and these divided the friends of the Crown just at the time when the new Model was strengthening the cause of the Parliament. Soon, Cromwell—now a General—and Waller were on the move. It became more and more a vital matter to the Cavaliers to take the town, and the young Prince of Wales held a council in Bristol to consider the General's position. Goring's plan was adopted—of a sudden attack on Taunton, while a greater force remained on the borders of Wilts and Dorsetshire to watch the enemy. Accordingly, Sir Richard Grenville appeared in the trenches, and began to work hard. But now, Waller was stirring, and Goring insisted on Grenville's joining against him, which Grenville declined to do. The divided Cavaliers once more changed their tactics, and resolved on a junction and an attack on Taunton in force. Up came Wyndham, and Sir John Berkeley, and Sir Joseph Wagstaffe, with Goring's foot and artillery from Wells, and inclosed the heart of the town, as it were, with a wall of fire. The suburbs were burnt and pillaged, and the outskirts crumbled away before incessant shot. Famine preyed on the defenders within, but Blake would not yield. The pamphlets of that time contain some curious anecdotes of the grim humor with which Blake seasoned his suffering and peril. On one occasion of a "parley" proposing that he should resign the town, he answered that he had four pair of boots left yet, and he would eat three of them before the enemy got it. Another time, being threatened that when the town was carried all should be put to the sword but seven persons, his reply was that he wanted the names of the seven, and would send *their* bodies presently. He and his brave comrades were almost in the last stage of suffering and peril, when Fairfax detached four regiments to his relief. Colonel Welden commanded this force, and raised the siege on the 11th May, 1645.

The contemporary accounts of the spectacles which met Welden's troops on their march are something fearful. All the country round about Taunton was devastated, and, as one eye-witness tells us, "unpeopled." The town itself was black with the traces of fire. The besiegers left some barrels of powder and arms behind

them, and took away twelve or fourteen cart-loads of dead men.

This was a great triumph for the Parliament, which sent Blake a vote of thanks, and a present of £500. Goring, with those ferocious troops which were called "Goring's crew," again overran the county of Somerset, and commenced a second investment of Taunton against Welden and Blake. But this was a far milder siege than its predecessor, and the Cavaliers chiefly acted on the defensive, and resisted the charges with which the garrison took care to break the blockade. Goring lay about the town for five or six weeks in a manner that excites the stately reprehension of Clarendon; during that time, the King was defeated in the crowning battle of Naseby; and then Fairfax marched on, and relieved Taunton, and the whole west together. The royal game was up.

Blake now performed peaceful duties for a time, and the quiet modest way in which he remained absent from the House of Commons, though chosen to sit for Taunton in 1645, is most significant. He was not responsible for the shedding of the King's blood: on the contrary, he was heard to use this remarkable expression, that "he would as freely venture his life to save the King as ever he had done to serve the Parliament." He was altogether a practical man, and a man of moderation. He had once thought the King too strong for the safety of Protestantism and the state. But when the King was in prison, and his cause defeated, he did not wish to see him put to death. On the other hand, he was entirely free from personal ambition, and made no effort to use his reputation for the purpose of political influence. His was the *via media* in all things. He did the duty of the day, and waited for that of the morrow. The preference he appears to have entertained in theory for a republican form of government, exercised very little influence over his active life. It is clear that not that preference, but his Puritanism, made him first join the Parliamentary cause; and, afterwards, when a depotism was in the ascendant of which all pure republicans disapproved, he zealously and faithfully served it. Blake, in fact, was for England, and did not expect England to suit herself to Blake. He was an "antique Roman" kind of man of the early Roman breed—willing to serve the state when it

needed his services, content to stay at home when it did not want them. This private, simple, pious character contrasts significantly with the turbulent vanity and levity, the morbid, spasmodic greatness, the fervish yet pedantic cleverness of the modern revolutionists of Europe. Above all, there was nothing *theatrical* about our great Puritan. He was a homely west-country gentleman, middle-sized, of firm and generous yet not at all romantic air and expression, most orderly and pious in his household, and with sacred words ever ready for the guidance of life, but, for the rest, a kindly laugh, and known to take a quiet cup of sack and a pipe at bed-time. Such was Blake, as old authorities prove; and we are certain that if Monsieur Robespierre had presented himself in the market-place at Taunton, in his sky-blue coat, to deliver his oration on the *Être Suprême*, Governor Blake of that town would at once have ordered him into the stocks.

A man of this stamp had the kind of disposition which then, as ever, resembled the true nautical English character. So that when he, *at fifty years of age*, went *afloat for the first time*, at a period when Cromwell and the Parliamentary chiefs sent "generals" on board the fleet over the seamen's heads, and *after a revolt* of part of that fleet to the side of the Prince of Wales, he seems to have become domesticated immediately. He took to the water as if there were something in his breed that fitted him for it. He conquered in actions against the greatest seamen of the day; and, in eight short years (1649–1657) he so completely established his naval renown, that he superseded the reputation which had first raised him, the honor derived from Bristol, Lyme, Taunton, and a dozen fields of battle, and sunk his title of General in that of Admiral, for all posterity. England, which has forgotten that Bacon was a viscount, has forgotten that Blake was a general. As it merged Bacon's political in his philosophical fame, so it merged Blake's military in his naval fame. There is nothing like it in our history. Here is a man, who is spoken of as a seaman, in conjunction with Drake, and Nelson, and Collingwood, and who on his fiftieth birthday can not possibly have been able to put a ship about, or to give the orders while the crew were reefing topsails. It is scarcely intelligible to us who know the present English navy, as we

think of the roars of laughter with which the squadron would hail the news that Sir Colin Campbell had been appointed to the Royal Albert. To understand Blake's success, we must attribute to him not only an inherent genius for the sea, but an essential affinity with the character of seamen, which caused his crew to recognize in him a brother spirit, and cordially exert their efforts to assist him in his task. For it is perfectly certain that, at first, he must have been under great disadvantages. He must have been dependent on captains, lieutenants, or masters for the whole seamanship of the very ship in which he sailed. In our day, no ordinary man would be considered likely to be a first-rate *seaman* who should enter the service as late as twenty; and genius like every thing else, must submit to certain fundamental natural laws.

The character of the British sailor was in part formed by Blake's time, and explains Blake's own character. For centuries, however, our coasts had been lined with the descendants of those great races of the Baltic and the German Ocean, the only races of the world that have ever mastered the sea. The Greeks and Romans, who crawled about their pleasant shores, and offered sacrifices if they had to cross the Adriatic or penetrate the Euxine; what can their notions have been of the great element such as it presented itself to the Norse rovers? They fought at Salamis and at Actium, but such fighting involved no *seamanship*; it was only an ordinary struggle between landmen in smooth water on the decks of gigantic boats, of which the oars were pulled by slaves, and the maneuvers few, simple, and obvious. Accordingly, there is no such character as the classical seaman; and in all his gallery of portraits, Plutarch has nobody to show us who makes us think of Collingwood or Nelson. Our sailors are our own men; our peculiar heroes; formed by the tradition of a naval race acting on the desire for commerce by its instincts, reacted upon by commerce in its habits, and moulded into a special and peculiar type of the English people by their isolation. One of the happiest expressions in Clarendon's history is, when he comes to the celebrated defection of a part of the fleet from the Parliament in 1648, and says: "The seamen are a *nation by themselves*."

When the cry of "grievances" ran high,

the seaman had joined in it, but always with very warm expressions of loyalty to the King's person. There is a mixture of a disposition to grumble with a leaning to conservatism about sailors, which make this line of conduct very intelligible. We have ourselves remarked in them, for instance, an abstract dislike to bishops! No boatswain can understand or sympathize with episcopacy, and if ever he takes to newspaper-reading and radicalism, it is against the miter rather than the crown that he directs his hostility. Doubtless, this is partly a dark mystery of the boatswain's nature, yet it is not altogether out of the reach of a philosophic observer. As an isolated citizen, dwelling away from towns and villages, his notions of pews being capstan-bars laid across buckets, and a "church" being to him something that can be "rigged" on Sundays during the forenoon-watch, the boatswain has never had an opportunity of being touched by either the dignity or the utility of a prelate. Yet no boatswains, and few seamen at all, are "democrats." Accustomed to the wholesale obligarchy of ship-government, and feeling its necessity, they get familiar with the associations of obedience, and their life removes them from the agitations, the cares, the excitements of the factory and the town. And hence, during the civil war, they fell under the "Presbyterian model," which was that of their admiral, Rich, Lord Warwick, yet were never fermented with the general passions of the mob. They "kept the ring," to borrow an illustration from the pugilists. Inside the blue circle of the seas, Cavaliers from old manor-houses, Roundheads from growing towns, swept the fields of fair England, broke against each other in fierce battles, and tore up the old political surface of the country. The navy meanwhile, kept the Channel as the discreet but not violent servant of the Parliament. If a seaport-town was blockaded by Maurice, a sturdy craft or two with her cannons and demi-cannons, culverins and demi-culverins, anchored in the roads and helped the garrison. If foreign supplies were coming from abroad, another squadron was soon crossing the bows of the stranger and bringing him "to." But the navy was English far more than it was parliamentary. Foreign potentates might think that the cause of the "Commons" was a bad cause, that it was *peccata minuta exempli* to see burghers and discon-

tented provincial *noblesse* arrayed in arms against one who bore the sacred name of King. But all interference was impossible while the Presbyterian earl and stout Sir William Batten kept the narrow seas. All that foreign ships could do was to pass them quietly on their way, dipping flag or topsail, too, if the tough English skipper were so inclined! Such is the navy's historical position—to be as little “political” as possible, and to be national above all. So it has always been; and when, in an unhappy day, the Nore fleet mutinied, there can not be any doubt that the mutineers were as ready to fight foreigners as ever; would have fought them heartily; and would probably have thrashed them well.

Now, this was exactly the service for a man like Blake, with his earnestness, his simplicity, his honesty of character, and his love of a joke. He joined it on the 18th April, 1649, just eight months after the revolt of a part of the fleet to the royal side, which brought back Charles, the Prince, in it from Holland without any success, and in fact did nothing for the cause except supply Rupert and Maurice with the means of their privateering. One motive to the revolt was, that jealousy of the rise of the military power (there is a little of *that*, too, left in the navy, with other things) which we find expressed in the “declaration” of Sir William Batten. In that document, which is better written than we should expect, the old parliamentarian vice-admiral speaks angrily of the “design of introducing land-soldiers into every ship.” This is worth noticing, as showing, not only what we could otherwise illustrate—how old the peculiar public opinion of our navy is—but that Blake must have had some prejudice to overcome when he first had his “traps” hoisted on board a man-of-war to assume the rank of a general of the fleet. True, he was among those officers whom the government was not thought to have treated altogether well; but still, he was the government's choice, and he was a “land-soldier;” and nothing but a noble nature and much earnest work could ever have made him the venerated commander he became.

FIRST NAVAL EXPEDITION.

The first naval expedition of the admiral, was against his old foe, Prince

Rupert. The Prince, too, had turned sailor, with his fine daring ways, and his heavy plundering hand, and as he had once swept the land like a whirlwind, was now trying to sweep the sea like a waterspout. He had found in Kinsale, on the Irish coast, a quiet little harbor for the receipt of such merchant-ships as he and his friends picked up in the Channel, and there went Blake to blockade him. Blake imprisoned Rupert for a long time that summer, Cromwell, meanwhile, pursuing his terrible Irish campaign; till, later in the year, the Prince managed to get out with the loss of three ships. He made at once for Portugal, where Blake was soon after sent with a squadron to pursue him. There, on the blue waters of the beautiful Tagus, with its hills stretching far away, clothed with vines and groves, and spotted with monasteries and old castles, the Prince found a friendly reception from King John. But Blake was soon on his trail with a string of the Commonwealth's men-of-war, differing in their homely names, the Tiger, Tenth Whelp, John, Signet, etc.—as much as in their homely old build, square sterns, full bows, elaborate and grotesque ornamentation, from the splendid Queens, and Vanguards, and Inconstants, and Didos, of our generation. Probably, a common merchantman of today is superior in build, speed, and tonnage, to the proudest of the old craft, which, with their brass guns of all sorts of calibers, scattered the power and cooled the pride of Holland and Spain. But then we owe it to these ships and the men who fought them, that we have either navy or name, and the boast of mere material progress is the cheapest, easiest, and vulgarlest boast in the world.

After another blockade, though in a pleasanter climate, in the year 1650, and after having had to bring the illustrious Braganza himself to what sailors call his “bearings,” by seizing his Brazil fleet, Blake once more drove the Rhenish Prince out to seek his fortunes. He chased him about the Mediterranean, where the flag of an English war-commander had scarcely been seen since the days when the chivalry of Europe poured southward under the Holy Cross, and browned their fair Teutonic faces in the burning sun of Syria. Rupert left that historic sea with scarcely three ships, and went to the West-Indies, where his brother Maurice disappeared forever in a tropical squall. Blake destroyed

the bulk of the Prince's fleet in Carthage, captured some French vessels in return for the shelter that had been given to Rupert in Toulon, and turned his head homeward. This, his first Mediterranean cruise, was the forerunner of our subsequent power in those important waters, where we have now the unrivaled maritime ascendancy, with our batch of ships lying secure amidst the salmon-colored forts of Malta; our vessel or two under the shadow of the Rock; or below the lighthouse of fair green Corfu; or amidst the famous isles of the purple Levant; or in the splendid bay of Beyrout, looking up at the sunny barren heights of Lebanon.

When Blake returned to the Channel, he found himself in the first flush of his naval fame. He had had a thorough seasoning in the stormy weather off the Irish coast and under the warm suns of the South. He had proved his genius for his new career, and must have felt himself now at home inside oak bulwarks and amidst black mazy rigging, as much as he had once done behind trenches and at the head of dragoons. The Council of State made him Warden of the Cinque Ports.

The work of 1651 consisted of the reduction of those strongholds which the Cavaliers had made for themselves, like the nests of sea-birds, amongst the rocks of the Isles of Scilly, and on the coasts of Guernsey and Jersey. To these had flocked all the loose unlucky Cavaliers whom the civil wars had ruined; whose sequestered estates were under the charge of strangers; whose ancient woods had fallen beneath the axe; the effigies and armorial windows of whose ancestors, in the churches of inland villages, had been smashed by fanatical cobblers. Such brave desperate fellows were not nice about seizing the homeward-bound traders, and were glad to get a chance of drinking the young King's health in plundered wine. Against their picturesque privateering retreats Blake and Ascue fitted out an expedition, which in April defeated Sir John Grenville in Scilly, and in the same autumn Sir George Carteret in Jersey. The Commonwealth had thus finally dispersed the Cavaliers afloat; and that same summer Worcester had been fought; Charles had crept out of the kingdom in disguise; Lord Derby's head had fallen on the scaffold; and the cause of the English monarchy was bowed down to the dust.

All this time the Admiral had actively

pursued the career of a naval reformer, and had made himself acquainted with the grievances of the seamen, which he was very energetic in endeavoring to set right. "His letters," says Mr. Dixon, who has sought them in their obscure repositories with praiseworthy industry, "exhibit his characteristic kindness of heart. . . . One of his earliest suggestions to the Navy Commissioners, after the reduction of the Channel Islands left them at leisure to think of abuses at home, was a strong recommendation for them to adopt the plan of paying the seamen's wages in the port in which they were discharged, and as soon as they came ashore; so as neither to give them the trouble of walking to London, nor keep them waiting several days at Portsmouth or Plymouth." Such practical suggestions show the man of thought and feeling, and remind one of the usage of Collingwood at a later period. In Blake's time the seamen were well paid; they got nineteen shillings a month per man, and the third part of all prize-money was divided among the ships. But from want of organization there were great abuses; the beer, the butter, the cheese, (all three articles that have vanished out of the naval dietary, and are not suited to it,) were often rank and foul, and life afloat was coarse and hard. Blake did his best to remedy these things, which would give him a hold on his men as enduring as that which he secured by his valiant leadership. And he wanted every such aid, for now the Commonwealth was on the verge of the great Dutch War, one of the most important epochs in the history of the British Navy.

A generous man of our days may muse not without tenderness on the decline of that great naval power which once threatened, tested, nay punished us from the coasts of Holland. The Dutch, akin to us in blood, in language, in institutions, tried our supremacy more severely than any other nation we have ever encountered. They too were not merely brave men, who could build ships and fight upon the water, but *seamen* essentially, like ourselves. But their day went by, and now their naval power seems typified in their strange and quaint yet poetic sea-myth. It beats about the shores of history like a phantom ship—stately and melancholy, a specter of the past—and will never enter the real world of flesh and blood any more.

Holland was certainly a grand Power in the spring of the important year 1652, grand in trade, in fleets, and in memories. For years back we had derived from her the fashion of our naval build, and we were only gradually improving on models based upon that imitation. Old officers and seamen of our squadrons remembered the magnificent tactics of her fleet when a great Spanish Armada appeared against her in the Channel, before the civil wars began. Her officers had a wider and larger experience than ours, who, until the last few years, had scarcely seen any service worthy the name. We had, indeed, the glorious traditions of 1588, and we had many centuries of sea-life at our back, which was of course the real root of the fruit we were now about to gather. But to all common calculations, the risk must have appeared enormous, and we can fancy the strange excitement which must have prevailed in Europe when the two great naval Commonwealths went to war.

There had been several subjects of dispute; the old one about fisheries, on which there was a conference in which Grotius took part in 1615; the point of honor in the matter of the flag; the point of profit in the matter of the Navigation Act. But, at bottom, as in all such cases, there was a jealousy between the two nations, of which the "questions" between them were the mere bubbles on the surface, and this urged them on to try each other's strength. Parliament ordered its captains to insist on Dutch vessels "dipping" their ensigns; which led to our action between Commodore Young and a Dutch fleet from Genoa; and Van Tromp appeared in the Downs with forty sail. This famous old Dutchman had been to sea since he was ten years old, and was the son of a sea-captain who had been famous before him.

Our Admiral was off Rye in the *James* when the news reached him. He gathered together his vessels, and made for the enemy's neighborhood. The Dutch force was much stronger in numbers, and was evidently bent on mischief. War had not been declared, so Blake contented himself with preparing for the worst, and then moved out of the squadron in his own vessel to hail the *Brederode*, and have an explanatory word with her commander. Van Tromp sent a broadside rattling into her. Blake, with some officers, was in his cabin. Glass smashed—wood flew. The

grim Puritan looked up with his queer, quaint humor: "Well, it is not very civil in Van Tromp to take my flagship for a brothel and break my windows!" There was another broadside as he spoke; so, curling his black whiskers, (it was the admiral's way when in a rage,) he burst out on his quarter-deck and gave the word to fire. The action began at four o'clock. The *James*, in which Blake was, suffered terribly; but Rear-Admiral Bourne came up with reinforcements, and Van Tromp disappeared after dusk, perhaps not vanquished, but most certainly not victor. Two Dutch ships had been taken, and the Dutch loss of men was severer than ours, which facts, coupled with the non-appearance of Van Tromp in the Channel next day, entitle us to claim this as Blake's first triumph in a general action. He had only been three years at sea, (we must never forget this aspect of affairs in estimating him;) his vice-admiral, Penn, a regularly educated sailor now in his thirty-second year, was absent on leave; and his responsibility altogether had been fearful. We may be sure that there were hearty thanksgivings offered up in the Puritan *James*, that night, as she lay at anchor off the Ness—shipping a jury mizzen-mast, crossing new yards, etc., etc., and stopping shot-holes.

After an event like this, there was nothing for it, whatever the "explanations," but a regular hot war. Blake forthwith began seizing the Dutch merchant-ships, as those comfortable craft came up the Channel. The Council of State put their whole energy into the task of raising ships and men, and so did our enemies. In June Blake started to the North Sea in the *Resolution*, a sixty-eight-gun ship, with a squadron, to break up the great Dutch herring-fleet. Successful in this, he was still in the north, when Van Tromp appeared with an immense force, and threatened the shores of Kent. Sir George Ascue, who represented Blake, had no adequate force to resist him, but the wind blew off the English coast, and Van Tromp returned to the Texel. There he found a great fleet of merchant-vessels waiting his convoy northward; he sailed thitherward with them; saw them stretch safely off, their various ways; and proceeded to seek Blake in the neighborhood of the Orkney and Shetland Isles. An engagement was imminent, but a mightier power than artillery was abroad. A

gale came from the N.N.W., and blew away both squadrons with heavy damage. Van Tromp returned home, crippled, and having done nothing. The Dutch mob, with true mob gratitude, insulted his misfortunes; and in a fit of indignation he resigned his command. Blake reached the Channel in better plight. Ascue and De Ruiter had had a drawn battle. The States-General had joined De Witt to the latter, in supreme command; and soon these two found themselves in the Channel opposed to Blake and Ascue. The number of vessels on either side was about sixty-eight.

Before the inevitable fight came off, Blake had, with quick decision, struck a blow in another quarter. Without waiting to consult his colleagues of the Council of State, he suddenly attacked a French squadron going under the Duc de Vendôme to relieve Dunkirk from the siege of the Archduke Leopold. The blow was completely successful; Dunkirk fell into the Archduke's hands; and it became impossible that it should ever be used against us by the Dutch with the connivance of the French government. This is a notable instance of the Admiral's quick genius in war, but it also shows what a wise freedom was left to the Commonwealth's commanders. And here was one great advantage the English admirals had over the Dutch. Holland was then divided by true republican factions, such as ultimately ruined her constitution. England was, indeed, nominally a commonwealth; but, on shore, she was ruled by an absolute council, and at sea by absolute sailors; so that the triumphs of that period are really (whatever republicans may think of them) the triumphs of despotism.

It is curious to see in the old pamphlets of that year the hearty spirit with which the people entered into its triumphs. Years after, folk sang in rude doggerel—

"De Witt and Cromwell had each a brave soul;

I freely confess it, I am for old Noll.

Though his government did a tyrant resemble,
He made England great and his enemies tremble."

And, in September, 1652, we find a pamphleteer telling us, of what was then the finest ship in the British Navy—

"The Royal Sovereign is admiral, she carries sixty pieces of cannon, twenty whereof are

whole culverin, and carries a bullet of forty-four pound weight. She hath eleven hundred men a-board, and notwithstanding her massive burden is one of the swiftest sailors on the ocean."

Then, he adds, speaking of the "Hollanders"—"neither is it their brandy-wine that can infuse courage into them!"

It was on the 28th September, that Admiral Penn, in the *James*, sighted the Dutchmen off the North Foreland. Blake, immediately on his signaling, came up. The spirit of the Dutch fleet was wretched; it was divided by every variety of factious dissension; and the men of the *Brederode*, Van Tromp's flag-ship, would not allow the new Admiral to come on board! De Witt, who had the honor of an eminent family as well as that of a great nation to maintain, did his best. He took the main division himself; gave the van to De Ruiter, the rear to De Wilde, and the reserve to Evertz. He formed into line, and awaited the attack.

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon, Blake having given orders from the Resolution that the squadron should reserve its fire for close quarters, bore down on the Dutch line, which fired as he advanced. The Dutch tacked, and at once the fleets met close to each other, and exchanged murderous broadsides. An hour's cannonading followed; then the thunder grew intermittent; and as the Dutch fell back, the heavy clouds broke, and rolled slowly over the gray sea. The Dutch drew off, fighting, and fought till nightfall, their last guns flashing red through the dark; but they were heavily handled. De Ruiter's ship was cut up, right and left, her mainyard lying across her side like a felled tree, and the sails torn with shot-holes into rags. Much blood had moistened the sanded decks that day. Two Dutch ships had gone down; and two had been carried by boarding. Next morning, Blake expected the battle to be renewed, and renewed it would have been had De Witt had his way. But Evertz and De Ruiter decided against him, and they all made for home; Blake following, as close as his damaged ships would allow. Blake returned to his own coast to be welcomed with enthusiasm; De Witt was mobbed at Flushing, all his glory being duly forgotten by the "many-headed" at his first reverse; and De Ruiter was so received, that he offered to resign his commission.

By a natural popular law, especially

visible in republics, the veteran Van Tromp now began to be a favorite again, in the land to which he had long been an honor. Cheering brayings of admiration surrounded the den of the neglected old lion. A reaction had set in, and the Dutch populace began to remember a truth, which in our own days has been happily expressed in a lively ballad :

"Come, cheer up, 'tis no use to be glum, boys;
'Tis written, since fighting begun,
That sometimes we fight and we conquer,
And sometimes we fight and we run."

There was a general demand for him, and for another great struggle in the national cause, and it was evident that still fiercer battles were at hand. With wonderful energy, the wealthy States raised a great fleet, commanded by Van Tromp, De Ruiter, Evertz, and Floritz. Admiral Blake had just had his commission as General and Admiral of the Fleet, renewed, with Colonel Deane and General Monk for colleagues. He was preparing for a quiet winter ; had sent Ball to Elsinore with one batch of ships; Penn to convoy colliers to Newcastle with another; fifteen to the river, for repair; and was dodging about, as they say afloat, between Essex and Hampshire, with a residue of thirty-seven vessels including frigates. Such was the position when in the gloomy November weather, stout Van Tromp suddenly left the Texel and made his appearance off the Goodwin Sands with a hundred men-of-war streaming behind him like a comet's tail.

Blake resolved, in spite of the great disparity of numbers, to fight, and fight he did. The battle took place near the Ness, in Essex, and Blake was worsted. He ran into the river and anchored in Leigh Roads. Van Tromp remained for the time master of the Channel, and passed the English coasts with a broom at his mast-head. This flash of Dutch humor indicated that he meant to sweep the sea, and great was the joy in the United Provinces when the news of the success reached them.

The worst of Blake's check was not the check itself, for with such odds against him he had incurred no disgrace. But some of the captains—from disaffection or other cause—had not behaved well. He wrote to the Council of State, requesting an inquiry into "the deportment of the seve-

ral commanders," and added (showing how deeply he was hurt) a request for his "discharge from this employment, so far too great for me." The Council immediately thanked him for his good conduct in the engagement, sent down three members of their body to make the necessary inquiries, and issued press-warrants to get get him seamen for his fleet. During the inquiry, some suspicion of misconduct fell upon the Admiral's own brother, Benjamin Blake; he would listen to no excuse for him, and sent him ashore.

Early in February, 1653, Blake put to sea with a fleet of sixty sail, including frigates. Monk and Deane were with him as Generals, and had a force of soldiers afloat. Penn and Lawson were Vice and Rear Admirals. On the 8th, Van Tromp was descried to windward, near Cape de la Hogue, the wind being from the north-west, with a larger fleet, in charge of a considerable convoy. He might have carried his convoy away safely if he pleased, but he left them to windward and bore down on the English. The van of the English force, in which were the three Admirals, was considerably ahead of Monk and the main body of the fleet, and were engaged proportionably sooner. The combat was begun by the chiefs. Van Tromp, in the *Brederode*, passed on the weather side of the *Triumph*, giving her a broadside, and then gave her another from under the lee. Penn next passed between them in the *Speaker*, with other vessels in his wake, and, more coming up, the general action began. The cold wintry sea was soon strewn with traces of the fight. The battle was doggedly fierce, as became a battle between such rivals. One ship might be seen burning fiercely through the heart of the smoke; then two ships would come together with a crash, and the cry would be for boarders and boarding-pikes, and mad charges would be made, met, repulsed, and returned in kind. Cotemporary letters tell how the roar of the guns awoke anxious hearts on both sides of the Channel, and told both nations that another vital day had come. Towards noon arrived Monk with the White division, and the battle lasted all day. But only the most general notions of the nature of it can be formed. Naval narratives, which alone could make the details intelligible, are much wanted of this war; and it is no discredit to Mr.

Dixon, under the circumstances, that his sea-fights should be the worst parts of his books. Lord Dundonald has indeed done him the honor of revising them; but revision, though it improves, does not supply—it is not its function to supply—absent material. We doubt whether the details could now be recovered which would make Tromp and Blake's actions entirely intelligible even to the navy; and a landsman's narrative of them can be satisfactory neither to seamen, to landsmen, nor, we should think, to himself.

Night, when it came, found Van Tromp retreating to gather his merchantmen under his wings—a wounded but still a plucky bird. He had lost eight men-of-war by capture or by fire. Of Blake's fleet, several had been boarded but recovered; one only, the Sampson, was gone from him, and drifted away to leeward, while those of the crew who survived her slaughtered captain remained on board Blake's own ship. The Triumph herself had ran red with gallant blood that day. Ball, her captain, fell; scores of her crew were mown down at their guns; the Admiral, too, had a wound in his thigh. The loss of the Dutch was, no doubt, equally severe. The long night was spent in sending away the wounded and preparing for the morrow. It turned out to be a calm morning, and the two fleets made ready for another engagement.

Van Tromp inclosed his traders inside his men of war in a kind of crescent, and steered up Channel in a light breeze. Blake chased, and they met again off Dungeness. A running fight followed after the first stand the Dutch made, and the close of the second day saw five Dutch ships lost or ruined, and Van Tromp retreating on Boulogne. Defeated from without, the Dutch were disorganized within. Several of Van Tromp's captains made mean excuses for discontinuing the struggle, and he was forced to send them away in the night. The third day dawned, and Blake renewed the attack. Van Tromp found himself obliged to send an officer to carry the merchantmen to Calais Roads, but the wind was against them, and great confusion was caused by the mingling of their own men-of-war with them during the retreat. The English chased hard, and drove the Dutch Admiral, with his shattered remnant, to take shelter near the

French coast. It was a dark night, and it blew hard, and in the morning Blake found that Van Tromp had got away to the harbors of Zealand. So ended the famous Battle of Portland, in which seven Dutch and three English captains fell, and two English admirals, Blake and Lawson, were wounded. The Dutch lost, in men-of-war and merchant-ships, what was a squadron in itself. London was transported with delight. A thanksgiving day was appointed and subscriptions begun for the wives and children of those who had fallen. Blake remained at St. Helen's refitting for some weeks, till he heard that Van Tromp was again preparing for sea, on which news he crossed over with a large force and insulted the Dutch fleet in the Texel. He then went northward with a moderate force, leaving Monk and Deane, with a larger one, in the Downs, and cruised between the Forth and Moray Firths.

It was during this temporary absence of the Admiral that a most memorable event happened in London. Oliver Cromwell, on the 20th of April, 1653, came down to the House of Commons, "clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings," and after turning the Rump out of doors, put the key in his pocket, to the grief of all pure Republicans, and the inextinguishable delight of the Cavaliers, who celebrated the deed in a capital song. We do not sympathize with Mr. Dixon in his indignation at this proceeding. The Rump had long since ceased to be "representatives" of England in any true sense, and when things have come to the pass that they then had from revolution, a military absolutism becomes not only inevitable but highly desirable. Indeed, we entirely agree with Clarendon, that the dismissal of the Rump in this way was "generally very grateful and acceptable to the people, how wonderful soever the circumstances thereof had been." Cromwell was the man of the situation, and when we compare his character with that of other historical personages in a similar crisis, we may well be grateful for—yes, and proud of—the fact.

The Admiral, says his biographer, did not sign "those documents" . . . "which carried to the usurper an assurance that his violence would not be opposed by the navy." We are aware that his name does not appear in the document of recognition sent by Admiral Penn and Generals Deane

and Monk, with the signatures of three-and-thirty captains. But he can not possibly have had time to get up with their fleet. It is unimportant, however, whether he recognized the change in form, for he certainly recognized it in fact. True to his principle, that "'tis not our business to mind state affairs, but to *keep foreigners from fooling us*," he remained at his post. He was a member of Cromwell's first Parliament, called "Barebones Parliament," which was virtually chosen by Oliver himself. He was elected by the burgesses of Bridgewater their representative in Oliver's second Parliament, and in the December of 1653 he became a member of Oliver's Admiralty. His name can not be dissociated from that of the great Protector, and he aided his glory by his actions that very year and for four years afterwards.

In June the active Dutch once more showed on the blue waters of the Channel, and in grand style, with four admirals and a hundred and twenty ships. They fell in first with the Blue squadron under Lawson, who engaged De Ruiter in the forenoon on the second of that month. In an hour Van Tromp's bowsprit showed through the smoke, and close broadside fighting followed as the other bodies on both sides came up. They fought, as usual, till separated by darkness, and next morning, after some maneuvering, the fight was renewed. It was raging away on the fine summer-lit waters, when a fresh roar of cannonading made itself audible through the din. Blake's force had come down from the northward, and young Robert Blake, his nephew, broke the Dutch line amidst uproarious English cheering. Van Tromp was desperate, and his men of the Brederode performed desperate exploits. They boarded the James, Penn's ship, but were driven back by opposing boarders from that vessel. In a few wild seconds the James's men gained Van Tromp's quarter-deck, the *sacred* part of a man-of-war, when the Admiral threw a light into the magazine, which blew up the decks and sent the boarders into the air. His own life was saved, no one knew how, but the report of his death which followed seems to have been the turning-point of the day. His fleet broke up, and showed their sterns in all directions, and though he shot about amongst them in a quick-sailing frigate, the day was lost. The English admirals pressed

on their wake as they flew, and ship after ship sunk forever into an ocean grave. Van Tromp got away, as usual, but the losses of his force was immense: eight men-of-war destroyed, eleven captured, with officers and men of all ranks to the number of many hundreds. The English, on this occasion, had more than a hundred men killed and more than two hundred wounded, and our squadrons were battered in hull and rigging till the ships were a sight to see.

After much exertion, for the fleet required every kind of care and reinforcement, Blake was compelled to go ashore, ill. During his absence, Penn, Lawson, and Monk fought the final sea-battle of this great war, with the Dutch admirals Van Tromp, Evertz, and De Ruiter. It lasted three days, and on the third the famous Van Tromp lay dead in his cabin with a musket-ball in his heart. The old seaman must have felt a pang bitterer than death, at dying defeated; but he was true to the last, and few Englishmen who love sea-stories and great sea names are likely to pass through Delft without a pilgrimage to his grave. The close of the struggle excited immense enthusiasm in England — and well it might. Holland yielded to us on every point; and from that epoch dates the real supremacy of our naval power.

While the rejoicings were going on for the final victory, Blake had been struggling with disease among the green fields of Somersetshire. Fever and dropsy hung about the stout admiral, now fifty-five years old, together with scurvy, the peculiar sailors' evil. But the country air, so exquisitely refreshing to one who for years has tasted air flavored with salt—the deep quiet—the "all night in," which conveys an idea of luxury to the naval mind such as folks ashore can hardly understand—these by degrees brought the hero round. He corresponded on business with his colleagues in the Navy Commissioners. In early winter he came to London, and attended in his place in Parliament, and soon he was afloat again on board the *Swiftsure* at Spithead. But there was nothing since the triumphs of '52, '53, to require his presence there long, and we next find him at Bridgewater, "purging the churches of England of ignorant, scandalous, and inefficient pastors!" A stranger task to modern ears could not have been imposed upon a

British admiral. But such men as Blake are a class by themselves in history; and there is every reason to believe that he was quite equal to the duty.

A new naval armament was now in preparation, all the summer of 1654. Blake was in London in May, "where," says Mr. Dixon, who, whatever his leanings, gives very fair play, "we find him dining with Cromwell." This does not look much like antagonism to Oliver, who, we may be sure, could not have got Ludlow to meet him. Blake zealously entered on the new expedition, and sailed under sealed orders at the close of the year. A great blow was to be struck at Spain, a power peculiarly detestable to the Puritans, as every body knows. Blake was appointed to blockade her ports: Penn to attack her colonies. But there was some preliminary work to do in the Mediterranean, before the Spanish war formally began; and the Admiral's name was soon in the mouths of all the various nations on the shores of that pleasant sea.

After leaving Cadiz, where he had anchored early in December, Blake made for Naples to pursue the Duke of Guise, whose threatened invasion of the fair city he had instructions to prevent. The duke was gone, and Blake followed him to Leghorn. All along the coast, people trembled at the presence of such heretics, covered with such *prestige*, and armed with such a fleet. At Leghorn, Blake demanded and obtained compensation in money, for the owners of vessels that had been sold there by Rupert and Maurice. He next demanded similar compensation from the Pontiff, Alexander VII., for other vessels sold by the same princes in Roman ports. It must have been with a proud, grave pleasure, dashed probably with that sense of humor which we know the Puritan admiral to have possessed, that he received on board his sixty-gun ship *George*, the twenty-thousand pistoles which his demands produced from the Holy See. He now urged on the Grand Duke of Tuscany freedom of worship for Protestants, and after much foul weather and unfortunately some touch of plague, which they caught from two French prizes taken in the Levant, and which did not spare Blake himself, he took his fleet away from Italy to the African coast—to Tunis. England had an account to settle with the piratical powers along North

Africa, and this was to be done before he returned to Spain. His first demand from the Dey produced only a distinct refusal to give up the prizes taken from the English. Blake retired awhile to Cagliari, to refit and provision, and on the eighth March, 1655, appeared before Porto Ferino. Again, the Dey was appealed to, but again he refused; nay, would not give the English fleet a drop of fresh water. Blake now made up his mind what to do next, and having withdrawn from the sight of the place by way of feint, he suddenly reappeared, and on the fourth April, drew all his squadron in as near the forts as possible, and cannonaded them heartily. Besides the regular attack on the shore defenses, he sent in boats to fire the corsair ships, and was completely successful in both his objects. He then sailed for Tripoli, but the Dey *there* had heard the news, and was wiser. After a visit to the Adriatic, where the Venetians received him with honor, he again looked in at Tunis, found the Dey manageable, and concluded a treaty with him. At Malta, the renowned military Order, long the advanced guard of Christendom, yielded the prizes which he asked, and allowed him to depart satisfied. He had laid the foundation of the naval supremacy of his country, but it could hardly have entered his mind, as his boat rowed into the noble harbor of Valetta, what a scene it would present before two centuries were passed, to his successors, the admirals of England! How those proud knights, who used to ride up the great staircase of their palace on their mules to seat themselves at the banquet, would be represented only by the coats-of-arms on the flagstones of their church, which still provoke some moralizing reflections in the minds of languid travelers in the south! And, how their place would be filled by his own countrymen, surrounded by forts, and dockyards, and ships; and with a society of their own, duly supplied with its opera, and races, and regattas, and balls! The master's mates of Blake's ship would not know the "service" again, if they could see their young representatives in our day taking their ices in the *cafés*, and cantering their horses past Florian Gardens. *They are fine fellows, too, many of them, but would be none the worse for a little more study*

of, and a little more feeling for, their homely forefathers who conquered Van Tromp.

Leaving Malta, on his way westward, Blake touched at Algiers. There, too, his name insured him respect, and the Dey was civil and conciliatory. The English captives were ransomed at a moderate rate, and a pretty illustration of the old English nautical character showed itself. Some of the squadron lying in-shore observed some poor fellows swimming toward them, and boatfuls of turbaned Moors in full chase. The unhappy wretches were Dutchmen trying to escape from their captors. At once, a subscription was got up, to which every sailor gave a dollar of his wages, and the countrymen of our late enemies were sent home again, free, happy, and grateful.

Having touched at Malaga, Blake reached the Bay of Cadiz in June. Meanwhile the West-Indian part of the attack on Spain had miscarried in one important particular. Venables had failed before Hispaniola, a fact which inspired Spain with more delight than the capture of Jamaica by Penn could neutralize. Philip declared war, and seized the persons of all English residents, and factors, and their properties; the Spanish merchants equipped a squadron to convoy traders, which put to sea early in August, and was seen by Blake to windward of him, near Lagos Bay, (where he was going for water,) on the morning of the fifteenth. He at once resolved to engage, and made after them. But the wind fell and fogs came, and the evening of the second day arrived, and yet the proper opportunity had not come. We shall allow the Admiral to explain for himself his subsequent resolutions, and to picture the state of his fleet to the Protector. The following passages are from a letter from Blake to Cromwell, dated, "*Aboard the George, in Cascaes Road, August 30, 1655,*" and given in full in Mr. Dixon's interesting biography:

"These checks of providence did put us upon second thoughts, and a strict review of the instructions which I had received, the which being all perused and compared together at a council of war, we could not find in them any authority given unto us to attack this party, but rather the contrary; and we had reason also to conceive it was not the intention of your Highness that we should be the first breakers of the peace, seeing your Highness having notice

of the coming forth of the Spanish fleet did not give us any new direction at all touching the same in your last order of the thirtieth July. Upon these grounds we receded from our first resolution, and took into consideration the state of our fleet, which we found in all things to be extremely defective, but more particularly in want of liquor; some of the ships having not beverage for above four days, and the whole not able to make above eight, and that at short allowance; and no small part both of our beverage [beer] and water stinking. . . . [Here follow further accounts of their difficulties, and that they had put into Lisbon.] . . . Our only comfort is that we have a God to lean upon, although we walk in darkness and see no light. *I shall not trouble your Highness with any complaints of myself, of the indisposition of my body, or troubles of my mind; my many infirmities will one day, I doubt not, sufficiently plead for me or against me, so that I may be free of so great a burden, consoling myself in the mean time in the Lord, and in the firm purpose of my heart with all faithfulness and sincerity to discharge the trust while reposed in me.*"

These are touching words. His great heart had survived his good constitution, which now was breaking down before the heavy labors and peculiar diseases of sea life. Three weeks after writing this letter, and finding that there was no present expectation of the Spanish silver fleet for which he was on the look-out, he ran home to repair and replenish his exhausted squadron. He found Cromwell with as much on his hands as he could manage, and quite unable—with Deane, Penn, Ascue, Lawson, dead or not suited to his government—to dispense with his naval genius, name, and experience. The Catholic powers were in ominous combination against England, and the successes recently achieved in the Mediterranean required constant watching. Blake did not shrink from any task. Sick and broken as he was, he watched the necessary preparations in dockyard and arsenal, and at the end of February, 1656, went on board the *Naseby*, with young Montagu (one of the Montagu family whose names so often occur at that period on the same side of politics) for his colleague. The squadron dropped westward down the Channel, keeping the coast as far as Torbay—then turned away to the southward, and Blake saw the last of the white cliffs and green slopes of old England.

His first duty was to effect a permanent treaty with Portugal, the tactics of which towards the English Government were wery slippery, and the capital of which

had recently been the scene of a disgraceful attempt by assassins on the life of Mr. Meadows, our English envoy there. He left a few frigates to keep a look-out on Cadiz, and at once came to an anchor with his squadron, at the mouth of the Tagus. After some tedious delays and evasions—the letters about which still irritate in the perusal in the pages of Thurloe—the king agreed to the treaty, and paid the money, due as compensation and on other grounds, to the offended government. Blake then proceeded to his post off Cadiz, to do what damage he could to the Spaniards, and to look out for their costly argosies from America. Bad weather followed, and the squadron suffered terribly from gales. The Spanish vessels in the harbor would not venture out. The topsails of the argosies they longed for rose not above the sea. The Admiral made a diversion to chastise Malaga, achieved it most successfully, and returned. Provisions and water ran short, and he moved northwards to get them in Portugal, leaving Captain Stayner with seven ships to occupy the old post. This was in September. While the two commanders were away, a division of the glittering silver fleet met the ardent eyes of Stayner's squadron. The rapture of that moment must have been worth an age! There they were, four splendid Spanish galleons, two India-built merchantmen, their holds full of the choicest products of the far west—gold and silver, pearls and precious stones, hides, indigo, sugar, cochineal, varinas, tobacco. The viceroy of Lucia and his family, with other potentates of the proudest breed of potentates in the world, were on board, fatally unconscious of the coming danger. It was evening of the eighth September when they first saw Stayner's frigates, and concluded them to be their own. Day dawned, and with it a consciousness of their deadly error. They scattered themselves in confusion, like pigeons when a hawk is on the wing; some of them running ashore as their only chance of saving their treasures. Stayner was upon them immediately, and there were six hours of sharp fighting. Their vice-admiral was beaten, and his vessel plundered and burnt, the viceroy and his family going down in it. Only two ships escaped, and great was the treasure of sparkling silver pieces which fell into the sailors' horny hands. Montagu came home with the prizes. The bullion

was sent up to London under the charge of soldiers, and eight-and-thirty wagon-loads of silver reeled through the streets amidst the applauses of the multitude, to its place at the Tower.

Meanwhile our Admiral remained at his perilous post, and carried on a winter blockade. A dreary winter passed away, and never had Cadiz been free from enemies, except in weather in which the most daring spirits of the town would not have dreamed of venturing out. The spring of 1657 came. He had had a run to Tetuan inside the Straits, and given a hint to the Barbary rovers to be upon their good behavior. He now received information that another silver fleet had crossed the Atlantic, and taken shelter in one of the Canary Islands, and he started for those regions immediately. It was the thirteenth April when he sailed—the *Ides*—and we have no doubt that the veteran, who always kept up his classics, and talked about them whenever he could get a chance, remembered Mæcenas's birthday, and ran over the *Est mihi nonum* in which Horace celebrates it. But this reminds us, as he sails southward, that we ought to peep over the shoulder of his old biographer of the last century, and form, out of the personal details which he gives us, some portrait of him in his ship.

He was always, at bottom, an earnest, grave, pious man—a Puritan gentleman of the highest breed. No oath was ever heard in his vessel, as we know from one who lived to tell the fact to the writer just mentioned. All the ordinances of religion were kept in his fleet as in the most decorous town; days of *humiliation*, too, on due occasions, when he himself “prayed in public with his people.” Yet he was not without a singular relish for humor, and even sarcasm; he kept up a good knowledge of polite literature, (which no fanatic ever does,) and had even the pleasant human weakness of liking it to be known that he had not forgotten his scholarship while defending Taunton or chasing Van Tromp. He had those local, homely feelings, often found in great men, and generally in kindly ones; for instance, he would get his bread, cheese, and beer from Somersetshire, and had a Bridge-water man about him with whom he liked to chat of the people and places of his native town. All these traits are very English, and remind one a good deal of Lord Collingwood. In person he was five

feet and a half high, of a sanguine complexion, and had a certain species of dignity yet simplicity about him.

"The last thing he did after he had given his commands to his men," says the Biographer of 1740, "was to pray with the above-mentioned Mr. Bear," [afterwards Mayor of Bridgewater, and the writer's informant,] "after which he would say, 'Thomas, bring me the pretty cup of sack.' He would then sit down, and give Thomas liberty to do so, and inquire what news he had of the Bridgewater men, etc.; then eating a little bread, with two or three glasses of canary wine, he went to bed."

We are now near the end of this great and good man's career, and his last bit of service was worthy of his whole life. It was one of the most daring things any hero ever did, and wonderful when viewed as the work of a man far gone in deadly disease, and at the head of an over-worked and ill-furnished squadron.

When the Spanish admiral at Santa Cruz heard of Blake's design, he prepared for a desperate defense. The harbor, shaped like a horse-shoe, was defended by a regular castle. Forts lined the inner part of the bay; and the forts were connected with the castle by a line of earth-works. To these preparations were added the vessels of the silver fleet itself—the treasure having been previously carried ashore from it to the town—and the galleons disposed with their broadsides outwards at the narrow entrance. Other vessels formed still another line inside these, and not a spot but what was made available for musket or cannon. It was literally like going into the lion's jaw.

Monday, the twentieth April, 1657, came; and as the day dawned on the Peak of Teneriffe and the Happy Isles the canvas of Blake's squadron loomed high out of the sea. The Spaniards were ready, and waiting. The sick Admiral rose from his bed, came out into the fresh breeze which filled the sails and hurried them on towards the enemy, and called a council of war. He laid his plans for an attack before them, and every body knew he must do his best, and that the risk was tremendous. Prayers were offered up before breakfast, and then the terrible day's work began.

The partition of labor was very simple. Blake took to himself and his division, the attack on the castle and batteries. To Stayner was intrusted the attack on the galleons, the Admiral no

bering his recent practice in that way. They had twenty-five ships and frigates between them. Forward went the gallant Stayner with his vice-admiral's pennant streaming from the Speaker in the van of all. Castle, batteries, galleons, he had to run the gauntlet of their freshest fire, and he did so, right into a semi-circle of shot, but near to the special craft that he meant to take. Blake followed immediately, took the shore work to himself, and left Stayner the galleons. It soon became a simple question of cannonading, and the English cannonading was the best. The fire from the forts slackened by degrees, and batteries were shut up one by one. At noon, Blake could spare a little time to help Stayner. At two the English had conquered. Two Spanish ships had gone down, and every vessel in harbor was on fire. A shift of wind came with such wonderful felicity to carry them out again, that it was esteemed distinctly providential. They left the place a wreck, and yet themselves got away with fifty men only killed, and a hundred and fifty wounded. Nothing even in Blake's career ever so much delighted the English nation, or called forth so much wonder and admiring applause. What especially excited surprise and speculation was that the Admiral should have destroyed the Spanish fleet while under the protection of *stone walls*, and this fact not only drew a very celebrated remark from Clarendon, but is even now pressed into service as bearing on existing controversies. "He was the first man who ever brought the fleet to condemn castles on shore," says Clarendon. Mr. Dixon thinks it necessary, in the preface to his cheap edition, to make the exploit the ground of hinting at the inferior practice of some modern admirals. This is no doubt a popular topic; but for our own parts—remembering the great diversities of opinion which exist between the best practical men on this question of wooden walls *v.* stone ones; remembering how heavy the loss at Algiers was, though the fortifications there were wretched compared with those now existing in the great military countries of Europe; bearing in mind the *dictum* of the Duke of Wellington, and the remarks of Sir Howard Douglas—for our own parts, we say, we should decline the responsibility of giving a decided opinion on the subject. There is not a more important question so which the changes of

the last half-century have affected England's naval supremacy. But it is a question which only time can decide, and which can not be discussed in the mean while without a degree of technical and special knowledge, very rarely found out of the circle of professional men. Enough, if the general body of popular writers supply authentic accounts of the exploits of earlier heroes, whose glorious way of meeting the difficulties of their own time affords the best encouragement to their successors to encounter the difficulties of another.

The remainder of Admiral Blake's great story is soon told. After his triumph at Santa Cruz he returned at once to the coast of Spain. His spirit was as high as ever, though death was in his face; and he ran over to Salee on the Morocco coast to conclude negotiations with the dusky pirates and set the captives of Christendom free. He was completely successful in his object, and he now made for home. The honors he had won by his late expedition, the thanks of Parliament, the jewel sent him, the letter of Cromwell, came to him while still afloat. He crossed the Bay of Biscay, getting worse and worse every hour. By the time England was in sight he was on his death-bed in his cabin, and it was just as his ship sailed into Plymouth Sound, and there rose before the eyes of his shipmates the well-known scenes of the finest of English sea-ports, that his high and pure spirit passed away. It was the autumn of 1657, when he was just entering on his sixtieth year.

His obsequies were worthy of his nation and his fame. His body, embalmed, and cased in lead, was carried by sea to Greenwich, and lay in state on the spot where the present noble hospital shelters the veterans who fought in the last naval war under men like himself. His long funeral procession, barges and banners, admirals and generals, all the great state officers of a great and stirring yet pious and reverent age, passed up the river on the fourth of September. At Westminster, salvoes of artillery received it; and heralds were in attendance to marshal the line in conformity with the traditions of earlier ceremonies in honor of earlier heroes. His remains were then laid in a vault in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in the old Abbey; and one of the simplest, bravest, truest of all English captains was handed over to history and to a posterity which, if it understands its own interests, will never let such memories die. At the Restoration, his corpse was taken out of its place of honor, and, says Mr. Dixon, "cast into a pit." But though it was certainly removed from the Chapel of Henry the Seventh, it is not so certain that it was treated with the indecency which our biographer reprehends. Other writers of credit represent the remains as having been simply transferred to the Abbey yard. To whatever situation his dust was consigned, it rests in peace; and England, juster to his renown than was possible in the hour of retaliation to the heated spirits of that age, numbers him among her greatest naval heroes.

From the Edinburgh Review.

SAKOONTALA; OR, THE LOST RING.*

Eric and lyric poetry have found a home wherever the human soul has emerged from barbarism; they belong alike to all the cultured tribes of mankind. Wherever the past has lured with its

world of mythic splendors, or the present and future, by their yet nearer impress, have woke the poet's inner life of thought, there the epos and ode have ever risen as the instinctive voice of these deep emotions of the soul. But dramatic poetry is no such cosmopolite. It comes to us indissolubly linked with the history of that great family of nations, already associated with so much that is great and glo-

* *Sakoontala, or the Lost Ring*; an Indian Drama. Translated into English Prose and Verse from the Sanskrit of Kālidāsa. By MONIER WILLIAMS, M.A. Professor of Sanskrit at Haileybury. Hertford: 1855.

rious in the fasti of our world, whose languages bear the treasures of all Gentile thought, and have ever been the medium of European civilization. The drama, in a word, is the peculiar glory of the Indo-Teutonic race.

Not that we would claim for every member of that family a right to this splendid heirloom: there are many nations of high intellectual name, who have no part in the inheritance. Thus ancient Rome and modern Persia have no indigenous drama, no national form which has struck its roots down deep in the national character, and draws direct a living energy from its secret elements of vigor and strength. We feel, when we read the Roman comedies, that these have no vital union with the nation's "heart of hearts;" they are borrowed from another soil, and here languish in an uncongenial clime. A national drama can only exist by expressing the national character, by gathering into itself all that is great and heroic in its past history and present development. Every great dramatic literature is a world in itself, which reproduces on a smaller scale all those strong lines of influence, which have been working on the people from generation to generation, and have made its inner and outer life what they are. Who can not read in the dramas of Greece, Spain, or England, the long succession of busy years of action, whose annals, at the very sound of their names, rise at once to fill the mind with images—years which have left their stamp on the nation's very type of countenance, how much deeper still on what is yet more plastic, its inner character and soul?

Ancient India, like ancient Greece, has a drama of her own, which, untouched by foreign influence, and fostered only by native culture, has flourished and declined with an original history; exemplifying under that distant sky, in its lonely cycle of development, the same laws of growth and decay, which have been so unceasingly at work in our busier western world. Cotemporary with Lucretius and Catullus, it reached its greatest splendor at the court of Vikramāditya, King of Ujjain; and Kālidāsa, whose *chef d'œuvre* has been so lately translated into English, was one of the "nine gems" which attest the munificence of that renowned patron of Hindū literature.

In these poems we find faithfully portrayed the Indian mind as it was in those

old days. The nation of dreaming mystics, on whom Alexander's cotemporaries gazed with such bewildered awe, between whom and the impulsive Greeks there lay a gulf which no man living could pass, have reproduced themselves in their dramas, and thrown on the canvas of mythic distance the outlines of their own present and its world. Their dramas, as opposed to the classical, may belong to the romantic school; but in truth they might be almost said to constitute a class by themselves—cut off, like the Indian mind, from all those mighty influences, which for some three thousand years have been moulding Europe into what she is. It is indeed a strange problem to contemplate the Indian mind pacing its lonely round; no "spot of dull stagnation" like China, but full of energy, and life, and hope:

"A still salt pool locked in with bars of sand,
Left on the shore, that hears all night
The plunging waves draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white;"

save that India, locked in by the Indus and Himalaya, lay far away and apart, where even the faintest echoes of Greece or Europe could never reach her. The great masters of human thought and language have to the Indian mind lived in vain; it has run through its solitary cycle and worked out its own weary problem alone; yet India has a literature of poetry and philosophy which reaches back to the earliest times, older than Troy and the Iliad, perhaps as old as the Pentateuch itself. There were Indian poets before Homer had lisped his first song; there were Indian thinkers and philosophers, before Thales called water the *ἀρχή* of all things; and though this succession of writers has now dwindled down to idle poetasters and pedantic grammarians, it has never ceased from those earliest ages down even to the present day. Like the three hundred and forty-five kings, whose statues Herodotus beheld in the hall of the temple of Thebes, the long series stretches back from our time, "Piromis from Piromis, man from man," till it is lost in the darkness of antiquity. And yet, strange to tell, with this long line of poets and sages, India has no history—with a literature which would almost rival an Alexandrian library, she knows absolutely nothing of the past. It is to Western scholars that she will owe all that she ever knows of her history; it is

only a Lassen or a Wilson who have thrown any light in the gloom. Each successive generation of Hindûs has received the "torch of life" from its fore-runners, and each has lived its little span and left its songs and its dreams; but none of the long series has bestowed one passing thought on preserving the memory of the events in the midst of which it lived and died. The present, in fact, to the true Hindû had no charms; the world was but a hideous prison-house, whose cells were the weary round of transmigrations, through which the soul must pass ere it regain its final home. What matter whether dynasties rise or fall? what are earth's trivial interests to him? The present lies as the fitful feverish dream between two solemn states of repose, the silent irrevocable past, and the silent inexorable future; and it is to these that the Hindû thinker turns, to plunge into their still depths. The past is peopled with gigantic mythologies, with dynasty behind dynasty of gods, with cycles upon cycles of Brahma's days, and all their complicated involutions of years, in vain efforts to bridge over the abyss; as if any finite number, however enormous, could be an appreciable fraction of eternity, or any sum of years, though æons be heaped on æons, could give us any *parallax* of the Divine existence.

Amidst this hopeless reaching after the illimitable distance, the transient present vanishes and is lost. All of India's past history, that is still preserved, is saved for us in spite of herself. The words that escaped from the lips of those old sages come fraught with a message far other than that which the speaker intrusted to their charge; and it is from the questioning of these, their messengers, that comparative philology has gained its most splendid triumphs. The Sanskrit of ancient India is the great instrument of its discoveries; and to the language of these dreaming Brahmans, by a strange revolution, we owe our deepest insight into the true structure and history of the languages of such intensely self-conscious nations as Greece and Rome.

Like her religion, poetry, philosophy, grammar, India's drama is peculiarly her own. The same influences are at work to mould it, the same fond absorption in the past, amid a world of ideal pictures, on which the soul gazed, like the Carthusian monk in his convent, till it seemed as

though *these* were the realities, and all else but the dream.

The heroic plays of the Indian stage lie apart from the world of Indian life, in a soft slumberous atmosphere of their own; the air comes laden with a luxurious faintness, which tells of the effeminate people who dwell there. The dramas of *Æschylus* are, indeed, unreal—they are cast in a world of Titanic inhabitants, and belong not to our mortal earth; but these primeval giants have still hearts and souls like ourselves; and even in the "*Prometheus*," with its lonely ocean and *Caucasus*, we know that beneath the horizon lies the world of toiling men; that *there* are the poet's own Athens and Marathon, could we only see beyond the sea line. But the Indian drama has no such deep root of connection with life; it is unreal and ethereal as a *Midsummer Night's Dream* throughout.

And yet, even in this world of fiction, one strange element of life and reality comes to view; all the more startling from the universal coloring of glamor light which overspreads all the rest. We refer to the language in which they are written; and here is opened a question of curious and unexpected interest. Unlike the other monuments of ancient Hindû thought, these plays are not written in the purely sacred Sanskrit; they admit a mixture of a baser and more vulgar alloy. The heroes, indeed, still speak the language of the demigods, a language which, in the poet's time, had doubtless ceased to be the medium of social intercourse; but the female characters and servants generally use an inferior dialect. This patois, or *Prâkrit*, is derived from Sanskrit, as Italian or Spanish from Latin; and, according to the lower or higher station of the speakers, is the greater or less degradation of the sacred tongue on their lips. If this farago of languages, which presents such a strange phenomenon in all Hindû plays, were but the idle freak of a poet-pedant, or the wild vagary of burlesque, like the closing scenes of the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," they would have little to tempt the European scholar; but they have another and far deeper interest. These were the spoken dialects of the poet's own time, which were passing to and fro on the lips of men in the street and the bazar, ere the first Roman eagle had alighted on that Albion whence after ages should summon India's latest and most

beneficent conquerors. These dialects are a rich mine of materials to the philologist; for they form the connecting link between the ancient Sanskrit and many of the spoken dialects of the India of our day; and numberless forms in these modern idioms, which in the wear and tear of centuries have become corrupted and defaced, are at once explained and recoined to the student by kindred words in the Prākṛit of the plays. At the same time Prākṛit is full of another interest for the student of ancient history; for Prākṛit legends have been deciphered on the bilingual coins of the Greek kings of Bactria; and it is also the sacred language of the Jainas of India and the Buddhists of Ceylon, and closely connected with the history of those religions, and the literature in which they embody their ideas.

The Sahoontalá of Kálidása was introduced into our European world by Sir W. Jones, who, some seventy years ago, on his arrival in Bengal, was the first to make the startling discovery that the Hindús had an ancient drama at all. His translation in prose, which was published in 1789, excited more general interest in Europe, than perhaps any similar Oriental translation, if we except the *Arabian Nights*, and *Pilpay*, the second Crusoe of our childhood. It was retranslated into several languages, and its beauties at once recognized and admired; and among others, Goethe, with his world-wide sympathies, at once gave his warm welcome to the stranger.*

And yet Sir W. Jones's translation unavoidably gives but a very inadequate idea of the original, for the MS. which he used was of a later recension, and abounded with interpolated scenes, of a later and far inferior workmanship. Professor Williams edited, a year or two since, a complete edition of the original in its genuine form, from a careful collation of MSS., with an ample collection of notes, which embody all the information the student of this branch of Sanskrit literature can re-

quire. In the present volume he has given us, from the same uncorrupted text, the first English translation, into prose and verse, of this *chef d'œuvre* of the "Indian Shakspeare," and it may now be said for the first time that our language possesses a worthy reproduction of the great classic of Hindú literature. Apart from its merits as a translation, the volume well deserves our notice for its magnificent external decorations. It is indeed the most sumptuous specimen of decorative Oriental printing that has ever issued from an English press; every page is surrounded with an elaborately colored border, the designs for which have been copied from various Oriental MSS., which have likewise supplied some splendid illuminations; and every act is illustrated by two beautiful wood engravings. The peculiar features of Indian scenery have been studiously preserved; and the costumes adapted to those of the age of the drama.

Kálidása is the most universal of all the Indian poets; there is none that for a moment rivals him in his own peculiar skill. His is not the power that moves the passions, that can "purify the soul by pity or terror;" every where we trace the gentle languor which tells of the contemplative Hindú. His drama is no *δράμα* of intense reality, where a lifetime is condensed into an hour—where the spectator sits, as a temporary Providence, to watch the passing characters as they move, each one with his inmost bosom opened and all the machinery of the passions laid bare. Rather is it a languid lotus-land, where we wander from dream to dream; all is cast in an attitude of still-life and repose, as if labor were not man's portion, and life itself but a trance.

The deep sympathy with nature in all her moods, the intense love of landscape and distance, which so strongly distinguishes Indian poetry from its classical cotemporaries, is seen in Kálidása in its purest and noblest form; and no where do we meet with lovelier paintings of tropical scenes than are to be found in his poems. And yet even here we trace the same gentle reverie which hangs round his portraits of characters; nature is loved as a dream-land, where the woods and mountains are idealized like the rest. They feel with the hero's fortunes, they weep with his tears, they share his joys, as though nature were but the shadow of the soul, and took from

* "Willst du die Blüthe des frühen, die Früchte des späteren Jahres,
Willst du was reizt und entzückt, willst du was sättigt und nährt.
Willst du den Himmel, die Erde, mit einem Namen begreifen;
Nenn' ich, Sakontalá, Dich, und so ist Alles gesagt!"

thence all its lineaments. One of the early poets of the Veda sings, "I distinguish not if I am this all, for I go perplexed and bound in mind;" a strange conception for one earlier than Homer, and which at once stamps the true character of the Hindú mind. The same feeling, however modified, runs through all Hindú poetry; nature is loved because it mingles with the dream, and not because, Antæus-like from its contact, the poet wakes afresh to conscious energy and strength.

The earliest specimen of the Hindú theater is the "Toy Cart," ascribed to King Sudraka, which tradition assigns to the second century before the Christian era. Kálidása, as we have said, belongs to the succeeding century, and is associated with the court of Vikramáditya, whose great victory (B.C. 56) over the Scythian hordes as they passed onward from Bactria into India, is the starting-point of the Samvat era, from which the Hindús still continue to count. Only three of his plays are left, and one of these is of doubtful authenticity; the other, the Vikramorvasi, has been beautifully translated by Professor Wilson, in his "Hindú Drama," who has likewise given an admirable version of the "Toy Cart." To his pages we would also refer our readers for translations from two later authors, Bhavabhúti, who flourished A.D. 720, in the Court of Yasoverma, King of Kanoj—and Visakhadatta, of a yet later date, who has left a quasi-historical play on the legend of Chandragupta, the Sandracottus of the Greeks. Our limits restrict us to the present specimen, and forbid us to attempt any lengthened history of the Hindú Theater as a whole. Sudraka and Kálidása are the most ancient dramatists whose works have been preserved, as the next, Bhavabhúti, is much more recent; but there is every reason to believe that many earlier plays have been lost. Thus the prologue of the Vikramorvasi expressly alludes to the "compositions of former dramatic bards;" and perhaps among these might be numbered some unknown names which have come down to us as quoted by scholiasts. One evidence of the high antiquity of the drama is the fact that the earliest extant specimens presuppose a school of dramatic criticism; and even in the works of Sudraka and Kálidása, we find express allusions to the elaborate

technicalities, which correspond in India to our own Aristotelian unities.*

The Hindú drama admits of every variety, from the most idealized heroic type to the coarsest satire and buffoonery; and alike through all, even in its most sustained efforts there runs side by side with the pathos and tragedy an element of the ludicrous and comic. Schlegel observes that every theater has its buffoon; and thus the Hindú has its *vidúshaka*, who, like the gracioso of the Spanish stage, accompanies the hero as his confident and friend, and mocks, with a Sancho-Panxa-like grotesqueness, his chief's more elevated sentiments, bringing down in fact the heroics of romance to the vulgar level of common life. A happy *dénouement* is a necessary condition of all Hindú plays; and this law has effectually stifled all the nobler efforts of Tragedy. It is not, indeed, in the dreamy temperament of Hindustan that the true Tragic Muse could ever find a home; she loves a people of strong fiber and resolute will, nursed in danger and storm. With the growth of imperial Athens rose Athenian tragedy, reflecting in its expansion all the cotemporary revolutions of thought; and our own old English drama was nursed in the century of the Reformation and the throes of political convulsion.

We now turn to the Sakoontalá, and shall proceed to give an analysis of its story, extracting such scenes as appear peculiarly interesting to the English reader. The story itself is an ancient legend, found in one of those two mythological epics, the Rámáyana and Mahábhárata, which occupy the place of the Homeric poems in the ancient literature of India, and, like them, contain the storehouse whence succeeding poets drew their materials. Like the royal houses of Thebes and Mycenæ, Indian legend has its Solar and Lunar dynasty of kings; to the latter of these mythic lines the hero of the present play belongs.

* An allusion to an *acted* Hindu drama occurs in Somadeva's "Ocean of Stories" which, though of course valueless as an evidence of antiquity, (as this work only dates from the 12th century,) is not without its interest as a little glimpse into an old forgotten past. "While there, we heard the sound of a little drum, and my mother, recollecting her deceased husband, said to me, sobbing: 'Your father's friend, the actor Bhavananda, is playing to-day.'"

The drama opens with a pastoral scene, laid in one of those quiet hermitages which in ancient times were so common in India, whither, as to the monasteries of the middle ages, men of studious habits fled for peace and seclusion, in the midst of the tyranny and oppression which were rampant in the land. It was perhaps in some such retired grove as this, that Alexander found the Gymnosophists, and Onesieratus held that interview with the wise Dandamis, and told him of philosophers among the barbarians, such as Pythagoras, Socrates, and Diogenes—when the Indian replied that “they indeed appeared to him to have been men of genius, but to have lived with too passive a regard to the laws.”

Into this peaceful hermitage, King Dushyanta, while engaged in the chase, enters with his charioteer, in full pursuit of the flying antelope. The voice of one of the hermits suddenly arrests him in his eager pursuit, and forbids him to profane the sanctuary by the blood of one of its dependents. Tenderness to all animal life is a favorite subject in all Hindú poetry.

The king immediately desists, and is invited to partake of the hermit's hospitality. As he walks through the sacred precincts, we have the following beautiful description of the hermitage :

“*King, (to his charioteer.)* Do you not observe
Beneath the trees whose hollow trunks afford
Secure retreat to many a nestling brood
Of parrots, scattered grains of rice lie strewn.
Lo! here and there are seen the polished slabs
That serve to bruise the fruit of Ingudi.
The gentle roe-deer, taught to trust in man,
Unstartled hear our voices; on the paths
Appear the traces of bark-woven vests
Borne dripping from the limpid fount of
waters.
And mark!
Laved are the roots of trees by deep canals,
Whose glassy waters tremble in the breeze;
The sprouting verdure of the leaves is dimmed
By dusky wreaths of upward curling smoke
From burnt oblations; and on new-mown
lawns
Around our car graze leisurely the fawns.”

During his stay with the hermits, the king sees and falls in love with Sakoontalá, the daughter of Viswamitra, who has been brought up with the maidens of the hermitage; and we have some pleasing little scenes describing the dawn of passion in the minds of the pair, varied by

touches of grotesque humor in the distress of the gracioso, at his patron's sudden fancy for pastoral pleasures. The lovers are married, but Dushyanta is summoned to his court, and he leaves his bride for the present in the hermitage. The scene that follows we extract entire; it is thrown artistically as an episode between the acts, and in all the light touches of character and incident we may recognize Kálidása's peculiar skill. Nor must we judge of the incident, on which the catastrophe turns, by our European notions. To us a Brahman's curse is a meaningless sound, but not so to the superstitious Hindú, who even to this day lives in the constant dread of incurring its mysterious anathema. On a Hindú's daily life, in fact, ever rests a continual shadow, the terror of a spiritual interdict, which haunts his steps at every turn. He moves in an enchanted circle, surrounded by invisible spells, his every act encompassed by jealous powers, who watch his minutest transgression of their own arbitrary laws—laws which he himself is perhaps unconscious of, and can only tell their existence by their effects. Calamity and disease are the penalties of every such transgression; and the hapless votary wanders from the cradle to the grave, tracked by these inexorable Gorgons of superstition. To such a people the curse of a Brahman comes with an ominous sound; and these were the feelings, we must not forget, which animated both poet and audience in the present play.

SCENE.*—*The Garden of the Hermitage.*

“*Enter Priyamvadá and Anasúyá in the act of gathering flowers.*”

“*Anasúyá.* Although, dear Priyamvadá, it rejoices my heart to think that Sakoontalá has been happily united to a husband in every respect worthy of her, nevertheless I can not help feeling somewhat uneasy in my mind.

“*Priy.* How so?

“*Ana.* You know that the pious king was gratefully dismissed by the hermits on the successful termination of their sacrificial rite. He has now returned to his capital, leaving Sakoontalá under our care; and it may be doubted whether, in the society of his royal consorts, he will not forget all that has taken place in this hermitage of ours.

“*Priy.* On that score be at ease. Persons of his noble nature are not so destitute of all

* We may here remark that all these dramas are written in an intermixture of prose and verse.

honorable feeling. I confess, however, that there is one point, about which I am rather anxious; what think you, will father Kanwa say, when he hears what has occurred?

"Ana. In my opinion he will approve the marriage.

"Priy. What makes you think so?

"Ana. From the first it was always his fixed purpose to bestow the maiden on a husband worthy of her; and since Heaven has given her such a husband, his wishes have been realized without any trouble to himself.

"Priy. (*looking at the flower-basket.*) We have gathered flowers enough for the sacred offering, dear Anasúyá.

"Ana. Well, then, let us now gather more, that we may have wherewith to propitiate the guardian deity of our dear Sakoontalá.

"Priy. By all means.

[*They continue gathering.*

"A voice behind the scenes. Ho there! See you not that I am here?

"Ana. (*listening.*) That must be the voice of a guest announcing his arrival.

"Priy. Surely Sakoontalá is not absent from the cottage. [*Aside.*] Her heart at least is absent, I fear.

"Ana. Come away, come away; we have gathered flowers enough. [*They move away.*

"The same voice behind the scenes. Wo to thee, maiden, for daring to slight a guest like me!

"Shall I stand here unwelcomed; even I,

A very mine of penitential merit,

Worthy of all respect? Shalt thou, rash maid,

Thus set at naught the ever sacred ties

Of hospitality? and fix thy thought

Upon the cherished object of thy love

While I am present? Thus I curse thee then—

He, even he of whom thou thinkest, he
Shall think no more of thee; nor in his heart
Retain thy image. Vainly shalt thou strive
To waken his remembrance of the past;
He shall disown thee even as the sot,
Roused from his midnight drunkenness, denies
The words he uttered in his revelings.

"Priy. Alas! alas! I fear a terrible misfortune has occurred! Sakoontalá, from absence of mind, must have offended some guest whom she was bound to treat with respect. (*Looking.*) Ah! yes! and no less a person, I see, than the great sage Durrásas, who is known to be most irascible. He it is that has just cursed her, and is now retiring with hasty strides, trembling with passion, and looking as if nothing could turn him. His wrath is like a consuming fire.

"Ana. Go quickly, dear Priyamvadá, throw yourself at his feet, and persuade him to come back, while I prepare a propitiatory offering for him with water and refreshments.

"Priy. I will. (*Exit.*)

"Ana. (*advancing hastily a few steps and stumbling.*) Alas! alas! this comes of being in

a hurry. My foot has slipped, and my basket of flowers has fallen from my hand.

[*Stays to gather them up.*

"Priy. (*reëntering.*) Well, dear Anasúyá, I have done my best; but what living being could succeed in pacifying such a cross-grained ill-tempered old fellow? However, I managed to mollify him a little.

"Ana. (*smiling.*) Even a little was much for him. Say on.

"Priy. When he refused to turn back, I implored his forgiveness in these words: 'Most venerable sage, pardon, I beseech you, this first offense of a young and inexperienced girl, who was ignorant of the respect due to your saintly character and exalted rank.'

"Ana. And what did he say?

"Priy. 'My word must not be falsified; but at the sight of the ring of recognition the spell shall cease.' So saying, he disappeared.

"Ana. Oh! then we may breathe again; for now I think of it, the king himself, at his departure, fastened on Sakoontalá's finger, as a token of remembrance, a ring on which his own name was engraved. She has therefore a remedy for her misfortune at her own command.

"Priy. Come, dear Anasúyá, let us proceed with our religious duties. [*They walk away.*

"See, Anasúyá, there sits our dear friend, motionless as a statue, resting her face on her left hand, her whole mind absorbed in thinking of her absent husband. She can pay no attention to herself, much less to a stranger.

"Ana. Priyamvadá, let this affair never pass our lips. We must spare our dear friend's feelings. Her constitution is too delicate to bear much emotion.

"Priy. I agree with you. Who would think of watering a tender jasmine with hot water?

[*Exeunt.*"]

The months wear on in the quiet hermitage, with the daily round of sacrifices and prayers; but no tidings come from the king, on whom the Brahman's curse has already wrought its spell. Poor Sakoontalá mourns in silence, and her companions, with sad forebodings, hide the fatal secret close in their hearts. At length the holy Kanwa returns from his long absence, and at once proposes to send his foster-child to rejoin her husband in his court. Auspicious omens favor the proposal for the departure, and the hermits' grove is suddenly enlivened with cheerful preparations. The scene which follows—Sakoontalá's farewell to the home of her youth—is a gem in all Sanskrit literature. It is in such scenes of quiet tenderness that Kálidása's genius excels; nor is he great among his country's poets alone; surely such a scene of quiet beauty as the

present would have done honor to any age or clime.

At length the hour for departure arrives; the hermit Sarngarava and Gautami* head the little band; and all the inmates of the hermitage press forward to bid their beloved Sakoontalá farewell, and conduct her for a while on her way.

"*Kanwa.*

Hear me, ye trees that surround our hermitage!

Sakoontalá ne'er moistened in the stream

Her own parched lips, till she had fondly poured

Its purest water on your thirsty roots;

And oft, when she would fain have decked her hair

With your thick clustering blossoms, in her love

She robbed you not e'en of a single flower.

Her highest joy was ever to behold

The early glory of your opening buds;

Oh! then dismiss her with a kind farewell!

This very day she quits her father's home,

To seek the palace of her wedded lord.

[*The note of a Kōil is heard.*

Hark! heard'st thou not the answer of the trees,

Our sylvan sisters, warbled in the note

Of the melodious Kōil? they dismiss

Their dear Sakoontalá with loving wishes.

"*Voices in the air.*

Fare thee well, journey pleasantly on amid streams,

Where the lotuses bloom, and the sun's glowing beams

Never pierce the deep shade of the wide-spreading trees,

While gently around thee shall sport the cool breeze.

Then light be thy footsteps and easy thy tread,

Beneath thee shall carpets of lilies be spread;

Journey on to thy lord, let thy spirit be gay,

For the smiles of all nature shall gladden thy way.

[*All listen with astonishment.*

"*Gautami.* Daughter, the nymphs of the wood, who love thee with a sister's affection, dismiss thee with kind wishes for thy happiness. Take thou leave of them reverentially.

Sak. (bowing respectfully and walking on, aside to her friend.) Eager as I am, dear Priyamvadā, to see my husband once more, yet my feet refuse to move now that I am quitting forever the home of my girlhood.

"*Priy.* You are not the only one, dearest, to feel the bitterness of parting. As the time of separation approaches, the whole grove seems to share your anguish.

In sorrow for thy loss, the herd of deer

Forget to browse; the peacock on the lawn

Ceases its dance; the very trees around us Shed their pale leaves, like tears, upon the ground.

"*Sak.* My father, let me, before I go, bid adieu to my pet jasmine, the moonlight of the grove. I love the plant almost as a sister.

"*Kanwa.* Yes, yes, my child, I remember thy sisterly affection for the creeper. Here it is on the right.

"*Sak. (approaching.)* My beloved jasmine, most brilliant of climbing plants, how sweet it is to see thee cling thus fondly to thy husband, the mango-tree; yet prithee, turn thy twining arms for a moment to embrace thy sister; she is going far away and may never see thee again.

"*Kanwa.*

Daughter, the cherished purpose of my heart Has ever been to wed thee to a spouse

That should be worthy of thee; such a spouse

Hast thou thyself by thine own merits won.

To him thou goest, and about his neck

Soon thou shalt cling confidently, as now

Thy favorite jasmine twines its loving arms

Around the sturdy mango. Leave thou it

To its protector; e'en as I consign

Thee to thy lord, and henceforth from my mind

Banish all anxious thought on thy behalf.

Proceed on thy journey my child.

"*Sak. (to Priy. and Ana.)* To you, my sweet companions, I leave it as a keepsake. Take charge of it when I am gone.

"*Both (bursting into tears.)* And to whose charge do you leave us, dearest? Who will care for us when you are gone?

"*Kanwa.* For shame, Anasúyā, dry your tears. Is this the way to cheer your friend when she needs all your support and consolation?

[*All move on.*

"*Sak.* My father, see you there my pet deer, grazing close to the hermitage? She expects soon to fawn, and even now the weight of the little one she carries hinders her movements. Do not forget to send me word when she becomes a mother.

"*Kanwa.* I will not forget it.

"*Sak. (feeling herself drawn back.)* What can this be fastened to my dress?

[*Turns round.*

"*Kanwa.*

My daughter,

It is the little fawn, thy foster-child.

Poor helpless orphan! it remembers well.

How with a mother's tenderness and love

Thou didst protect it, and with grains of rice

From thine own hand didst daily nourish it;

And ever and anon, when some sharp thorn

Had pierced its mouth, how gently thou didst tend

The bleeding wound, and pour in healing balm.

The grateful nursling clings to its protectress,

Mutely imploring leave to follow her.

* The superior of the female inhabitants of the hermitage.

"*Sak.* My poor little fawn, dost thou ask to follow an unhappy wretch who hesitates not to desert her companions? When thy mother died, soon after thy birth, I supplied her place, and reared thee with my own hand; and now that thy second mother is about to leave thee, who will care for thee? My father, be thou a mother to her. My child, go back and be a daughter to my father.

[*Moves on weeping.*"]

There seems to us something peculiarly beautiful in this prophetic close to the scene of sorrow, darkened as it is throughout by the spectator's own forebodings of the fatal curse that lowers in the background; the prescient eye of the sage looks clearly through the cloud, and tracks the long line of sunshine beyond; and the audience carry with them this glimpse of the far-off future into all the coming sorrow and despair.

The curse has, indeed, been fatally at work, and Dushyanta, returned to his court, has utterly forgotten the quiet pastoral episode. The following scene introduces us to the palace, where the King and his gracioso Māthavya are discovered in conversation:

"*Māth. (listening.)* Hark, my dear friend, listen a moment, and you will hear sweet sounds proceeding from the music-room. Some one is singing a charming air. Who can it be? Oh! I know. The queen Hansapadikā is practicing her notes, that she may greet you with a new song.

"*King.* Hush, let me listen.

[*A voice sings behind the scenes.*]

"How often hither didst thou rove,
Sweet bee, to kiss the mango's cheek;
Oh! leave not then thy early love
The lily's honeyed lip to seek.

"*King.* A most impassioned strain truly.

"*Māth.* Do you understand the meaning of the words?

"*King.* She means to reprove me because I once paid her great attention, and have lately deserted her for the queen Vasumati."

The king dispatches the jester with a message to the queen, and, while musing on the incident, bursts out in the following strangely beautiful lines:

"Not seldom in our happy hours of ease,
When thought is still, the sight of some fair form,
Or mournful fall of music, breathing low,
Will stir strange fancies, thrilling all the soul

With a mysterious sadness, and a sense
Of vague yet earnest lodging. Can it be
That the dim memory of events long past,

Or friendships formed in other states of being,
Flits like a passing shadow o'er the spirit?"

We must refer our readers to the play itself for the beautiful series of scenes which follow: the appearance of Sakoon-talā at the court, and her Imogen-like resignation and silent despair at the king's utter oblivion of the past. The ring, on which so much depended, has unhappily fallen from her finger during the journey, while passing a sacred lake, and unable to establish her identity, she turns away in silent agony. On her leaving the court, heaven itself interferes in her behalf:

"A shining apparition,
In female shape, descended from the skies,
Near the nymph's pool, and bore her up to heaven."

The next act (the sixth) opens with a capital scene, which conducts us into the very life of the times; two constables drag in a poor fisherman, who, while cutting open a fish, has found the king's ring, and has been arrested in consequence on the charge of theft. The refined brutality of the two officers is admirably portrayed as they triumph over their unhappy victim, and revel in his expected punishment. "My fingers itch," cries one, "to strike the first blow at this royal victim here. We must kill him with all the honors, you know. I long to begin binding the flowers round his head." When the ring, however, is brought before the king, the spell is suddenly dissolved, and the full stream of his frozen feelings at once thaws in a torrent of grief. An ample reward is given to the fisherman, who generously turns to his captors:

"*Fisherman.* Here's half the money for you, my masters. It will serve to purchase the flowers you spoke of, if not to buy me your goodwill.

"*1st Officer.* Well now, that's just as it should be.

"*Superintendent.* My good fisherman, you're an excellent fellow, and I begin to feel quite a regard for you. Let us seal our first friendship over a glass of good liquor. Come along to the next wine-shop, and we'll drink your health.

"*All.* By all means.

[*Exeunt.*"]

The king, only too conscious of his loss, now it is beyond recovery, gives himself up to inconsolable regret.

Years pass on, (for the Indian drama scorns the unities, like a true daughter of the Romantic school,) and the desolate king at last is summoned to aid the gods in a contest with a race of giants, which it is fated that only his arm can bring to a successful issue. He is summoned away from his hopeless remorse into scenes of danger and exertion, and the seventh and last act nobly opens in the sky as he returns earthward in the god Indra's chariot, with Mátali, the heavenly charioteer, by his side.

"*King.* Ah! Mátali, we are descending towards the earth's atmosphere.

"*Mát.* What makes you think so?

"*King.*

The car itself instructs me; we are moving
O'er pregnant clouds, surcharged with rain;
below us

I see the moisture-loving chátakas
In sportive flight dart through the spokes;
the steeds

Of Indra glisten with the lightning's flash;
And a thick mist bedews the circling wheels.

"*Mát.* You are right; in a little while the chariot will touch the ground, and you will be in your own dominions.

"*King (looking down.)* How wonderful is the appearance of the earth as we rapidly descend. Stupendous prospect! yonder lofty hills
Do suddenly uprear their towering heads
Amid the plain, while from beneath their crests

The ground receding sinks; the trees, whose stems

Seemed lately hid within their leafy tresses,
Rise into elevation, and display
Their branching shoulders; yonder streams,
whose waters,

Like silver threads, but now were scarcely seen,

(Grow into mighty rivers; lo! the earth
Seems upward hurled by some gigantic power!")

At length the car descends upon "a range of mountains, which, like a bank of clouds illumined by the setting sun, pours down a stream of gold—on one side its base dips into the eastern ocean, and on the other side into the western." These are the sacred mountains, beyond the Himalaya, where Kasyapa dwells, the father of gods and men; and the king resolves to go in person and pay his homage to the holy patriarch, who dwells in a sacred grove, surrounded by the greatest sages, immersed in those tremendous penances, which play so conspicuous a part (as the reader of Southey's *Kehama* will remember) in all Hindú mythology.

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On his way thither he is attracted by a child, whom he sees in rough play with a young lion, which he wrests from its growling mother, crying: "Open your mouth, my young lion; I want to count your teeth!" The attendants try by promises to lure the boy away from his perilous playfellow; and, as he stretches out his hand for the offered boon, the king reads on his palm those mystic marks which, in Hindú superstition, pre-sage universal empire.

"*King.*

I feel an unaccountable affection for this wayward child.

How blessed the virtuous parents, whose attire

Is soiled with dust, by raising from the ground

The child that asks a refuge in their arms!
And happy are they while with lisping prattle,

In accents sweetly inarticulate,
He charms their ears; and with his artless smiles

Gladdens their hearts, revealing to their gaze
His tiny teeth just budding into view."

He hastens up to speak to the child, and his answers to his questions confirm his rising hopes; they proceed together to his mother, who dwells in the hermitage hard by. As they approach, Sakoon-talá (for it is she) beholds a stranger with her son, and forth she comes,

"Clad in the weeds of widowhood, her face
Emaciate with fasting, her long hair
Twined in a single braid,"

and meets at the threshold—her husband. A few hurried words are exchanged, and all is over and forgiven, and Sakoon-talá herself, with a feeling truly Hindú, solves the enigma of destiny.

"Rise, my own husband, rise. Thou wast not to blame. My own evil deeds, committed in a former state of being, brought down this judgment upon me."

As she stands clasped in her husband's arms, her eyes fall on the fatal ring, which he has worn on his finger since the time of its recovery through the fisherman. Our closing extract shall give the short dialogue that ensues, graceful as it is with all our poet's own tenderness.

"*Sak.* Ah! my dear husband, is that the lost ring?

"*King.* Yes, the moment I recovered it, my memory was restored.

"*Sak.* The ring was to blame in allowing itself to be lost at the very time when I was anxious to convince my noble husband of the reality of my marriage.

"*King.* Receive it back, as the beautiful twining plant receives again its blossom in token of its reunion with the spring.

"*Sak.* Nay; I can never more place confidence in it. Let my husband retain it!"

Such is this genuine specimen of the Hindú drama, a little nook of tender beauty and pastoral peace. The other play, the *Vikramorvasi*, has been translated by Professor Wilson, in his "*Hindú Drama*," and it well deserves a comparison with the *Sakontalá*. On both are deeply impressed the author's peculiar genius; yet the two works are "like in difference;" and if each has traits of resemblance which recall the other's features and character,

"*Et similis facies, qualem decet esse sororum*," each has also its proper charms, and a definite personality of its own.

We have only cast a passing glance on the difference between the dramas of Greece and India; but the subject is one which would amply repay a closer investigation. Their differences are not only on the surface, they reach to the deepest springs of thought, and are interwoven with the wide contrast of their histories. The drama of Athens was nursed in freedom;

its voice was the echo of the ecclesia; and the eloquence which shook the Pnyx was reproduced in the mimic conflict of human passions on the stage, and every where carried with it all Athenian sympathies. But in India thought was chained; and the drama, cut off from reality, became the polished pastime of the court, and languished into an idler's spectacle. The mixture of dialects at once removed it from the pale of popular sympathies, and limited its enjoyment to the few; nor, indeed, were the mass of the nation at any period refined enough to enter into its delight. Amid the dearth of external incident, we of course know little of India's inner history, the secret life of her millions through the long centuries, before the Mohammedan conquests first lifted the veil; but all that we know assures us, that, if the few were educated and refined, the many were sunk in misery and ignorance. The higher castes had their poetry and philosophy, and, while they were true to themselves, enjoyed their refinements and arts; but the mass of the people lived on from age to age hereditary "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Hence a true national drama was impossible; and Poetry, debarred from reality, and confined to a shadowy past, forgot at last the language of energy and life, and could only sing of shadows and dreams.

From the Westminster Review.

WOMEN ARTISTS AND THEIR FAME.*

VOLUMES have been written on the long-disputed point, whether the mental powers of woman be equal to those of man. Women, say the defenders of the present system of things, have opened no new vistas in the realms of thought; with a few brilliant exceptions, they have produced nothing really great in art, science, or literature; and an exception does not form the rule. What they have not achieved during the course of eighteen

centuries, they are not likely to achieve in the nineteenth. It is all very well to talk of difficulties educational, etc.; but genius is repressed by none of these. It works out its own way to the light; it wants no artificial aid or stimulus. Women, reply their champions, have never yet had fair play. Cramped in every direction—superficially and imperfectly trained—isolated from that free and genial communion with the minds of those who have already attained high intellectual eminence, which is so essential to the development of the faculties, and the formation of the taste—

* *Die Frauen in die Kunstgeschichte.* Von ERNST GUHL. Berlin. 1858.

excluded from all share in lofty and ennobling pursuits—confined to the narrow though sacred sphere of domestic duties, or engaged in the follies and vanities of fashionable life, and alternating between the cooking of a dinner and the cut of a sleeve—her natural capabilities have been stifled and frittered away without having enjoyed the possibility of attaining their full and legitimate growth. The social and political inferiority in which she has hitherto been held, can not fail, they maintain, to have acted in a depressing manner on her intellectual nature, whatever its original force and vigor. In both these arguments there is a certain degree of plausibility. Perhaps the truth lies between the two.

Remembering the reigns of our own Queen Bess, of Catherine of Russia, of Isabel of Castile, and Maria Theresa of Austria, it really seems rather difficult to deny woman's aptitude for the sphere of political life; while a long list of celebrities, dead and living, attest her claim to no unworthy niche in the temple of literary fame. In art, it must be owned, her success is more questionable. Not only have we no female Raphael, or Michel Angelo, as we have no female Homer, Shakspeare, or Milton, but even the secondary order of genius, if the term be admissible, is somewhat rare. At first sight this may appear extraordinary. The profession of the painter would seem, in many respects, peculiarly fitted for woman. It demands no sacrifice of maiden modesty, or of matronly reserve. It leads her into no scenes of noisy revelry or unseemly license. It does not force her to stand up to be stared at, commented on, clapped or hissed by a crowded and often unmannered audience, who forget the woman in the artist. It leaves her, during a great portion of her time at least, beneath the protecting shelter of her home, beside her own quiet fireside, in the midst of those who love her, and those whom she loves. But, on the other hand, to attain high eminence it demands the entire devotion of a life. It entails a toil and study severe, continuous, and unbroken.

No inspiration alone, however brilliant, will constitute the artist. The hand as well as the mind must be trained and exercised; and this requires perpetual and uniform effort. Besides, there is the knowledge of anatomy, which popular prejudice deprives woman of the means of ac-

quiring—unless, like Rosa Bonheur, she abdicates for a while the costume and delicate habits of her own sex. Possibly, also, although this admits of question, there may be a want of creative power. Still the names of Elizabeth Sirani, Maria Robusti, Angelica Kauffmann, Lavinia Fontana, and Rosa Bonheur, sufficiently attest that in this domain, as in every other, woman, if she does not rise to the very pinnacle of greatness, may at least attain excellence of no common order.

The little work before us, which has acquired considerable popularity and success in Germany, is not, like most productions of the Teutonic mind, a philosophical disquisition. It makes no pretensions to great depth of thought, or originality of views; but it is valuable to all who are interested in the development and progress of woman in the domain of art; for it brings together every instance of female proficiency and genius the author has been able to collect, and seeks by pointing out the success which women have already achieved, to demonstrate what they may yet accomplish.

Of painting among the Greeks we know but little. Architecture and statuary present sufficient monuments to allow of our forming a tolerably correct estimate of the perfection they had attained. Despite the ravages of time, and of barbarians ancient and modern, enough of the Parthenon remains to hand down the fame of an Ictinus, a Callicratus, and a Phydias, to admiring posterity. But what is left of Apelles and Zeuxis? The few relics of ancient painting which have survived the lapse of ages and the hand of the spoiler, all date from the time of the Roman Empire; and neither the frescoes discovered beneath the baths of Titus, the decorations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, nor even the two or three cabinet pictures found beneath the buried city, can be admitted as fair specimens of Grecian painting in its zenith.

So far, however, as we have any evidence whatever on the subject, it would seem of later growth than sculpture. Pliny tells us that when the latter had reached its culminating point, the former was still in its infancy; that before Apollodorus no artist was worth remembering. But, at the same time, he mentions the productions of the great masters with as much admiration as the Jupiter of Phydias.

Are we, then, to believe that in painting, as in sculpture, we are still at so vast a distance from the ancients? That the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, the "Madonna di San Sisto" of Raphael, the "Virgin" of a Correggio or a Murillo, would sink into nothingness beside the "Penelope and Jupiter" of Zeuxis, the "Venus Anadyone" of Apelles, the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Aristides? Such a deduction appears to us by no means a necessary one. There may be reasons why, in sculpture, we should still remain behind the Greeks, while in the sister art we may excel their happiest efforts. In the former, grace, beauty, symmetry of proportion, form, and feature, are the principal essentials of success; and where are these to be found in such perfection as beneath the glowing skies of Greece—among that people who carried their sense of the beautiful to the highest degree to which it has ever been carried by mortals? But in painting, other elements necessarily mingle—feelings and emotions of an order more complex, more varied: love—not in its sensual, but in its purer, holier signification; devotion—such as no Jupiter or Apollo could inspire. These elements were essentially Christian, and therefore it is but reasonable to suppose that Christian art, in its palmy days, may have surpassed that of a land in which they were unknown.

Though the ancient Greeks embodied both sculpture and painting under a female form, few women handled either the pencil or the chisel. Indeed, considering the ignorance and seclusion in which all "respectable" women were systematically held, it is not without considerable astonishment that on the very threshold of art we discover a woman's name—that of Kora, daughter to one Dibutades, a native of Corinth. Pliny relates that in her fond desire to retain some memorial of her lover, from whom she was about to be parted forever, she sketched his portrait from the shadow thrown by his profile on the wall; that from this, her father modeled it in clay, and thus produced the first portrait in relief that had ever appeared. The story, whether true or false, is at least both graceful and probable. From the days of Kora down to those of Quintus Masys, how often has love been the best instructor!

Besides Kora, Pliny makes mention of *Timarata*, one of whose pictures he had

himself seen at Ephesus. In the time of Alexander the Great, we find the names of several female artists—Cirene, Aristarite, and Calypso; the latter, who was celebrated as a painter *de genre*, has been supposed—with how much truth it is difficult to say—to be the author of that charming little picture found in Pompeii, and now in the studio of Naples, "A Mother Superintending the Toilet of her Daughters." Pliny tells us that the portraits of a well-known dancer, Acisthenes, and of a conjuror, Theodorus, executed by her hand, were much admired.

In Roman annals we discover but one female artist, and she was of Hellenic origin—Laya, who lived about one hundred years before Christ—although the comparative liberty allowed to women among the soldier-people might have afforded them, one would think, greater opportunity for the development of their artistic powers. But in the first place, we must remember that art was not with the Romans, as with the Greeks, an essential element of existence. During the best and most glorious epochs of the Republic it was neglected or despised, and its cultivation is associated with the decline of that mighty power which had planted its triumphant banners alike on the burning sands of Africa and the rude shores of Britain.

Of Laya's history little has reached us; but from what few details we can gather, it appears that she excelled in female portraits, and may be regarded as the precursor of all miniature-painters of modern times. Pliny, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, adds, that her works were most highly valued, and that devoting herself solely to her art, she lived and died in single blessedness. During the first seven centuries which followed the destruction of the Roman Empire, we hear of no female painter. Art, indeed, was never totally extinct, as is evident from some Byzantine relics, and from the mosaics discovered in the convents and cemeteries of Rome, Venice, and Pisa, many of which date from the fifth century. But not only had its peculiar characteristic of glorious beauty completely disappeared, but that characteristic, associated as it was with the recollection of Paganism, had become abhorrent to Christianity. The heathens had adorned their Joves and their Apollos with every accessory of grace and majesty their glowing and

poetic fancy could devise. The Saviour of the Nazarenes, it was supposed, must therefore be represented devoid of all outward comeliness, according to the literal interpretation of the prophet's memorable description. Gradually, however, as the triumph of the new faith became wider and more secure, these prejudices gave way to that love of the beautiful implanted in the human mind. In the eighth century, a papal bull came to the aid of St. Jerome, St. Augustin, and St. Ambrose, and decided that the Redeemer should henceforward be arrayed in every attribute of divine beauty with which the hand of the painter could invest him. This indeed, was not much. Art had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation; one branch alone, that of miniature-painting upon parchment, was cultivated with tolerable success. It had flourished among the Greeks and Romans, and from the comparative ease and facility with which it was carried on, soon became the peculiar and constant occupation of monks and anchorites. Manuscripts and religious works were deemed incomplete unless adorned by illuminations; defective as they were in many of the essentials of art, particularly in perspective, these illuminations, or miniatures, are still extremely beautiful, from the gem-like brilliancy of the coloring, the ever-changing tints, and the exquisite finish—and in these the delicate touch and graceful taste of woman particularly fitted her to excel. Eighty years before the appearance of Cimabue, or even of André del Candia, we find Agnes, abbess of Quedlinberg, celebrated as a miniature-painter; and more than one specimen yet extant attests her patience and her skill.

The cultivators of this charming art were divided into two classes—miniaturists, properly so called, and miniature calligraphists. It was the province of the first to color the histories and arabesques, and to lay on the gold and silver ornaments. The second wrote the book, and the initial letters so frequently traced in red, blue, and gold; these were called "*Pulchri Scriptores*," or fair writers. Painting of this description was peculiarly a religious occupation. It was well suited for the peaceful and secluded life of the convent or the monastery. It required none of the intimate acquaintance with the passions of the human heart, with the busy scenes of life, so essential to other

and higher forms of art. Yet it was not only in this branch that the monastic orders distinguished themselves. The *Frati Humiliati* were celebrated for their skill in painting on glass; while the recluses of Mont Casino and their abbot, Bertire, made themselves conspicuous for their superiority in miniature-painting.

Disgusted by the corruption which gradually crept into monastic institutions, we are too apt to forget the debt we owe them for preserving at least the germ of thought, amid the deadly blight which had fallen upon it in the rest of the world. In the midst of the deluge of barbarism, the monasteries were the ark of refuge. While peers and princes, knights and squires, were systematically engaged in fighting, robbing, and plundering, the monks were occupied in inventions, (the fruit of which we still enjoy;) in constructing those glorious cathedrals, the pride of our own and other lands; in tracing upon canvas some of the masterpieces of art; in copying the works of antiquity, which would otherwise properly have been lost forever; and in keeping alive the sacred fire of literature. The names of Roger Bacon, Padre Alessandro, of Angelico da Fiesole, Fra Bartolomeo, and so many others, ought surely to exempt the monks of olden days from the universal charge of ignorance and laziness so systematically and indiscriminately brought against them. As to the nuns, they, too, were not idle. They were largely employed in illuminating and copying manuscripts and missals. They managed extensive lands belonging to the convent; they tended the sick and the poor; many of them, as we shall see hereafter, excelled in painting; and the recluses of one convent at least—that of the Dominican sisters, founded 1292, at Florence—were among the earliest and most zealous encouragers of the art of printing.

In 1476, Fra Domenico da Pistoya, and Fra Pietro da Pisa, the spiritual directors of the convent, established a printing-press within its walls—the nuns served as compositors—and many works of considerable value issued from this press between 1476 and 1484, when Bartolomeo da Pistoya dying, the nuns ceased their labors.

Miniature-painting and illuminating continued to flourish during the whole of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. Even celebrated artists did not disdain them. Dante mentions two in par-

ticular, who must have enjoyed considerable renown, for he introduces them in his *Purgatorio* as expiating through suffering their pride and their success on earth. Painters were in the habit of attaching a gradis, or small longitudinal margin, to their pictures, on which they used to paint passages from the lives of the saints who formed the subject of their work. Many may be seen in the exquisite creations of Fra Angelico da Fiesole. At the commencement of the sixteenth century, miniature-painting began to decline. Almost unnoticed, engraving had usurped its place; but the miniatures of this period are superior to all which precede them, combining vigor and correctness of design, and chiaroscuro, with the exquisite expression, the delicate touch, the bright and glowing coloring of former productions. Among the most distinguished names of those with whom its history closed, we again find that of a woman, a Dominican sister, Plautilla Nelli, daughter to a Florentine patrician, and pupil to Fra Bartolomeo. Vasari mentions her in his second edition of *Storia di Pittura*.

In 1405 we discover in Germany what must be regarded as a *rara avis* among the female sex—a sculptor, and of no mean eminence, Sabina von Steinbach, daughter to that Erwin von Steinbach who, in the cathedral of Strasbourg, has reared to his memory so glorious and so enduring a monument. From early childhood Sabina displayed considerable talent for modeling, and it was to her that her father intrusted much of the ornamental part of his stupendous undertaking. Few, as they pause before the groups on the portal of the southern aisle, and admire their grace and beauty, as we have so often admired them, imagine that they are the work of a girl of twenty. These groups represent allegorically the Christian and the Jewish Church—in the former, the figures are stately and graceful; the diadem on their brows, the cross in their right hands; in the left, the holy wafer and cup. The latter are bowed down with shame and sorrow, their countenances sad and mournful, holding in their hands a broken arrow, and the shattered relics of the tablets of the law. "In this work," says our author, "all that is beautiful and superhuman in the sculpture of the Middle Ages may be said to be embodied; it seems as though these elements needed a female hand to attain that purity and depth

of feeling which lends this group so peculiar a charm." On one of the scrolls held by the Apostle John are the following lines in Latin:

"May the grace of God fall to thy share, Sabina,
Whose hands have formed my image out of this
hard stone."

Tradition adds that, by the command of the archbishop, Sabina herself attended to see the statues deposited in their destined niches; that the prelate, followed by all his priests, came forth to meet her, and placed upon her brow a garland of laurel, consecrated by his own hand. That this tradition was long pretty generally believed, is evident from an old painting of no great merit we have ourselves seen at Strasbourg, in which Sabina is represented kneeling at the feet of the archbishop, receiving his blessing and the precious wreath.

The commencement of the fifteenth century, so important in the history of humanity, so peculiarly marked by mental activity, is somewhat barren in female artists, and indeed in female genius altogether, in comparison, at least, with the succeeding ages. The change which had come over the world within the last hundred years had acted no less unfavorably on the intellectual progress of the sex, than on its social position. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, women had been the object of a species of adoration. Their beauty was the chosen theme of minstrel lay, their favor the brightest recompense of knightly valor. Thus sung and worshiped, the women of the higher orders, at least, to whom these remarks more particularly apply, naturally sought to retain and lighten the homage laid before their shrine, by cultivating their talents so far as their opportunities permitted. But now Troubadours and Minnesängers had disappeared alike from the olive groves of Provence and the vine-clad hills of the Rhine. The reign of chivalry was over; a thousand new and engrossing interests had sprung up. Men had no longer leisure or inclination to wander, harp in hand, from castle to castle, and bower to bower, pouring forth the praises of their ladye-love; and woman, fallen from the lofty pedestal to which she had been temporarily elevated, sunk to the level of ordinary life, and had to suffer from that reaction which invariably attends

all exaggerated sentiments, however pure and noble in themselves.

So far as art was concerned, the fifteenth century, the earlier part especially, was peculiarly unfitted to foster or develop female talent. Art was gradually discarding that ideal and superhuman character which had formed at once the charm and the weakness of the middle ages. New and more extended perspectives had opened to its view. It was a period of perpetual and wearisome, though fruitful, toil. The correct anatomy of the human form began to supersede the conventional style hitherto universally adopted. Earthly passions, mingled emotions which had found no place in the religious productions of an earlier age, in the pure and serene compositions of Angelico da Fiesole, in the solemn and dignified figures of Fra Bartolomeo, were now to be reproduced upon the canvas. All this necessitated severe study—study under difficulties too great, too repulsive, to admit of many females coming forward to share them. It is therefore with the more pleasure that we hail the advent of the few women who, subduing every obstacle, distinguished themselves during this important period. The best known of these is Margaritha von Eck, sister to Huberto Jan von Eck, who, by the introduction of oil-painting, brought about so great and momentous a revolution in the history of art. In their more important works Margaritha had no share; she devoted herself exclusively to miniature painting, and the magnificent court of Burgundy supplied her with ample employment. Occasionally brother and sister worked together, as in the breviary of that Duke of Bedford who married the sister of Philip the Good in 1423, which is now in the imperial library at Paris. That Margaritha was tolerably celebrated in her own day is evident from the work of Carl von Mander, the earliest historian of Flemish art, who calls her “a gifted Minerva,” and adds, that, like her prototype, she scorned the bands of Hy-men.

Somewhat later, in the depths of a peaceful convent in Nuremberg, a second Margaritha wiled away the silent hours in copying and illuminating religious works. Eight folio volumes, we are assured, were traced and adorned by the hands of this pious and indefatigable nun. Ere turning to another age, we must linger a moment to contemplate two female artists of some

importance. In the Pinacothek of Bologna, among the many stiff, quaint, and strange-looking productions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is a picture of St. Ursula, which to the pure, calm, holy expression peculiar to the works of the early masters, unites a grace and even correctness of drawing not a little unusual at that period. This is attributed to Caterina Vigri, a noble maiden, native of Bologna, born in 1403, who ended her days in virgin sanctity in the Convent of Capo di Christo, where her grave, and many works by her hand, are yet pointed out to the curious visitor. Among these is an infant Jesus, long held in such peculiar veneration that it was presented to the sick to kiss, with the firm conviction that all whose lips approached the canvas would be restored to health; and many are the miracles adduced in proof of its marvelous powers.

Onorata Rudiano wielded at once the painter's pencil and the warrior's sword. She is quite a personage of romance, and we are surprised that she has never figured in novel or poetry. In her twenty-third year, she had already attained so great a reputation for artistic skill that Gabrino Fondolo, tyrant of Cremona, committed to her care the adornment of his palace. Onorata would willingly have declined this equivocal honor, but the Marquis would listen to no refusal; and to excite the anger of a man at once so vindictive and so unscrupulous was too fearful a risk.

Onorata was not destined to labor long in the service of Fondolo. One day, while occupied in painting the walls of one of the apartments, a courtier notorious for his dissipated habits entered the room, and offered some unjustifiable liberties. The young artist indignantly repulsed him, and on his returning to the charge, she seized a dagger she always wore concealed in her bodice, and stabbed him to the heart. Then rushing from the palace, disguised herself in man's attire, and fled to the mountains, declaring she would rather perish in exile and a wanderer, but pure and untainted, than enjoy splendor and dishonor at home. The Marquis was furious; he sent soldiers in every direction in pursuit, with orders to bring her back, alive or dead; but unable to discover the place of her retreat, and finding no one capable of completing her labors, he promised full and entire pardon on condition of her instant return. Onorata, however,

had effected her escape from his dominions. Retaining her disguise, she obtained admittance into one of the companies of Condottieri then infesting Italy, and by her courage and conduct soon rose to the post of captain. Her warlike spirit delighted in the independence and excitement of her new career; she refused to abandon it, and continued to fight and paint alternately for thirty years. In 1472, her native town, Castellione, was besieged by the Venetians. Onorata, at the head of her company, flew to its relief; she forced the enemy to raise the siege, but was mortally wounded in the conflict, and died a few days later.

The commencement and the middle of the fifteenth century had been a season of labor; its conclusion and the sixteenth brought the harvest. It was now that painting in particular reached its culminating point, and attained a perfection which no succeeding period has ever equaled.

Between 1590 and 1620 lived the greater part of those men whose works form the delight and admiration of succeeding ages—Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michel Angelo, Correggio, Titian, and Giorgione. Beside such mighty names, those of any female artists, however brilliant in themselves, seem pale and colorless. Yet it would be unfair to pass them by without some share of attention, more especially as many were the subjects of warm eulogium in their own day. One of the most celebrated was Maria Robusti, daughter to Tintoretto, the rival, though not the equal, of Titian. Maria's talents were universally recognized and esteemed. Kings and emperors sought to allure her to their courts; but she rejected all their propositions, and lived and died at Venice, beneath her father's roof, which, though wedded to a rich goldsmith, she never quitted. Maria is much lauded by Rudolphi, in his *Maraviglia della pittura Veneziana*. We must pass by many female names recorded by Professor Guhl, pausing only to notice one whose celebrity rests rather on the testimony of her contemporaries, than on any works which have come down to posterity—Irene di Spilimberg. Born at Udina, of ancient and noble race; young, lovely, and gifted, Irene was the theme of universal admiration in her own day. Tasso celebrated her in a sonnet of great sweetness; Titian, her master, immortalized her by his pen-

oil; in a collection of orations published some twenty years after her death by Gradenigo, she is called the pride and delight of her age; and Rudolphi includes her among the few names of female artists he honored with his notice. Perhaps her beauty, her grace, her early doom—she died at eighteen—may in some degree explain the discrepancy between her reputation and her actual performances. They were probably admired less for what they were, than for what they promised. Had Raphael or Leonardo da Vinci perished at eighteen, what would they have left behind them?

Flanders contributed its share, though a small one, to the list of female artists. Albrecht Dürer, in his journal, 1521, speaks with admiration of a young girl aged seventeen, whom he met on his travels. "She is called Susanna," he says; "she has illuminated a book, a *Salvator*; I gave her a ducat for it. It is a great wonder that a woman (*Weibsbild*) should be able to do so much." Dürer's opinion of the capabilities of the female sex in general—not very high—was that prevalent in Germany in the sixteenth century. In no country was female genius of all descriptions at so low an ebb.

The seventeenth century gave birth to more than one woman, whose works, if they can not claim place among those of the great masters of the age, deserve no ordinary attention—Lavinia Fontana, Artemisia Gentileschi, Elisabetta Serani, and Maria Schurman. The three first belong to the Bologna school. Lavinia was daughter to that Prospero Fontana under whom Ludovico Caracci studied, and who angrily declared he was fitter for a color-grinder than a painter. We know how triumphantly Caracci, though by far the least celebrated of the three brothers, confuted this assertion; and in later years he had the pleasure of hearing Fontana regret that he was too old to become the pupil of him whom he had despised. This privilege was enjoyed by his daughter Lavinia. To delicacy of touch and sweetness of expression, she united such peculiar skill in catching likenesses, that her portraits were eagerly sought by noble dames and princes, and paid for at a price far higher than was usual in those days. Pope Gregory XIII. appointed her his painter in ordinary. Her personal attractions were of an uncommon order, and her hand was demanded by more

than one titled suitor; but she rejected all, to bestow it on a young man of lowly origin, who had won her affections while working in her father's *atelier*. In rendering all due justice to Lavinia, we can not quite agree with Professor Guhl, when he compares her productions to those of Titian or Tintoretto. In depth of coloring, vigor of touch, and breadth of outline, she is generally deficient. Even her finest work, "The Holy Francis di Paula," in the Pinacothek of Bologna, is open to this objection, though in modified degree. Far superior to Lavinia is Elisabetta Serani, like her a native of Bologna. The pupil of Guido Reni, she early imbibed that exquisite sense of the beautiful, that peculiar gift of reproducing it, which distinguishes her master. To this she adds a vigor and energy rare in a female pencil, and completely free from that coarseness so often mistaken for power. In the church of Certosa, at Bologna, is a "Christ at the River Jordan," by her hand, not unworthy of the best efforts of Guido himself; and in the Palazzo de Pietri, in the same city, is a "Magdalen," which, in beauty, expression, and grace, has been seldom surpassed. Lanzi speaks of her with enthusiastic admiration. Elisabetta excelled likewise in music and sculpture. To these rare gifts she united all the gentler virtues of her sex. She never permitted her passion for Art to interfere with the fulfillment of her homely duties. She would rise at dawn to perform those lowly domestic tasks, for which her constant occupation during the day afforded little leisure; and was equally admirable in the circle of daily life, as in the loftier regions to which her spirit loved to aspire. At the height of fame and fortune, in the bloom of youth and beauty, Elisabetta was suddenly snatched from all who loved her by a cruel and mysterious doom. Every effort to dispel the darkness in which her fate is involved has hitherto been utterly fruitless. The acts of the trial (for a death so sudden excited general suspicion) are still extant, but throw little light on the subject. According to general belief, she was poisoned by the same hands which administered the deadly draught to Domenico; those of Ribeira or his disciples, jealous of her rising fame. Others aver that a personage of princely blood, having in vain sought to win her to his dishonorable addresses,

thus avenged himself for her virtuous disdain. Never was grief more sincere or general than that excited by the fate of this fair and gifted being. The whole town was in a state of excitement; her obsequies were celebrated with the utmost splendor; and her tomb, beside that of Guido, in the chapel of the Madonna del Rosario, was long the shrine of enthusiastic pilgrimage. Artemisia Gentileschi, likewise a pupil of Guido Reni, was born beneath the glowing skies of Naples, but early removed with her family to Bologna. She was celebrated principally for her success as a portrait-painter, and was summoned to England by Charles I., at whose court she spent several years in the constant exercise of her art. Laden with rich gifts, she returned to Naples, where she lived in great splendor. Her correspondence with the Chevalier del Pozzo, recently published, displays considerable intellectual powers, and proves that she was no less in her element in the great world than in the painter's studio. One of her best pictures is her "Judith," now in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence—the coloring is vivid, the design clear and correct. We have already adverted to the inferiority of female artistic genius in the North. Now, for the first time, it gave signs of life. Maria Schurman, however inferior as an artist to Elisabetta Serani, will still be remembered, no less for the wealth than for the variety of her endowments. Of Flemish extraction, but born at Cologne, she displayed at a very early age that wonderful facility for acquiring knowledge, and those rare intellectual gifts for which she was afterwards so distinguished. Permitted to be present at her brother's Latin lessons, though without sharing his instruction, she had already mastered all the difficulties of the language while he was still in his accident. Her taste for study once aroused, nothing could stop its progress; at the age of eleven she had become so thoroughly mistress of the Greek and Hebrew languages as to read with perfect facility Homer, Æschylus, and the Bible in the original tongues. When, in addition to this, we are credibly informed that she united a thorough acquaintance with Arabic, Syriac, Samaritan, and Ethiopian—that she spoke with equal elegance and facility every European tongue—that she was no less celebrated for her profound learning than for her talents as a sculptor, musician, and

artist, we know not whether to be most amazed by the astonishing variety of her endowments, or by the modesty which induced her to shun all public applause, and seek retirement rather than renown. Honored by all the most learned men of her day—in intimate correspondence with Salmasius, Vossius, Heinsius, etc.—sought by every person of celebrity who visited Cologne, she abandoned this brilliant existence to retire to a little country-house, where she dwelt in the utmost simplicity, dividing her time between her art and her pen.

After the death of her father and brothers, however, to whom she was fondly attached, her mind, naturally inclined to deep and serious reflection, became clouded by melancholy. It was in this mood that she first made the acquaintance of the celebrated Lamenie. This man, who believed himself a new Christ, sent into the world to announce a new Messiah, whose eloquence and intellectual powers exercised so singular a fascination on all with whom he came in contact, soon acquired unbounded influence over the lonely artist. She became one of his warmest disciples, and, abandoning alike pen and pencil, devoted herself to theological studies. On Lamenie's death, in 1674, she undertook the task of continuing to disseminate his doctrines. Collecting his followers, she conducted them to Vivert, in Friesland, where she dwelt many years, and where our own William Penn saw her in 1677. In his *Journey in Germany* he mentions their conversation, adding, "she spoke in a remarkably grave and solemn tone." However mistaken Maria's religion, it was deep and sincere; of this she gave an incontrovertible proof in distributing all her goods to the poor, and died herself in indigence, May, 1678.

Far less variously and marvelously endowed, but superior in her own peculiar domain, was Rachel Reutch, long regarded as the first flower-painter of her own, or indeed of any age. Rachel was born at Amsterdam, 1664. She married at sixteen, and became the mother of ten children, whom she brought up, we are assured, with the most laudable care. How she contrived with a small income to combine the anxious and manifold duties of a mother with the constant toil and study requisite to attain such perfection in her art, is difficult to imagine; but genius

effects almost without an effort that which seems impossible to ordinary minds. Rachel's fame gradually increased to such a degree, that she was appointed court painter to the Elector John of the Pfalz, and by his earnest desire settled with her family in his capital. After his death she returned to Holland, and continued to prosecute her art with unabated energy and success, till 1750, when she died full of years and honors.

But it was in France that, next to Italy, female artistic genius shone with the brightest lustre. In the seventeenth century women play a conspicuous part in French history; and if, on the one hand, it must be acknowledged that this part was not always very consistent with the virtue and purity of their sex, on the other, it is but just to recall the many bright names with which they adorned both literature and art. Among the most distinguished is Elizabeth Cheron, who enjoyed an honor since denied even to the most gifted of her sex. She was member of the Academy of Arts in Paris; and in the funeral oration pronounced upon her by Fermal Huis, a brother Academician, she was declared to have merited a place among the most celebrated artists of her age. Her pictures, although scarcely meriting such extravagant eulogiums, are still held in high esteem. They are delicately drawn, full of sweet expression. Gifted alike in mind and person, the friend of all the unhappy and suffering, Elizabeth Cheron was no less beloved than admired.

While in France woman was wreathing the garland of fame around her brow, what was she doing in England and Germany? Here, in an artistic point of view, her inferiority is palpable. True, England could boast of more one female artist of considerable promise, but none comparable to Serani or Cheron.

In Germany this inferiority was still more striking. Here, indeed, it was not confined to the gentler sex. In art as in literature, Germany, with a few bright exceptions, was far behind all neighboring nations. The Cologne school, as it is termed, had died away, and no other had taken its place. The condition of the country, indeed, sufficiently accounts for this fact. The Thirty Years' War was raging with fearful intensity. It was not a great national struggle, such as often calls forth the noblest energies—the most

glorious attributes of the human mind. It was a conflict in which the meanest, basest, most sordid passions broke forth; it was a civil war, in the fullest sense of the term, fatal alike to every generous impulse, and to every lofty aspiration. That no female artist should have appeared in these gloomy and disastrous times, need scarcely excite astonishment; but the general condition of the female sex was decidedly inferior in Protestant, to that which she enjoyed in Catholic lands.

Luther, in declaring that woman's sole vocation was marriage—that in that, and that only, was she performing the part assigned her by Providence—had destroyed the halo with which virgin chastity had once encircled her brow. Catholicism had raised her to the rank of saint; it had inscribed her on the list of martyrs; it had given her a place amid the hierarchy; it had brought her into immediate contact with the supreme Head of the Church. To those whom choice or necessity hindered from entering the bonds of matrimony, it had opened another career—that of the recluse—the sister of charity; it had presented another asylum—that of the convent; a career contrary, indeed, to all our natural instincts, full of self-denial and privation, but promising truly or falsely an immortality of bliss hereafter—an asylum sad and gloomy, but calm, tranquil, and secure—a life of privation, but devoted to an end sufficient to atone for every suffering, the relief of the sick, the helpless, and the destitute. Of all this the Reformation at once deprived her. It narrowed her influence, it lowered her sphere, it confined her place to the daily round of domestic joys and sorrows. Catholicism, in the person of Mary, had invested her with almost divine attributes; it had represented her as the intercessor between the Saviour and mankind—as the incarnation of the highest purity, of the loftiest philanthropy; and even those who repudiate such doctrines freely recognize the powerful influence they must have exercised in elevating and hallowing the whole sex.

We know full well that the loftiest heroic elements may be found in the very lowliest walks of life, that it needs not the severance of every dear and near tie to call forth all that is holy and elevated in our natures. We would simply direct attention to a fact which, whatever inter-

pretation we may lend it, had evidently acted deleteriously on the condition of woman. The high rank she has achieved for herself in the present century does not invalidate this argument, for she has achieved it only by long, constant, and arduous effort, and even now many privileges, once conferred upon her in Catholic Europe, are still denied her.

In the annals of the principal cities of Italy, we find women occupying the chair of the professor—not of modern tongues, not of music and drawing, but of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, mathematics, and astronomy. We find them delivering lectures in public to crowded and admiring audiences; we see them admitted members of learned societies, and addressed by the most scientific men on terms of equality. Yet it is doubtful whether the far-famed Novella was a better Greek scholar than Mrs. Browning; or Maria Porcia Vignoli, whose statue long adorned the marketplace of Viterbo, more learned in natural sciences than Mrs. Somerville.

The first half of the eighteenth century gave birth to few painters of enduring fame. The great masters had passed away. The influence of the French school had become predominant throughout the whole domain of art. The tenderness, purity, and exquisite perfection of Francia, of Leonardo da Vinci, and of Raphael—the grandeur of Michel Angelo—the soft, transparent loveliness of Coreggio—the brilliant hues, the life-like glow of Titian and Paul Veronese—the deep, poetic feeling of Giorgione—the power and passion of the Caravaggio school—and the radiant beauty of Guido and Albano—were succeeded by the graceful mannerism, the light and lively style of a Watteau and a Bouché. Still, we would not disparage these pleasing artists or their fellow-laborers.

They aimed at little, but what they aimed at they attained. The same may be said of their female cotemporaries.

During this period art was not utterly stagnant in Germany; Carstens and Raphael Mengs were its representatives. Beside them stands a female form, who, indeed, may be regarded as occupying a position between the two—less minute and reflective than Mengs, less elevated and important than Carstens.

In the far-famed Pitti Gallery, at Florence, are three female portraits the size of life, painted by the originals themselves,

which at once attract the attention of every visitor. The first in feature and expression bears the stamp of a masculine intellect: the touch is vigorous, the coloring has the golden tint of the Venetian school, but it presents no mark of individuality—this is Maria Robusti Tintoretto. The second can not be mistaken; even the most unpracticed eye would discern at a glance that it is a Frenchwoman, piquant, lively, graceful, evidently not so much engrossed with art as to be insensible to admiration as a woman—this is the well-known Madame Le-brun. Opposite the fair Parisian is a third portrait—a woman still in the bloom of life, but destitute of all brilliancy of coloring, with an expression grave and pensive almost to melancholy. She is seated on a stone, in the midst of a solitary landscape—a portfolio with sketches in one hand, a pencil in the other. The attitude is unstudied, almost to negligence. There is no attempt at display; you feel as you look on her that every thought is absorbed in her vocation. This is Angelica Kauffmann, almost the only female artist of importance of whom, until lately, Germany could boast, but who, with the exception of Elisabetta Serani, ranks higher, perhaps, than any of whom we have yet spoken.

The history of Angelica Kauffmann is too well known to allow of our entering into many details here. We need not dwell on her gladsome childhood, her simple youth passed partly amid the vine-clad hills and wild forests of her native land, partly beside the blue waters and sunny shores of the lake of Como—her passionate love of art, and resolute devotion to its altar, her success, her genius, her long residence in England, the honors with which she was loaded—the fatal marriage into which she was seduced—all these have been often repeated and commented on. The particulars of this union, or rather of the circumstances which preceded it, however, do not appear so generally known. It was in early girlhood, while traveling with her father through Switzerland to their native land, that she first beheld the man destined to exercise so fatal an influence on her destiny. Angelica was then only in her seventeenth year, her dawning talents had already attracted considerable attention, but as both father and daughter were poor, they were compelled to travel on foot, resting

at night at the little inns by the wayside. One evening, when wearied with the long day's journey, they entered a humble house of entertainment, they were informed by the landlord that they must go further, for a couple of "grand seigneurs," just arrived, had engaged all the rooms for themselves and their suite. The weary travelers insisted on their right to remain, and the debate was growing warm, when one of the gentlemen for whose accommodation they were rejected, made his appearance, and with great politeness, begged them to enter the dining-room and share their repast. The good Kauffmann, whose frank, confiding nature was always a stranger to suspicion, at once consented, despite the whispered entreaties of his daughter, who, with the intuitive perception of her sex, had discerned something offensive beneath the polished courtesy of their inviter. She was not mistaken; at table Lord E— soon forgot the respect due to youth and innocence, and attempted some liberty. Angelica indignantly repulsed it, and on its repetition, rising hastily from the table, drew her father with her, and instantly left the house. Years passed on; a portion of the time had been spent in her native land with her father's brother, an honest farmer, in comfortable through narrow circumstances. At first Angelica, accustomed to the wonders of art, and the splendor of Italian cities, could scarcely bring herself to endure this homely mode of existence. The rude manners of those by whom she was surrounded, the utter want of elegance or taste, displeased and disgusted her. Gradually, however, as habit softened down these first impressions, the poetic side of the picture dawned upon her mind. She learned to love the homely simplicity of that hospitable dwelling, with its gabled front and narrow windows—the gloom and solitude of those dark pine forests, through which the sunbeams could scarcely penetrate, and ceased to long for the marble palaces of Milan, and the orange-groves of Como. Besides, she had little time for idle regrets; the interior decoration of a church in the neighborhood was intrusted to her father and herself, and her success in an undertaking so difficult excited considerable attention. A little later, and we find her again in Italy, at Florence, Naples, Rome. In the latter city she became acquainted with Winkel-

mann, who soon regarded her with almost paternal affection. It was a charming picture—the gifted and thoughtful man, whose brow was furrowed with sixty years of ceaseless study and deep reflection, and the young, ardent, brilliant girl, full of hope and enthusiasm. Angelica painted his portrait, and it was not without a certain pleasure that Winkelmann informs his friends “he has sat for his picture to a young and lovely woman.”

It is one of the best of her early productions; the likeness is perfect, the coloring vivid, and the touch more vigorous than usual.

Angelica was now in her twenty-sixth year, and had already acquired both fame and fortune, when she was induced to accept a proposal to visit England. Welcomed with enthusiasm, sought by the noblest and most gifted in the land, all seemed to smile upon her path, when in a fatal hour she again lighted on the man whose undisguised libertinism had so deeply wounded her modesty ten years before. It was in the midst of a brilliant circle, where all the *beaux esprits* of London were assembled, that they again met. Lord E—— had long since lost every trace of her, and great was his amazement to recognize in the elegant woman and celebrated artist the humble little pedestrian of the Swiss mountains. If he had thought her charming then, how much more lovely did she seem to him now; his heart and fancy were alike inflamed, and he resolved that this time at least she should not escape him. Feigning repentance for the past, assurances of unselfish devotion which sought for nothing in return save the friendship and esteem of its object, flattery, insinuation, all were employed. Angelica, trusting and guileless, believed him, nor was it till, fancying himself secure of triumph, he threw off the mask, that she even suspected his baseness. Equally shocked and indignant, she would no longer admit him to her society.

This only stimulated her passions. Perhaps he thought it a pretext to lure him to more honorable offers; at all events, despairing of winning the prize by any other means, he laid his rank and title at her feet. But Angelica was no Pamela to receive with humble gratitude the hand of him who had insulted her virtue. Her mild but resolute refusal stung him to madness. If what some of her biographers assert be true, he forced himself into her

presence, and sought by violence to obtain that which no entreaties could win; but here, too, he failed. The rumor of his worthless conduct got abroad, and he found it most convenient to leave England for a time, vowing revenge. The subsequent portion of the story is well known. Her fatal union two years later, with a worthless adventurer whom the infamous Lord E—— had bribed to personate a man of rank and honor, the discovery of the intrigue, the dissolution of the marriage, the illness and suffering which followed that brief delusion, all have been recounted by her biographers, De Rossi and others. Far, however, from diminishing the interest and respect with which she was universally regarded, these sad incidents only increased them. She was recalled from the solitude in which she had buried herself, by the appointment of Professor to the Academy of Arts in London—a rare honor for a woman. For thirteen years she resided in London, resolutely refusing every offer of marriage, but at length, yielding to the entreaties of her father, whose health was rapidly declining, and who dreaded leaving her alone and unprotected, she bestowed her hand upon the painter, Antonio Zucchi, with whom she returned to Rome. It was here that she was introduced into the circle of those great men, whose names illustrate their native land, and who at different periods visited the Eternal City—to Goethe, Herder, etc.

“‘The good Angelica,’ writes Goethe, in one of his letters from Rome, ‘has a most remarkable, and, for a woman, really unheard-of talent; one must see and value what she does, and not what she leaves undone. There is much to learn from her, particularly as to work, for what she effects is really marvelous.’”

“‘It was interesting,’ says her excellent biographer, De Rossi, ‘to see Angelica and her husband before a picture. While Zucchi spoke with enthusiasm, Angelica remained silent, fixing her eloquent glance on the finest portions of the work. In her countenance one could read her feelings, and her observations were always limited to a few brief words; these, however, seldom contained any blame, nothing save the praises of that which was worthy of praise. It belonged to her nature to be struck by the beautiful alone, as the bee draws honey only out of every flower.’”

The latter portion of Angelica's life glided tranquilly by. She died in 1807. “As an artist,” says a cotemporary, (Raphael Mengs,) “she is the pride of the fe-

male sex in all times and all nations. Nothing is wanted, composition, coloring, fancy, all are here." This flattering eulogium, pronounced while the recollection of the charms and virtues of the original was still fresh in the writer's memory, has not been completely confirmed by posterity, and will be but partially accepted by any one who is acquainted with her works. The fire of inspiration is wanting, the coloring is generally deficient in warmth and depth, the touch in force and vigor; but there is infinite grace, sweetness, and feminine delicacy in all her productions—the drawing is correct and elegant, and the outlines soft and melting.

A more striking contrast to Angelica Kauffmann than Madame Le-brun can scarcely be conceived—the one soft, modest, and retiring, with much of the sentimental tendency peculiar to the German mind; the other gay, sparkling, coquettish, a Frenchwoman in the fullest sense of the term. Born on the sixteenth April, 1755, the daughter of a portrait-painter of merit, she evinced even in early childhood surprising taste and talent for art. When but eight years old she painted the picture of a bearded man with such truth and vigor, that her father exclaimed, "My child, thou wilt be a painter;" and this little incident made a deep impression on her young and susceptible mind. The good father did his best to cultivate her dawning powers; and when she lost him, at the age of thirteen, his place was supplied by the celebrated Joseph Vernet, who felt deep interest in the gifted child. Her position, however, was painful enough: her father's income, never very large, had ceased with his life; her mother, vain, haughty, and extravagant, could not resign herself to the narrow circumstances to which she found herself reduced, and poor little Elizabeth had to work far beyond her strength to minister to her love of dress and amusement. Even when some years after the mother married again, matters were not much improved; for her second husband, though abundantly rich, was so avaricious as to refuse his family almost the necessities of life. The talents of the young girl were therefore in greater request than ever; luckily, they were equal to the emergency. Meanwhile, her fame spread abroad. When but fifteen years of age she completed a portrait of her mother in such perfection that Vernet proposed her for admission to

the Academy. Her extreme youth rendered it impossible; but a few years later she was permitted to be present at all its public sittings. It was about this time that she was introduced to Pierre Le-brun, himself an artist of considerable merit, and generally acknowledged as one of the first connoisseurs in Europe.

"I was far from the thought of marrying M. Le-brun," she tells us in her memoirs, "although he had a handsome face and agreeable person; but my mother, who fancied him very rich, never ceased urging me not to refuse so advantageous a proposal. So at last I yielded; how bitterly have I since repented it!"

Le-brun, in fact, regarded the whole marriage as an affair of business. Deeply in debt, he speculated on the talents and energy of his young wife to rid him of his creditors, and enable him to live in ease and luxury. No sooner was he her husband, than he took possession of all her hard-won earnings, insisted on her delivering into his hands the sums—frequently very large—she received for her pictures, and squandered them on the most absurd indulgences; occupying the first floor of the apartments, splendidly furnished, while Madame Le-brun was forced to content herself with the second story. Generally speaking, female painters have been remarkable for their pure and blameless existence. The high devotion to Art seems in their case at least to have really effected its legitimate aim—elevating their minds above all degrading pursuits, and saving them, even when thrown, like Elizabeth Cheron or Rosalba Carriera, in the midst of the most dissipated circles, from being tainted by their poison. But the society in which Madame Le-brun lived was corrupted to the very core—to enter it without becoming contaminated was almost impossible; and her education, imperfect and superficial, had provided her with no guiding power to direct or save her. The fame of her talent, her personal grace, and her "silver voice," as Grétry calls it, soon made her house the rendezvous for all the celebrities of Paris. Often the visitors were compelled to seat themselves on the bare ground, there not being chairs enough for the party. Her *petits soupers* became renowned in all France, and were said to unite Attic elegance and Parisian luxury; and many were the tales circulated as to what took place in that sanctuary of the Muses and the Graces. Meanwhile her celebrity daily increased; twelve thousand

frances, an immense sum in those days, were unhesitatingly paid for a small portrait by her hand. She was appointed painter in ordinary to the Queen, and the Court and nobility vied with each other in loading her with homage. This very favor cost her dear. France was then on the eve of that tremendous revolution which was to uproot the existing state of things; and the artist, whom Marie Antoinette invited to sing with her, who accompanied her in her walks, and painted her portrait, could scarcely fail to be unpopular. When the long-threatening storm burst, Madame Lebrun found it prudent to leave the country. With an aching heart she bade adieu to her home and her friends; but her tears were soon dried, for her journey was a triumphal progress.

Italy, the land where female artistic genius had borne the fairest fruits, the land of Elisabetta Serani, of Maria Robusti, hailed with generous delight this gifted daughter of another clime. At Bologna, she was named Member of the Academy; at Rome, a deputation of Italian artists waited on her to offer their compliments and felicitations; at Florence, she was requested to paint that portrait which is still preserved in the palace of its rulers. In the north her reception was not less flattering. At Berlin and St. Petersburg, she was, as at Bologna, elected Member of the Academy of Arts; and the slightest work by her hand brought her a golden harvest. Yet, amid wealth and honors, her heart still pined for her native land; and, in 1801, reassured by the aspect of affairs, she returned to Paris. It was some time before she could reconcile herself to the complete change in every thing around her, and more than once her Royalist principles threatened to bring her into trouble; but the danger passed by. She lived long enough to witness more than one revolution, though less terrible, indeed, than that which had convulsed her country in her youth. She beheld the restoration of that royal line, to whose protection she owed so much, to the throne of their ancestors, and she saw them once more driven forth to close their days in exile. She died in 1842.

Italy contributed numerous female names to the artists of the eighteenth century; but among all these, one only is worth recording, that of Rosalba Carriera, who is mentioned with considerable eulogium by Zanetti, in his *Storia della Pittura Veneziana*, the most wearisome of the many wearisome works on Italian painting. Born in 1675, she devoted herself in early life exclusively to miniature painting; but the weakness of her sight compelled her to abandon this and turn to pastels, in which she attained a rare perfection. Her moral purity and worth were not inferior to her genius; though a daughter of Venice, then the most luxurious and licentious city in Europe, she lived in severe and almost cloistral retirement. Perhaps this solitary existence contributed to sadden a temperament naturally inclined to melancholy, and darkened even in youth by a presentiment too surely and sadly fulfilled. Towards her fiftieth year she completely lost her sight, and her reason sank beneath the terrible privation. The rest of her existence was a blank, yet she lived to a great old age. She sleeps in the church of San Sista a Modesta, and her grave is still pointed out to the traveler as that of one of the ornaments of her native city.

In England, amid the many gifted women of whom at this period our land is justly proud, we find only two names of any importance in the domain of art; one in sculpture, another in painting, Mrs. Damer and Maria Cosway. The history of the former is well known. Of old and noble lineage, wedded while yet a girl to a spendthrift who contrived to dissipate in a few years a splendid patrimony, she consoled herself for domestic sorrow and pecuniary troubles by her sedulous cultivation of Art, in which she speedily acquired celebrity. Maria Cosway was of lowly origin, the daughter of an English innkeeper at Leghorn. By her marriage with the well-known artist, Richard Cosway, she was introduced to English society, where her skill as a miniature-painter soon gained her both wealth and reputation. She died in 1821.

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THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL VISIT TO CHERBOURG.

NAPOLEON III., QUEEN VICTORIA, THE EMPRESS, AND PRINCE ALBERT.

SPECTACLES have been often events in the world's history. Pageants have been the expressions of civilization. They belong not to simple or primitive stages, but ever, as he has gathered wealth and raised power around him, has man delighted to celebrate his acts and inaugurate his works by the pomp and splendor of pageant. It has ever seemed fitting to him that the great events of the great monuments of his age should not appear noiselessly and unobtrusively in their places, but be announced and demonstrated with all acclaim; be affirmed in the presence of multitudes by all the circumstance of spectacle. Sometimes these pageants have only illustrated the pride of kings or nations, and such have passed away from the memories and annals of mankind. Again, they have inaugurated epochs in the existence of a people, or the completion of great works, and then have lived as events. Nor has the love of pageant and spectacle yet died out—our utilitarian age adopts them in fact, though it repudiates them in profession. They may have changed their outward form, lost much of their show, grown simpler in their character, yet still are they deemed necessary proclamations of every occurrence, great or small—the laying of a stone, the opening of a college, the accession of an heir to his estate, the exhibitions of art, agriculture, and horticulture, the award of honors, the celebration of victories, the thanksgiving for blessings, the anniversaries of the great men and the great events which have moved the destinies of a people. Even the sober men of Manchester, who disdain pomp, and scowl at display, delight in demonstrating their own doings by processions and banquets. If there be an occasion when the spectacle rises to the dignity of an event, it is the triumph by which man proclaims that, in the perfection of a work which shall astonish and benefit coming

generations, he has conquered the obstacles of Nature and challenged Time. It is then, if ever, that he may be allowed the accessories of fêtes and ceremonies to inaugurate a success achieved by the strength of his will and the energy of his labor. Such a triumph did the fêtes at Cherbourg proclaim: "Quatre-vingts ans de travaux et plus de deux cents millions de dépenses, voilà le Cherbourg de nos jours."

The sea had been arrested—huge basins of refuge hewn out of the rock—a harbor made—a fortress constructed—the plan of one generation had been carried on to the next—dynasties had changed—yet republics, and empires, and kings, still accepted and adopted it; different celebrations had marked its progress; and now that the design of centuries had been fulfilled, the works of years completed, it was decreed that the result should be crowned by a spectacle, grand, national, and imperial. The fêtes may, as seems prophesy, have other significance than this; yet the occasion was surely reason enough, and the spectacle was worthy of the occasion.

With certain peoples, pageantry is a nature. The combinations, the expressions, the elements which insure a great effect, are to them native suggestions. The Greek was the great master of the art. Grand, sublime, and elegant, his mind caught and reflected the unity of colors, numbers and proportions, of magnificence and simplicity. The Roman was more barbarous in his shows. Medieval exhibitions, though stately and costly, were somewhat heavy and labored. With the French lives the genius of modern pageantry. More dramatic than grand, more brilliant than sublime, it still inspires a happiness of effect and harmony of arrangement, pictorially and artistically perfect. It speaks, perhaps, more to the passions and the senses than to the

heart or imagination; but it does speak. It creates the outer life of the French. They rejoice in it, they glory in it, they understand it, they are ever acting it, and they excel in it.

At Cherbourg the scene favored them: it gave them new and striking elements to work with. The old blazonry of cloth-of-gold had grown obsolete. The old Church processions, with their tapers and vestments, and chanting, had ceased to attract; the movements of masses of troops had been repeated until every citizen knew the programmes by heart. But with the sea for an arena, surrounded by a glorious amphitheater of hills, and barriered by the grand lines of the "Digue"—with ships and forts as properties—with cannonadings and illuminations for effects—with all the accessories of flags, and barges, and sailors—with two sovereigns as the *personne*—a spectacle was enacted which will make Cherbourg a name as well as a locality.

Curiously has the destiny of events drawn this place from its obscurity. When history first fairly recognizes it, it is a little fishing-town. A few boats lie in the bay, a Norman castle rises in the background, rocks and sand-banks outlie its shores, the winds from the west rage against it, the sea from the north beats and surges in its roadstead. So it remains on and on for centuries, sheltering fishermen, and sharing the vicissitudes of the times; now under English rule, now under French, and benefiting little by either. The disasters of royalty connect themselves with it. There the Empress Maud sought a refuge from pursuit and shipwreck, and raised a chapel in thanksgiving; there Charles X. trod his last footstep on the soil of France. At last it becomes of import. France aspires to be a naval power, and aims at having a port on the sea-board of the Channel; henceforth Cherbourg is a place to be scanned and surveyed, and reported on by kings and statesmen and engineers. Vauban plans its defense, councils hold consultations on its advantages. The little fishing-town of Normandy enters into the politics of a nation. Nature gives their value to many spots. A fine harbor, a great river, may make an unknown village or a barren waste the jewel in a crown. This offered only position. Its capabilities were to be wrought and wrested from nature. It was to France what Cronstadt

was to Russia, a point where the means of defense or attack might be constructed—where a navy might be formed and protected—or whence it might issue to take the command of the sea. It was, however, designed rather as a refuge than a *point d'appui*. Like Cronstadt, too, it was to be made. The sea was to be fenced out that ships might ride in the roadstead; basins were to be cut from the solid rock; forts were to be raised at all points. All was to be done by the hand of man; nature had done little. The idea of this creation belongs to the Bourbons. Louis XIV. was the first projector. For a long time it was only an idea; rival projects delay its fulfillment. At length there is a beginning. Commerce is the first consideration. The port for the merchant-ships is formed—quays built; then the necessity of defense suggests itself, and two forts arise on either side of the roadstead. In 1784 the first cone of the breakwater is sunk, and the foundations of this stupendous work were laid. Two years later, and Cherbourg witnesses the first of the royal visits which have since inaugurated the different stages of construction. Louis XVI. enters in state; sees what has been done, and what there is yet to do; recognizes the grandeur and the necessity of the great design, and resolves on its completion. Henceforward the idea becomes a national work. But it remained for a man of stronger will and more determined action to give to it the grand impulse of development. Napoleon comes with his men of war and his men of council; casts over the place the glance which seizes every thing at once; and then was formed the thought, then uttered the words which are the inscription to his statue, and will be henceforth the motto of Cherbourg—"J'avais résolu de renouveler à Cherbourg les merveilles de l'Egypte." "J'avais élevé déjà dans la mer ma pyramide; j'aurais eu aussi mon lac Mœris."

The destiny of Cherbourg, as the great port of France, was now decided. The "pyramide dans la mer" progresses, and in 1813 the first opening of "mon lac Mœris" is inaugurated by Marie Louise. Amid the shouts of multitudes, the salvos of artillery, the laying of inscription-stone, the benediction and the prayers of priests, the water rushes in to the *avant-port*, and the first dock is formed. The old dynasty has returned when the inner

dock, the *Basin de Flot*, is opened with the same ceremonies and the same rejoicings in presence of the Dauphin, *fils de France*, in 1829. Louis Philippe is on the throne when the project was submitted which has led to the completion of the *Digue* in its present form. Each successive government was thus connected with the progress. In 1858 the last of the "merveilles" is finished, and the "arrière bassin," the crowning effort of the great work, decreed by Napoleon I., is to be inaugurated by Napoleon III. Such is the occasion of the fêtes of Cherbourg. The presence of an allied sovereign, the Queen of Great Britain, is to grace the spectacle. The scene opens with her arrival and reception. It is the fourth of August. The sunshine, which follows ever her coming and going, was constant that day. The sea is calm and smooth—the lights are waning—the English squadron is lying off the French shore—the slopes, the ridges, and the deep valleys between are green and bright with woods and corn-fields—the masts of the French ships are just visible in the distance—and now the royal yacht is seen steaming onwards; the squadron is formed in two lines: passing between them she takes the lead, and thus, followed by her ships, the Sovereign of England enters the road of Cherbourg. As soon as the royal standard is seen, the French ships, their hulls almost hidden behind the breakwater, their masts covered with flags, open their salute with the "*tir circulaire*," each ship commencing with the first gun on either deck, the others following in quick and regular succession until three rounds had been fired; thus giving to the thundering of the cannon a symphony, in the distance, almost musical; while salvos from the batteries on shore boomed in like a deep and crashing chorus. The effect was very perfect—flash shot after flash with continuous lightning—boom followed boom, and the smoke from each discharge curled in its own white column, twining in little eddies about the flags and masts. Now the western entrance is reached, the fort of Querqueville looms before us, the *Digue* stretches its length in a long dark line; a little onwards and we see it in all its extent and vastness, with its round towers and batteries, and high massive breast-work, recalling to us our boyish imagination of the walls and towers of Babylon. Inside lie the battle-

ships of France in an oblique line; and along the shore, hiding its outline, are anchored fleets of yachts and small steamers all gay with flag and pennon, their masts grouped like a forest, with the light shining through, and a church, or fort, or street showing at intervals their light floating forms contrasting prettily with the dark hulls of the men-of-war; boats shoot to and fro, giving a movement to the picture. Behind rise the hills, stretching in broken ridge and swelling slope around the harbor. The lights are falling on them with purple tints, and are throwing a darkening shade on the waters. Such was the scene, when amid loud huzzas and cannonading, the yacht and our squadron took up their position beside the French, their flags waving together, each nation bearing in compliment that of the other, and the music of their bands mingling. It was the opening of the spectacle. All now was still, until the night had fallen, and the dark shadows were lying over fort and ship and hill, and then suddenly hundreds of beacons flashed up along the line of the *Digue*, flaring up in strong, fierce fires towards the sky, and casting on the waters long lines of red light, which, softened and curved by the flow, waved with all the brightness of lava streams. At the same moment the town burst into illumination, the squares were all alight with arches, and other starry shapes and gleams here and there shone from the rows of lamps along the streets. The little world of yachts seemed to flutter and wave in the reflected lights, whilst the large ships loomed dark and spectral, and the batteries, where they appeared at all, seemed struggling through a haze of sulphur flame; here and there the waves sparkled brightly, or were crossed with pale, silvery streams; here they lay in deep shadow. There is movement among the vessels near the shore; cheers ring out loudly. The shout of *l'Empereur!* is carried onwards. Soon is seen the white barge gliding through the lines to the Royal yacht, and instantly the British ships appeared enveloped in light; from every port streamed gleams which seemed to go down into the waves, playing and dancing with them as they descended; and from the yard-arms and the rigging, blue-lights showed the figures of the men on the yards, and the outlines of the ship with mystic indistinctness. As the barge

sped on, she was greeted with lusty huzzas, which fell on the stillness of night with grander effect even than the boom of the guns, and they were given out heartily and earnestly in honor of the imperial welcome to our Sovereign. Eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of the greeting on board, but nothing could be seen save flitting forms and waving lights. Once more the cheers are heard as the Emperor is seen returning from his visit, and as he leaves the side, the royal yacht bursts into a conflagration of red, white, and blue flame, which seemed to spread along her decks and leap up around her masts, the fires blending and melting, like rainbow hues, into a beautiful maze of light, which floated about the ship, and reflected on the water the tricolors of France. So soft, so beautiful, were these fires, that they looked like the spirits of flame divested of all anger and fierceness. The effect, aided by the scene, was perfect; and those who saw it will scarcely forget the beauty and tastefulness of that night-spectacle, though the exhibitions of the next surpassed it so much in splendor.

Thus ended the first meeting of royalties.

Thursday, in all the programmes of the fêtes, was appropriated to the honors and courtesies to be paid to the Queen of Great Britain. The royal guest, who had come to witness a national celebration in all the grace and amity of alliance, was to be received and welcomed with all the ceremony and all the pomp which attend the meeting of monarchs—was to be greeted with all the acclaim and enthusiasm of a people. It was to be the fête of the day.

And whatever may have been the feeling, the expression of the welcome was worthy and grand. History testifies the world's belief, that show and pageant are the fitting accessories of royal greetings, and that the meetings of the dignities and powers of the earth are just occasions for display. It does seem rational, too, that there should then be more of state, more of acclamation, more of ceremony, than when Tom Brown and Jack Smith shake hands. Doubtless, however, in the ship which contained the faithful Commons, many a bosom glowed with indignation and stern contempt for the pride and pomp of kings; and many a one, despite the hubbub and the circum-

stance of the pageantry, sat down to calculate the cost, and mourn in spirit over the waste.

Few, however, saw aught save propriety and meetness when, amid the thundering of cannon, firing salute after salute, and the waving of flags, and the cheers of multitudes thronging the shores and the ships, Queen Victoria landed at Cherbourg; or aught that was not natural when the groups of Norman peasants and holiday citizens crowded around to look on her and her imperial hosts, and greet them with loud *vivas* as they passed on through the streets and along the roads to the Montagne da Roule. The grand works were all visited, the beautiful view from the mountain seen—and again the scene is on the water—again the royal progress is announced by cannonading and shouting, until the yacht is reached. And now the white barge is afloat, and under the velvet canopy, studded with gold bees, and surmounted by the gold eagle, sit the Emperor and Eugenie, accompanied by the great soldiers and the great counselors of the Empire—the Duc de Malakoff, Baraguay D'Hilliers, Marshal Vaillant, and Admiral Hamelin. The imperial banquet was to be held on board the Bretagne, the flag-ship, and they are going thither to receive their royal guests. As each of the royal parties passes again, the *tir circulaire*, the salvos, the manning yards, and the *vivas* are repeated. And yet the spectacle does not grow tame by repetition. The scenic elements are so grand, the *coups d'œil* so fine, and so varying at the different times with the different lights, and from the different points. The magnificent roadstead calm and bright—the massive towers and forts around and on it, each ship in itself a spectacle, with its flags, and men on the yards, and its own column of fire and smoke—the eager excited group of spectators—the wondrous prettiness of the yacht fleet—the grand roll of the cannon—the floating white clouds of smoke—the ringing loud-voiced huzzas—the constant movement—the excitement, all contributed to effects not easily exhausted. There was one little novelty on this occasion which attracted the wonder of the French very much. When the yards were manned, some sailors in the Renown had climbed up to the mast-heads, and placed themselves on the trucks with their natural hardihood; and one fellow, in bravado,

threw up his arms and waved a Jack, to show that he was standing without support. If fame was his aim, he was gratified, for he shared the public attention with the Emperor; none of his Gallic compeers cared to imitate him. In fact, the French fail generally in this respect, and do not range themselves on the yards with the same confidence and skill as our men; neither can they equal them in the lustiness, the strong-lunged, all-together volume of their cheers. Their saluting is perhaps, more effective; in fact, it is the very perfection of festive cannonading.

And now there was a cessation for a while—a lull during the imperial banquet—and then it was, whilst all were in expectation of some new spectacle, that in proposing the health of our Queen, Napoleon III. gave utterance to words, which will pass throughout Europe—will be canvassed and discussed in cabinets and bureaux, and raise a sensation among politicians and journalists. Then, with the first soldiers of France beside him, surrounded by all the appurtenances of war, in sight of the gigantic works which had been designed and decreed to create the great war-port of France, he spoke of peace as the aim of the Empire—of peace as the wish of the two peoples—and, seizing a happy illustration, ended thus: “Aussi ai-je le ferme espoir que si l’on voulait réveiller les rancunes et les passions d’une autre époque, elles viendraient échouer devant le bon sens public, comme les vagues se brisent devant la Digue qui protège en ce moment, contre la violence de la mer, les escadres des deux empires.”

These words will fall with astonishment on those who can not reconcile peace and Cherbourg.

The banquet over, the fête of the night was to commence. The line of fires again blazed on the Digue—a signal is given, and all the ships are lit up; a few preliminary rockets are thrown, and blue-lights burnt, and the center fort is seen in flames; the red fire breaks through the embrasures, throwing a lurid glare on the tower, and sweeps and courses along the walls, casting up jets and sparks, and forked tongues to the sky—giving all the grandeur of a conflagration without its fearfulness. Save for the soft coloring of the *feu d’artifice*, and of the haze left behind, it might have seemed a reality. The effect was now beautiful exceedingly. The Digue, with its large fierce fires, and its

mass of flame in the center, and its massive stonework, showing in the red glare between, made the outer line; within were the ships, lying obliquely, each presenting its batteries of light and reflecting from its masts and rigging little stars on the sea. Beyond was the illumination of the town; so that the roadstead lay environed by an *enceinte de feu*; and, as the different fires and lights flashed or shot across it, its waters and the little world which floated therein now appeared in brightness, now in dark shadow; one part sparkling brilliants, whilst another disappeared in darkness, or glimmered in misty shade. Meantime, the *feu d’artifice* goes on at the fort; all kinds of beautiful shapes blaze for an instant and then die out—now a cascade jets into the air, and descends in a shower of brilliant lights, breaking and vanishing in sprays of every color—now a bouquet would spread open and unfold, and then burst in gems of gold-green topaz, thick and bright as those in the trees in Aladdin’s garden. This last was the triumph and end of the display. An independent fusillade of rockets and Roman candles had been going on all the while from the passenger-steamers; eccentric rockets would ascend from the Lords and Commons or the neighboring vessels; in fact, every ship which had a firework of any kind displayed it, illustrating the Turk’s idea, that an Englishman, in a general conflagration, would light and bring out his farthing candle, in order that he might have something to do with it. One of the most novel, and, at the same time, striking effects, was produced by a light thrown from the Diadem, which could be concentrated with such power on any object as to bring it out in perfect relief. Whilst the entertainment lasted, it was made to fall on the flag-ship, and showed her out clear and distinct, lying in a circle of light; and as our Queen returned, it radiated on the royal yacht, which seemed for the time bathed in the brightest moonlight. The time for parting came, and amid *la même bruit* the Sovereigns took leave for the night. The English ships, which had remained dark and still hitherto, were suddenly illuminated with *la lumière électrique*, (as the French call it,) and the men clustered on the yards, their white dress relieving them from the darkness of the masts and rigging, put their whole strength into their cheer, as the Emperor and Empress pass-

ed towards the shore. Of all the sounds which broke the stillness that night, there was none so thrilling as those cheers, none which vibrated with such effect on ear and feeling, or awoke such echoes around. The thundering of the cannon is imposing, and terrible at times, grand always, yet it has not, nor can it have, the majestic power of sound which belongs to the human voice.

It is an impulse to Englishmen to cheer. We had cheered every imperial barge as it passed; another appeared, and a shout was just rising to our lips, when it was seen to hold the imperial flunkies in their green and gold. How the Jeameses would have been astonished by such a salute! The fires began now to flicker and wave, some to die out; the cannonading and shouting were over, all was dark and still; and so ended the second day, the *fête de la mer*.

It was certainly also a *fête de poudre*, as a Frenchman said. There was a quantity of villainous saltpeter consumed that day. A French journalist, after descanting on the splendor and magnificence of the spectacle, stops to count the cost, and calculates that twenty-five thousand francs' worth of powder had been expended in honor of the Queen of England. What a fact for some of the faithful Commons to ruminate on! The spirit of Manchester must have dwelt in this man. To those who go down to the sea in ships, and live in the great waters, the spectacle was fine and striking in all its scenes and acts, often novel; to the citizens of Paris and London it must have had a peculiar magnificence in the combination of so many new elements a peculiar interest from its many new effects.

The next day, Friday, the Queen of England left. It was the last of the royal ceremonies. For the last time the French flag was hoisted by our ships, the English by theirs. Standing on the Digue, we see the old effects of the firing and the decorations under a new aspect; the ships are our foreground, the French liners lying in an oblique line across the Rade, the English moving slowly, and forming into two lines as before. Once more the three thousand guns echo; the parting had taken place; the royal yacht steams on and on, takes the lead of the squadron, which follows in noble order through the passage betwixt Fort Querqueville and the Musoir, showing to the practical

minds, which could withdraw themselves from the sight, what would be the effect of these batteries on them. The Trinity Brethren steam after with rival speed, and are greeted by the cry of "Go it, soundings." Soon only a little smoke is seen in the horizon, and so ends the royal visit.

What may be the political import of this meeting? Whether it may confirm alliances? whether the inauguration of a power which might be turned against her kingdom was a fitting occasion for the presence of an English Sovereign? whether her coming was a proof of noble confidence in the strength of her country and in the good faith of her ally? are questions we shall not debate now. We are treating of Cherbourg as a spectacle, not as a power aggressive or defensive.

As a fête it was very complete, in its externals at least, for we know naught of the feelings it inspired. The grace of the visit was reciprocated by magnificence of hospitality and courtesy of reception, and all the pageantry was tasteful and happy. There was no omission, no failure; and the good feeling and festive spirit of the people gave a lifefulness and movement to the programmes of etiquette. It was a thing to have seen, a thing to remember.

In many respects it may be well that the English should have participated so largely in these fêtes. Military and naval men will not have learnt much that they knew not before; but they will have seen much to strengthen their judgments, much to suggest opinions. To a certain august body, Cherbourg must have given many lessons. It must have given them eyes to see, and ears to hear, what defense means; must have told them how defense is attained, and taught them that the confidence inspired by strong defense is well bought by expenditure. They will have seen that peace is not inconsistent with preparation, and have heard that the power can best maintain peace which is the most strong, and most confident in itself. It is to be hoped that when next they discuss the Ways and Means, the impregnability and capabilities of Cherbourg may arise before them, not as a menace of aggression, but as a lesson and a warning of defense.

Henceforth the fête was entirely national—it was French for the French. A *promenade en rade* was the programme of the day. The Emperor and Empress were to visit the different ships and the

Digue. It was our chance to be on the breakwater when the imperial cortège arrived and landed; Napoleon stern, resolute, and commanding—Eugenie beautiful and elegant, sweeping along with the grace of her Spanish blood, her drapery floating on her gracefully as the plumage on a swan—the grim stalwart soldiers, the ministers of state, and *les dames d'honneur*. There was present the state, and also the gloom of power.

In the programme, also, there were announced fêtes for the people, for the town of Cherbourg. We have ignored it as yet, ignored its doings and its revelries. Yet it was the center of the festivities, a pleasant and pretty place withal, with its festive garb and its merry holiday crowd; and pleasant it was to turn from the grand effects and *coups d'œil* to the peasant groups, the gay streets, and the varying picturesque costumes. The town was well adapted for a fête. On the quay facing the sea is a square with an esplanade, and beyond it to the west lies the Port Militaire, with its walls, arsenals, and fortifications. On this quay stands the great statue. To the right of it is a group of old houses, amid which stands the cathedral church. At right angles is the Port du Commerce, broad and handsome, connected by a lock with the inner mercantile harbor, or Bassin de Flot; and parallel with this is the Canal de Retenue. Along it runs a broad promenade, lined with a street of shops and cafés. Around, and between it and the basins, are rows and avenues of trees, which seem to give it relationship with the luxuriance and beauty of the valley of the Divette. Beyond and above rises, scarped and rugged, the Montagne de Roule. From the square and from the line of the docks lead the chief streets, which, at their different meetings, form either a little square or "place." The roads from the town are broad, have avenues of tall trees, and little detached groups of houses for a mile or two beyond, and run through pretty valleys, or a verdant wooded champaign. In this arena provincial taste had done its utmost. At all the corners and in the squares, by the fountains and along the quays were flags, and pennons, and banderoles, grouped like trophies, and bound in the center by shields, bearing the letters N. and E. On the side of the streets were poles also, with shields and banners, and from every window hung a flag.

Amid this triumphal scene moved thousands from all parts of France, in little currents, passing onwards with holiday gait, or grouping round a band or juggler, or rushing in droves, where the cannon announced some imperial movement. Conspicuous among all were *les dames de Normandie*, in their cloth jackets and gowns, which hung gracefully enough from them, though innocent of crinoline—that they seemed to have applied *au revers* and appropriated to the head-dress. Oh! those head-dresses! they were quite a study. We traced them in all their variations, and strove to fancy whether these variations depended on character, station, or locality. We took the head of an old lady as our standard, for she wore her gear defiantly, as though she challenged criticism, and was determined to show the world what a Norman cap was, and should be. This was a sort of pudding-bag, well crimped and starched, with long lappels sticking out behind, or, perhaps, more like a bishop's miter, made of muslin, and adorned with wings, than any thing else. Diverging from this were others, much higher and fuller, and drawn in across the forehead with bands of ribbon—their wings, too, were larger and finer, and turned up at the ends like horns. The damsels who wore, or rather bore these, had a conscious look of finery, which showed that these were the mode, and that it was a very superior thing to have large wings. Others, again, had degenerated down almost to the cap of the grisette, but these must have been low people from other provinces, or from Paris; no right-minded Norman girl would have condescended to such a thing. Then, again, there were all kinds of compromises betwixt the two—all, however, pretty, fresh, and light; they set off the browned comely faces and the blue eyes beneath. These caps are much given to go in twos and threes, to be nodding into shop-windows, and be bobbing out of *voitures*, and have a great affinity for cheap-johns and roundabouts. They, too, alone have reverence for legends of martyrs and saints—they alone have any faith in sacred medals. The rogue who exhibits a great picture of a Saint Jean André, and a representation of all his acts—how he prayed, how he bestowed alms, how he performed miracles—has them for his sole audience, for the sole purchasers of his tracts and medals. We find them by our side, in *grand nombre*.

bers, mixed up with soldiers, and matelots, and blouses, as we stop to look at a juggler. The fellow depends more on his impudence than skill; he has a great horn protruding from his forehead, and the feat he is now performing is to throw rings of different sizes into the ear and catch them on it. The horn is ringed now to the very tip, there is just room for one little one more. He takes that in his hand, throws it up, tries to catch it; fails—sighs deeply, sacrés and grimaces. Again he tries, again fails—sacrés, shakes his head; Burleigh-like, strokes his chin and shouts out, “*Ah voilà*—he will never go on ‘till the plate is full.’” Immediately a shower of sous fall on the plate, and the ring goes on with a sharp click. There is great sensation among the caps and the blouses. We are in expectation of another trick. The rogue takes up the sous, piles them in little heaps on two sticks; poises them as though about to do some balancing feat; then strikes them off dexterously into either hand, and deposits them in either breeches-pocket; gathers up his properties, and walks off. There is a great shaking of the caps at this—great sacré-ing from the matelots and moustaches, silent indignation from the blouses. On we sweep to another corner, where a buffoon has taken his stand, a motley cap on his head, in his hand an improvised violin, made of a large stick and a bladder, with a string drawn over it like a bow; on this he accompanies himself as he shouts out the verses of a song with a loud telling chorus. As there is a great flutter and sheering off of the caps, the song we suppose is not highly moral. The blouses, however, applaud warmly. On we go with the crowd, on through the gay streets with their shops, on by the quays, and out into the roads under the trees, where cafés and restaurants have started up for the occasion, and little groups are enjoying their café or beer; for the Normans at least have a particular delight in beer, and quaff it from large tumblers with great gusto; and wagons, drawn by the great club-tailed Norman horses, are halting for a gossip or a bait. On we go until we come to the new station of the rail-way just opened, and there we light on a curious, pretty scene. The waste space is filled with tents, striped with different colors, and hung with flags; all around and between them are rows of young fir-trees. The little encampment is inclosed by a

beautifully wooded ridge and the rugged heights of the Roule, and at one end it opens into the soft, sunny valley of the Divette—it is the Camp de Gare, formed by the directors of the rail-way for the accommodation of their passengers. Picturesque it looked, with its seats gleaming through the trees, and all the groups which moved about amid them. The occupants, however, found their campaigning full of vicissitudes, we believe, and their adventures and distresses furnished *Charivari* with many a subject. The Parisian is not one who can find in the picturesque a compensation for comfort. Back we go into the town with the crowd—and it was certainly the most orderly road-wise crowd we were ever in. Never once had we our toes trodden on or our ribs elbowed, and we saw every thing without having a fat woman on our back, or a strong heavy-booted bumpkin in our front. To see was the easiest thing in Cherbourg. To eat, to drink, to sleep, was the grand difficulty. Even a Frenchman can not live on spectacle, so the struggle for viands and a bed went on daily and hourly. Each hotel was in a constant state of siege—every restaurant was a battle field. The besieging forces beset the entrances and the doors of the saloons. In vain might the host protest and gesticulate, until he appeared about to disjoin himself, and one expected every moment to see an arm fly off, as in the old puppet-shows, then a leg, then a head, until nothing but the trunk remained. Still there was a never-ceasing clamor for a chamber and a dinner. Some insinuated themselves into passages, and deposited their carpet bags there, in the vain hope of establishing a location; others stood at the doors of the table-d’hôte inhaling the steam of the viands, and struggling to get a position. A Yankee would have been at home here. Napkins were clutched at, forks thrust into dishes, chairs appropriated. Getting a place or a plate was like storming a breach. The air reverberated with the word “garçon!” it seemed the great effort of the human voice. The thing, garçon, flitted and dashed about with a sort of galvanized impulse, making a start and a plunge at every call. At one establishment there was an individual of the name of Alexandre, who must have been supposed to possess ubiquity, from the way in which he was shouted for and shouted at; his name was cried in every

inflection of voice, until at last, from the despairing tones in which it was uttered, it was evident that Alexandre had absconded, perhaps to assert the unity of time and place by a self-incarceration in the coal-hole. The caps in this respect had the best of it, for they sat in groups behind the booths, with an earthen dish in their laps, supping therefrom with a wooden spoon something that smelt villainous of garlic and herbs. There was even here, however, a state of warfare, for we saw an old lady diligently slobbering with one spoon whilst she warded off the attempts of predatory urchins with the other. Night brings out more phases of holiday life. The squares all glitter with the illuminations—glass and brilliant ciphers and mottoes blaze out in colored light, and fireworks go off at intervals. The streets, too, are all alight, and thronged more than ever, for all the sight-seers are congregated there now. And there is more also of the military element—mustached officers, grim and martial, stalk about with clanging sabers, cigars in their mouths, and their hands in their pockets. The bazars of the peripatetic merchants are all alive; peasant mothers are buying presents for the little ones, and being tempted with pictures and candlesticks; the young ones invest largely in pocket looking-glasses, which they secrete as soon as bought. One old fellow has established a lottery, and, from his low chuckle and sly grin, is evidently driving a thriving trade; and well he may; for though he shuffles out the cards and draws the tickets from a bag, we have never yet seen one prize distributed, and we have staked many sous ourselves. A lottery all blanks must be a rather good speculation. The cafés have turned themselves out of doors. Those on the quay of the Bassin du Commerce are the favorite resort. There we sit, looking out on the crowd, and on the water, and the ships; the mountain and the valley are just seen dimly in the distance; the lights sparkle, street-bands are playing, and the hum of voices, the laughs and the shouts mingle pleasantly; and we repose on this spectacle of the fête of the people, after the bruit of the great representations, with a greater feeling of the presence of festivity than we had yet known. Our only disturbance is the garçon, who will bring us beer or absinthe. Like his brethren of

the hotels, he is in a state of perplexity and distraction, and rushes about, carrying beer to some fierce colonel who wants coffee, and absinthe to some Normandy farmer who wants beer. If the bedlams of France be not tenanted by these garçons after the fête, there is more tension in the human brain, more elasticity in human patience, than we believed. Such a Babel that café! such a clatter, such smoke, such rappings for the garçon! The only calm person is the mistress—the presiding goddess—who sits in her tribune, surrounded by her bottles, quite impassive to the hubbub and confusion. The only one at home in the throng is a little thing with a green wreath round her head, belonging to the musicians, who creeps and twines with impunity between the spurs and the elbows, and the comers and goers, always turning up at the right time to rattle her box, just as some one has received change. There is a crowd and great laughing on the other side of the quay, and we stroll towards it. A roundabout is here in full action. It is a gigantic and a most elaborate one. There are two rows of chargers, and carriages of all shapes. They are filled now by the caps and the blouses—a few vacant saddles are taken by the matelots after it is in motion. A lady within, a sort of Frenchified Jarley, directs the movement by an organ. At first it is slow and solemn, and the figures of the Norman girls have a graceful look as they sweep on with their arms round each other's waists. Now the tune grows faster, and the merry round increases faster and faster, until it gets quite mazy; faster still, and the figures grow confused and disjointed. The caps and the hats appear to have changed places; then the heads of the girls and the matelots change shoulders, and the horses go into the carriages, and the carriages into the horses, until the utmost of speed has been reached, and there is a stop. The round does not cease long. Ever as one set of riders get off, others are ready to get on; and it seemed a principle with every Norman girl to achieve the roundabout before she went to bed.

Where this great crowd was to sleep was a wonder; yet they all soon dispersed, some to beds, some to ships, some to the Camp de Gare, some perhaps to hedge-rows and door-steps—all disappeared; the last occupants of the cafés, who

had fallen asleep at the tables, were roused up, and every one retired to prepare for the celebration of the morrow.

"Il semblait être dans ma destinée de voir s'accomplir par la paix, les grandes desseins que l'Empereur avait conçut pendant la guerre."

So spoke the Emperor Napoleon the Third. The design, conceived in war, was to be accomplished in peace. Decried when nations rose against nations, it was to be inaugurated amid the amity of peoples. The original intent will, however, cling to a design, and give it a doubtful meaning, even though after-circumstances should change its purpose.

The principles of peace seem inconsistent with the politics of war, and yet there may be occasions when the two may be reconciled. The defense projected to cover aggression may, in another period, be adopted as legitimate security, and the means prepared to precipitate attack be applied to the due development of national resources and national strength. It is not the fact of such defense and such means, if at all commensurate with the status of a country, but the policy of the power possessing them, which indicates war. We have seen how, with a great northern power, every step of defense was a stage of aggression, and therefore every addition and increase of force became a menace. It must be by connecting some such principle with the construction of Cherbourg, that we can see in the completion of the great work a propagation of the warlike conception. "The posterity which charges itself with realizing the idea of a great man," does not necessarily accept his purpose and intent in its adaptation. The creation of Cherbourg can scarcely in itself be deemed an undue assertion of maritime power by such an empire as France, nor can the perseverance in a great national undertaking, which reflected credit and advantage on the country, be regarded as a challenge or a provocation. Hostile policy can alone make it a hostile demonstration. On this eighth day of August, 1858, we look upon it apart from policy, (that we may dwell on hereafter,) and contemplate it as the scene of a great national inauguration—a great national ovation. The consummation of "les merveilles," the result of more than half a century of labor and expenditure, the achievement of a monument which may compare with

those of antiquity, and challenge posterity, are to be celebrated formally and solemnly by a nation and its chief.

There is tradition and precedent for the ceremony, and the old details are to be adhered to, receiving a greater impression from the time, the circumstances, and the agencies. Let us review the scene in which it is to be enacted. To the north-west of the town, at the foot of high hills, and opening towards the east of the Rade, surrounded by an enceinte of fortifications, lies the Port Militaire, with its system of basins. These are three, lying within one another, connected by gates or locks, and containing seven docks and eleven building-slips, all excavated out of the solid rock—all having great depth below low-water—all being of great extent, beautifully constructed, and faced with fine granite. (Hereafter we shall detail dimensions, etc.) Landing at the *avant-port* or outer basin, we pass on towards its end, leaving the Bassin de Flot on the right, and see before us an immense excavation, oblong in form, and vast in extent and depth. Its bed, level and dry, is crossed with chains for mooring ships; from it the sides slope upwards to some height in the bare rock out of which it has been hewn, and then spring up to the terrepleins of the arsenal in a straight wall of solid masonry. Its west and north sides are hollowed into slips and docks, in one of which lies the Ville de Nantes, all ready for launching. At the south end are two more docks, rough and half-hewn, in process of construction. Around stand large buildings, stores and workshops. Two locks or gates, large enough to admit any ship of war, connect it on its eastern side with the north and south basins, and through these will rush the waters which will convert the vast space into the "arrière Bassin de Flot." At the north end is erected a light and gayly-decorated tribune for the Emperor and Empress. On either side are two pavilions for the civic authorities and their dames; in front, a staircase carpeted with crimson cloth, leads down to the bed of the basin, where is to be fixed the stone bearing the inscription:

Ce bassin décrété le
15 Avril 1803
Par Napoléon I.
A été commencé le 25 Juin 1836,
Et a été inauguré le 7 Août 1858,
En présence

. de
L'Empereur Napoléon III.
et de
L'Impératrice Eugénie.
L'Amiral Hamelin, Ministre de Marine.

Simple and dignified enough is this, and free from the vaunt and the arrogance with which, on the inauguration of the *avant-port*, it is proclaimed that Napoleon le Grand had decreed that a port should be dug for great vessels of war in the rock of Cherbourg, and that it had been finished and opened to the ocean. There is nothing in the present case of the defiance which thus asserts the power of man's will over the obstacles of nature. Behind the tribune, and in the path of the imperial progress, is a triumphal arch, tasteful and appropriate, constructed of the tanks of ships, raised one above another, and ornamented at its base and on its sides by designs formed out of the material and tools appertaining to seamanship and ship-craft. Anchors with hempen cables twining round them, and chains lying in coils below, and other emblems of naval art and naval workmanship, made a curious entablature to the base; and above, chisels, saws, hammers, etc., were shaped into different devices. Thus was produced an arch worthy of a triumph of Rome—a proof of the power which art has, with simple means, to achieve its expressions and effects.

The elements of the scene, if not grand, were vast and striking: the great, deep, yawning space as yet unclaimed by the sea—the parts of the native rock, scarped by the hand of man, yet still dark and rugged, contrasting with the smooth polished masonry—the indents of the docks breaking and varying the straight lines—the tribune and the pavilions enlivening by their smartness the great blocks of building—the arch appearing at every point effective and in keeping; and these, when peopled and animated by a gay, eager, moving throng, crowding every part, and presenting sets and successions of *tabeleaus*, and lit by a bright sunshine, made a fitting arena for a spectacle—were in themselves a spectacle. Very early the tide of spectators began to pour in, and hour after hour it flowed, scarcely, however, doing more than fittingly group the picture, filling in all the lines of the basin, and the jetting points of the docks and jetties. The privileged ones who filled the steps and railed spaces in front of the stores

and offices, and the unprivileged, who scrambled on the slopes of the slips, the piles of timber, and the masses of rubble in the unfinished docks, made the second tier of an irregular amphitheater. Close by the *Ville de Nantes*, on the east side of the basin, and at right angles with the pavilions which were occupied by rows of gay dames, was perched a tent, shaped like a belfry. This was for the Bishop and his clergy. Round the steps of this episcopal throne were grouped knots of English officers. Here it was our lot to stand, and hence we could command all parts of the arena and of the ceremony.

So quietly had all the different groups and parties settled in their places and disposed of themselves, that there was no hubbub or confusion, only action enough to give life and movement to the scene. There were none of those incidents of sparring and altercation so common in an English crowd, which always will mob itself, and has a peculiar genius for squeezing into a press, and getting involved in knots and tangles. Sometimes the holder of a ticket, who was prevented from taking some seat he had fixed upon, would gesticulate and remonstrate, and flourish it in the face of a *gens-d'armes*; sometimes there would be a little impatience at a particular road being blocked up, and we saw an old lady, who had been pushed back by a soldier's musket, make little rushes at him whenever he was employed, and hiss in his ear bits of her mind. This was the only fracas; otherwise there was little stir, scarcely even the din and hum usually arising from the motion and voices of so many people. We were ever looking for signs of the excitement of the French, but none came; decorum, with occasional dashes of vivacity, was the order of the day. Presently there was a movement, a waving, and a sound of *vivas*—not rising, certainly, to enthusiasm—as the cannon announced the Emperor's approach, and the imperial cortège, passing through the lines of soldiers, and under the arch, moved on to the tribune. There, for a while, contemplating the scene, sat Napoleon and Eugénie, the impersonations of the majesty of will and the majesty of beauty. At length, pair by pair, the train moved down the steps and grouped round the inscription-stones, their figures dwarfed by the vastness of the objects around. According to the old - *pro*

gramme, one of all the coins of the realm and of the medals is placed beneath; the slab with the inscription is rolled into its bed—the process is signed—the cannons thunder out—the band of the Guides strike up, and the basin is formally inaugurated. The cortège moves up again to the tribune—meantime the procession of the clergy had issued from the belfry, and proceeded to the edge of the basin, chanting and paaying a benediction; then passing on around the Ville de Nantes, still with chant and prayer, the Bishop stopping at intervals to repeat a blessing on the ship. This we expected would have been the most solemn and imposing part of the ceremony, and the most prominent scene. No one, however, seemed to take much notice of it. It was performed at a distance from the Emperor, and passed almost unheeded. A few lifted their hats as the procession moved by, but the many were engrossed with other sights. Imperialism was above priesthood.

The hour had now come for the immersion of the basin. The Emperor gives the signal, and a loud shout and general clapping—the first effort of enthusiasm for the day—hailed the rush of the waters as they burst from the *avant-port* through four sluices in the barrier, and, joining there fell over the step of the passage into the bed of the basin in a foaming cascade. Dashing on with a roar, it divided into streams and rills, which meandered and became lost at first in the vast space. Faster and fuller come the rushes, and the volume of water swells and rises, slowly spreading over the bed, with the noiseless resistless sweep of power. Now the links of the mooring-chains are just seen above the waves, now they disappear altogether, and the inscription-slab is seen no more; and the lap against the rock shows that it is in full flow. Only a tiny rill had yet come from the lock at the *Basin de Flot*. It was feared that the flow of water might be too great and sudden, and, as a prevention, a dam or *batardeau* called a “renard,” had been placed in the passage to break or check the force. The flood-gate, too, by which the water was to be let in, was peculiarly constructed; in it were two sluices by which it was filled, and there were also two valves by which the water could be let out into the space betwixt the gate and the *batardeau*. Twenty barrels were attached to it, to aid

its floating, and hawsers fastened round were ready to help in its removal at the proper time. The renard was mined, that it might be blown up in case of its proving too great an impediment to the water. At low-water the sluices were opened and the gate filled, then these were shut, and the water let out into the space in front of the *batardeau*. The gate, being now empty, began to rise, and by means of the casks and hawsers was soon lifted enough to be moved out of its grooves, and then the tide, having no impediment save the renard, swept in like a torrent, bearing away every obstacle, and tossing and foaming into the great basin with the rush of a cataract. Flowing from two sources, the water rises, and rises, ever, as we turn towards it, attaining to a higher mark, until about four it was calculated to have reached the level of the sea.

There is an interval now, and a dispersion of the spectators; some stroll about for gossip or change, some retire to take their ease in the cafés, if they can get that or any thing besides. The Emperor takes a survey of the dock-yard, and bestows crosses on the officers connected with the establishment, and on the engineers who have executed the works. Thus is talent distinguished in France.

Six o'clock comes—and the last scene is to be acted—the launch of the *Ville de Nantes*. There is the same ceremony of arrival, the same assemblage. The ship is lying in her slip, ready for the start—garlands hang from her ports, and festoons around her sides. Sailors stand on her decks, hats in hand, ready for a cheer. The props are knocked away, the impulse given, and down the inclined plane she slides swiftly and strongly, amid cheers and excitement, and floats, the first ship in the basin, and takes the maiden kiss of its waters.

The triple inauguration is complete. The Emperor has affirmed it, the priest blessed it—a ship had entered it, and the *Basin de Napoleon III.* realizes the idea of “*mon lac Mœris*,” and perfects the *Port Militaire* of Cherbourg.

While this event is being solemnized and celebrated by benediction and pomp, we hear that another and greater effort of human genius has been crowned with success—an effort which can have no interpretation of war, be charged with no intent of giving one nation the power of aggression over another, which must and

will speed the progress of civilization by annulling the divisions of the ocean between peoples, and bringing man closer to man. The laying of the electric telegraph-cable in the Atlantic will be heralded by no ceremony, no assemblage, be paraded by no salvos, flags, or pageants, and yet it is a fact which, by the grandeur of its achievement and greatness of its aims, reduces the works of Cherbourg to their due proportions, divests them of their blare and glare, and more than adjusts the balance of national comparisons.

What man does for himself, however, is ever signalized with more éclat than what he does for mankind.

Another day comes, and the fêtes are to close with the public exhibition of the statue of Napoleon the First. The image of the designer is to stand in the midst of the design, and in the attitude of the inspiration of the "*J'avais résolu*," is to preside over the accomplished works. The scene is the "*Quai de Napoleon*." It is in the center of "*les merveilles*." Facing the sea, we look out on the Rade, in which ships of war lie quietly at anchor, sheltered by the Digue, which extends its bulwarks to the right and left, and defended by the forts which rise at its center and extremities. Stretching towards it on the right is the vast space of the dock-yard, redeemed from the rock, and made into an arena of basins, docks, buildings, and circumvallations. On the right the pier of the Port du Commerce extends its long polished walls, making on the other side a little bright bay, across which frown the battlements of Fort des Flamands. In the middle is the statue, covered as yet with a drapery of drab cloth hanging over it in loose folds; betwixt this and the arsenal has been erected a tribune for the reception of the Emperor and Empress. At either end of the space were raised seats; bodies of troops were massed in the intervals, and the crowd disposed itself beyond and around the soldiery. The spectators were not so numerous as on former days; many had departed; those who staid seemed to have no vivid interest in the object of the ceremony, though the sunshine, the brilliant colors, the music, and the troops, made a gala which all enjoyed. Families and friends grouped to greet and gossip; children trotted about and prattled, and were petted and feasted with sweetmeats; politicians sat and discussed their journals.

An Englishman, in the old coaching days, it was said, could not travel without being supposed to require an orange, a pocket-book, or a seven-bladed pen-knife, as the necessary preparation for his journey. A walking-stick, a colored balloon, or a medal, would, by the same rule, seem an article which every proper right-minded man should possess at a French festivity. The venders of these wares exhibited them with the confidence of obtaining purchasers, and at every nod of rejection would shrug their shoulders and pause, that the unfortunate refusers might have opportunity to reconsider the thing, and redeem themselves from the consequences of such a decision. All these, however, disappear, and the wandering bands are hushed as the trumpets call the troops to attention, and the carriages of the Emperor appear driving towards the Cathedral. Here high mass is celebrated, and then issues hence a procession of the civil authorities; the imperial carriages follow, and as they arrive abreast of the statue, the drapery is withdrawn. We were looking away at the moment, and turning round again, saw it standing in all its colossal proportions. No expressions of enthusiasm announced the manifestation. There were bursts of martial music, and the caannon thundered, but there was no voice from the people which showed that they recognized the memory of the *grand nom*, or connected it with the events of to-day. This feeling was reserved for some old soldiers, veterans of the Empire—"ces débris de nos grands jours de gloire," as a French paper calls them—who came forth to hang wreaths of laurel, medals of St. Helena, and immortelles on the railing of the statue, as a last homage to their great chief. An old brave, Pierre St. André, a man noted among the legions, too old and feeble to walk, is brought forward in a little carriage drawn by an old *vivandière*, also a relic of the Grand Armée, that he may look once more on the face and form which he has seen often vivid with life on the battle-field. This made the solemnity of the spectacle, and gave it the only expression which was not dramatic.

Now there are speeches made. The Mayor dilates on the benefits Cherbourg has received, and the gratitude it owes to the dynasty of Napoleon. The Emperor responds. Still his theme is peace; but it is a peace which shall repose in strength

— a peace supported by the means of war — a peace which shall be an assertion of power.

“Plus une nation est puissante, plus elle est respectée; plus un gouvernement est fort, plus il apporte de modération à ses conseils, de justice dans ses résolutions.”

These are words which carry deeper suggestions than the fortifications of Cherbourg.

The troops now form in mass of columns, and march underneath the statue; as each battalion passes, there is a cry and a lifting of the hand, done with military precision, and a waving of the old *drapeau*; and so concludes the inauguration. The crowd soon disperses; a few of the peasantry remain for a while to look at the statue, and then the square is almost deserted. The statue is an equestrian one, and stands on a pedestal of solid granite. The attitude of the horse is that of suddenly repressed action. The face of the man is stamped with the sternness of resolve. The right arm, uplifted, points over the Digue; the whole figure expresses force and will. Those who see signs and omens in every thing, say that the finger is directed towards the English shore, and that the look has more in it of menace than resolve. The position is meant to represent the conception and utterance of the idea which led to the creation of Cherbourg as it is. The interpretation of the true meaning lies in the future. The artist may hereafter lay claim to either.

Its effect, as a work of art, is good and striking. The proportions are symmetrical, the figures and attitudes in good keeping, and the height and size are sufficient to attain grandeur without being exaggerated into the burlesque. The site is appropriate, and the time for its erection fitting enough. It was a time to associate the founder with his monuments, the decreer with the things decreed; and by connecting its installation with the inauguration of the basin, the town has sought to designate itself as the “Cherbourg of Napoleon.”

In the afternoon the Emperor left for Brest, and the fêtes of five days’ continuance are ended—fêtes which will be regarded under every aspect, political and pictorial, as a demonstration, and as a national celebration. In one respect there will be agreement. As a spectacle

they were unique—a success which even the French may accept as a triumph. Brilliant and tasteful, they presented a succession of scenes and actors, effects and impressions, which made them almost dramatic in the variety of their details and the completeness of their plan. Those who came to see must have had their fill of pleasant sights; those who came to eat, drink, and be comfortable, no doubt, carried away disagreeable reminiscences; those who sought to inspect a well-constructed port or a strong fortress, would have learnt many a lesson; and those whose object it was to inquire and think, must have stored matter for many a days’ reflection.

The question whether “Cherbourg is peace,” or Cherbourg is war, depends much on which side of the Channel it is discussed. “Cherbourg is peace,” is the vehement assertion of the French. If it be peace, it is an armed peace; and that it should rest on just conditions and an equal footing, the nations who are concerned in its endurance should have points of defense and concentration which may balance Cherbourg.

A reciprocity of preparation and readiness, an equality of strength and security, can alone inspire the confidence which can make such a peace durable, or can preserve it from all the uncertainty and anxiety of war.

A nation, ready and secure, can accept the peace which Cherbourg typifies.

The fêtes are over, and dull and *triste* looks the little town. The crowds have departed in detachments; and visitors, who can get no places in the railway, vent their chagrin at the *table-d’hôte*, in sneers at the *cuisine*, and the *patois* of the *garçons*; the old diligences are overloaded, and swing on very much down by the head, as a sailor would say; the Normandy wagons exhibit a crush of caps; the cafés have sunk down to their old level; and the colonels and majors, *habitués* of the different establishments, take their old corners; the *garçons* who have survived lean in elegant ease against the tribune, and move languidly in answer to a call. A few flags remain, fluttering feebly; and the frame-work of the fire-works still stands against the walls. The fleet has gone, and the roadstead looks quite empty. The Camp de la Gare is merely a memory, and the roundabouts have sought other spheres of action. Altogether, it has a

used-up, *blasé*, after-the-ball look. There are some compensations. Prices have fallen, beds and dinners are no longer favors or accidents; and the officials of the post-office have leisure and condescension enough to sort the letters. There is ever a flatness, however, about the day after the fair — a general *ennui* — which only time and a little more excitement can relieve.

Let us take a parting and a bird's-eye peep of the locality. The Montagne du Roule is our point for this. It is a hill standing at the mouth of the valley, a natural citadel, and a picturesque background for every view of the town from every point. Look at it where you will, right or left, from the sea or the land, there behind rises *la montagne*, sometimes closer and more precipitous, sometimes less rugged, but ever the great feature. The face of the rock towards the town has been scarped into deep slopes, crossed and divided here and there by zigzag ridges or fissures, which shine on its white surface like dark veins. On the side of the valley it has been left in its natural ruggedness; and tufts of bright heather clustering now in the clefts and amid the boulder-like points, give touches of beauty to the dark stones. This Montagne du Roule is the center-point of a ridge of hills not high or continuous, but threaded with pretty valleys, and here and there softened into gentle wooded slopes, which extend in a semi-circle towards the sea, inclosing a level luxuriant champaign, in the midst of which lies Cherbourg. From our high we look upon a panorama of plains, villages, gardens, town, and sea, all brought and toned into one beautiful picture by the bright lights which fall upon and float over it. Long the eye dwells upon it in all its completeness and beauty, not caring to break such a whole into details; then turns to the east, where the ridge is highest, and juts most prominently out on the sea. There at its foot lies a village, nestled amid trees, with its church-tower just rising above the tops, and all around are masses of verdure made up of tree-tops and green patches.

Onward travels the eye, and lights now on a line of rocks along the shore, on the end of which stands Fort des Flamands, huge, massive, and regular, with its polished solid masonry, looking almost red in the sunlight; then on again, over

meadows, fields, and orchards, with hedge-rows worthy of Devon, and over hamlets and suburban clusters of houses, all girt with trees, and some close at the foot of the Montagne, standing amid gardens of rich bright flowers, till it falls on the canal with its sloping sides and muddy waters, lined with tall trees, and then passes on to the Bassin du Commerce, crowded now with ships, following it until its pier throws its two long arms into the sea. Then comes the town, a huddled mass of roofs, seeming as if they were cut out of a rocky ledge, only the church-towers rising markedly above, looking as if it were only a suburb to the great arsenal which, isolated and bound by its high wall and *enceinte militaire*, seems to rise in its regular inclosure, tier above tier, of wall, and shed, and building, the waters of the basins gleaming like lakes between, and the bastions behind lying like green terraced slopes. On the eye sweeps to the point at its end made by Fort Hommet, its seaward citadel, and then glances across the Rade to the ever-present Digue, which lies between the two ends of the semi-circle as though it had connected them together, and the line has been broken by the two passages; the Ile de Pelée standing as though it were a fragment left by the waters, and looking from hence like an old sea-girt ruin rather than as the well-built fort it is. Turn we now and look behind on the valley at the foot of Roule, and the ridge beyond, from which it must have been broken. There on that plateau of rock, stood the Norman castle of old time; and on from it along the valley, is a life of plateaus, covered each with creeping verdure, and having some little summer-house or tent on its summit. Below runs the railway; and in the little hollow, near the Bassin du Commerce, stands the new station, half-hidden among trees; and so the picture is complete.

A pleasant memory will the little spot be, and pleasant is the little town itself, with its pretty shops, neat streets, and shaded walks; and pleasant will it be ever to remember the groups of Normandy peasants, healthy, quaint, and picturesque, as they appeared in the fêtes of Cherbourg.

We have dwelt on Cherbourg as a spectacle and as a picture: next we shall review it as port and fortress.

From Fraser's Magazine.

PHENOMENA OF WORK AND PLAY.

Nobody likes to work. I should never work at all if I could help it. I mean, when I say nobody likes work, that nobody does so whose tastes and likings are in a natural and unsophisticated condition. Some men, by long training and by the force of various circumstances, do, I am aware, come to have an actual craving, a morbid appetite for work; but it is a morbid appetite, just as truly as that which impels a lady to eat chalk, or a child to prefer pickles to sugar-plums. Or if my reader quarrels with the word *morbid*, and insists that a liking for brisk, hard work is a healthy taste and not a diseased one, I will give up that phrase, and substitute for it the less strong one that a liking for work is an *acquired taste*, like that which leads you and me, my friend, to like bitter beer. Such a man, for instance, as Lord Campbell, has brought himself to that state that I have no doubt he actually enjoys the thought of the enormous quantity of work which he goes through; but when he does so he does a thing as completely out of nature as is done by the Indian fakir, who feels a gloomy satisfaction as he reflects on the success with which he has labored to weed out all but bitterness from life. I know quite well that we can bring ourselves to such a state of mind that we shall feel a sad sort of pleasure in thinking how much we are taking out of ourselves, and how much we are denying ourselves. What college man who ever worked himself to death but knows well the curious condition of mind? He begins to toil, induced by the love of knowledge, or by the desire of distinction; but after he has toiled on for some weeks or months, there gradually steals in such a feeling as that which I have been describing. I have felt it myself, and so know all about it. I do not believe that any student ever worked harder than I did. And I remember well the gloomy kind of satisfaction I used to feel, as all day and much of the night I bent over my books, in thinking how much I was forgoing.

The sky never seemed so blue and so inviting as when I looked at it for a moment now and then, and so back to the weary page. And never did green woodland walks picture themselves to my mind so freshly and delightfully as when I thought of them as of something which I was resolutely denying myself. I remember even now, when I went to bed at half-past four in the morning, having risen at half-past six the previous morning, and having done nearly as much for months, how I was positively pleased to see in the glass the ghastly cheeks, and the deep black circles round the eyes. There is, I repeat, a certain pleasure in thinking one is working desperately hard, and taking a great deal out of one's self; but it is a pleasure which is unnatural, which is factitious, which is morbid. It is not in the healthy, unsophisticated human animal. We know, of course, that Lord Chief-Justice Ellenborough said, when he was about seventy, that the greatest pleasure that remained to him in life, was to hear a young barrister, named Follett, argue a point of law; but it was a highly artificial state of mind, the result of very long training, which enabled the eminent judge to enjoy the gratification which he described: and to ordinary men a legal argument, however ably conducted, would be sickeningly tiresome. If you want to know the natural feeling of humanity towards work, see what children think of it. Is not the task always a disagreeable necessity, even to the very best boy? How I used to hate mine! Of course, my friendly reader, if you knew who I am, I should talk of myself less freely; but as you do not know, and could not possibly guess, I may ostensibly do what every man tacitly does, make myself the standard of average human nature, the first meridian from which all distances and deflections are to be measured. Well, my feeling towards my school-tasks was nothing short of hatred. And yet I was not a dunce. No, I was a clever boy. I was at the head of all my classes. I never

competed at school or college for a prize which I did not get. And I hated work all the while. Therefore I believe that all unsophisticated mortals hate it. I have seen silly parents trying to get their children to say that they liked school-time better than holiday-time; that they liked work better than play. I have seen, with joy, manly little fellows repudiating the odious and unnatural sentiment; and declaring manfully that they preferred cricket to Ovid. And if any boy ever tells you that he would rather learn his lessons than go out to the play-ground, beware of that boy. Either his health is drooping, and his mind becoming prematurely and unnaturally developed, or he is a little humbug. He is an impostor. He is seeking to obtain credit under false pretenses. Depend upon it, unless it really be that he is a poor little spiritless man, deficient in nerve and muscle, and unhealthily precocious in intellect, he has in him the elements of a sneak; and he wants nothing but time to ripen him into a pickpocket, a swindler, a horse-dealer, or a Whig statesman.

Every one, then, naturally hates work, and loves its opposite, play. And let it be remarked that not idleness, but play, is the opposite of work. But some people are so happy, as to be able to idealize their work into play; or they have so great a liking for their work that they do not feel their work as effort, and thus the element is eliminated which makes work a pain. How I envy those human beings who have such enjoyment in their work, that it ceases to be work at all! There is my friend Mr. Tinto the painter; he is never so happy as when he is busy at his canvas, drawing forth from it forms of beauty: he is up at his work almost as soon as he has daylight for it; he paints all day, and he is sorry when the twilight compels him to stop. He delights in his work, and so his work becomes play. I suppose the kind of work which, in the case of ordinary men, never ceases to be work, never loses the conscious feeling of strain and effort, is that of composition. A great poet, possibly, may find much pleasure in writing, and there have been exceptional men who said they never were so happy as when they had the pen in their hand: Buffon, I think, tells us that once he wrote for fourteen hours at a stretch, and all that time was in a state of positive enjoyment; and Lord Macaulay, in the preface to his

recently published *Speeches*, assures us that the writing of his *History* is the occupation and the happiness of his life. Well, I am glad to hear it. Ordinary mortals can not sympathize with the feeling. To *them* composition is simply hard work, and hard work is pain. Of course, even commonplace men have occasionally had their moments of inspiration, when thoughts present themselves vividly, and clothe themselves in felicitous expressions, without much or any conscious effort. But these seasons are short and far between: and although while they last it becomes comparatively pleasant to write, it never becomes so pleasant as it would be to lay down the pen, to lean back in the easy chair, to take up the *Times* or *Fraser*, and enjoy the luxury of being carried easily along that track of thought which cost its writer so much labor to pioneer through the trackless jungle of the world of mind. Ah! how easy it is to read what it was so difficult to write! There is all the difference between running down from London to Manchester by the rail-way after it has been made, and of making the rail-way from London to Manchester. You, my intelligent reader, who begin to read a chapter of Mr. Froude's eloquent *History*, and get on with it so fluently, are like the snug old gentleman, traveling-capped, rail-way-rugged, great-coated and plaided, who leans back in the corner of the softly-cushioned carriage as it flits over Chattermoss; while the writer of the chapter is like George Stephenson, toiling month after month to make the track along which you speed, in the face of difficulties and discouragements which you never think of. And so I say it may sometimes be somewhat easy and pleasant to write, but never so easy and pleasant as it is not to write. The odd thing, too, about the work of the pen is this: that it is often done best by the men who like it least and shrink from it most, and that it is often the most laborious writing along which the reader's mind glides most easily and pleasurably. It is not so in other matters. As the general rule, no man does well the work which he dislikes. No man will be a good preacher who dislikes preaching. No man will be a good anatomist who hates dissecting. Sir Charles Napier, it must be confessed, was a great soldier, though he hated fighting; and as for writing, some men have been the best

writers who hated writing, and who would never have penned a line but under the pressure of necessity. There is John Foster; what a great writer he was: and yet his biography tells us, in his own words, too, scores of times, how he shrunk away from the intense mental effort of composition; how he abhorred it and dreaded it, though he did it so admirably well. There is Coleridge: how that great mind ran to waste, because Coleridge shrunk from the painful labor of formal composition: and so *Christabel* must have remained unfinished, save for the eloquent labors of that greatest, wisest, most original, and least commonplace of men, Dr. Martin Farquhar Tupper: and so, instead of volumes of hoarded wisdom and wit, we have but the fading remembrances of hours of marvellous talk. I do not by any means intend to assert that there are not worse things than work, even than very hard work; but I say that work, as work, is a bad thing. It may once have been otherwise, but the curse is in it now. We do it because we must: it is our duty: we live by it; it is the Creator's intention that we should; it makes us enjoy leisure and recreation and rest; it stands between us and the pure misery of idleness; it is dignified and honorable; it is the soil and the atmosphere in which grow cheerfulness, hopefulness, health of body and mind. But still, if we could get all these good ends without it, we should be glad. We do not care for exertion for its own sake. Even Mr. Kingsley does not love the north-east wind for itself, but because of the good things that come with it and from it. Work is not an end in itself. "The end of work," said Aristotle, "is to enjoy leisure;" or, as *The Minstrel* hath it, "the end and the reward of toil is rest." I do not wish to draw from too sacred a source the confirmation of these summer-day fancies; but I think, as I write, of the descriptions which we find in a certain volume of the happiness of another world. Has not many an over-wrought and wearied-out worker found comfort in an assurance of which I shall here speak no further, that "There remaineth a rest to the people of God"?

And so, my reader, if it be true that nobody, any where, would (in his sober senses) work if he could help it, how especially true is that great principle on this beautiful July day! It is truly a day on which to do nothing. I am here, far in

the country, and when I this moment went to the window, and looked out upon a rich summer landscape, every thing seemed asleep. The sky is sapphire-blue, without a cloud; the sun is pouring down a flood of splendor upon all things; there is not a breath stirring, hardly the twitter of a bird. All the air is filled with the fragrance of the young clover. The landscape is richly wooded; I never saw the trees more thickly covered with leaves, and now they are perfectly still. I am writing north of the Tweed, and the horizon is of blue hills, which some Southrons would call mountains. The wheat-fields are beginning to have a little of the harvest-tinge, and they contrast beautifully with the deep green of the hedge-rows. The roses are almost over, but I can see plenty of honeysuckle in the hedges still, and a perfect blaze of it has covered one projecting branch of a young oak. I am looking at a little well-shaven green, (I shall not call it a lawn, because it is not one;) it has not been mown for nearly a fortnight, and it is perfectly white with daisies. Beyond, at a very short distance, through the branches of many oaks, I can see a gable of the church, and a few large grave-stones shining white among the green grass and leaves. I do not find all these things any great temptation now, for I have got interested in my work, and I like to write of them. But I found it uncommonly hard to sit down this morning to my work. Indeed, I found it impossible, and thus it is that at five o'clock P.M., I have got no further than the present line. I had quite resolved that this morning I would sit doggedly down to my article, in which I have really (though the reader may find it hard to believe it) got something to say; but when I walked out after breakfast, I felt that all nature was saying that this was not a day for work. Come forth and look at me, seemed the message breathed from her beautiful face. And then I thought of Wordsworth's ballad, which sets out so pleasing an excuse for idleness:

"Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet!
How sweet his music! on my life
There's more of wisdom in it.

"And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.

"She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

"One impulse from a vernal wood,
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can!"

Just at my gate, the man who keeps in order the roads of the parish was hard at work. How pleasant, I thought, to work amid the pure air and the sweet-smelling clover! And how pleasant, too, to have work to do of such a nature that when you go to it every morning you can make quite sure that, barring accident, you will accomplish a certain amount before the sun shall set; while as for the man whose work is that of the brain and the pen, he never can be certain in the morning how much his day's labor may amount to. He may sit down at his desk, spread out his paper, have his ink in the right place, and his favorite pen, and yet he may find that he can not *get on*, that thoughts will not come, that his mind is utterly sterile, that he can not see his way through his subject, or that if he can produce any thing at all it is poor miserable stuff whose poorness no one knows better than himself. And so, after hours of effort and discouragement, he may have to lay his work aside, having accomplished nothing, having made no progress at all — wearied, stupefied, disheartened, thinking himself a mere blockhead. Thus musing, I approached the road-man. I inquired how his wife and children were. I asked how he liked the new cottage he had lately moved into. Well, he said, but it was far from his work: he had walked eight miles and a half that morning to his work; he had to walk the same distance home again in the evening after laboring all day; and for this his wages were thirteen shillings a week, with a deduction for such days as he might be unable to work. He did not mention all this by way of complaint; he was comfortably off, he said; he should be thankful he was so much better off than many. He had got a little pony lately very cheap, which would carry himself and his tools to and from his employment, and that would be very nice. In all likelihood, my friendly reader, the road-man would not have been so communicative to you; but as for me, it is my duty and my happiness to be the sympathizing friend

of every man, woman, and child in this parish, and it pleases me much to believe that there is no one throughout its little population who does not think of me and speak to me as a friend. I talked a little longer to the roadman about parish affairs. We mutually agreed in remarking the incongruous colors of a pair of ponies which passed in a little phaeton, of which one was cream-colored and the other dapple-gray. The phaeton came from a friend's house a little way off, and I wondered if it were going to the railway to bring some one who (I knew) was expected; for in such simple matters do we simple country-folk find something to maintain the interest of life. I need not go on to describe what other things I did; how I looked with pleasure at a field of oats and another of potatoes in which I am concerned, and held several short conversations with passers-by; but the result of the whole was a conviction that, after all, it was best to set to work at once, though well remembering how much by in-door work in the country on such a day as this one is missing. And the thought of the road-man's seventeen miles of walking, in addition to his day's work, was something of a reproof and a stimulus. And thus, determined at least to make a beginning, did I write this much *Concerning Work and Play*.

I find a great want in all that is written on the subject of recreation. People tell me that I need recreation, that I can not do without it, that mind and body alike demand it. I know all that, but they do not tell me how to recreate myself. They fight shy of all practical details. Now it is just these I want. All working men must have play; but what sort of play can we have? I envy school-boys their facility of being amused, and of finding recreation which entirely changes the current of their thoughts. A boy flying his kite or whipping his top is pursued by no remembrance of the knotty line of Virgil which puzzled him a little while ago in school; but when the grown-up man takes his sober afternoon walk—perhaps the only relaxation which he has during the day—he is thinking still of the book which he is writing and of the cares which he has left at home. Then, and all the worse for myself, I can feel no interest in flying a kite, or rigging and sailing a little ship, or making a mill-wheel and

setting it going, or in marbles, or ball, or running races, or playing at leap-frog. And even if they did feel interest in athletic sports, the lungs and sinews of most educated men of middle age would forbid their joining in them. I need not therefore suggest the doubt which would probably be cast upon a man's sanity were he found eagerly knuckling down, (how stiff it would soon make him,) or wildly chasing the flying foot-ball, or making a rush at a friend and taking a flying leap over his head. Now what recreation, I want to know, is open to the middle-aged man of literary tastes? Shooting, coursing, fishing, says one; but he does not care for shooting or coursing or fishing. Gardening, says another; but he does not care for gardening. Watching ferns, caterpillars, frogs, and other "common objects of the country;" well, but he lives in town, and if he did not he does not feel the least interest in ferns and caterpillars. Music is suggested; well, he has no great ear, and he may dwell where he can have little or none of it. Society! pray what is society? No doubt the conversation of intelligent men and women is a most grateful and stimulating recreation; but is there any recreation in dreary dinner-parties, where one listens to the twaddle of silly old gentlemen and emptier young ones, or in the hot-house atmosphere and crush of most evening parties? These are not play; they are very hard work, and a treadmill work producing no beneficial results, but rather provocative of all manner of ill-tempers. Then, no doubt, there is most agreeable recreation for some people in the excitement of a polka or galop and its attendant light and cheerful talk, not to say flirtation; but then our representative man has got beyond these things: these are for young people—he is married now and sobered down; he probably was never the man to make himself eminently agreeable in such a scene, and he is less so now than ever. Besides, if play be something from which you are to return with renewed strength and interest to work, I doubt whether the ball-room is the place where it is to be found. Late hours, a feverish atmosphere, and excessive exercise, tend to morning slumbers, headaches, crossness, and laziness. To find dancing which answers the end of recreation, we must go to less fashionable places. I like the pictures which Gold-

smith gives us of the sunny summer evenings of France, where the whole population of the village danced to his flute in the shade; and even the soured Childe Harold melted somewhat into sympathy with the Spanish peasants as they twirled their castanets in the twilight. Southey's picture is a pretty one, but its description sounds somewhat unreal:

"But peace was on the Cottage, and the fold
From Court intrigue, from bickering faction
far;
Beneath the chestnut tree love's tale was told,
And to the tinkling of the light guitar,
Sweet stooped the western sun, sweet rose
the evening star!

Nor let it be fancied that such a scene can not be represented except in countries to which distance and strangeness give their interest. This very season, on a beautiful summer evening, I saw a happy party of eighty country folk dancing upon a greener little bit of turf than Goldsmith ever saw in France. And I wished such things were more common; though the grave Saxon spirit, equal to the enjoyment of such gayety now and then, might perhaps flag under it did it come too often. But on the occasion to which I refer, there was no lack of innocent cheerfulness; the enjoyment seemed real; and though there were no castanets and no guitars, but a fiddle for music and reels for dances, there were as pretty faces and as graceful figures among the girls, I warrant, as you would find from the Rhine to the Pyrenees.

But, to resume the somewhat raveled thread of our discussion—if a man has come to this, that he can feel no interest in such recreations as those which we have mentioned, what is he to do? And let it be remembered that I am putting no fanciful case: be sorry, if you will, for the man who from taste and habit can not be easily amused; but remember that such is the lot of a very large proportion of the intellectual laborers of the race. And what is such a man to do? After using his eyes and exerting his brain all the forenoon in reading and writing by way of work, must he just use his eyes and exert his brain all the evening in reading and writing by way of play? Has it come to this, that he must find the only recreation that remains for him in the *Times*, the *Quarterly Review*, and *Fraser's Magazine*? All these things

are indeed excellent in their way. They relax and interest the mind: but then they wear out the eyes, they contract the chest, they render the muscles flabby, they ruin the ganglionic apparatus, they make the mind but unmake the body. Now, that will not do. Does nothing remain, in the way of play, but the afternoon walk or drive: the vacant period between dinner and tea, when no one works, notwithstanding Johnson's warning, that he who resolves that he can not work between dinner and tea, will probably proceed to the conclusion that he can not work between breakfast and dinner; a little quiet gossip with your wife, a little romping with your children, if you have a wife and children; and then back again to the weary books? Think of the elder Disraeli, who looked at printed pages so long, that by and by, wherever he looked, he saw nothing but printed pages, and then became blind. Think what poor specimens of the human animal, physically, many of our noblest and ablest men are. Do not men, by their beautiful, touching, and far-reaching thoughts, reach the heart and form the mind of thousands, who could not run a hundred yards without panting for breath, who could not jump over a five-foot wall though a mad bull were after them, who could not dig in the garden for ten minutes without having their brain throbbing and their entire frame trembling, who could not carry in a sack of coals though they should never see a fire again, who could never find a day's employment as porters, laborers, grooms, or any thing but tailors? Educated and cultivated men, I tell you that you make a terrible mistake: and a mistake which, before the end of the twentieth century, will sadly deteriorate the Anglo-Saxon race. You make your recreation purely mental. You give a little play to your minds, after their day's work; but you give no play to your eyes, to your brains, to your hearts, to your digestion—in short, to your bodies. And therefore you grow weak, unmuscular, nervous, dyspeptic, near-sighted, out-of-breath, neuralgic, pressure-on-the-brain, thin-haired men. And in time, not only does all the train of evils that follows your not providing proper recreation for your physical nature, come miserably to affect your spirits; but besides that, it comes to jaundice and pervert and distort all your views of men

and things. I have heard of those who, though suffering almost ceaseless pain, could yet think hopefully of the prospects of humanity, and take an unprejudiced view of some political question that appealed strongly to prejudice, and give kindly sympathy and sound advice to a poor man who came to seek advice in some little trouble which is great to him. But I fear that in the majority of instances, the human being whose liver is in a bad way, whose digestion is ruined, or even who is suffering from violent toothache, is prone to snub the servants, to box the children's ears, to think that Britain is going to destruction, and that the world is coming to an end.

It may be said, that the class of intellectual workers have their yearly holiday. When this article sees the light, it will be the middle of the "Long Vacation." And it is well, indeed, that most men whose work is brain-work have that blessed period of relief, wherein, amid the Swiss snows, or the Highland heather, or out upon the Mediterranean waves, they seek to reinvigorate the jaded body and mind, and to lay in a store of health and strength with which to face the winter work again. But this is not enough. A man might just as well say that he would eat in August or September all the food which is to support him through the year, as think in that time to take the whole year's recreation, the whole year's play, in one *bonne bouche*. Recreation must be a daily thing. Every day must have its play, as well as its work. There is much sound, practical sense in Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*; and no where sounder than where he tells us that in his model country he would have "half the day allotted for work, and half for honest recreation." Every day, bringing, as it does, work to every man who is worth his salt in this world, ought likewise to bring its play: play which will turn the thoughts into quite new and cheerful channels; which will recreate the body as well as the mind; and tell me, great Father of Waters, to whom *Rasselas* appealed upon a question of equal difficulty, or tell me, any body else, what that play shall be! Practically, in the case of most educated men, of most intellectual workers, heavy reading and writing stand for work, and light reading and writing stand for play.

I can well imagine what a delightful

thing it must be for a toil-worn barrister to throw briefs and cases and reports aside, and quitting the pestilential air of Westminster Hall, laden with odors from the Thames, which are not the least like those of Araby the Blest, to set off to the Highlands for a few weeks among the moors. No school-boy at holiday-time is lighter-hearted than he, as he settles down into his corner in that fearfully fast express-train on the Great Northern Railway. And when he reaches his box in the North at last, what a fresh and happy sensation it must be to get up in the morning in that pure, unbreathed air, with the feeling that he has nothing to do, nothing, at any rate, except what he chooses; and after the deliberately-eaten breakfast, to saunter forth with the delightful sense of leisure, to think that he has time to breathe and think after the ceaseless hurry of the past months, and to think that nothing will go wrong although he should sit down on the mossy parapet of the little one-arched bridge that spans the brawling mountain-stream, and there rest, and muse, and dream just as long as he likes. Two or three such men come to this neighborhood yearly; and I enjoy the sight of them, they look so happy. Every little thing, if they indeed be genial, true, unstiffened men, is a source of interest to them. The total change makes them grow rapturous about matters which we, who are quite accustomed to them, take more coolly. I think, when I look at them, of the truthful lines of Gray:

"See the wretch, that long has tost,
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigor lost,
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest flowret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise."

Equidie invideo, a little. I feel somewhat vexed when I think how much more beautiful these pleasant scenes around me really are, than what, by any effort, I can make them seem to me. You hard-wrought town-folk, when you come to rural regions, have the advantage of us leisurely country-people.

But, much as that great Queen's Counsel enjoys his long vacation's play, you see it is not enough. Look how thin his hair is, how pale his cheeks are, how fleshless

those long fingers, how unmuscular those arms. What he needs in addition to the autumn holiday, is some *bonâ fide* play every day of his life. What is his amusement when in town? Why, mainly it consists of going into society, where he gains nothing of elasticity and vigor, but merely injures his digestive organs. Why does he not rather have half an hour's lively bodily exercise, rowing, or quoits, or tennis, or skating, or any thing he may have taste for? And if it be foolish to take all the year's play at once, as so many intellectual workers think to do, much more foolish is it to keep all the play of life till the work is over: to toil and moil at business-through all the better years of our time in this world, in the hope that at length we shall be able to retire from business, and make the evening of life all holiday, all play. In all likelihood the man who takes this course will never retire at all, except into an untimely grave; and if he should live to reach the long-coveted retreat, he will find that all play and no work makes life quite as wearisome and as little enjoyable as all work and no play. *Ennui* will make him miserable; and body and mind, deprived of their wonted occupation, will soon break down. After very hard and long-continued work, there is indeed a pleasure in merely sitting still and doing nothing. But after the feeling of pure exhaustion is gone, that will not suffice. A boy enjoys play, but he is miserable in enforced idleness. In writing about retiring from the task-work of life, one naturally thinks of that letter to Wordsworth, in which Charles Lamb told what he felt when he was finally emancipated from his drudgery in the India House:

"I came home FOREVER on Tuesday week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three; that is, to have three times as much real time—time that is my own—in it! I wandered about thinking I was happy, and feeling I was not. But that tumultuousness is passing off, and I begin to understand the nature of the gift. Holidays, even the annual month, were always uneasy joys, with their conscious fugitiveness, the craving after making the most of them. Now, when all is holiday, there are no holidays. I can sit at home, in rain or shine, without a restless impulse for walkings."

There are unhappy beings in the world, who secretly stand in fear of all play, on

the hateful and wicked notion, which I believe some men regard as being of the essence of Christianity, though in truth it is its contradiction, that every thing pleasant is sinful, that God dislikes to see his creatures cheerful and happy. I think it is the author of *Friends in Council* who says something to the effect, that many people, infected with that Puritan falsehood, slink about creation, afraid to confess that they ever are enjoying themselves. It is a sad thing when such a belief is entertained by even grown-up men; but it stirs me to absolute fury when I know of it being impressed upon poor little children, to repress their natural gayety of heart. Did you ever, my reader, read that dreary and preposterous book in which Thomas Clarkson sought to show that Quakerism is not inconsistent with common-sense? Probably not; but perhaps you may have met with Jeffrey's review of it. Nothing short of a vehement kicking could relieve my feelings if I heard some sly, money-making old rascal, impressing upon some merry children that

"stillness and quietness both of spirit and body are necessary, as far as they can be obtained. Hence, Quaker children are rebuked for all expressions of anger, as tending to raise those feelings which ought to be suppressed; a raising even of the voice beyond due bounds, is discouraged as leading to the disturbance of their minds. They are taught to rise in the morning in quietness; to go about their ordinary occupations with quietness; and with quietness to retire to their beds."

Can you think of more complete flying in the face of the purposes of the kind Creator? Is it not his manifest intention that childhood should be the time of merry laughter, of gayety, and shouts, and noise? There is not a sadder sight than that of a little child prematurely subdued and "quiet." Let me know of any drab-coated humbug impressing such ideas on any child of mine; and though from circumstances I can not personally see him put under the pump, I know certain quarters in which it is only needful to drop a very faint hint, in order to have him first pumped upon, and then tarred and feathered.

But there is another class of mortals, who are free from the Puritan principle, and who have no objection to amusement for themselves, but who seem to have no notion that their inferiors and their serv-

ants ought ever to do any thing but work. The reader will remember the fashionable governess in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, who insisted that only genteel children should ever be permitted to play. The well-known lines of Dr. Isaac Watts,

"In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,"

were applicable, she maintained, only to the children of families of the wealthier sort; while for poor children there must be a new reading, which she improvised as follows:

"In work, work, work. In work alway,
Let my first years be past:
That I may give, for every day,
Some good account at last."

And as for domestic servants, poor creatures, I fear there is many a house in which there is no provision whatever made for play for them. There can be no drearier round of life than that to which their employers destine them. From the moment they rise, hours before any member of the family, to the moment when they return to bed, it is one constant push of sordid labor—often in chambers to which air and light and cheerfulness can never come. And if they ask a rare holiday, what a fuss is made about it! Now, what is the result of all this? Some poor solitary beings do actually sink into the spiritless drudges which such a life tends to make them: but the greater number feel that they can not live with all work and no play; and as they can not get play openly, they get it secretly: they go out at night when you, their mistress, are asleep; or they bring in their friends at those unreasonable hours: they get that amusement and recreation on the sly, and with the sense that they are doing wrong and deceiving, which they ought to be permitted to have openly and honestly: and thus you break down their moral principle, you train them to cheat you, you educate them into liars and thieves. Of course your servants thus regard you as their natural enemy: it is fair to take any advantage you can of a jailer: you are their task-imposer, their driver, their jailer—any thing but their friend; and if they can take advantage of you in any way, they will. And serve you right.

I have known injudicious clergymen who did all they could to discourage the

games and sports of their parishioners. They could not prevent them; but one thing they did—they made them disreputable. They made sure that the poor man who ran in a sack, or climbed a greased pole, felt that thereby he was forfeiting his character, perhaps imperiling his salvation: and so he thought that having gone so far, he might go the full length: and thus he got drunk, got into a fight, thrashed his wife, smashed his crockery, and went to the lock-up. How much better it would have been had the clergyman sought to regulate these amusements; and since they *would* go on, try to make sure that they should go creditably and decently. Thus, poor folk might have been cheerful without having their conscience stinging them all the time: and let it be remembered, that if you pervert a man's moral sense (which you may quite readily do with the uneducated classes) into fancying that it is wicked to use the right hand or the right foot, while the man still goes on using the right hand and the right foot, you do him an irreparable mischief: you bring on a temper of moral recklessness; and help him a considerable step towards the gallows. Since people must have amusement and will have amusement, for any sake do not get them to think that amusement is wicked. You can not keep them from finding recreation of some sort: you may drive them to find it at a lower level, and to partake of it soured by remorse, and by the wretched resolution that they will have it, right or wrong. Instead of anatomizing all play, sympathize with it genially and heartily; and say, with kind-hearted old Burton:

"Let the world have their may-games, wakes, whitsunals; their dancings and concerts; their puppet-shows, hobby-horses, tabors, bagpipes, balls, barley-breaks, and whatever sports and recreations please them best, provided they be followed with discretion."

Let it be here remarked, that recreation can be fully enjoyed only by the man who has some earnest occupation. The end of work is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure you must have gone through work. Playtime must come after school-time, otherwise it loses its savor. Play, after all, is a relative thing: it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. It comes out by contrast.

Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it: put white upon black and how plain it is. Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing: you must have darkness round it to make its presence felt. And besides this, a great part of the enjoyment of recreation consists in the feeling that we have earned it by previous hard work. One goes out for the afternoon walk with a light heart when one has done a good task since breakfast. It is one thing for a dawdling idler to set off to the Continent or to the Highlands, just because he is sick of every thing around him; and quite another thing when a hard-wrought man, who is of some use in life, sets off, as gay as a lark, with the pleasant feeling that he has brought some worthy work to an end, on the self-same tour. And then a busy man finds a relish in simple recreations; while a man who has nothing to do, finds all things wearisome, and thinks that life is "used-up:" it takes something quite out of the way to tickle that indurated palate: you might as well think to prick the hide of a hippopotamus with a needle, as to excite the interest of that *blasé* being by any amusement which is not highly spiced with the cayenne of vice. And *that*, certainly, has a powerful effect. It was a glass of water the wicked old Frenchwoman was drinking when she said: "Oh! that this were a sin, to give it a relish!"

So it is worth while to work, if it were only that we might enjoy play. Thus doth Mr. Heliogabalus, my next neighbor, who is a lazy man and an immense glutton, walk four miles every afternoon of his life. It is not that he hates exertion less, but that he loves dinner more; and the latter can not be enjoyed unless the former is endured. And the man whose disposition is the idlest may be led to labor when he finds that labor is his only chance of finding any enjoyment in life. James Montgomery sums up much truth in a couple of lines in his *Pelican Island*, which run thus:

"Labor, the symbol of man's punishment;
Labor, the secret of man's happiness."

Why on earth do people think it fine to be idle and useless? Fancy a drone superciliously desiring a working-bee to stand aside, and saying: "Out of the way, you miserable drudge; I never made a drop of honey in all my life!" I

have observed, too, that some silly people are ashamed that it should be known that they are so useful as they really are, and take pains to represent themselves as more helpless, ignorant, and incapable than the fact. I have heard a weak old lady boast that her grown-up daughters were quite unable to fold up their own dresses; and that as for ordering dinner, they had not a notion of such a thing. This and many similar particulars were stated with no small exultation, and that by a person far from rich and equally far from aristocratic. "What a silly old woman you are," was my silent reflection; "and if your daughters really are what you represent them, woe betide the poor man who shall marry one of the incapable young noodles." Give me the man, I say, who can turn his hand to all things, and who is not ashamed to confess that he can do so; who can preach a sermon, nail up a paling, prune a fruit-tree, make a water-wheel or a kite for his little boy, write an article for *Fraser* or a leader for the *Times* or the *Spectator*. What a fine, genial, many-sided life did Sydney Smith lead at his Yorkshire parish! I should have liked, I own, to have found in it more traces of the clergyman; but perhaps the biographer thought it better not to parade these. And in the regard of facing all difficulties with a cheerful heart, and nobly resolving to be useful and helpful in little matters as well as big, I think that life was as good a sermon as ever was preached from pulpit.

I have already said in the course of this rambling discussion, that recreation must be such as shall turn the thoughts into a new channel, otherwise it is no recreation at all. And walking, which is the most usual physical exercise, here completely fails. Walking has grown by long habit a purely automatic act, demanding no attention: we think all the time we are walking; Southey even read while he took his daily walk. But Southey's story is a fearful warning. It will do a clergyman no good whatever to leave his desk and to go forth for his *constitutional*, if he is still thinking of his sermon, and trying to see his way through the treatment of his text. You see in Gray's famous poem how little use is the mere walk to the contemplative man, how thoroughly it falls short of the end of play. You see how the hectic lad who is supposed to have

written the *Elegy* employed himself when he wandered abroad:

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so
high,
His listless length at noontide would he
stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would
rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless
love."

That was the fashion in which the poor fellow took his daily recreation and exercise! His mother no doubt packed him out to take a bracing walk; she ought to have set him to saw wood for the fire, or to dig in the garden, or to clean the door-handles if he had muscle for nothing more. These things would have distracted his thoughts from their grand flights, and prevented his mooning about in that listless manner. Of course while walking he was bothering away about the poetical trash he had in his desk at home; and as he knocked up his ganglionic functions, he encouraged tubercles on his lungs, and came to furnish matter for the hoary-headed swain's narrative, the silly fellow!

Riding is better than walking, especially if you have rather a skittish steed, who compels you to attend to him on pain of being landed in the ditch, or sent, meteor-like, over the hedge. The elder Disraeli has preserved the memory of the diversions in which various hard thinkers found relaxation. Petavius, who wrote a deeply learned book, which I never saw, and which no one I ever saw ever heard of, twirled round his chair for five minutes every two hours that he was at work. Samuel Clark used to leap over the tables and chairs. It was a rule which Ignatius Loyola imposed on his followers, that after two hours of work, the mind should always be unbent by some recreation. Every one has heard of Paley's remarkable feats of rapid horsemanship. Hundreds of times did that great man fall off. The Sultan Mohammed, who conquered Greece, unbent his mind by carving wooden spoons. In all these things you see, kindly reader, that true recreation was aimed at: that is, entire change of

thought and occupation. Izaak Walton, again, who sets forth so pleasantly the praise of angling as "the Contemplative Man's Recreation," wrongly thinks to recommend the gentle craft by telling us that the angler may think all the while he plies it. I do not care for angling; I never caught a minnow; but still I joy in good old Izaak's pleasant pages, like thousands who do not care a pin for fish-

ing, but who feel it like a cool retreat into green fields and trees to turn to his genial feeling and hearty pictures of quiet English scenery. He, however, had a vast opinion of the joys of angling in a pleasant country: only let him go quietly a-fishing:

"And if contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again."

rom the National Review.

GHOSTS OF THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 369.)

THE remainder of the book is filled with theories deduced from grounds of *a priori* reasoning and human experience; and from these experiences in particular, with discussions on their nature and influence, deprecation of doubt, and statements of their vast importance at the present time for the spiritual regeneration of man, and earnest applications to us to receive them in a spirit of childlike faith.

The other work we have cited has nothing whatever human about it except the printer and publisher. From cover to cover it is the work of "an angel of heaven," who has dictated it word for word to a lady for our benefit. "*Ce que femme veut, Dieu veut*"—how much more, then, a solitary mankind-angel; and we can not help feeling that the present one has deferentially permitted the lady to suggest to him what he should dictate to her. At any rate, if any one be curious to know how an angel of heaven writes, we can assure him it is exactly as an amiable and enthusiastic woman would do, who possessed warm feelings, a devotional spirit, and a somewhat limited stock of ideas. He will find the angel in question without bigotry, and willing to submit his lucubrations to the judgment of his human readers; who are permitted, and even urged, to pass by his truths if they find

themselves unequal to their acceptance. He will even find in him occasional signs of diffidence as to his being an angel in heaven, or a lady in the flesh. He insists strongly on the importance of an unqualified acceptance of every word of Scripture; and tells us the outward letter has an esoteric meaning, and sometimes more than one, each deeper and more interior than the other. And while he tells us he is sent to confirm our faith in the great Book of Life, and bids us set him aside if he contradict one word of the Bible, he gives us a signal example of the precariousness of our trust in the meanings it is in our own power to extract; for one main object of his work is to contravene the saying of our Saviour, that after death we are neither married nor given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven. These words are to be understood according to the spirit, not the letter; and so construed, they mean that there *are* marriages in heaven, with this distinction, that we are to them not conjugally but "conjugially" united, according to the spirit, not according to the flesh.

On this idea hinges the romance which is embodied in the work. The angel left this world at middle age, without having contracted any matrimonial tie; the lady

through whom he reveals himself had been attached to him here, without any response on his part; and it was only after his removal to the angelic sphere that he discovered that holy and spiritual links united them; and it has been his special and exceptional happiness that the two should become conscious of this, and find themselves "conjugially" one in the bonds of spiritual wedlock, although so widely separated. While dealing largely and specially with the matrimonial relation of the heavenly state, the whole work is characteristically silent on the subject of the female angels and their attachments.

It is not easy to deal with the deep-seated delusions of a pure and amiable nature. It is impossible to doubt, that to print the lover-like expressions and flattering estimate even of an angel must have cost pain to a delicate mind, and can only have been done under a strong sense of duty. The work disarms ridicule. It is humble in all but its fundamental pretensions; and it persuades only, and that not without a certain graceful and feminine eloquence, to kindness of heart, purity of life, and devotion of spirit; one thing only in its tone we quarrel with, and that is naturally incidental to an absorbing interest in what may be called the external spiritual world, namely, that prayer is apt to be considered less as the highest privilege of man than as a sort of talisman for the discernment of the rectitude of competing spiritual claimants for the attention. It is possible the book may be in its form a *jeu-d'esprit*, and the angel-dictation only feigned as a device to gain attention for the ideas of the author; but to suppose this would be to compliment her good sense at the expense of her delicacy, and would be inconsistent with the air of genuine though here and there slightly mistrustful conviction of the supernatural character of her experience which pervades the book. We much prefer to believe her the sincere subject of delusions, which, though mischievous, as all delusions must be, and not always consistent with good sense or good taste, have nothing in them repulsive or degrading.

There are, no doubt, a large number of minds to whom these angelico-feminine lucubrations and experiences, and a philosophy like that of Mr. Wilkinson, will appear too contemptible to merit a moment's consideration, and very unworthy of any serious discussion. Yet, perhaps,

this is not entirely so. Estimable people do seriously believe in these things; and there are others who in refusing them credence, do so rather in conformity to the atmosphere of unhesitating rejection in which they live, than from real conviction of their falsity, and are even conscious of an effort to keep down a certain uneasy misgiving lest they should, after all, be turning a deaf ear to matters in which they ought to believe.

It may therefore be not entirely supererogatory to venture a few remarks on the nature and more particularly the value of this the latest and most fashionable form of assumed intercourse with what is called "the great world of spirits." As to the experiences of the Wilkinson family circle, to us they seem to present no such perplexing a phenomenon as their exponent supposes. He has a chapter on doubts, in which he discusses the theories adverse to its supernatural solution, and disposes of them to his own satisfaction. He omits, however, the simple and obvious explanation that they immediately invite. He approaches it, indeed, near enough to say that they can not be the work of the imagination; for that, he says, presupposes a conceived whole consciously worked out in its details. This is, no doubt, one way in which the imagination works; but either it or the subordinate fancy has an allied function much more unconscious in its working. "Find me a poet," says Mr. Wilkinson, "whose ordinary mode of writing his appreciations of the divine was not only not with labor and with difficulty, nor with a mind pregnant with the images to which he was giving birth, but without even having a cognate idea in his mind of what he was writing about. . . . Where is the artist who sits down to his paper without an idea or an image of the picture he is to draw, who measures not with his mind and with his eye the combinations of his forms, and their fitness to the general design? Finally, who sits down thinking he will draw a flower, and whose hand flows off in writing?"

Perhaps it is too much to say that a poet ever writes "without a cognate idea in his mind of what he is writing about;" but neither does Mr. Wilkinson do this; his subject is always previously suggested to him, and prominent in his thoughts; he says himself he asks a mental question, and he knows really the sort of thing the

hand or mind is expected to produce. On the other hand, every artist must be aware that he owes a great deal to the unconscious working of his mind or hand; hints seem to arise spontaneously, and much of his art consists in his availing himself of them, and giving them shape and consistency. A metaphor flashes across the mind, an imperceptible turn of the wrist adds an unpremeditated grace, which enchants with delightful surprise him from whose hand it flowed; and so little are we able to trace the fine clues of suggestion from which things (often the best we are capable of) arise, that we use as a metaphor to describe their origin that which Mr. Wilkinson thinks a reality, and speak habitually of the "inspirations" of genius. No one has solved the problem of the mode in which thoughts spring up in the mind. We can direct the intellect to certain subjects, we can lead and control our thoughts; but we can not explain their birth, nor understand the way in which they rise to the surface of the mind, like bubbles floating up in swift succession on water. They are part of the working of the mystery of life. To a certain extent we can voluntarily withdraw our control over them; sleep in general has this effect completely, and a thousand fantastic frivolous images, mingled with others of deeper import, all destitute of any apparent chain of connection, rise and break in swift succession. Thus we have no doubt it is true of most men—men at least who have ever touched a pen or pencil at all, so that the hand is free to move—that if they will sit with it often enough and long enough pointed to paper, they will begin to draw figures and write words; and that they may to a certain extent let the thoughts take their free course; that they may in a great measure hold in abeyance the controlling power, and may easily persuade themselves, if they desire it, that they do so entirely. The large return Mr. Wilkinson makes of persons who on trying the experiment were spiritually guided, is probably due in great measure to the contagiousness of an example in so imitative a creature as man. But though some men, if uninformed of what was expected of them, might sit forever, pen in hand, without feeling any impulse to move it, there are those who would soon begin to draw or write—some determinately and to a fixed end, others vaguely and without purpose. It

is in every idle school-boy's experience that the sort of geometrical and flower figures Mr. Wilkinson describes, form themselves half unconsciously under his hand as he sits wondering whether he shall ever get his sum right. Our grandfathers and grandmothers had a recognized branch of painting, the technical name of which we have forgotten, but which may be found described in Gilpin. It consisted in making a blot of color on the paper, and pushing it about arbitrarily with the pencil, and then seizing hints from the accidental forms it assumed gradually to develop a landscape out of it. Such a work requires but little effort of mind, but to draw spirit-flowers requires yet less. As to their beauty, that will depend, we think, on the person who holds the pencil; and the forms which proceed from the not consciously controlled wanderings of the fingers of a lady of refined mind, even if uncultivated in art, will very likely possess grace and elegance. Produced under the stimulus of excitement of the religious feelings and natural affections, her efforts, both in drawing and music, may surpass all that could previously have been anticipated from her. Did the drawings improve, as Mr. Wilkinson mentions? We have no doubt they did; and, indeed, we learn that she has advanced from flowers to houses and temples, and even to coloring, in which she exhibits marvelous proficiency for a beginner. Progress, both in the delusion and in the execution, is what we should expect, as the mind became accustomed to work in this particular channel, and the hand gained facility by practice. The fancy may be fostered into very luxuriant growths. Shelley at one time in his life determined to note down his dreams; but he found that by giving attention to them they became so protracted and detailed, that the narration of them would have occupied all his time. We give Mr. Wilkinson full credit for moral truthfulness, if not for intellectual accuracy and judgment. We think he is unnecessarily hard upon himself when he says, that not to be able to decide after forty years' experience whether he moves his own hand himself, or whether it is moved by another power, argues utter imbecility. "Not to know," he proceeds, "whether or not he was aware in his intellect or knowing power previously to his hand moving of the direction it would take, would bespeak an entire absence of

reason, and of the natural senses and faculties. Yet such is the utter imbecility imputed to us by those who try to explain by imagination a fact which they can not otherwise dispose of." When a practiced rider sits his horse, and accommodates himself to every movement of the animal, does he know beforehand what direction his body or arm will take as he sways the one or moves the other? Does an absorbed man ever walk to the end of his garden-terrace, and feel surprised to find himself there? Is he conscious of how he put one foot before the other, and avoided the flower-beds? or does this procedure of his, demand the theory that angelic attendants lifted his legs for him? The muscles are more under voluntary control than the thoughts; and it is unquestionable that the mind will work almost, if not quite, unconsciously, and will guide the hand, and moreover, that it will do so without trespassing over certain preconceived boundaries, and especially in directions long practiced. To make one's self the subject of the *argumentum ad absurdum* is an imprudent form of argument. No doubt Mr. Wilkinson believes his mind to have been absolutely passive when his hand was writing descriptions of his wife's drawings; certainly they bear more traces of raised feelings than of active intellect. The question, however, is, as to absolute passivity of mind; and here, though unwilling to adopt his own measure of the deduction to be drawn, we can not help thinking he deceives himself. If, as he supposes, it is merely a spirit guiding the hand, the mind may not only be passive, but otherwise employed. Did Mr. Wilkinson ever try the experiment whether a spirit would use his arm to make connected revelations while the whole powers of his mind were otherwise occupied, say in extracting a square root by mental arithmetic? or if that be easy to him, something harder, something which should engross his whole recollection; and that incessantly, for it is easy to draw flowers in the interstices of a mental process; many persons adorn their manuscripts with such things in the margins. The less skillful draw geometrical figures and flowers and sprigs, or rather perhaps what those who do not think them of angelic origin would conceive to be patterns for work on ladies' collars; the more advanced draw heads, figures, and landscapes, or even write a verse or two: and

these things are done with every shade of volition, from conscious efforts at particular results to mere unconscious scrawling. Who has not been surprised at what he has thus made? who has not drawn faces not knowing how they would turn out, and given them their appropriate names after they were finished? Or take an analogous phenomenon of every-day occurrence: how is it that when we wish to copy a certain thing, say a mere profile, we can not succeed, but draw something more or less different from what we intend to draw, and which yet has a definite signification of its own? So far from there being any difficulty in the unpremeditated production of forms which shall have every degree of completeness and significance, it is, on the contrary, the highest triumph of the artist to be able to subject his hand and whole delineating powers to his own absolute control, to make a perfect portrait, or exactly to reproduce in words or colors his own inward conception. Our whole life is made up of conscious and unconscious movement, the boundaries of which are often most intricately and perplexingly confused.

Is all that part of the life of mind and heart which springs from sources beyond our discernment, that which seems the spontaneous flow of thought and impulse, to be referred to the direct dictation of an intermediate class of beings superior to ourselves? Mr. Wilkinson does not hesitate to claim for them all this common origin; and maintains that

"All thoughts, all feelings, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

are the suggestions of spiritual beings either good or depraved. Indeed, the whole material world is, according to him, sustained and made manifest by their action. "Nothing in this world is produced or presented to view, or experienced, but by means of spiritual *agency* in the hands of the Almighty." We ourselves are a field for the rival activity of angels and demons. It is in our power to pass judgment on these varied inspirations, to accept them or refuse them; and this process makes our lives. The theory is not new; in a more specific and detailed form, it was held by Origen, and is one of those purely speculative hypotheses which are scarcely amenable to the judgment. No doubt the supposition will explain the phenomena of unconscious action

and untraceable suggestions. The theory of a living power, whose limits are unknown, acting in a manner which is unintelligible, will solve, as far as it solves at all, most difficulties. If I choose to assert that the reason of the sap rising in trees is that an angel visits them in spring, and draws up their juices by exhaling warm breath over their branches; or if I agree with certain nations that in an eclipse the sun is in danger of being devoured by some fearful celestial monster, who is to prove me wrong? It may be shown me that other explanations are more in harmony with ascertained facts of the universe, but it is still in my power to maintain that these things are as I say, and to complain bitterly of the want of faith in my assertions. No doubt spiritual life underlies the material universe; no doubt the universe stands and lives by the creative, and most will think by the ever freshly-flowing creative, energy of the Divine Mind; it needs no messenger from Abraham's bosom to tell us this, nor, if we believed it not sure, could his coming assure us of it: the question is, whether, as some of our modern mystics hold, this world is a sort of dull reflex of another, the same, yet different, according to the doctrine of types; or whether the sustinment of life and thought and material existence in this world is a work delegated to the personal efforts of a class of celestial functionaries; and men, as it were, a set of discriminating French horns, on which any spirit may take his turn to try and play his own tune.

Of this theory it may be observed, that if such power is given to angels and demons, it is at least very strictly limited; and that it depends in very great measure, if not entirely, on ourselves, not only how we shall receive the suggestions of angels, but what suggestions the angels shall make to us. No one, we suppose, will deny that the mass of a man's thoughts and impulses are in harmony with his character, and that even in sleep an idle and luxurious man dreams different dreams from one active and ambitious. The winged aspirations of Milton do not visit a sordid spirit; a man who has not studied mathematics makes not the prophetic guesses of Newton. Even the infantine Wilkinsons are so far in keeping with the rest of mankind, as to vent revelations "suited to their tender years." The more accurately we observe the more dis-

tinctly we see that things come to men in exact proportion to their capacity to receive them; and we may well, therefore, believe that the flow of thought and impulse is arranged in some definite connection with the ever-varied and ever-changing forms of character and intellectual capacity, as they vary with original organization and subsequent training—that they are bounded by definite laws, and not left to the direct and conscious industry of other beings of whose existence we are ignorant. Were it not so, the word "character" would not possess a meaning. To suppose that personal influence and effort, of all others the highest, should be employed as machinery for the production of our daily thoughts, seems to involve a waste of power very inconsistent with what else we know of the divine arrangements. By personal influence to guide man might be a task not unworthy of those far above him; but it is not very possible to believe that to be the anonymous manufacturer of all the thoughts, fancies, and impulses which flit through his heart and brain, whether awake or asleep, could afford scope for the activity of a higher class of beings. To appreciate what it would be, we must put ourselves in a corresponding position. Animals have doubtless some degree of self-determining power. To train a dog is no bad exercise of the faculties; but imagine what it would be for us to find an occupation in suggesting for his consideration such hints as, "Bark;" "Smell a rat;" "Chase a rabbit." Would the most zealous advocate of this theory like to find his sphere of activity in dictating the dreams and waking thoughts of a growing litter of pigs?

On the other hand, it is very possible that incidentally the lives of higher beings may influence us, just as men incidentally and unconsciously on both sides influence one another. We do not here discuss the question how far the radiating influence of the lives of higher beings than ourselves may affect us. It is possible it may do so, as here we see the consequences of one man's act flowing in ever-widening circles of untraceable influence upon other men; and none can say that there are not other beings whose actions unconsciously modify, in common with those of other men, the mental and moral atmosphere we breathe. Neither do we here discuss the theory of *occasional* direct but con-

cealed interference by suggestion from higher beings, though little disposed to believe in it, as loth to accept the idea of anonymous personal influence. Still less do we enter upon the subject how the Holy Spirit of God visits the spirit of men, to warn, to purify, to comfort, to sustain, or to inspire. We wish only to draw attention to the fact, that these are questions entirely different from that we have been dilating on, the hypothesis, that is, of universal spirit influence as the source of all our mental and moral activity; and still more, from the more modern and special teaching of Mr. Wilkinson and his fellow-laborers, that a new era has arrived, in which spirits are to be self-revealed to us, and we are to receive the communications of recognized individual members of another world, and moreover, to receive from them not mere suggestions, but inspired knowledge of particular facts hitherto beyond our cognizance. Mr. Wilkinson presents himself as one who has himself experienced such intercourse, and publishes the results for our benefit. Though such an inquiry inevitably exposes us to the stigma which in the minds of these supernaturalists always attaches to the demand of any reason for a new belief, it is impossible to help inquiring on what ground Mr. Wilkinson bases his own convictions, and demands our confidence.

When asked what induced him to give admission to the impression that the drawings and writings he describes came from his dead son, he tells us "it was too beautiful a thought not to be a true one." "Not a few," he says elsewhere, "have said that all they saw and heard was beautiful, and they only wished they could believe it to be true; thus not recognizing the great spiritual truth that all which is really beautiful must of necessity be true." Do people really deceive themselves with such expressions? Are beautiful fancies existing facts? There is a sense in which the Beautiful is the True. Sir Edward Bulwer wrote about them thus with capital initials, and maundered a good deal about them, some years ago; but he used the True in contradistinction to the Real. Did the Ulysses of Homer ever live? is the play of *Cymbeline* a proof that the things there related took place as there described? or are all the dreams of all the poets unreal, and only the dreams of Mr. Wilkinson true? When we ask on what grounds, however he himself may have

been convinced, others are to give their assent to the reality of these things, we are desired to exercise a childlike faith. This we confess is a little irritating. Trust can only be reposed in persons. In whom is this childlike faith to be reposed? In Mr. Wilkinson, Mrs. Wilkinson, and the younger branches of the Wilkinson family. On their sound sense and discretion, the moral certainty they can give us they are not self-deluded, rests the whole supposed revelation, if it is to be received as a matter of faith. On what grounds does this family circle arrogate so unlimited a confidence? The ancient Roman Church, grown gray in power, and crowned with mighty intellects, her annals starred with the names of saints and martyrs, makes the same demand, bids us trust her, and reap the fruits of faith. Do we deny her, to bend before every self-established communicant with the so-called spiritual world? Any man may be convinced that he has received a revelation; it may approve itself to him by internal evidence which it is impossible for him to resist: but he can not convey this certainty to another mind; and the only way in which it can be accepted as a matter of faith, is by an implicit trust in the accuracy as well as the integrity of him who offers it. Such an acceptance is one independent of the judgment; we believe without inquiring. There is also an acceptance based upon the judgment. A revelation may be accompanied by external signs appreciable by others than he who is in the channel of it, and which by their character indicate a supernatural origin; the matter of it may approve itself to the judgment from its accordance with existing intuitions, experience, and conviction; and furthermore, the judgment may and does pronounce also upon the character and moral and intellectual trustworthiness of the revealer. Practically, we rely in part on the judgment, in part on the moral confidence excited by the person; and in the great revelation in which we trust, this confidence was inspired by the personal presence, the life, and actions of Him who promulgated it, and the Life was at least no less a revelation than the teachings. Our faith can have no place in an anonymous revelation, or, what is much the same thing, one made by a person of whom we know nothing.

The only new things in the present revelations, beyond the fundamental prin-

sumption on which they are based of direct personal communications between spirits and men, are certain special facts, as that there is marriage in heaven, that beasts exist there in a certain way, that there are houses and flowers there, that little boys are taught by guardian-angels and wear purple tunics, etc.; and there are also certain other ideas previously more or less received, which are presumed to receive the confirmation of an unquestionable authority from the same source, as that the soul does not linger in the grave, that a man will issue in the next world as he has framed himself by his life here, etc. On the probable truth of the first class of special minutiae the judgment can form no opinion. There is a certain class of great revealed facts connected with man's spiritual and moral nature, and the experience of his life and heart, on which it can do so. It can say, or if unable to decide, it can learn by trial, whether the teaching be true that self-sacrifice is greater than self-seeking, activity than sloth, forgiveness than revenge, the spirit of trust than the spirit of suspicion. But on matters of fact not thus connected with our existing knowledge or capacities, it can say nothing. There may be a thousand conflicting statements among which it can make no choice whatever. That angels are in the habit of communicating with their fellows by means of horses and other creatures with scrolls in their mouths, who rise into existence for the nonce; that a particular little boy resides in a particular little house, of which a drawing is furnished, and has his stage of spiritual advancement marked by the position of a cross on a ladder; that a man who was blind here to the attachment he has inspired, may reciprocate it after he has become an angel; that there is an intermediate stage in the next world devoted to reading the Bible, under the superintendence of a tutorial angel—on all these points it is impossible for the judgment to come to a conclusion. They may be true; trivial and impertinent as some of them seem, no man at least can prove them to be false; but if we are to believe them, it can only be by virtue of an unlimited confidence in the spirits from whom they are said to be derived, and in those who say they derive them from spirits.

It is of importance too to observe that the kind of information professed to be obtained from these sources is not of the

slightest use to men. A revelation of facts descriptive of a mode of existence entirely different in kind from our own, can neither exercise the intellect nor subserve the life. It can not exercise the intellect, for no activity of mind can acquire it or test it, nor can we extend it one inch. It is a deposit of dead barren scraps of information, of which we are the passive recipients. It is a great thing for an astronomer to weigh a fixed star; but for an ignorant man to have the weights of every star in the heavens dictated to him would be of no profit to him. The Divine Providence has not hitherto made arrangements for gratifying the idle curiosity to which alone this kind of angelic information can minister; and there seems to be every *à priori* reason for believing that the original plan still remains adhered to, by virtue of which man is not supplied with ready-made knowledge through a process of dictation, but only furnished with the capacity and the materials for acquiring it. That the affections would find a solace in communications with the spirits of the dead, if such a privilege were accorded, we do not deny, and most men will regard with compassion rather than rigor the weakness of a mother, too prone to believe that her dead child can whisper comfort across the grave, and confide his infantine experiences of heaven as freely as he did those of earth; but it is not easy to extend the same indulgence to a man who makes his delusions the basis of a new philosophy, and the inauguration of a new religious era.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the contrast between the importance attached by enthusiastic votaries to a belief in ghosts or spiritual communications, and the actual results attained even on their own showing. Mrs. Crowe, speaking of the reports of our future state, says, they "may perchance turn out to have a deeper interest for us than all those various questions, public and private, put together with which we are daily agitating our minds." How can this be? It is here we are living, not there; whatever may be the exact conditions of our future existence, we know what the grand ones are; we know that it is by our life here that we must be fitted to avail ourselves of the highest promises of that which is to come. And can any thing be more absurd than to say, that prying into its details a little

before the time is of more importance to us than the study and practice of those things, our conduct among which will practically influence our existence in that new world, perhaps for evermore? What would Mrs. Crowe think of a farmer who should devote himself to the study of Zadkiel's Almanac for next year, and maintain that this was of far more importance than sowing his wheat now?

This lady, unwilling to treat us as absolute disbelievers, reproaches us with the lightness of our belief in ghosts. A firmer confidence in them would give, she thinks, to our ideas of immortality certainty and definiteness. Now most of us are pretty well convinced of our immortality, and those who are not will hardly yield to the witness of ghosts. He, indeed, who has seen a person returned from the grave, and convinced himself that what he saw was an existent being, and neither a delusion nor a mere floating film or mechanical reproduction of a formerly-existing form—such a man has gained a new certainty of the life beyond the grave of a particular person; but the evidence which, at present at least, can be furnished to men in general of the nature of such appearances is certainly not calculated to supply them with any additional grounds of certainty. As to definiteness, ghosts at least have been wise enough not to attempt this. They are not communicative; and this is very much in their favor as compared with their friends the spirits and angels. They commit themselves much less. They very rarely speak at all; when they do, it is curtly, and without descending to particulars. Few, if any, carried the matter further than the celebrated ghost of Ficinus, who, having agreed with his friend Michael Mercato that he who died first should appear, if possible, and bear evidence to the other world, did so appear after death; and galloping up to the door of his friend early in the morning, dressed in white, on a white horse, cried under his window, "O Michael! O Michael! those things are true;" and so rode away again at the gallop. Mercato did not profess to see more than the back of this ghost, riding fast; but the story is so picturesque that it finds universal credence, and we are gravely assured that Baronius, who tells it, was a man of great probity, and had it from Mercato's grandson. Whether the grandson was a man of great probity does

not appear, nor from whom he had it. But ghosts, though taciturn, vary in their behavior; and if we are to become disciples of Mrs. Crowe, and believe all that is reported of them, our ideas of the world we are hereafter to inhabit might be definite, but they would certainly be confused. Some of us that died of drowning are to remain wet through; others are to sit as torchlights on our graves—a tedious and unprofitable way of spending eternity, so it seems at least; others of us, again, can come out of our graves to enjoy the society of our lovers, and even carry back presents we receive into the sepulcher with us. We shall not rest, witnesses a German ghost, (they have such odd notions, these German ghosts,) unless we pay our tobacconist's bill, and return any magic-lantern slides we may have borrowed; it may make part of our amusement to throw hair-brushes at lieutenants; we may range the universe or be *glebe adscripti*, and only have the run of an old house, or pace up and down a tomb-stone. Some of us are in irons, some of us are headless. We may find our punishment within us; or, again, we may be condemned to the more orthodox hell, which the young Glasgow rake visited before his time, apparently fresh from the perusal of *Vathek*, and found his dead acquaintance playing loo and exercising their other favorite vices, each with a burning flame in his bosom. It is from want of consideration of this varied information, derivable from ghostly sources, Mrs. Crowe tells us, that "when we are about to die we are seldom in a situation to do more than resign ourselves to what is inevitable." Seldom indeed!

Men have ever been familiar with the idea that the spirit does not rest with the body in the grave, but passes at once into new conditions of being. The opinion has gained adherence, and disputes the ground with the more material one that it rests in sleep with the body, to await one common day of awakening and judgment; and so confused are the common impressions on the subject, that you may hear a clergyman, in a funeral sermon, deliberately giving expression to both in one discourse, and telling you in the same breath that my lady lately deceased is a patient inhabitant of the tomb and a member of the angelic company. But the idea of uninterrupted life has so strong a hold on the affections, which can

not bear the idea of even the temporary extinction of that which they cling to, that it has the instinctive adherence of almost every one who has felt deeply and stood face to face with death. Again, that heaven and hell are states, not places; that the mind of itself can make a hell of heaven, and heaven of hell; and that the rebellious spirit brings "within him hell and round about him,"

"Nor from hell

One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place"—

these are not newlights of the day. Whatever a man may choose to imagine or believe to be revealed as to future conditions of existence, yet that sin can bring its own punishment, and that the spirit can find room within itself for terrors too awful to contemplate, and joys ineffable, are truths within the actual experience of many. We can but smile, then, at the idle boast which affirms that we owe these ideas to the reappearance of the dead and the penetration of spirit-seers. And when the advocates of these new sources of information claim such accordant testimony as they may afford on these and similar points as proof of the truth of what they tell us, is it not pretty clear that they are availing themselves—some consciously, others unconsciously—of previously existing impressions, especially as they diverge in the most wonderful way when they come to details? Whom are we to believe—St. Theresa, with her hosts of Jesuits treading the courts of heaven in white garments, with floating banners; Jacob Behmen, with his cosmical revelations, his *Yea and Nay*, and his seven principles or *Mothers of Existence*; Swedenborg, with his picturesque imagery and his profound thoughts shaped in delusive forms; or some one of a host of others, down to the more shallow and vulgar seers and rappers of modern America, all alike making demands upon our faith? The ancient mystics had some claim to our admiration and respect in the merciless self-denial, the devoted self-abnegation, or the tasked thought through which they strove to penetrate to the sphere of central illumination; but the wind is tempered to the shorn capacities of the modern lamb. The royal road to supernatural knowledge is open indeed, where every one may run who can only hold a pen in his hand. The more ignor-

ant one is of what other men know, the more important it is to be enlightened in matters of which they are ignorant. He who has every thing else to learn, is the most intent upon being well informed on disembodied spirits; another, who finds natural science hard, believes his Maker has confided to him, without any effort of his own, an instinctive short-cut to the symbolic meanings of the universe, and rushes into types and anti-types: the devil himself can not spell well, and the angels dictate bad grammar. But this knowledge is not always to be trusted. Apart from all the chances of error among the interpreters, it seems the spirits themselves are not to be implicitly confided in; we are warned against lying spirits, and a taste for mischief is not confined to the flesh.* Some, we are gravely told, can only give you back your own preconceived answer to a question; nor can we help suspecting that this reasonable limitation applies to them all. The strong sense of the danger of an opening to disorder which appears in the more candid of these writings is itself an evidence, if one were needed, of the closeness with which imposture and charlatanism tread on the heels of delusion.

If these so-called revelations are based on fact, and not the echoes of the intelligence of the revealers, varying with themselves and the age in which they live, a curious question suggests itself as to what has become of the devil. He was well known in the middle ages, and far more familiar with us than the angels; was constantly seen about till quite lately, and had abundance of avowed disciples.

* We have heard a story which sets the occasional mendacity of spirits in a strong light. A lady visiting at a house where two of the children were remarkable for their command of spiritual intercourse, had in some way or other made her absence desirable to these young people. It was accordingly revealed to them that her husband was ill in London, and required her immediate presence. The lady, possibly from the very fact of her being a believer, possessed more faith in the constitution of her husband than in the competency of the seers; she staid quietly where she was, and listened with incredible calmness to fresh revelations of the worst aggravation of his symptoms. Soon a letter arrived to say he then was and had been perfectly well. On this news being submitted to the juvenile seers, they were not the least discomposed, but cried: "Oh! it's that horrid Lord Byron again; he's always coming and telling us some flam or other." Perhaps the children were mistaken; if not, the punishment of the author of *Don Juan* in the next world has been heavy indeed.

Why do we never hear of him now? and what has become of his well-accredited imps, his witches, and the grotesque faces he used to pull? He can't be dead, for practically he is as active as ever. Can any sufficient reason be given for his having retired so completely from the boards of the supernatural theater?

As to the religious tone which prevails in the two works we have selected, we do not wish to question the sincerity and piety of the minds that have dictated these revelations to themselves, or doubt that they are published from a conscientious sense of their importance, and the duty of making them known—a duty which, to the authoress of the *Angel's Message*, it would be unfair to doubt was a painful and difficult one. But they do not fill up the promises with which they are preluded. There is in them nothing of that power with which a mere mortal endowed with genius lays bare the secrets of our hearts, and the true sources of our sins and our consolations, gives a new application to old principles, and a fresh hold to old truths. If these spirits and angels were to preach from out pulpits, we should listen to them with the respect and attention a sermon always commands: but we should not wish to sit under them habitually; we should shrink a little from a certain tone of sentimental familiarity. They enjoin the love of God and love of man with feeble ejaculatory eloquence, and dilate on the attributes of the Divine Being with mild insipid enthusiasm. There is a certain frothiness of devotional sentiment about them; the great lessons of the Great Master are *réchauffé*, and served up tepid: truth divine come any thing but mended from their tongues.

Skepticism is a word used for two very different attitudes of mind: for the temper which is unwilling to give its adhesion to any but the most definitely ascertainable certainties, and hangs long, perhaps ever, in doubt whether to believe or not in asserted truths. This is the skepticism of the intellect. But there is another, and one which justifies the odium which attaches to the word, that of the heart—the skepticism which can not rest in personal confidence when certainties are hidden from its eyes; which must have sight, and can not walk by faith; which, according to the characteristics of the minds in which it prevails, here grasps

a negative, and there gives the welcome of unlimited credulity to the most unhesitated affirmatives. We have said of the demand which the spirit-seers make upon our faith for the acceptance of their revelations, that if we are to exercise faith in the matter, it must be a personal trust in the seers themselves. But they don't exactly mean to demand this: what they really ask is, that we should have faith in asserted facts independently of the evidence; they misuse the word, and simply under its sanction implore us to be credulous. It is curious to see these new revealers of hidden things declaiming against science and a scientific age. It is a scientific age; and they are themselves the most remarkable proof of it, and the worst example of its worst tendencies. It is the worst tendency of too exclusive a devotion to science, that it tends to blind us to the truths of the heart, and leads us to rely too exclusively upon truths of the perceptions and the intellect; and what is it but a shallow hungering after tangible certainties which leads men to ask for a knocking at the table to convince them their dead relatives yet live, and movements of the elbow, or the whispered words of an angel, to assure them of the love of God and the beauty of holiness; which leads them to "peep and botanize" on the grave, and to mistake in their eager credulity the pale meteors of the night for the shining through of the coming morning?

Not that any one with a heart to feel, or an imagination to be moved, can in his deeper moods look with other than earnest solicitude, with awe and profound stirrings of the emotions, into the life that lies beyond, but we know not how close to this; which must soon receive ourselves, and into which has already passed so much that seemed very part of our own being; whose gates have been so often washed with our tears, and from whose silence we have so passionately implored a sign. So passionately and so unavailingly! For there are times when faith is weak, and the heart yearns for knowledge; when it seems to us as if all hopes and fears were bound up around the insupportable longing for one gleam, however brief, of certainty to shine through the darkness. We know there is no answer to this cry, *ay by day, climbing after the wings of faith from every a desolated home.*

indulged? is what is denied to this supplication to be granted to a cold—and what we may even call, as it is sometimes manifested, a prurient—curiosity? It is sometimes the hardest trial of human nature to rest upon the silence of God; but is it better to do so, or to seek consolation in rapping of tables? We have seen a woman gray with grief and years, who, having lost her children in early life, refused to leave her chamber, and devoted herself to the perusal of all the books which should solve the question of immortality, and give her a certainty that those she had lost yet lived. She pored incessantly in her solitary life over metaphysics and philosophy; and the suns of many years rose on eyes quenched in tears, and a spirit in which hope gained no fresh ground against despair. Yet such an intellectual research is at least nobler than the shallowness which finds its certainty in its own or others' delusions, and exchanges the broad support of personal trust in the divine character for the feeble sustainment of these self-styled revelations, and will rather ask questions from some transatlantic impostor than from the hopes and the affections implanted in our own hearts. We make no protest against the due acceptance of new facts. We assert of nothing in our relations to the spiritual world that it is impossible. Where there is truth, it is great, and will prevail. We desire only that facts should be dealt with as facts, and rigidly investigated. It is enough to say, as Lord Bacon says of the learning upon angels and spirits, that it is not deficient in quantity, "but may rather be challenged in many of the writers thereof as fabulous and fantastical." What we protest against is the summons to acquiesce without evidence, the confusion between moral faith and unfounded belief; we protest against credulity and the skepticism which allies itself so closely with it. We do but repeat what was said of old to those who distrusted the Son of Man, and asked for a miracle, that it is the spirit of a faithless generation which seeks after a sign. And we can not avoid here alluding to one almost universal feature of this class of writings, as another indication of mistrustfulness: this is, the excessive importance assigned to the letter of detached passages of Scripture, and the notion that if you get a bit of the Bible, you must be right, though you sever its con-

nection and twist it from its meaning. Bibliolatry, like all other idolatry, is the offspring of a want of trust in higher things; and it is pitiable to see men, instead of striving to penetrate to the real meaning and true significance of the great record of God's dealings with man, hanging texts about their souls as if they were bladders, which could float them through the sea of doubts and uncertainties in which we struggle.

In the great and awful questions which have ever perplexed the human soul—the conditions of the hereafter, and the prospect of the disencumbered spirit—the attitude of trustful patience best becomes a man. It may be that some light will be given us in this direction even here, that some portion of the present field of our intuitions may be included within that of the intellect; and no man will wisely turn away from new light, if it only be light; but he who has observed how often in the history of the world such hopes have been disappointed, and how often false gleams have misled mankind, will be slow to believe that the curtain can be withdrawn; and though willing to receive at their full value any ascertained facts with which he comes in contact, will rather choose to use his ignorance aright than to harass himself with fruitless efforts to investigate problems which both *a priori* considerations and the experience of men lead him to believe are, for the present at least, beyond his solution. We repeat, that it is not to any special belief in particular phenomena we object: a man may have convincing evidence to his own mind for the appearance of ghosts, or the phenomena of clairvoyance, possibly even for the communications of spirits; but what we assail is, the spirit of distrust in the divine arrangements for the future, which displays itself in a pursuit after such things so eager as to overbalance the judgment; the faithless enthusiasm which snatches at these unascertained molecules of fact as if they alone gave certainty, and were the true dependence for the mind, as if by such slender and ill-knitted threads as these we hung suspended over the abyss of doubt and despair. We contrast the mind of a man who in the darkness submits to it, and feels his way along, in patient confidence that the night will pass, with that of one who snatches the flints from the ground, and strives to dispel the blackness by the

evanescent sparks he can strike out, the temper of him who when cast on the great sea, and the waters go over him, trusts the innate buoyancy of his frame and the sustaining power of the water, and thus floats in self-command upon the surface, with that of another, who snatches for support at every straw and fragment that floats within his reach.

We may well retort the reproach of those who claim a special interest in things spiritual. It is sometimes out of slowness to perceive what lies close around us that we go far to seek its imaginary likeness; like one who studies the affections in novels instead of exercising them in his home. Are we not all spirits in the flesh? Is not this world full enough of spiritual phenomena and spiritual realities? Are we, the units of homes, the citizens of states—we who have the poor ever with us, and who recognize ourselves and one another as the children of God—are we so destitute of spiritual society, that we are driven to accept as a momentous addition to our knowledge these geometrical flower-drawings, nice little sermons, and cottage architecture of a little boy out of the body? Grant all his mixture of pretty filial tenderness, angelic Sunday-school teaching, and pleasant interest in heavenly toys, his lambs and golden ships with sails of purple silk, to be true, what does it advantage us? Our spiritual life is here; and it better becomes us to attend to it, and eat the bread of faith appointed for us, than to be hanging about the gates of the other world, stretching out our hands for eleemosynary scraps of information as to how life is conducted there.

And yet these people do claim to be the exponents of a revelation which in some special sense they call spiritual. They, of whose position it is the very essence that they are discontented and unsatisfied with such revelations as the Eternal Spirit makes to the spirit of man, each man for himself in the silence of his own heart, as he is fitted to receive it for his own guidance, and only in its operation on his life and as transmitted through its operation in moulding his spirit capable of influencing other men; they, whose very distinction it is to require something different from this—something they can see and hear—who seek proof for the senses, and insist that the spiritual intercourse on which they pride themselves shall come through ma-

terial vehicles, and be appreciable to the eye, the hand, or under its most refined conditions be whispered to the intellect!

It is a fact which ghost and spirit seem to have too little considered, that it is the most spiritual minds which really concern themselves the least with external and sensible manifestations of things spiritual. The consciousness of their own hearts suffices them. They need not to go out of themselves, or to look beyond their living fellow-men, to be sensible of, and even to be oppressed with, the vast significance, the ever-present reality, of that inner world in which our truest and deepest life lies hidden, and which the material universe, and the machinery of external life, cover, as the flame of the lamp covers the changes of the elements on which it feeds and by which it lives. The man from whom the secrets of his own heart are hidden, who has never felt profoundly that he himself is a living spirit, may put futile questions to the unanswering dead, and invoke the world-worn necromantic nostrum in some modern shape to solve his doubts and satisfy a vain curiosity. It is as if one in the valley should search with a telescope whether the wind blows on the mountain-top: he who stands there and feels it on his face is the better informed. Some men at least have known that there is such a thing as a spiritual influence on the human heart; and men who have been thus privileged will not confound knowledge about spirits with spiritual wisdom. Comparatively they will care little (even if they can be induced to believe it) that you may have such knowledge dictated to you by sitting passively with a pen in the hand, and that after a course of spirals your elbows and wrist will diverge into detailed information as to another state of existence.

History bears witness that the nations of the deepest spiritual convictions have least concerned themselves to discover or invent an airy world of spirit-life outside their own. The light Greek peopled the universe with finer existences than his own. Wood and mountain, sea and sounding shore, the streams and sloping pastures, were thronged and haunted by thin ethereal forms of beauty, the pregnant offspring of his wonder and his quick outward working fancy. In high heaven he set the gods, corporeal deities, and gave a person and a life to every passion.

All spiritual things froze in his hands into cold crystalline forms, like a glittering fretwork of ice along the side of running water. It was not love of beauty, creative imagination, and subtle intellectual perception alone that made him figure love as a winged boy, and give to the sharp torments of remorse the shapes of women armed with scourges; it was an activity in these faculties disproportioned to his inner sense of the depth and reality of the things on which they laid hold. He was aware of, but was not absorbed into, that inner world in which they are realities—

"The passion and the life, whose fountains are within."

It was a vividness of imaginative perception outbalancing the apprehension of feeling and experience. What nation has surpassed the Greek in subtle and refined speculations as to the nature of the soul, or turned so steady, keen, and scrutinizing an eye on the profoundest recesses of our mental existence? Your modern seer loves to call Plato to witness to what his new supernatural informants have confided to him.

But the Hebrew, of a deeper, somber cast, whose character made him the fitting recipient of the great revelation that God is one and a Spirit—poetic in temperament rather than in intellect—could not escape the dread depths of his own nature, and found something there so awful and so real, that he was never tempted to make spiritual life the plaything of his fancy or the whetstone of his intellect. What the other looked outwards for, he felt within; the future, into which the other gazed so eagerly, he looked on with indifferent eye. The Athenian mind, straining on the highest wing of intellectual aspiration, grasped at some safe conviction of immortality as at a glorious yet half-elusive vision. The Jew rested on hope, or even with singular apathy passed the question by; and this probably arose, in part at least, from the fullness of the significance he gave to this present life, and the sense of immediate dependence and consciousness of actual intercourse so

prominent in the Old Testament. He who wrote the eighty-eighth Psalm, with its terrible expression of the suffering of spiritual destitution, and its passionate implorings for *present* restitution on this side the grave, had too deep a concern with what now is to be busy with what lay beyond it, and needed to clear his spiritual eye no help from Seeress of Prevorst, angel Wilkinson, and that class of informants:

"O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before thee:

"Let my prayer come before thee; incline thine ear unto my cry;

"For my soul is full of troubles; and my life draweth nigh unto the grave.

"I am counted with them that go down into the pit: I am as a man that hath no strength:

"Free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave, whom thou rememberest no more: who are out of remembrance, and they are cut off from thy hand.

"Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, and in the deeps.

"Thy wrath lieth hard upon me: and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves. . . .

"I am shut up and I can not come forth. My sight faileth for very trouble: Lord, I have called daily upon thee, I have stretched forth my hands unto thee.

"Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? shall the dead arise and praise thee? . . .

"Shall thy loving kindness be declared in the grave? or thy faithfulness in destruction?

"Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? and thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?

"But unto thee have I cried, O Lord; and in the morning shall my prayer prevent thee.

"Lord, why castest thou off my soul? why hidest thou thy face from me?"

He who wrote thus, had learned in his anguish a truth which lies too often hidden from these people, who are so eager to pull down the heavens into our mortal sphere. He knew, he felt, that spiritual things are spiritually discerned. The soul that can sympathize, however faintly, with his experience, is not likely to become engrossed with the floriculture, the architecture, and the costume of the future world; even the classification of the angels does not interest it. Deeper things of the spirit than these are part of its every-day life.

From Chambers's Journal.

A GREAT DINNER PARTY OF NAPOLEON I.

On the fifth of May, 1812, a great gala-dinner was announced at the royal court at Dresden in Saxony. The occasion being an extraordinary one, full-dress was ordered for the whole train of the royal household; indeed, a more numerous and eminent assemblage of distinguished guests had never before been invited to unite in the pompous rooms of that antique crazy château, which has accommodated so many a crowned head in by-gone centuries.

There was the tall King of Prussia, Frederic-William III., dead now, and buried in his family-vault at Sans Souci, but then a proud and stately gentleman with rigid manners and military airs—though not with military capacities; then the King of Bavaria, a portly lord with black mustaches, a great admirer of the Hero of the age, to whose giant army he had added 40,000 of his humble subjects, none of whom ever saw his native land again; and the King of Würtemberg, a monstrously corpulent sovereign, who never rode on horseback, but who drove in a gig through the ranks of the 15,000 men which he contributed to the army of the modern Alexander. His troops were silent at that time, and did not cry, as usual, "God save the King!" which is the more to be wondered at, since they saw their lord for the last time on this occasion, every one of them being buried eight months afterwards in the snowy fields of Russia. There was, moreover, the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, an important personage too, although his contingent to the conqueror's army amounted only to 6000 men; just as much as his father, of glorious memory, had sold to the British government fifty years before, at so much per head, to be shot dead in the woods of the new world by the American insurgents. Besides these distinguished guests, there were present a dozen or more of petty grand-dukes, dukes and princes, all members of that famous Rhenish Confederation, and most of them enthusiastic hangers-on of the French Emperor. They were, however, set below the salt, which

served them right. Well, no; there was one amongst them who ought not to have been set below the salt. He was a stout man with a stout heart, on whose high forehead there was written many a painful and bitter thought. He looked grave, even melancholy. If it had but depended upon him, those 300,000 German soldiers who followed the foreign invader into the barren plains of Russia, would have received a far different destination. It was the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Ernest-Agustus, the most intimate friend of Goethe.

Grand as these personages were, descending from the oldest dynasties of Europe, and surrounded therefore by the nimbus of hereditary power, they were, however, doomed to act but a subordinate role by the side of those adventurous upstarts who formed the more important part of the guests assembled now in the state-rooms of the royal palace, although they had no pedigrees but their swords, no other hereditary land save that of the battle-field.

There was a tall, well-made man, fantastically attired in a green tunic richly embroidered with gold; his left hand was leaning on the hilt of a Turkish sabre which he had brandished in more than forty battles. He had a look of daring in his dark flashing eyes, well becoming to the man that had gained a crown with his curved sword. His mother could have little thought that her poor ragged boy would one day dine from golden dishes by the side of emperors and kings—himself a king—when she used to sell apples and ginger-bread in the avenues of the Bois de Boulogne. This was Murat, King of Naples, brother-in-law of the Emperor, and commander-in-chief of the French cavalry.

Near him, but a little apart from the rest, there stood a modest-looking young man, who took no part in the conversation. On his breast were seen glittering the grand crosses of all the continental orders; but his features were sad, and his large dark

eyes bore a melancholy expression. It was the Viceroy of Italy, Eugène Beauharnais, son-in-law of the Emperor.

Who was that robust man with bright eyes and noble features, bald and eagle-nosed like Cæsar, in lively conversation with the King of Naples, to whose splendid attire his own plain dress bore a singular contrast? It was Michael Ney, then Duke of Elchingen, and Marshal of France, three years afterwards shot dead, like the other, not in the battle-field, but as a criminal, pierced by a dozen *French* balls.

And yon proud and sulky-looking man, with a lion's head, who scarcely deigned to answer the obliging address of some little German prince, but only nodded to his questions with a wandering mind—who was he? The King of Prussia never once looked at his dark and frowning features, so annoyed was he at his presence; nor was this without reason, for the gloomy man was no other than his fearful antagonist in the dreadful battle of Auerstädt, Davoust, Marshal of France, and Prince of Eckmühl.

There were a dozen more of these chivalrous champions of the sword looking with contempt upon the petty dukes and princes around them, the satellites of their common sun. The tall and erect figure of Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, was prominent amongst them all. The proud warrior was leaning negligently against a marble statue of Achilles, and well were they matched, those two iron-hearted men. Only there was a look of weariness to be observed on the open and martial countenance of the living hero, which made it evident that he did not anticipate much pleasure from the coming campaign; indeed, he was longing for a far different engagement, and thought of his beautiful chateau in the south of *la belle France*, where he would fain have spent the rest of an eventful life.

By his side, in conversation with Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantes, stood a little man with a countenance strikingly full of genius and good-humor. His fine-set lips never opened without uttering a sarcasm, and the more critical the occasion was, the more sparkling became his wit, the source of which seemed to be inexhaustible. His extensive business whose vast enormity would have crushed any other head, was managed by him amidst a continual shower of sallies that oftentimes elicited roars of laughter from

his functionaries, even amidst the very roar of cannons. He was personally attached to the Emperor, whose vast genius, free from all pedantry, quite agreed with his own. The Emperor missed him sorely during that final campaign of 1815, with its fatal day of Waterloo, that was destined to put a stop to all this transient glory. He would most gladly have forgiven the chief of his staff his vacillation and disloyalty, only the little man was too proud to be forgiven. He was pining away the while in a quiet German town; but when he saw that there was no more occupation whatever for his ardent desire for activity, no excitement, no suspense, nobody to laugh at his *bons mots*, he grew tired of the burden of life, and Alexander Berthier, Prince of Neufchâtel and Wagram, Marshal of France, and chief of the general staff of the French army, grounded arms at last by throwing himself out of a window, on a quiet and tedious Sunday morning of the fatal year 1815, in the quiet and tedious town of Bamberg in Germany.

All this brilliant assembly of kings, and dukes, and marshals was waiting upon that pale and dwarfish giant, who boasted of having journeyed all over Europe on horseback amidst the roar of cannons and the rattling of drums. He might have added — and over nearly one million of human bodies, also.

When the doors were thrown open at last, and Napoleon entered, followed by the King of Saxony, the host of these eminent guests, there was not one head that did not bow in low obeisance; not one eye that did not cast an anxious look at this pale face, as profound and as inflexible as fate itself. He nodded but indifferently in acknowledgment to the low reverences rendered to him by his vassals; no flashing up of that fixed eye, no smile of triumph round those firm-set lips: all indifference, or even satiety in that calm and profound countenance. He was already too much accustomed to homage and flattery.

It was the King's birthday. Nine years afterwards, on that same day, his illustrious guest, for whom the world was once not large enough, gave up his ghost in a small rocky island in the Atlantic Ocean; and—strange coincidence of a strange fate—seven years later, on that same fifth of May, Frederic-Augustus, King of Saxony, was called to his last account.

The lord-steward showed the guests through a long row of state-apartments into the "white saloon," where they were received by the master of the ceremonies, who, by means of an infinite number of bows and obeisances, assigned to them their different places at the royal table, according to the strict rules of court-etiquette.

Whoever knows any thing about court-fashions in Germany, must be aware that—with the sole exception, perhaps, of the Chinese empire—their practice has no where else received so high a development. Indeed, the science of etiquette of which Louis XIV. had laid the solid foundation, has been thriving there ever since, and may be considered now to have attained the highest pitch of perfection. But amongst all the thirty-eight courts of that happy land, there is one that, in this respect, has always gained the precedence over all the rest, that stands unequaled for the strictness, the accuracy, the pompantry with which even the most minute prescriptions of etiquette are unrelentingly observed, and that is declared as the very model of order and regularity in all the various departments of its household. The slightest infringement of the inexorable laws of etiquette is considered there as a crime whereof no absolution can clear the unhappy offender. Charles XII., King of Sweden, had to repent afterwards of his disdain for this same etiquette, when he called one day—a hundred years ago—on Augustus II., Elector of Saxony, attired in a pair of dirty riding-boots, and holding a horse-whip in his hand. He had just beaten the Saxon army in a series of bloody battles; had dictated to the elector the fatal peace of Altranstädt, and was a little pressed for time. Augustus II. would have forgiven him the smaller offense of having crushed 30,000 of his men to atoms, and laid under contribution the whole of his patrimonial dominions; but for his intrusion in a drawing-room with dirty boots and a riding-whip, there was no excuse; and he made haste to conclude his alliance with the Czar Peter of Russia.

When the guests were seated, the numerous officers of the royal household took the different stations, conformable to their rank and the duties attached to it.

The old feudal custom of waiting on the sovereigns was of course carried out only by the lords-in-waiting, members of the

first families in the land, who therefore had their post of honor immediately behind the chairs of the royal guests; behind them, in the second file, were drawn up the assistant-chamberlains who had to help the lords-in-waiting; these were again waited upon by the pages of honor, who, in their turn, enjoyed the assistance of a whole army of yeomen, heyducs, equerries, grooms, porters, waiters, and minor court-servants, each of them having his different department assigned to him. The whole attendance was in full gala-dress; the lords-in-waiting wearing all their numerous ribbons and orders; the pages their state-habits, and red velvet shoes with silver buckles; and the rest of the officers of the royal household, the rich parade-uniforms prescribed for the occasion. The assistant-master of the ceremonies and the marshal of the ceremonies had nothing to do but to walk up and down and see that all was right.

The dinner was sure to be of the first order; and the big King of Würtemberg had made up his mind to enjoy it hugely. The royal table in Saxony has always had a most excellent repute, and orders had been given by the lord-steward that full honor should be done to the ancient glory of the house of his royal master. The chief cook, master cooks, clerks of the kitchen, messengers of the kitchen, yeomen of the kitchen, as well as the other gentlemen of the confectionery and pastry, had been in great agitation for some days, and were now like the cranks and wheels of a large engine, working to the top of their bent. German princes in general are known to have no aversion to good cheer; and those present were well pleased at the idea of having a couple of quiet hours before them wherein to make their choice of the various luxuries gathered from all the corners of the globe.

Poor men! They little thought that they were doomed to suffer a heavy disappointment. But they had in fact been reckoning—not without their host—but without that pale man who was just upon the point to invade the largest empire of the world, and who cared but little about a full-dress dinner.

When the soup had made its appearance, and the plates—passing from hand to hand, after the Asiatic system of caste in full working order, aided by all the advantage of a superior civilization—had at last reached the lords-in-waiting, who,

with the dignity appropriate to the occasion, placed them respectfully before the monarchs, a waiting-officer of the imperial general staff entered the room, and walking straight up to the Prince of Wagram, the chief of the general staff of that giant army just then on its way of destruction towards the east, whispered a few hasty words into the ear of Marshal Berthier. The little man with the fine-cut features and expressive eyes rose immediately and went out of the room.

The incident, slight as it was, did not escape the notice of the King of Saxony, who looked upon it as being extremely contrary to rule; and his patriarchal countenance at once assumed an expression of ill-temper, which he could very ill conceal.

The door was opened again a few minutes afterwards, and the Prince of Wagram reentered the apartment. His fine and clever face wore its usual expression; but when he moved towards the Emperor and laid an open dispatch before him on the table, there was something like mischievous fun twinkling in his bright eyes: he knew his man, and knew therefore what was coming.

What the dispatch contained, no body ever knew. Something important, of course, at a time when an avalanche of nine hundred and fifty thousand men, with more than half a million horses, was rolling towards the east, followed by an immense train that covered all the high roads of Germany.

The Emperor laid down his spoon and took up the paper, while the King of Saxony looked very grave.

He had done reading at a glance. On his powerful forehead was gathering a cloud dark and menacing. He threw the dispatch violently upon the table, and in a sharp and piercing voice, accompanied by an impetuous and imperative gesture, cried, "Le dessert!"

If the great ancestor of the old house of Weddin had risen from the dead, and

had walked in amidst that modern assembly, indifferently attired in a bear's skin, and armed with a battle-axe, his appearance could scarcely have created a greater perplexity amongst them than that one word uttered by the modern Alexander. With the exception of the Frenchmen, every soul remained for some moments completely thunder-struck. The big King of Württemberg dropped his spoon, and the King of Saxony looked as if he was expecting the walls and ceilings of his old palace to tumble down with a crash, and bury them all under their ruins, as the natural consequence of such an unprecedented enormity.

The Emperor raised his head and looked around for a moment at those descendants of the oldest dynasties of Europe. All that was lingering within him of the Jacobin—and there was a good deal—became distinctly apparent in the proud flash of his eyes, the scornful curl of his lips. With a haughty toss of the head, and in a savage tone of voice, he repeated once more, "Le dessert!"

There were no more misgivings now about his imperial majesty's pleasure, and, the master of the ceremonies being unfit for service, (he had fainted away,) the assistant master gave at once the necessary orders.

To describe the perfect Babel and pantomimic madness amongst the lords-in-waiting, the assistant-chamberlains, the pages, and the other officers of the royal household above—fully equaled by the Babel and pantomimic madness amongst the master-cooks, clerks, messengers, yeomen, and the other gentlemen of the kitchen below—would be too high a task for any pen or pencil.

They put bread and cheese and some fruits upon the table, and when the Emperor had partaken of these modest refreshments, the King of Saxony rose, and the illustrious guests retired from *dinner*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON I.*

WHATEVER divergence of opinions may exist in this country as to the character of the present Emperor of the French, all must be unanimous in conceding that none is so well acquainted as he with the temper and feelings of the French nation. To the true Gaul, the history of his fatherland only dates back to the first Revolution. He is perfectly indifferent to the deeds of Valois and Bourbons, but he puts implicit faith in the first Empire and the glory which it brought upon his fatherland. Over camp-fires or in crowded barracks the conversation always turns on one point—the wars of the Republic and the Empire. Gray-headed sergeants tell of the glorious days when there were truly giants in the land, and the conscripts listen with awe-struck reverence to the story of Marengo or of Austerlitz. In the army not the slightest incident connected with the Napoleonic cycle of victories is unknown. You may learn how this one from a miller's son became a marshal—ay, even a king—and at the recital the recruit's eye flashes with unwonted fire, and he calls to mind with ecstasy the great Emperor's doctrine, "that every private carried his marshal's staff in his knapsack." And yet, were you to ask these Tyrtæi of the Revolution for a description of Fontenoy, they would regard you with amazement, and avow their ignorance of a battle mayhap as glorious as any ever fought by Frenchmen, for there they had the rare honor of compelling Englishmen to retreat.

This feeling of enthusiasm for the first Napoleon is so universal in France, that the first measure taken by the prince-president was to foster it in every possible degree, and since his accession to the throne he has done his utmost to add to the apotheosis of his uncle. A commission has been appointed to trace his passage

through life, and every house inhabited by him on his road to the Tuileries will have an inscription placed upon it, bearing the date of its occupation by him. But a far grander and more sterling memorial of the great man will be found in the collection of his entire Correspondence, which has been going on for some time, the result being the publication of the first volume, to which we propose calling our readers' attention. The committee intrusted with this difficult task made an appeal to the French nation for contributions, and thousands of letters were sent in, which have enabled Napoleon's very thoughts, as it were, to be traced day after day. Although these letters can not add to his glory, they furnish a better comprehension of his prodigious destiny, the *prestige* which he exercised over his contemporaries, and of the irresistible impulse which forced France into restoring his dynasty on the throne. We think that the commission have acted wisely in confining their attention to Napoleon the warrior and legislator, and omitting letters merely referring to domestic matters, for their readers will be able to better appreciate the incessant labor he devoted to the welfare and progress of his country. To furnish some idea of his zeal, we may mention that the archives of the empire contain no less than forty thousand documents of Napoleon's Correspondence, and the Dépôt of War more than twenty thousand. And this exclusive of the thousands upon thousands intrusted to the commission by his relatives and private individuals.

The first letter in this volume bears date twenty-fifth October, 1793, and is addressed to the Committee of Public Safety from Toulon, where Napoleon had just assumed the command of the artillery of the army of the South. Even at the outset we are struck with admiration at the incessant activity he displays in organizing and improving the *« viol. In every letter he complains of the neglect to which*

* *Correspondance de Napoléon I^{er}*. Publié par ordre de l'Empereur Napoléon III. Paris: Henri Plon. Vol. I.

the army is exposed, and is never forgetful of self-praise. Thus he writes: "Three days after my arrival the army possessed an artillery, and the batteries of the Mountain and the Sans-culottes were established." After enumerating all the improvements he has made and projected, he adds: "You will grant some merit to these different operations, citizen minister, when you learn that I am alone to direct the park—the military operations and the arsenal; that I have not a single sergeant-conductor, and only fifty gunners, of whom many are recruits." Thanks to his combinations, he was enabled to announce to the Committee, on the twenty-fourth of December, 1793, that Toulon had fallen, and the English squadron had run a narrow chance of escape. On his return to Paris he maintains a close correspondence with his brother Joseph, which has been already published. One striking passage, however, deserves quotation here, as showing how quickly the Parisians forgot the horrors of the guillotine.

"Luxury, pleasure, and the arts are regaining ground in an astonishing manner. Yesterday *Phédre* was played at the Opera for the benefit of an old actress; the crowd was immense from two P.M., although the prices were trebled. Carriages and *élégans* reappear, or rather it seems to them like a dream that they ever ceased to dazzle. The libraries, lectures on history, chemistry, botany, astronomy, etc., succeed each other. All is piled up in this country to distract and render life agreeable. All are striving to escape from their reflections; and how is it possible to entertain gloomy views in this working of the mind and noisy activity? Women are every where—at the theaters, promenades, and libraries; in the cabinet of the savant you meet very pretty women. Here alone, of all places in the world, they deserve to hold the helm. Thus the men are mad about them, only think of them, and only live for and by them. A woman requires six months in Paris to learn what is due to her and what her empire is."

And yet the young general must have chafed terribly at his forced inactivity. Memoir after memoir he sends in as to the uses to be derived from the army of Italy, and he draws up instructions, by direction of the Committee, for General Kellerman, commander-in-chief of the army of the Alps. They are masterpieces of strategy, and dimly foreshadow the victories Napoleon is himself to gain. Then we find him offering his services to proceed to Turkey and organize the army

of the Sultan, as a check to the designs of Austria and Prussia, but the Committee are of opinion that they can not let him leave France as long as the war lasts, so they reappoint him to the artillery. Next comes the great day, the fourteenth Vendémiaire, an IV., when Napoleon is second in command of the troops that defeat the sections, and finally restore tranquillity to Paris. Within a week the incompetent Barras is deposed from the command of the army of the interior, and Napoleon takes his place. Still his thoughts ever turn longingly to the army of Italy. He knows what can be done in that part of the world, and chafes at the thoughts of opportunities neglected. At length he gains the object of his ambition—he is appointed commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, and another interesting event occurs simultaneously:

"To Citizen Letourneur, President of the Executive Directory.
Head-quarters, Paris, 21st Ventôse, an IV."

"I have requested Citizen Barras to inform the Executive Directory of my marriage with the Citoyenne Tascher Beauharnois. The confidence the Directory has displayed towards me in all circumstances renders it my duty to instruct it of all my actions. It is a new tie attaching me to my country; it is a further pledge of my firm resolve only to find safety in the Republic. Greeting and respect.

"BONAPARTE,

"General-in-Chief of the army of Italy."

Letter number Ninety in this series is in so far interesting as it is the first occasion on which the general subscribes himself Bonaparte, and the next following is the memorable proclamation addressed to the army on the opening of the campaign: "Soldiers! you are naked and ill-fed: government owes you every thing, and can give you nothing. Your patience, and the fortitude you have displayed in the midst of these inhospitable rocks, are admirable, but they bestow no glory upon you—you are gaining no renown. I will lead you to the most fertile plains in the world. Rich provinces, great cities shall be in your power—there you will enjoy honor, glory, and wealth. Soldiers of Italy! will you fail in courage or constancy?" But if the soldiers construed this into a tacit license to "rifle, rob, and plunder," they were doomed to be terribly disappointed, for the young general punished all such excesses with unexampled severity. We come across a multitude of general orders, in which Bona-

parte pitilessly orders men to be shot for plundering, and for a while the provost-marshal had no leisure time of it. But Bonaparte was perfectly in the right; the men were insubordinate and ill-disciplined, and he knew that he could not trust them until he rendered them amenable to his authority. Had he not instituted these rigorous examples, his army would have been defeated in the first general action, for nothing demoralizes so much as license. Our great Duke was well aware of this, and the history of his first campaign in Spain is equally fertile in examples of severity. By these means, the troops whom the Iron Duke called the worst in the world, ended by defeating the French in every engagement. We would the more urge this point, as a contemporary appears to us to have made an utterly false estimate of Napoleon's character, and refers to indifference of human life what was in fact the result of stern necessity. See how Napoleon writes of his army to the Directory:

"The treasury has often sent us bills which are protested; one of sixty-two thousand eight hundred livres has just been so, which increases our embarrassment. I found this army not only wanting every thing, but undisciplined, and in a chronic state of insubordination. The general discontent was such that the evil-wishers had got hold of them; a dauphin company had been formed, and Chouan and anti-revolutionary songs were sung. I had two officers accused of having shouted 'Vive le Roi!' tried by a court-martial."

The battle of Montenotte was the first victory achieved in Italy by the Republicans. The Austrians were again beaten at Millesimo, and on the next day at Dego, where nine thousand prisoners, twenty-two guns, and fifteen flags were taken. But in the midst of these glorious successes, the horrible propensity for plundering disturbed the Commander-in-chief, and at length drew from him the following fierce general order, dated from Lesegno, twenty-second of April, 1796:

"The general-in-chief expresses to the army his satisfaction at its bravery and the successes daily gained over the enemy; but he sees with horror the fearful pillage to which certain ill-conditioned men give themselves up, and who only join their corps after a battle to indulge in excesses most dishonorable to the army and the name of Frenchmen. In consequence, he orders: First, The chief of the staff will hand him, within twenty-four hours, a report on the moral conduct of the adjutants-general and other

officers attached to the staff. Secondly, The generals of division will send, within twenty-four hours, to the general commanding, their opinion as to the morality of the field officers who have served under them since the opening of the campaign. . . . The generals of division are authorized to break on the spot, or even send to Fort Carré at Antibes, those officers who by their example authorized the horrible pillage which has gone on for several days past. Generals of division are authorized, by the nature of the circumstances, to shoot on the spot officers or soldiers who, by their example, excite others to pillage, and thus destroy discipline, produce disorder in the army, and compromise its safety and glory. Every officer and sub-officer who has not followed his flag, or who, without a valid excuse, is absent during a battle, will be dismissed the service, and his name sent to his department that he may be branded in the eyes of his fellow-citizens as a coward."

These repeated allusions to the officers furnish very sufficient proof that, from the highest to the lowest, every man was trying to carry out in their integrity the provisions of the first proclamation, and it was only the love with which all regarded Napoleon that caused them to submit to such stringent orders. The proclamation, however, appears to have produced the proper effect, for allusions to the subject grow rarer and rarer as we proceed through the volume. And yet the army had behaved splendidly in the field; in a fortnight it had gained six victories, captured twenty-one flags, fifty-five guns, several strong places, conquered the richest part of Piedmont, taken fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men. Let us quote from the general's proclamation to his army: "You were in want of every thing at the commencement of the campaign; you are now abundantly supplied; the magazines taken from your enemies are numerous; the siege and the field-artillery has arrived. Soldiers, your country has a right to expect great things from you; you will justify its expectations? The greatest obstacles are doubtlessly overcome; but you have still battles to fight, towns to take, rivers to pass. Are there any among you whose courage fails them? are there any who would prefer to go back and await the insults of this servile soldatesca? No. There are none such among the conquerors of Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, and Mondovi. All wish to be able to say with pride on returning to their villages, 'I belonged to the victorious army of Italy.'"

After the defeat of Cherasco, the Sardinians were glad to sue for peace, and Napoleon consented to an armistice, on condition that four strong places should be handed over to him as security. His rear thus protected, he proceeded into Italy to secure some tangible reward for his victories. The following letter, written to M. Faypoult, will furnish the best idea of the scheme he designed :

"We reached Acqui yesterday. Beaulieu is flying so fast that we can not catch him up. To-morrow La Harpe will be at Tortona, where I much desire to have a conference with you on essential objects. Send me a memorandum—geographical, historical, political, and topographical—on the imperial fiefs adjoining Genoa, that I may draw the most benefit from them. Send me a report about the Dukes of Parma, Placentia, and Modena; the force they have, the strong places they possess, and in what the riches of their countries consist; above all, send me a statement of the pictures, statues, antiquities, etc., at Milan, Parma, Placentia, Modena, and Bologna. When we made peace with Spain, the Duke of Parma should have joined us. Why did he not do so?"

Soon after, writing to Carnot, Bonaparte informs him that he has sent him twenty of the best pictures by Corregio and Michel Angelo, and hopes, if matters go well, to be able to send him two millions of francs shortly. He commences raising the sum by levying two millions on the Duke of Parma, who also provided the pictures. So soon as this matter was satisfactorily arranged, Bonaparte set out in pursuit of the Austrians, and came up with them at the bridge of Lodi. He considers this the boldest operation of the whole campaign. Beaulieu had drawn up his army in battle array, and thirty guns defended the passage of the bridge. The Austrians kept up a terrific fire, and the head of the French column began to yield. A moment's hesitation would have lost every thing, but Berthier, Lannes, and others rushed to the head of the column and carried all before them. In his dispatch to the Directory, Napoleon specially commends Berthier, who on this day was gunner, trooper, and grenadier. This victory opened the whole of Lombardy to the French, and Bonaparte was already entertaining ambitious dreams of signing a peace in the capital of astonished Austria. But matters were not to progress so rapidly, for the army of the Rhine was far from supporting him in the way it should have done. At the same time Na-

poleon was thwarted by the Directory, who proposed dividing the army of Italy into two, and giving the command of one half to Kellerman. This Bonaparte vigorously resisted :

"If you surround me with all sorts of embarrassments (he writes to the Directory)—if I must refer to the commissioners of government at every step—if they have a right to change my movements, to take away or send me troops, expect nothing good henceforth. If you weaken your means by dividing your forces—if you break in Italy the unity of military thought—I tell you with pain, you will have lost the fairest occasion to impose laws on Italy. In the present posture of affairs here, it is indispensable that you should have a general possessing your entire confidence. If it were not myself, I should not complain; but I would try to redouble my zeal in order to merit your esteem in the post you might intrust to me. Each has his own way of carrying on war. General Kellerman has more experience, and will do so better than I; but together we should do it very badly. I can only render essential service to my country when invested with your entire and absolute confidence. I feel that I require great courage to write you such a letter; it would be so easy to accuse me of ambition and pride, but I am bound to express to you all my feelings, as you have ever given me testimonies of your esteem, which I must not forget."

The Duke of Modena was the next potentate to feel the weight of Republican anger; he was fined seven million five hundred thousand francs in cash, and two million five hundred thousand more in kind, as well as twenty pictures, to be selected by the commissioners of the Republic. Among the latter was Corregio's celebrated "St. Jerome," estimated to be worth two hundred thousand francs. So soon as this little business was settled, the Milanese were invited to share the blessings of liberty, equality, and fraternity with the French, and a new constitution was drawn up for them. In the mean while, the siege of the citadel was being pressed on vigorously, and Napoleon was inflicting fearful punishments on those who wished to hold on to the old order of things. In his proclamation to the inhabitants of Lombardy, he says: "The General-in-chief, faithful to the principles adopted by the French nation, which does not make war on peoples, desires to leave a door open for repentance; but those who, within twenty-four hours, have not laid down their arms and taken anew the oath of obedience to the Republic, will be treated as rebels, and their villages burnt."

What a practical satire on the boasted liberty! The Milanese, who actually dared to take up arms in defense of the old state of things, were mercilessly condemned by a military commission and shot. Such was the equality offered them, and if they naturally declined it, they took the responsibility on themselves. Pavia, too, had the audacity to withstand the French, and had the most exemplary punishment inflicted upon it: and Bonaparte tells us, had the blood of a single Frenchman been shed, he would have erected on the ruins of the city a column, on which would have been inscribed: "Here stood the town of Pavia." But, after all, this is a mere exaggeration of the doctrine of fraternity.

The battle of Valeggio expelled the Austrians from Italy, and the French outposts were stationed on the mountains of Germany. The capture of Verona caused a general flight of the émigrés, rather fortunately for the town, as Bonaparte told the deputies that if the King of France had not quitted Verona before the French passage of the Po, he would have burned to the ground a town bold enough to believe itself the capital of the French empire. The defeat of the Austrians was followed by an armistice between the French and the Neapolitans, the latter escaping, strangely enough, without having any little bill to pay. But Napoleon was by this time beginning to get into an awkward position, and hardly knew which way to turn. The siege of Milan, the troops to guard the Milanese, and the several garrisons, demanded fifteen thousand men; the guard of the Adige and the positions in the Tyrol occupied twenty thousand men, and the blockade of Mantua twelve thousand, so that the conqueror only had six thousand men at his disposal. Most pleasant is the way in which he intersperses illustrative anecdotes in his letters to the Directory. Here, for instance, is a sample:

"I must not conceal from you a trait which depicts the barbarism still prevailing in these countries. At St. George's there is a convent from which the nuns had fled, as it was exposed to cannon-shot. Our soldiers went in to occupy it. They heard cries; they rushed into a courtyard, broke into a cell, and found a young person seated on a miserable chair, her hands fastened by an iron chain. This unfortunate woman begged for life. Her irons were broken. By her face she was about two-and-twenty. She had been in this state for four years, because

she had tried to escape, and obey, in the age and country of love, the impulses of her heart. Our gendarmes took particular care of her. She displayed great interest for the French. She had been beautiful, and joined to the vivacity of the climate the melancholy of her misfortunes. Whenever any body entered, she appeared restless; and it was soon learned that she feared the return of her tyrants. She asked in mercy to be allowed to breathe the fresh air: they told her the grape was whizzing round the house. 'Ah!' she said, 'it is death to remain here.'"

All this time Bonaparte was up to his neck in business: at one moment sending a million to General Moreau for the relief of the army of the Rhine, then corresponding with the Grisons and exchanging three thousand (stolen) quintals of wheat for horses, and promising to send some thousand fire-locks if it were sure the Republicans would use them against the Austrians; or issuing stinging general orders to stop the abuses still too prevalent in the civil departments of the service. All this while proclamations are being showered upon the Tyrol, the imperial fiefs around Genoa, and quarrels picked on every feasible occasion with the governor of Venice to have an excuse for invasion. Next, the young general went to settle conclusions with the Pope, "a grenadier who stole a chalice being shot in front of the army at Bologna." This town was occupied by General Augereau, at the head of four thousand eight hundred men, and the Pope was politely invited to come to terms. The excuse for this outrage was the assassination of the French envoy Basseville, which must be paid for. An armistice was soon concluded, by which the Pope agreed that the legations of Bologna and Ferrara should remain in the hands of the French, and the fortress of Ancona delivered up to them. The other articles were as follow:

"The Pope will deliver up to the French Republic one hundred pictures, busts, vases, or statues, to be chosen by commissioners to be sent to Rome; among which objects will be the bronze bust of Junius Brutus, and that in marble of Marcus Brutus, both now in the Capitol, and five hundred MSS. The Pope will pay the Republic twenty-one million of livres in coin of France, of which fifteen million five hundred thousand will be paid in gold and silver, and the other five million five hundred thousand in merchandise, horses, and oxen, to be selected by the French agents. This sum will be independent of the contributions levied in the legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Faenza."

This result was not arrived at without

a war of words; for M. d'Azara, Napoleon said, had the impudence to offer five millions in money and three in goods, while Bonaparte began by asking forty millions, ten of them in kind. However, the crafty Roman applied to the government commissioners, and gained from them the fact that it was impossible for the French, under present circumstances, to march on Rome. Hence, Napoleon could only sack the twenty millions by making a night march on Ravenna, which brought the negotiator to his senses. In addition to the money, Bonaparte seized two hundred bronze guns, eight thousand firelocks, and a large quantity of ammunition, which fully paid the expenses of the expedition. Turning his attention to more pressing affairs, it is quite refreshing to find Bonaparte writing to General Despinoy at Milan: "Do not go to sleep among the pleasures of Milan, and, above all, do not write letters to turn the head of our poor chief of the staff; for, since you have told him about a pretty actress who awaits him at Milan, he is dying of impatience to get there." Before long the French and Austrians came into collision again at Borghetto, where the latter received a tremendous thrashing, as usual. From the report to the Directory we may quote the following, reminding us of our own Guards in the Crimea:

"Claude Roche, rifleman in the second company of the eleventh half-brigade of light infantry, was the first to leap into the enemy's entrenchments, killed the officer, and without waiting to take his watch or plunder him, seized his saber, killed an Austrian, and took three prisoners. Jean Gerin, of the same company, aimed his firelock at twelve Austrians: it missed fire; he rushed upon them with his drawn saber, cut off the arm of the first, and the others fell on their knees asking for quarter. Ardienne, sub-lieutenant in the same company, the same man who at Borghetto took the thirteen-pounder, was always present in the entrenchments at the head of his riflemen, animating them by his noble example."

In the mean while the siege of Mantua was being pushed on, although it was a novelty in warfare that Serurier had only seven thousand men to blockade at least ten thousand. Hence, the Austrians made repeated sallies, in which they were always defeated; but they hoped to be soon relieved, for strong reinforcements were being pushed on to join Wurmser. Napoleon estimates these at sixty-seven thou-

sand men, while he had himself only forty-four thousand to oppose them. Hence, he is very anxious for the arrival of his own reinforcements, and writes to the Directory in the most pressing manner, though without any favorable result. All this time his eye was turned covetously towards Genoa, and the following letter, addressed to M. Faypoult, envoy of the French Republic in that city, we regard as a masterpiece of diplomacy:

"Genoa's time has not yet arrived, for two reasons: First, The Austrians are being reinforced, and I shall soon have a battle; if a conqueror, I shall have Mantua, and then a corporal's guard will be worth the presence of an army at Genoa. Secondly, The ideas of the Executive Directory do not appear to me fixed yet. It has ordered me to demand the contribution, but it has not prescribed any political operation. I have sent off a messenger extraordinary with your letter, and have asked for orders, which I shall receive in the first decade of the next month. Between whiles, forget all the causes of complaint we have against Genoa. Make them understand you and I no longer interfere in the matter, since they have sent M. Spinola to Paris. Tell them we are very pleased with their choice, and that it is a guarantee to us of their good intentions. Tell them positively that I was very satisfied with the measures they took as regards M. Gerola; in short, forget no circumstance which may cause hope to arise again in the heart of the Senate of Genoa, and keep them lulled in security till the moment of awakening."

By this time General Bonaparte considered himself sufficiently strong to try conclusions with the government commissioners, and at Castiglione he gives an awful rap on the knuckles to a citizen Garreau, who had dared to make a requisition to General Vaubois, contrary to instructions. The conclusion of the letter is in Bonaparte's most nervous style: "When you were a representative of the people, you had unlimited powers: all the world made it a duty to obey you. Now, you are a government commissioner, invested with great authority, but positive instructions regulate your conduct; so adhere to them. I know that you will repeat the statement that 'I shall behave like Dumouriez:' it is clear that a general who has the presumption to command the army a government has confided to him, and to give orders without the decree of the commissioners, can only be a traitor." But the time had now arrived when Bonaparte was to display his wondrous stra-

tegic ability, and by deserting the siege of Mantua and abandoning his forty guns, gain the most daring victory the world's history has ever yet known. But we must tell the story in the hero's own powerful language:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, CASTIGLIONE, }
Aug. 24th, 1796.

"CITIZEN DIRECTORS: Military events have succeeded each other in such rapid succession since the eleventh, that it was impossible for me to write to you before. Some days back, the twenty thousand men sent by the army of the Rhine to the Austrian army had arrived, which number, added to the numerous recruits drawn from the interior of Austria, rendered this army extremely dangerous. The opinion was generally spread that the Austrians would soon be in Milan. On the eleventh, at three in the morning, General Masséna's division was attacked by a very large force: it was obliged to give up the valuable post of La Corona. At the same time, a division of fifteen thousand Austrians attacked Saurer's division at Salò, and occupied this essential post. Brigadier-General Guieu, with six hundred men of the fifteenth demi-brigade of light infantry, shut himself up in a large house at Salò, and braved all the efforts of the enemy who surrounded him. Brigadier-General Rusca was wounded. At the same time a body of Austrians fell upon Brescia, surprised four companies I had left there, and took two generals and several field-officers who had remained behind in sick-quarters. General Saurer's division, which should have covered Brescia, fell back on Desenzano. In these difficult circumstances, pressed by a numerous army which the advantages it gained must necessarily embolden, I felt I must adopt a vast plan. The enemy, by descending from the Tyrol by Brescia and the Adige, placed me in the center. If my army was too weak to face two armies, it could defeat them in detail, and by my position I was between them. It was therefore possible, by a rapid retreat, to surround the enemy's division which had arrived at Brescia, take it by surprise, and utterly defeat it, and then return to the Mincio and force Würmsers back into the Tyrol. But, to execute this project, I must raise the siege of Mantua—which was almost taken—in twenty-four hours, and abandon forty guns, and then recross the Mincio and not give the enemy's divisions time to effect a junction. Fortune smiled on this project, and the battle of Desenzano, the two combats of Salò, and the battles of Lonato and Castiglione, are the results of it."

This scheme Napoleon carried out with wondrous precision. On the thirteenth a desperate combat took place, in which the Austrians lost six hundred men on the battle field, and six hundred prisoners. On the fourteenth Augereau entered Bres-

cia and seized upon all the enemy's magazines, while on the fifteenth the position of the army was imperiled by the cowardly conduct of General Valette, who ran away from the enemy at the head of eighteen hundred men. Bonaparte, however, soon cashiered him, and made preparations for the coming battle. On the sixteenth the wonderful battle of Castiglione took place, which we must describe in Bonaparte's own words:

"The sixteenth, at daybreak, we found ourselves face to face. General Guieu, who was on our left, was to attack Salò. General Masséna was in the center to attack Lonato, and General Augereau on the right menaced Castiglione. The enemy, instead of being attacked, attacked General Masséna's vanguard at Lonato. It was already surrounded, and General Pijon captured, and the enemy had even taken three horse-artillery guns. I then formed the eighteenth demi-brigade and the thirty-second in close columns of battalion, and while we advanced at quick-march to pierce the enemy, they tried to surround us. This maneuver appeared to me a certain guarantee of victory. Masséna merely sent some skirmishers to the enemy's wings to retard his progress. The first column, on arriving at Lonato, forced the enemy. The fifteenth regiment of Dragoons charged the Hulus, recaptured our guns, and delivered General Pijon. In an instant the enemy was scattered. He tried to fall back on the Mincio. I ordered my aide-de-camp, Brigadier Junot, to put himself at the head of my company of the Guides to pursue the enemy, gain the start at Desenzano, and so force him to retire on Salò. On arriving there, he found Colonel Bender with a portion of his regiment of Hulus, which he charged. But Junot, not wishing to amuse himself by charging the tail, made a turn to the right, attacked the regiment in front, wounded the colonel whom he wished to take prisoner, when he was himself surrounded, and, after having killed six with his own hand, was ridden down, thrown into a ditch, and received six saber-cuts, none of which, I trust, will prove mortal. The enemy effected his retreat on Salò; but as the town was ours, this division wandered about the mountains, and nearly the whole of it was captured. During this time the intrepid Augereau had marched on Castiglione and taken the village. During the entire day he kept his ground against forces double his own. The élite of the Austrian army was there: it received reinforcements thrice. The resistance was vain: they were obliged to quit the field of battle and fly before our impetuous soldiers."

The enemy lost on this memorable day twenty guns, two thousand to three thousand men killed and wounded, and four thousand prisoners, among whom were three generals. The next day Bonaparte

was in great peril at Lonato, from which he only escaped by his rare presence of mind. A flag came in while he was there, summoning the commandant of Lonato to surrender, because he was surrounded. The fact was, that the scattered divisions of the Austrians had reassembled, and wished to cut their way through. Bonaparte was greatly embarrassed, for he had only twelve hundred men at his disposal; but he sent for the messenger, ordered his eyes to be unbandaged, and told him that if his general entertained the presumption of capturing the Commander-in-chief he need only advance; and added that, unless the division laid down its arms within eight minutes, he would grant no quarter. The whole column laid down its arms immediately on hearing that the terrible Boney was so close. They were in a strength of four thousand infantry, two guns, and fifty cavalry. The next day the contest was renewed, and resulted in the total defeat of the Austrians. Justly might Bonaparte pride himself on the result.

"In five days, then, another campaign has been finished. Würmsers has lost in these five days seventy field-guns, all his infantry caissons, twelve thousand to fifteen thousand prisoners, six thousand men killed and wounded; and nearly all his troops came from the Rhine. Independent of this, a large portion of his army is dispersed, and we continually make prisoners during the pursuit. We have lost, for our part, thirteen hundred prisoners, and two thousand killed and wounded. All the soldiers, officers, and generals have displayed under these difficult circumstances a great amount of bravery."

In the midst of all these triumphs Napoleon has family disturbances to fatigue his mind. Thus, in writing Carnot, he begs him to look after his young brother, a commissary of war at Marseilles, who proceeded to Paris without leave. He complains that this youth (evidently Lucien) has always had a mania for politics, and begs he may be sent to the army of the North to keep him quiet. But it proves how critical his own position must have been when he is forced to swallow his enormous pride, and write to Carnot: "If there be in France a single man, pure and of good faith, who can suspect my political opinions, and venture any doubts as to my conduct, I will renounce at that moment the pleasure of serving my country. Two or three months of obscurity will calm envy, reestablish my health, and

put me in a position to fill with greater advantage the confidential posts the government may wish to intrust to me. It was only that I left Paris at the right moment that enabled me to render great services to the Republic. When the moment has arrived, it will only be by leaving the army of Italy opportunely that I shall be able to devote the rest of my life to the defense of the Republic. The great art of government should be not to let men grow old. On entering on a public career, I adopted as my principle, Every thing for my country." Almost simultaneously he sends the Executive Directory the following estimate of the generals he has under his command:

"I believe it useful, Citizen Directors, to give you my opinion of the officers employed in this army. You will see there are very few who can be of any use to me. BERTHIER: Talents, activity, courage, character: all for himself. AUGEREAU: Much character, courage, firmness, activity; is accustomed to war, loved by the soldiers, fortunate in his operations. MASSENA: Active, indefatigable, has boldness, quick perception, and promptitude in deciding. SERURIER: Fights like a soldier, takes nothing on himself, firm, has no brilliant opinion of his troops: is sickly. DESPINOY: Hesitating, no activity, no boldness; is not fit for war, not loved by the soldiers, and does not fight with his head. Besides, he is haughty, and possesses some sense and healthy political opinions. Good to command at home. SAURET: Good, a very good soldier, not educated enough for a general; not at all successful. ABBATUCCI: not fit to command a sergeant's guard. GARNIER, MEUNIER, CASABIANCA: Incapables; not worthy to command a battalion in a war so active and serious as this. MACQUART: A worthy man, but no talent, although sharp. GAULTIER: Fit for an officer: has never had any experience of war."

And here we must reluctantly stop, not for want of matter, but out of consideration for our other collaborateurs on *Bentley*, whose pages we might easily fill with extracts from this wonderful book of seven hundred pages. We trust, however, that our extracts will go far to prove that this is the most important work issued from any press since the *Wellington Dispatches*, side by side with which these volumes must range in every well-regulated library. Strange to say, though, this publication, while increasing our admiration for the great man who dragged France out of the mire, has lessened our respect for the individual, for it proves that Napoleon was made of the common clay after all.

We are lost in wonder at the effect produced by his astounding combinations, which introduced an entirely new system of warfare; but we feel, involuntarily, a shudder at the cold-blooded pertinacity with which he extorted money for the use of the languishing Republic. While he was shooting men for stealing a bottle of wine, he was, himself, an arch-thief; and no prince, who once entered his web, could escape without a severe squeeze. Every article of value that could be wrung from these helpless victims was hurried off to Paris to swell the reputation of the conqueror, and, so long as he could keep the Directory in good humor, he cared little for any violation of the law of nations. Perhaps, however, this may be ascribed to the system: the principles of equality and fraternity required due development, and Napoleon, who had by this time formed his ambitious plans, could have hit on no better scheme to disgust the world with republican principles. We

do not find that he enriched himself at all by these impositions on the weaker instruments that came across his path only to be crushed and thrown away; let us, then, hope that he wished to teach the world a severe lesson as to the fallacy of republican doctrines—and if so, he certainly was quite successful.

One word, in conclusion, of heartfelt thanks to the present Emperor for the conscientiousness with which he has reproduced the letters of his great uncle. It would have been easy to suppress those portions of the correspondence which weighed heavily on Napoleon's character, but he has acted the wiser part in printing these letters just as they were written. The effect will be only the greater, for, in consideration of the eminent services Napoleon Bonaparte rendered his country, we can willingly condone his weaknesses, and grant that, "take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

From Colburn's New Monthly.

SANITY AND INSANITY; OR, WHO IS SANE?

So serious are the consequences of authoritatively pronouncing a person to be insane, that, undoubtedly, such a step should be the result only of most perfect and painful conviction. To confine a man's person and seize his property are formidable proceedings, and if the unfortunate be not a lunatic at their commencement he assuredly will be at their conclusion. But while we can readily join the general outcry against a hasty decision on such a point as a man's sanity, we do not hesitate to say that the number of lunatics in the world is greatly understated. Reader, insane men and women are round and about you in every direction. They do not howl and scream, they need no strait-waistcoats or confinement, but they require, nevertheless, to be treated as lunatics both for their own and other people's good.

There is, perhaps, no law the fulfillment of which can be traced with such terrible distinctness as that which visits upon the children the sins of their fathers. Of course the denunciation is not to be understood literally. It would not be true that upon every child of a family descended the curse of a broken constitution, either mental or bodily, the infirmity or the vice of one or both of its parents. The statement, like others of its character, is a general statement, and so viewed, is it not indeed incontrovertible? Stand forth, miserable infant, rendered an object of horror even now by disease, and doomed to perpetual wretchedness during a mercifully short life through the profligacy or folly of thy father or thy mother. The same pangs which thy father's vice entailed upon him, torture thee, though thou knowest nothing of the crimes which

marked his career. Stand forth, poor, weak, shivering child, upon whom consumption has already begun its work, and say: "Behold in me the result of my mother's frivolity, vanity, or indifference!" The world knows how some particular disease, or infirmity, or defect, seems to have laid its unyielding clutch upon some particular family. During all remembrance it has had its eyes, so to speak, on this devoted race, selecting now the strongest, now the weakest member, but always implacable and ever unsatisfied. And minor evils equally with greater may be traced from parent to child. We can read a tale in this boy's lack-lustre eye. It bespeaks a feebleness of mind—just as does his slight frame, of body, which must have a painful explanation. Yes, we find that his father passed prematurely to the grave, not simply ruined his own health and peace, but imparted perpetual weakness and pain to the poor infant on whose face he just looked ere he died. The vice reveled in, the passion indulged, had raised a torturing fiend who would not be content with the misery and death of one victim. Another, and another, and another must gasp and groan as part of the penalty of this man's transgression. The sorrow must wind its way downwards from generation to generation, and when even the memory of the originator of the evil will have departed, that evil may still flourish among his ill-starred descendants.

It is one of the doctrines of the Unitarians that there is no innate sin, and that the new-born babe is pure and perfect as the angels in heaven. It is a beautiful idea, but we are surprised that it can be entertained. We may note in a child, at a very early age, defects which characterize the parents. The passion of the father, or the capriciousness of the mother, may be clearly traced at a period when example or training can have had but trifling effect. And it has always appeared to us a most powerful ground of remonstrance to parents against evil in themselves, that this evil will almost inevitably be the portion of their children. The man who might be quite deaf to any appeal or solicitation in regard to his own welfare, who might be perfectly indifferent to the certainty of his vicious course entailing upon himself broken health and peace, and premature gray hairs, might be touched with the thought that long after he shall

have been in his grave, one may be living in pain and weakness who shall speak of him as father only to reproach his memory and marvel at his wickedness. For though none dare complain of a divine law, who shall deny the apparent hardship of the child suffering for the sins of the parent? That in some way or other the injustice will be repaired no one shall doubt, but with reference to present consequences, it seems hard and bitter that a child should be brought into the world whose feeble intellect shall be a portrayal of the father's basely weakened energies, whose strong tendency to evil shall be the counterpart of its parent's vice, and whose crippled or diseased frame shall owe its infirmity and suffering to the destructive habits of one or other of those to whom it owes its birth. The up-hill path of every one of us in this world is so steep and wearisome, from various causes, that in those cases where there is marked reason to turn a sorrowful eye to the memory of parents the pang is great indeed. In this paper we are dealing with ills of the mind, though they are so inseparably connected with evil tenants of the heart and miseries of the body, that of necessity we have to allude to all sources of sorrow. The child's intellect takes its character from the intellect of one of its parents, or the minds of the parents conjointly. Here, then, too often is the origin of mischief. We have a diseased, or a feeble, or a morbidly sensitive foundation. The machinery is disordered from the outset, and fortunate will it be if even its present inefficient working can be continued without further diminution.

Whether this last hope will be realized will depend mainly on the training which the child may receive. And here there is ground to apprehend that the evil influence which has already affected it will aggravate the existing injury. A child born, so to speak, with a weighty charge against one or both of its parents, will scarcely, under ordinary circumstances, escape further contamination while under their care. So satisfied are we that parents are the worst guardians of their children, that we fully believe a vast benefit would be conferred on the children, if at the age of about two years they were arbitrarily taken from their parents, and saw them for the future only at rare intervals for the next ten or twelve years. Doubtless there would be a great

outcry against such a course, but we are inclined to think that when its results came to view, opinions regarding it would be greatly changed. Referring exclusively to ills of the mind, is it not manifest that while the intellect shall know no healthier atmosphere than that in which it was born, it is scarce likely to improve?

The mental feebleness of this child, resulting from its father's semi-imbecility, has but a poor chance of finding vigor, and freedom, and strength, while it shall drink only of the disordered fountain which has been the source of its existing woes. The disease-laden locality where some fatal ailment is rife surely can not be the spot about which to linger in search of health. We fly from the region to whose impurity we believe we owe the fever which consumes us. And why should it be thought only just, and right, and natural for the child to remain within the full control of the ruinous influence which it has already so much cause to shrink from with horror? The great purpose for which every being is brought into this world is to exalt its Creator's glory and work out its own salvation. What human relationship shall interfere with that purer and brighter relationship which exists with the Father of all? What human claims shall thwart the claims which Heaven puts forth? Is it or is it not true that one thing is paramount—the perfect bending of the knee to the Everlasting King? Those who urge a parent's affection as an insuperable barrier to the separation of parent and child, advocate a divided allegiance. They are not true and loyal enough to the Master whom they profess to serve, to keep back from him not one thing which they possess. There is no denying that it would be better for the child that it should be taken from its parents, but those parents love it too well to allow of the child's good or Heaven's glory being the first points for consideration.

We are not hopeful, therefore, that the training which a mentally weak or disordered child will receive at the hands of its parents will be of a character, to repair the mischief it has already suffered. Be it remarked that we are not speaking of absolute insanity, we are alluding to a state of mind which may be met with constantly in youth, where there is sufficient feebleness, irritability, or disease, to suggest to a discerning eye anxiety in

regard to the future. The world, with its toils and troubles, its excitements, its joys, its sorrows, has yet to come. The battle of life has to be fought—that terribly fierce struggle which somehow seems to grow more angry, more exhausting, every year that this burdened and groaning world rolls on—has to be sustained with unflinching spirit and unyielding energy, and woe be to him whose strength shall fail him at the outset, and whose limbs shall sink through fear and feebleness at the very commencement of the fray.

Having thus traced the mind from its origin until the time when it will be rapidly freeing itself from control, and longing to range, unrestrained by guide, guardian, or counselor, in any direction whithersoever it may be inclined to travel, it will be desirable to employ a brief space in examining its constitution. Vast volumes have been written on this subject, but for all practical purposes a few words will suffice. Three active influences constitute the human mind—the judgment, the affections, and the will. And you can hardly indulge in a more delightful dream (alas! that it should only be a dream!) than that of the mind, pure and undimmed. Imagine the judgment ever vigorous, untiring, and acute in the seeking after truth, the affections always stimulating the endeavor, and the will eagerly clutching the glorious prize. Degraded and fallen as it is, the mind is still a wonderful thing. In the shortest space of time it can sweep from Creation's dawn until the moment now present. It can fling itself upon the period when all was chaos, and the earth was without form and void, and then with lightning swiftness it can pass onward through intervening ages, surveying the world's progress and its Author's work, even to the day and hour now in existence. And the range of thought stops not here. Without the least sensation of fatigue again will the intellect spring to labor. What is this world? Those worlds around and about us, whence are they? A system surpassingly wonderful—a system too stupendous, indeed, for the mind to measure, but not so stupendous that admiration is paralyzed by awe—breaks upon the view. Yet the intellectual eye is unsatisfied; it does but brighten, as it proceeds with its ennobling task. Another field of thought is immediately

entered—the Future—Heaven—Eternity. At last the mind halts. A dread seizes it. Shall the Infinite be inquired of by the Finite? Yes, in one sense He may, and in one sense He can, even by him whom He made in his own image. Aided by Revelation, the intellectual eye gains even a glimpse of eternity. The mind rises beyond the bounds of time and space, and a vision, too glorious to be beheld but for a moment, opens to its longing gaze, and furnishes a faint shadow of things beyond the grave. And if the mind be thus still so far worthy and beautiful in its disordered and fallen condition, conceive the majesty which it would attain if its vigor were unimpaired and its purity untarnished. If the judgment never failed in its search after wisdom, if the affections never placed themselves in antagonism to the judgment, and if the will never hesitated to follow implicitly the course the judgment dictated, we should, indeed, realize heaven on earth, paradise would begin this side the grave, and in all the wide world would not be found one disloyal servant of the Universal King.

Alas! to turn from this animating picture to the point we have immediately before us. The very circumstance that the mind, like the body, is thus "fearfully and wonderfully made," renders it terribly liable to disease and decay. It may be assailed through ills of the body, which, affecting the brain, as the abode of the mind while in the body, will disturb and disorder the intellectual faculties. Here there is one great source of mischief. We have touched upon the original evil of a weak or morbidly sensitive intellect received from parents; we have traced this defective machinery through boyhood; now we have to survey it standing alone, free and independent. What will be the habits of body which such a mind will be likely to choose? They will not be of a very wholesome character, we fear. Will intemperance, late hours, debauchery, form any portion of them? If so, we can pretty well foretell the consequences, and shall presently specify a few of them.

Again: the mind is open to direct assault. Morbid excitement of any kind is a terrible foe to mental health, and a powerful aggravator of any original evil. Trouble, care, and anxiety are grim enemies which can subdue in time the strongest intellectual fortress and level it in the

dust. And the very reverse of these may be dreaded. Utter idleness may undermine and unhinge an intellect which great labor might have failed to bring low. The powers, after waning through inaction, may at length crumble through weakness, and the mind disturbed, even simply uncared for, may soon exhibit the mournful spectacle of a mind destroyed.

But let us enter a little into detail. We have said there are many more mad men and women amongst us than the world acknowledges. We mean that many proceedings the folly or wickedness of which the world denounces, and which cause so much mischief and misery, are the results of partial insanity, which is in some cases temporary, in other cases permanent. We are surveying an intellect under the circumstances we have narrated—a mind certainly not deranged, in the ordinary sense, but a mind which was but a poor weakly thing at birth, which further deteriorated in training, and which, as years rolled on, fell still lower in the intellectual scale through open assault or undermining process. Now we say that the mind which has suffered this train of unfortunate circumstances can not be otherwise than a mind disordered and unhinged, and that its proceedings, termed eccentricities or follies, should be viewed as evidences of delusion, and be treated accordingly. The extremes of love and hatred, the buoyancy which is ridiculous, the despair which is death, the bigotry which is mere barbarism, the cruelty which would be almost incredible, the frivolity which is disgraceful, the extravagance which is ruinous, should not be simply visited with sweeping condemnation, but for the purposes of treatment, and possibly of cure, we should trace the evils to their source, and carefully study their origin and their progress. It will be understood that we are not palliating offenses on the score of their being the result of a weak mind badly trained by parents, and perhaps worse treated by its owner. We leave that point now untouched. Our assertion is confined to this—that positive delusion, actual mental aberration, is much more common than the world cares to ascertain, and if there were but one half the pains taken to cure, and consequently to reform, the wrongdoer which are exhibited in the holding him up to scorn and the bringing him to punishment, this world of ours would

groan under much less of suffering and misery than at present oppress it. Instances of the holding monstrous fancies and the committal even of miserable follies, must occur to the mind of almost every reader, and be quite inexplicable consistently with the perfect sanity of the unhappy exhibitor. Men and women, rational upon almost all points, may be upon one or two points so unreasonable, so preposterously absurd, that it is impossible to think otherwise than that from some cause or causes they are unable to bring to bear upon that one or those two points the faculties which can deal healthily enough with questions far more difficult. Again, persons who, when calm and collected, are sensible and intelligent, can be thrown by circumstances of even trifling irritation into a state which must be and ought to be pronounced actual insanity. We repeat that this has nothing to do with the guilt of wrong-doing committed under such circumstances, but the laying bare the true cause of evil has all to do with its cure, and in the cure of evil even the most favored and happiest among us is deeply interested.

Survey a case of intemperance. Argument scarcely ever avails here. No matter that the vice brings its penalty now, and darkly shadows horrors to come. Prosperity may be exchanged for poverty, home happiness for hatred of the bare mention of home, friends may in fancy (or alas! perhaps in reality) assume the face of foes, the hue of health may give place to the tell-tale aspect of excess, the simple joys formerly so loved may now utterly fail to please, the prattle of children which used to be listened to with such delight may irritate beyond bearing, all self-respect may disappear, all hope of amendment be given up, and the drowning victim may be actually glad when a sound as of rushing waters shall be in his ears, and the yawning gulf shall receive and close upon him.

Now is not this a case of madness? Shall we deal with an unfortunate so possessed as though reason still held sway? If recovery ensue it will be, as it were, by wrenching the mind into a right condition by some decisive counter-movement, involving a forced change of habits as great as it may be possible to effect. No amount of persuasion will avail in a case of confirmed intemperance. Vigorous and startling treatment, involving an up-

rooting of all existing courses, and compelling new and active thoughts, will alone avail.

Take the case of the gambler. Shall we talk mildly to the gambler and ask him to confess his folly? He will possibly comply, and on leaving you will return straight to the fatal table. The delusion is too perfect to be dealt with in this way. The gambler is mentally deranged, and you must deal with him accordingly. How deal with him? Lock him up in an asylum? That would be better than doing nothing, but it would not much advance a cure. No; you must apply a mental blister in the shape of some perfectly new counter-attraction. If all other means fail, take your poor lunatic on as distant a voyage as can be made, and set him down for years, if necessary, in some locality where active exertion is indispensable to subsistence, and thus drive all thought of the unlawful pleasure from his mind.

Look at a case of another kind. Vice has fairly mastered some wretched man. He has trodden in its paths so long that he has no thought of leaving them. Whenever punishment overtakes him, he bears it philosophically. He has no defined idea of the connection between transgression and penalty. He pursues a certain course of life, and now and then is unlucky enough to fall into trouble. Well, he must take his chance. He must live as best he may, and when he dies there will be an end of him. His views, his hopes, his ideas, are all comprised in these few words.

Now no remonstrance will avail in this case. The reasoning powers must be relieved of the crust which has gathered over them ere they can be brought into play. There may be plenty of low cunning, but the higher faculties of the mind are utterly dormant. The man can not see, can not understand, that he is such a miserable creature as you describe him to be. The principles which you say are necessarily associated with happiness, he knows nothing about. You may punish such a man perpetually, but no amendment will follow. How are you to deal with him? Why, as with a person whose intellect is imperfect. You must cast light into that benighted mind before you begin to talk of the things of light. You must gradually dissolve the mist in which the intellect has been enveloped. It may

not be literally true that "right" now means to this man "robbing and escaping," and "right and wrong" means "robbing and being caught," but it would not be very far from correct. There is a dead weight pressing upon his mind which prevents him seeing the full extent to which right is right and wrong is wrong; neither is he capable of understanding that wrong must issue in wretchedness and right must bring reward. He is a subject for the philanthropist to study as well as for the judge to sentence.

There is an unfortunate condition of the mind which forms the subject of sundry newspaper advertisements. It is a state entailed by bodily weakness unattended to and irresolution unchecked. As we are not of the medical profession, we can only hazard a suggestion on this class of mental disorder. Be it observed, we call the evil "mental disorder," and we go on to say that we have a strong opinion, if the sufferers and their sympathizers were thus to look the mischief in the face, call it by its right name, and treat it appropriately, a vast amount of wretchedness might be speedily disposed of. But no, we have such terms as "nervousness," "excitement," "debility," and such like put forth to cover actual though mild insanity. Nervous people are permitted to exhibit all sorts of follies, under the plea of their nervousness; the disorder proceeds, and at length, it may be, unquestionable insanity is manifested. Then, perhaps, a cure is attempted, and may be effected or not. Had proper remedial measures been adopted at first, much positive anguish, and possibly much permanent weakness, might have been prevented.

There are these curious cases of theft without motive which are worth a passing remark. Only recently two elderly maiden ladies of high respectability stole a furze hook, (of all things in the world,) and are undergoing imprisonment in consequence. How are these cases to be explained except on the score of partial insanity? The habit of theft has been indulged in probably through life until it has become irresistible. The moral sense, vigorous enough, probably, on all other points, is powerless in checking this particular enormity. If you want to effect a cure, you must treat the unfortunate for monomania. The mere shutting him or her up in prison will not banish the

wretched delusion; it will rather increase it by distressing and weakening the faculties generally.

This paper has been suggested, as will be supposed, by the special attention which has lately been drawn to insanity and its treatment. Perfectly concurring in the justice of refusing to believe a person insane without very clear evidence, and most strongly acquiescing in the impropriety of coercion and confinement except in deplorable cases, we have penned these few remarks in the way of calling attention to those minor mental maladies and deficiencies which produce so much mischief and misery, and which sometimes pioneer far darker ills. The beginning of intemperance should make a man pronounce himself a madman. He should not try and reason with himself when he knows perfectly well that his faculties are on this point seldom to be trusted, for that they perpetually seek in connection with it to prove truth a lie and wisdom folly. The sensual man should own himself in respect of his favorite vice a madman, and should pluck out—yes, pluck out—the eye which leads him to offend. Let him but fancy that he can argue with himself, and moderate his desires, and persuade himself—and he is lost. The gambler—ere he be utterly blinded—should pray for the removal of the insanity which has fallen upon him. The reckoning the cost, the calculating the risk, will but further enslave the flickering intellect, for will not his biased reckoning issue in the showing that there will be no cost, and his one-sided calculation result in the exhibiting large gain? In this, as in the former cases, the system must be the cutting off the offending member, the uprooting with merciless hand every tendency to evil, the absolute prevention of opportunity of error. And these poor, dim, feeble, wavering intellects, which owe much of their misery to weakness of body, can nothing be done for them? In these cases the physician may be of great service, and the afflicted ones may aid the physician by struggling and striving incessantly to disperse the mists which hang about them, and by healthy and measured exercise to slowly gain that strength in which they are now so deficient.

Forming another class to be viewed with very sad feelings are the men whom we have described as men in whose bo-

soms vice has so long found a home that their minds are absolutely incapable of forming a conception of virtue. Let us, in conclusion, dwell a little upon *these* madmen.

Reader, may we never dare to impugn God's justice or doubt his love. The prayer is needful ere you look on the scene which we are about to portray to you. In this wretched room, where the sun scarcely ever enters, where the pure breath of heaven is *never* known, an infant has just been born. Its parents are utterly degraded; we can not further describe them. The child is simply a burden, and is fed merely because to let it starve would be murder, and murder is punishable with death. The boy grows up, and every evil tendency grows with him. He may or may not be, in the eye of the law, dishonest, as circumstances may lead him. If there be inducement, he will be dishonest without scruple. Why should he not be? What does he know about right and wrong? Admitting that even in his heart there may be some conscientious emotions, they are so poor and faint, so easily driven out, laid out, and silenced, that they scarcely offer the slightest barrier to any enormity. Why should he not live in open wickedness? Why should he not drink? Why should he not brawl and fight? So steeped is he in wretchedness, so lost is he—and always has been from childhood—to self-respect, so utterly is he without notion of being esteemed for any good quality, so ignorant is he of every thing beyond the fact of his existence, and the means by which he is enabled to live, that to his mind there weigh no reasons against any vice save the possibility of detection and punishment. And why stop at theft, drunkenness, profligacy, and rioting? Why should he not, if there be sufficient temptation, commit the darkest crime—murder? He will no doubt escape; but supposing he should not, and he should be caught and be hung—well, there will be an end of him. Life has not been so pleasant that he would grieve very much to part with it now that he has had his day—and if by ill-luck he should suffer, be it so, he will die game. Yes, and he *is* caught, and he *does* die game, and thus he finishes a life which, from first to last, has been scarce relieved by one ray of sunshine or one faint gleam of truth and love.

Now, in the name of all-merciful Heaven, what *can* we do for such a wretched madman as this? Say not that he is *not*, we say he *is* a madman. That benighted intellect is not capable of seeing and understanding the hell on earth which in reality its miserable possessor groans in now, and much less capable is it of forming the poorest notion of aught beyond this present world. Again we say, what can we do—what steps can we take—what remedial measures can we devise—what vigorous, searching, startling treatment can we pursue, which shall have the effect of meeting and vanquishing this deplorable malady—this mental darkness—darkness which may be *felt*! Much is being done, but more labor is called for. Every means by which the mind may be lifted from darkness into light; every machinery by which instruction—wholesome, solid instruction—by which recreation—cheering, beneficial recreation—may be furnished, should be brought into play. If we want to win the struggle against vice and ignorance, we must be no sluggards. The labor is incessant, but the reward will be glorious.

Reader, we hear sometimes of the last moments of a noble soldier. We hear of his dying efforts, of the number of the foe who fell by his hand, ere that hand sank powerless and the gallant spirit sped forth. And our sympathy is deeply moved, and our admiration evoked, for this brave man proved himself a true and loyal servant, and there attaches to his memory that respect and love which fidelity unto death will ever excite. But for ourselves, oh! infinitely would we rather, when we lie down at the last, see other forms around us than the writhing bodies of dying enemies, and hear other sounds than their deep-drawn groans. The vision which we would ask to brighten for a moment our fast-glazing eye would be the happy faces of those whom we may have been instrumental in saving from death, and the sounds which we would hope might break upon our ear, would be the encouraging accents of those who were lost, but have been found, assuring us that our warfare has been accomplished, and that our victory is won.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DR. TAYLOR.

WE place at the head of our present number, as an embellishment, a very truthful portrait of a great and good man, whose hallowed memory we delight to honor—eminent as a preacher of the Gospel of salvation, and profound in the department of theology, upon the mighty themes of which he concentrated all the powers of his great intellect and heart during a long and laborious life with earnest zeal and Christian humility. His high and noble purpose, which absorbed all else, was, to honor God and save the souls of men—as many as possible. Wealth, fame, mere earthly distinctions, worldly honors and pleasures were comparatively disregarded and left in dim eclipse on his field of celestial vision, while he pointed the powerful telescope of his strong and vigorous faith to the great future of his being, fastening an intense gaze upon the brilliant crown of righteousness which he saw away in the distance, gemmed and studded with brilliant stars in the firmament of heaven, undecaying forever and ever.

In the varied walks of life, where his familiar footsteps were heard, in the scenes in which he mingled, in the pulpit, in the chair of theology, in the church, in her councils, in the lecture-room, in the meeting of inquiry, in the social circle of friends, in the more retired walks of life, and in the sacred precincts of the family, as a husband, a father, and a friend, his course and his example radiated the sunbeams of Christian benevolence and kindness all along his path.

His smile, when the strongly-marked and expressive lineaments of his face lighted up with pleasure, was rich, warm like a sunbeam, and magnificent. We remember no smile on the face of any man to us so striking, save on the face of Daniel Webster in his palmy days, which shone out sometimes like the sun from behind a dark cloud, or like the lightning upon the bosom of the summer evening sky.

We place this portrait of his expressive face in our journal that many may look upon it at their leisure who have never looked upon the original. We shall be

pardoned this expression and tribute of personal affection and regard for a good man whom we have known for many years, and known only to love. We were privileged to stand by his dying-bed, and to take his hand and feel its feeble pulsations, only a few hours before the arrival of the chariot of Israel, and the horseman thereof, in which, under convoy of angels, he took his departure upward to his final home in heaven.

We quote the following from the pen of Professor Goodrich :

“Rev. Nathaniel William Taylor, D.D., Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology in Yale College, was born at New-Milford, Ct., June 23d, 1786, and graduated at Yale College in 1807. After residing for about two years in the family of Dr. Dwight, as his favorite amanuensis, he entered on the ministry; and was ordained pastor of the First Congregational Church in New-Haven, in April, 1812. His preaching was marked by extraordinary clearness, force, and pungency of application. He had great confidence, under divine grace, in the *power of truth*. Hence, he dealt with the hearts of men chiefly through their understandings; he enforced the claims of the Gospel, not by mere strength of assertion, but by vivid and luminous trains of reasoning; he turned the whole at last into an appeal to conscience; and the leading characteristic of his preaching was happily described by an eminent divine of Massachusetts: ‘He makes every thing appear great: God, man, time, eternity!’ His ministry was eminently successful. There were, in repeated instances, powerful and long-continued revivals of religion among his people; and these seasons of extraordinary interest were conducted with so much judgment, and care to avoid every kind of excess, that the whole community around saw and acknowledged that they were no mere ebullitions of excited feeling, but were marked by the peculiar presence of the converting grace of God.

“When the Theological Department of Yale College was founded, in the year

1822, he was appointed Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology. But in accepting this office, he never thought for a moment of relinquishing the duties of the ministry. On the contrary, while preparing young men for the sacred office, he continued to preach in the churches of our city or neighborhood, with his accustomed fervor and success. For nearly a year, in 1825-6, he acted as the regular supply of one of the societies at Hartford, which was destitute of a pastor. As new Congregational churches have branched out from the two original societies on the Green, his counsels and aid have been called in for the furtherance of each successive enterprise. On some of them he bestowed an amount of labor which, if reckoned in continuous order, would make months and even years of pastoral duty. As a teacher in theology, it was his great object to make his pupils *think for themselves*. It required no ordinary effort to follow him through one of his lectures. They abounded in profound principles and far-reaching views, which, to a reflecting mind, were eminently the 'seeds of thought.' A gentleman who exchanged the bar for the pulpit, once remarked, that never in the severest contests of the forum had he felt such a tension of his faculties, such a bracing and invigorating effect upon his mind, as in

listening to the lectures of Dr. Taylor. Nearly seven hundred young men have enjoyed the benefit of his instructions. They are scattered throughout every part of the United States; and they will all testify that the great end at which he aimed in his theological system, was 'to exalt God, to humble man, and to bring all to the cross of Christ.'

"About two months before his death he was no longer able to meet his class; and from that time he daily committed to one of their number a lecture to be read and discussed at their daily meetings. He told them his course was ended; and with a quiet and child-like submission to the will of God, he resigned himself to the prospect of a speedy death. To one of his friends he remarked: 'My only hope is in the atonement of Christ; and my wish is to die with the words of the martyr Stephen on my lips, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit!"' His closing hours were without struggle or suffering; *As rests from his labors, and his works do follow him!*"

He died in New-Haven, March 10th, 1858, in the seventy-second year of his age. He sleeps in that beautiful city of the dead, the New-Haven Cemetery.—**EDITOR ECLECTIC.**

From Chambers's Journal

THE NATURE AND CONSEQUENCES OF BRITISH STORMS.

It is fortunate for the holders of most of our public offices that the bulk of the people have no direct personal interest in attending to their proceedings. Every body's business is nobody's business, and so they escape observation and blame. This is not the case, however, with the poor old clerk of the weather-office, who seldom exercises his official functions without interfering more or less unpleasantly with the health, comfort, or daily avocations of a people highly sensitive of "skiey influences," and much given to grumbling at every shift of the seemingly

inconstant wind; which chops about to every point of the compass just when it is wanted to be steady, and seldom blows continuously from one quarter except when it comes from the baneful east.

This unreasonable habit of grumbling at the fluctuations of the weather, and of charging our climate with fickleness and irregularity, merely because we are ignorant of the great laws that regulate its changes, seems to have come down to us as a portion of the practical wisdom of our ancestors, who, however wise in other respects, were certainly not weather-wise.

but otherwise. The storms that harassed our forefathers were the artillery of witches. The weird-sisters in *Macbeth* are engaged in raising the wind; and a certain "winsome wench," whose inauguration into the ancient mystery of witchcraft in Alloway's auld haunted kirk has been celebrated in undying verse, was distinguished in after-life as a malignant disturber of the elements; having been

"Lang after kenned on Carrick shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonny boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country side in fear."

It would be difficult for poets to exaggerate on this subject; for the belief that storms were brewed and directed by witches pervaded all classes from peasant to king. In the year 1589, during the usually unsettled month of September, a storm, or rather a series of storms, swept over Scotland and the northern seas. Most storms are headstrong and rebellious, but this was also disloyal and ungallant in an eminent degree, for it drove back repeatedly the noble Danish fleet which bore to our shores the Princess Anna of Denmark, the affianced bride of the Scottish king, and the future queen of Great Britain. Both wind and sea strove to prevent the course of true love from running smooth. The baffled Danish admiral was at last compelled to run back for shelter to Upslo on the Norwegian coast; and the youthful king soon followed "to Norway owre the faem," determined to win his wife in spite of the opposing elements. Whilst the tempest was raging in Scotland, the Lady Melville, first lady of the bed-chamber to the king's expected consort, was drowned as she was crossing Leith ferry. From Sir James Melville's memoirs, we learn that in Denmark this ungracious storm "was allegit to have been raisit by the witches of Denmark, by the confession of sundrie of them when they were burnt for that cause. What movit them was a cuff, or blow, quilk the admiral of Denmark gave to ane of the bailies of Copenhagen, whose wife being a notable witch, consulted her cummers, and raisit the said storm to be revengit upon the said admiral."

A general idea of the nature of British storms may be easily acquired by considering the method by which that nature was

first determined. Suppose we have before us the log-books of a group of ships that have all been involved in the same storm in the North Atlantic Ocean. Mark on a chart or map the position of each ship on a certain day, say the thirteenth October, and through each ship so marked draw an arrow to indicate the direction of the wind—if any—at that particular place on that day. Then it will be found that all the ships lying within a certain circle, of about one hundred miles diameter, experienced a dead calm. The logs of the ships lying immediately around this central region of calm will record winds of hurricane violence; while the arrows will show that these winds were all blowing in one continuous circular stream, so as to form an immense aerial whirlwind, which in the northern hemisphere is found invariably to turn in the direction opposite to that in which the hands of a watch move. In the southern hemisphere the whirlwind that constitutes every storm turns in the contrary direction with equal persistency.

The vessels still more remote from the center will have winds of diminished force, but all blowing in directions that form subordinate parts of one great whirlwind. A great law of storms is already apparent; storms are huge whirlwinds, always revolving in the same order in the same hemisphere, and in contrary orders in the two opposite hemispheres formed by the equator. To avoid the confusion attending the indiscriminate use of the terms storm, tempest, gale, hurricane, etc., and to mark distinctly the characteristic property of storms, Mr. Piddington has happily designated the whole phenomenon by the term cyclone. It is evident that within the area of the same cyclone the wind blows from every point of the compass, so that while one log-book registers, on the thirteenth October, a north-east gale, another may indicate a hurricane from south-west; a third, a gale from south-east; while a fourth may describe how the ship became quite unmanageable for want of wind, and rolled her masts out in a heavy cross-sea; each vessel being differently affected by both wind and sea, according to her position with respect to the center of the cyclone.

The several directions of the wind in each locality having demonstrated that the storm was a great whirlwind, let us next ascertain the height of the mercurial column in the barometer on each ship on the

day in question. Around the circumference or outer margin of the cyclone the mercury will be found to stand high, to be lower at positions nearer to the center, and lowest of all within the central area. Hence Mr. Redfield justly inferred that a cyclone is a revolving eddy in the lower and denser strata of the atmosphere, in which the air is thrown out from the center by the same centrifugal action which throws off water from a revolving mop.

By comparing the entries in the log-books of another group of ships, lying considerably to the north-eastward of the former, it will be found that the cyclone has traveled bodily to the north-eastward, on the 14th, 15th, and succeeding days of October; and we are thus made acquainted with another important property of storms—namely, that of their progressive motion.

In this manner it has been repeatedly demonstrated that the cyclones of the North-Atlantic Ocean appear first among the West-Indian Islands; then sweep along the sea-board of the United States; pass over Newfoundland, and thence come wheeling across the Atlantic to Europe. A violent paroxysm of bad weather along the whole of the western coasts of Europe marks the termination of this oceanic polka; for since a cyclone generally expands in area as it progresses, its diameter often stretches across one or two thousand miles by the time that it reaches Europe.

Passing on to the north-eastward, a cyclone is gradually broken up among the valleys and mountain-chains of the continent, and ultimately degenerates into several small independent and confused storms, in which the cyclonic character can no longer be recognized. Hence the erroneous views of those who have studied storms only on land.

In order to form a clear and definite idea of the behavior of a cyclone, as it approaches to, passes over, and departs from, the British Islands, take on a map the center of a circle a little to the west of England, so that its circumference may graze the west coast of Ireland, and also extend further south than the Bay of Biscay. This will represent one of our great winter cyclones, such as have been investigated by Sir W. Reid, Mr. Milne Home, Professor Lloyd of Dublin, and others. A line through the center from west-south-west to east-north-east will represent the track along which the cyclone travels, and a diameter at right angles to this line will

separate the front from the rear of the cyclone, the front lying to the eastward. While the front is passing over any place, the mercury falls until the dividing diameter arrives there, and rises again during the passage of the rear. It is obvious, from the direction in which the wind turns, that the storm will begin every where in Europe with a southerly wind and a falling barometer, and end with a northerly wind and a rising barometer. At all places lying on the south side of the center's path, the wind will veer from the south, through west, to north; while at places on the north side of the center's path, it will veer from south, through east, to north. At all places in the path of the center, the wind will blow with increasing violence from south-south-east, until after a short interval of calm, while the center passes over, it will shift abruptly to the opposite point, north-north-west. At all such places, also, the depression of the mercury will be greater.

Such are the well-defined marks by which the passage of a cyclone over the British Islands may be distinctly recognized, either during its occurrence, or by a subsequent comparison of the meteorological observations taken at different points during its transit.

The several observatories along the western coasts of Europe form an extended cyclonic coast-guard, employed night and day in collecting materials for this purpose. The writer of these remarks has carefully examined and compared the daily readings of the barometer and thermometer, and the records of the direction and force of the wind, made during the last ten years at several principal stations extending from Bordeaux to the Orkney Islands. The result of this examination is a complete confirmation of what was only a necessary deduction from the previous labors of Redfield and Reid—namely, that every considerable atmospheric perturbation in Portugal, France, Great Britain, Norway, etc., is due to the presence of an Atlantic cyclone.

The winds, then, those so-called "chartered libertines," are subjected to definite and unvarying laws, of which the hitherto inexplicable motions of the atmosphere are only immediate and necessary consequences. The nature of these laws has been already briefly indicated, and we shall next proceed to apply them to explain some of the most remarkable characteristics of our peculiar climate.

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